



Una Voce

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

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



*Merry Christmas to all
& best wishes for 2008
From the President
and Committee*

The **CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON**
Will be held on
Sunday 2 December
At the Killara Golf Club
556 Pacific Hwy Killara NSW
RSVP: 15 November 2007

Organise your family and friends
to come - booking form on yellow insert
Details on page 3

The **AGM and LUNCHEON**
will be on Sunday 27 April
2008

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

www.pngaa.net

In This Issue

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON	3
A PLEA FROM OUR TREASURER	4
NAME OF JOURNAL	4
WALK INTO PARADISE DVD LAUNCH	5
WALK INTO PARADISE	7
SUPERANNUATION	8
NOTES FROM NORTHERN TERRITORY	9
PNG...IN THE NEWS	11
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	13
THE SURGEON'S SWIM	16
BATTLE OF ISURAVA REMEMBERED	17
WHEN VULCAN ERUPTED	18
FIRST FLIGHTS OF YOUNG BOY FROM PNG	20
TORA AND TWO OF HER NINE LIVES	24
ON PATROL WITH DR ANDRÉ BECKER	26
DONATIONS TO THE PNGAA COLLECTION, FRYER LIBRARY	27
REUNIONS	28
HELP WANTED	29
BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS	30
A SUNDAY AT KUTA	30
A VISIT TO POPONDETTA	32
Brief History of Mobil (Vacuum Oil)	41
THE FAMOUS (OR INFAMOUS) 'ECCLES'	43
RETURN TO RABAUL 2007	44
LILY SEYMOUR & THE MAMUTU EPISODE	50
VALES	51
CHANGES OF ADDRESS	56
WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS	56

**'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF
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Items for *Una Voce*
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available from the Secretary at the
above address or you can download one
from our website.

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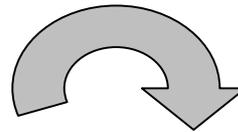
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In selecting articles and stories for *Una Voce*
we aim to publish a wide range of topics
from different times and places.
Unfortunately for postage we do have a page
restriction and we therefore encourage both
short articles (200-500 words approximately)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

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



**Wondering what to give
somebody for Xmas?**

**Our DVD and/or our book!
DVD – Walk Into Paradise
Book - Tales of Papua New Guinea**

Please use order form on separate yellow insert
For further information please contact:

Ann Graham PO Box 1386 MONA VALE NSW
1660, Phone: 02-9999 4490

Or

Ross Johnson at email: admin@pngaa.net.

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Also, the views expressed by any of the authors
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CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON – Sunday 2 December 2007

Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara NSW

11.30am onwards

RSVP: 15 November 2007

Please refer to full details in *Una Voce* No. 3 September 2007 page 3 and if you haven't already booked please use the booking form on the enclosed yellow 'Treasurer's Corner' – final replies are needed by 15 November. Tables will be for 10. Anyone with special dietary requests? Please let us know so we can arrange something suitable.

A cash-only bar will serve drinks at club prices and luncheon will be served at 1.00pm.

There is convenient, free, on-site parking. For those coming by car, the entry is the long driveway **immediately after the well sign-posted Black Stump Restaurant**, on the left side travelling north, just after Fiddens Wharf Road.

For those coming by train, take the exit on the western side of Killara station, walk along Marion Street, cross the Pacific Highway at the lights and then turn left along the Highway towards the Killara Golf Club (550m). If you do not fancy the walk please alight at Gordon Station which has a lift, very easy access and also a taxi rank [if preferred]. Free return shuttle transport from Gordon Station will be provided for those who let us know they are coming by train. Please ring Harry West on 9418 8793 and let us know if you would like a lift from the station or have any questions at all about the arrangements.

Transport Information is also available on Ph: 131500.

IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – GOING ON LEAVE

From 1958 to 1960 I served as a Treasury Officer on Samarai Island. The *MS BULOLO*, which called in regularly, arrived in late December 1959 with the majority of its passenger being young people, I think mainly university students, who were on a then trip of a lifetime to TPNG. We locals arranged a great night in the local hall for the *BULOLO* passengers, dancing to records. I subsequently asked my DC Alan Templey to authorise my travel south on furlough in the following March to be by sea rather than by air, to which he agreed. But of course, when the *BULOLO* pulled alongside in March my dreams were shattered: instead of a sea cruise south with many young ladies, the passengers were old people, of course much younger than I am now, but to a 21 year old they were OLD. Subsequently, I had a very quiet, uneventful, unromantic trip south.

Needless to say I have very fond memories of my two years as a Treasury Officer on Samarai Island from 1958 to 1960.

Ross Clelland

THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE – FESTIVALS

Deadline for entries **8 February 2008**

Write/Phone/Fax/Email

A PLEA FROM OUR TREASURER (who also looks after our Membership)

The successful launch of the 'Walk Into Paradise' DVD combined with Membership renewals, orders for 'Tales of Papua New Guinea' and advance bookings for our Christmas Luncheon at Killara Golf Club have generated considerable activity in the 'office' of our Treasurer. So much so, he has pulled out what little hair he has left. To ease the pain and preserve the remnants, he has asked that when completing future editions of the 'Treasurer's Corner' you-

- **MAKE SURE** that all details on the form are legible, in other words **PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY**,
- if paying by credit card, double check your **CREDIT CARD NUMBER** and particularly make sure that you complete the **EXPIRY DATE** section,
- if paying by cheque, make sure that your cheque is made out to PNGAA, **is signed, is dated and is crossed** with the words '**Not Negotiable**' printed between the crossed lines.

To allay the concerns that some of our members may have as a result of a recent case of 'missing' mail (which eventually turned up), arrangements have now been made for 'internal' mail between the Secretary and the Treasurer to be despatched by Express Post satchel.

On the membership side, generally Members are pretty good at telling us when they change their mailing address however the same cannot be said in relation to email addresses. **PLEASE**, when you **CHANGE** your email address **TEST** it by sending an email to ***admin@pngaa.net***.

Enclosed with this month's *Una Voce* is a Walk Into Paradise DVD flyer. If you have already bought a copy, please give the flyer to a friend.

Finally, before you throw out the envelope that contained this *Una Voce*, please check the top line of your address label which tells you your membership number and also when your membership subscription to PNGAA runs out. If it shows 'December 2007' you should immediately make arrangements to pay next year's subscription (\$20.00 pa) by using the yellow insert. Thank You

NAME OF JOURNAL

Last suggestions need to be forwarded by 8 February 2008

Members' attention is drawn to the detailed articles in *Una Voce* No. 2 June 2007 (p. 3) and No. 3 September 2007 (P 6) relating to a proposed change in the name of our journal. The matter will be determined at the next AGM on 27 April 2008. Suggested new names, supported by reasons for change, must reach either our Secretary or Editor **by 8 February 2008**. A short-list will be included in the Proxy voting form, together with the Notice of Meeting, which will accompany the March 2008 *Una Voce*.

Apart from leaving the name as it is the following names have, so far, been suggested: Kumul, One Voice, Contact, The PNG Journal, Pidgin Post, Nexus, Wantok, Harim Nius, Kundu, The Mask, Sivarai, Iseda Sivarai (Our news), Garamut, The Drum, Tok Tok Bilong Yumi, Nius Blong Olgeta, Olgeta Tok Tok, Tok Tok Bifo (B4), Bamahuta, Pagini Toktok, Gabana, The Kiap, With One Voice, Connections, Journal of the PNG Association, Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow.

WALK INTO PARADISE DVD LAUNCH

The special PNGAA collector's edition of Walk Into Paradise transfers Director Lee Robinson's archived original film, (digitally remastered under sponsorship from Kodak/Atlab and the National Film and Sound Archive) to DVD, incorporates Rhonda Grogan's 'Behind the Scenes Location Footage' and adds fabulous black and white photos showing the cast and crew on location, narrated by Rhonda. All this is capped, more than 50 years down the line, by a recently filmed interview by Elizabeth Thurston with our own Fred Kaad who played an important acting role in the film and was the Administration's adviser on the New Guinea people and affairs.

Elizabeth Thurston, who along with Ross Johnson, moved mountains to make the DVD a reality, excelled again to orchestrate a brilliant launch by Australia's acclaimed documentary maker, Bob Connolly of 'First Contact' fame, at the Theatre of the Australian Film Commission in Sydney on 19 September 2007. Those present were treated to a selection of appropriate excerpts shown on the big screen, tempting them to watch the entire DVD. Drina Thurston, who designed the cover of the DVD, also kindly designed and donated all the programmes for the launch which gave a brief synopsis of the film and added to the professionalism of the evening. More than 80 people attended and many old acquaintances were renewed. Don Connolly, the original sound man of Walk Into Paradise was a surprise attendee. To the delight and amazement of many he brought along his book with the original sound notes for the film, a masterpiece in itself.

The launch was designed as an acknowledgement and expression of appreciation to all those who had participated in and supported the project and to create an awareness of this rare and remarkable historical depiction of significant parts of PNG life as it was at the time of early 'contact'.

At the gathering the President, Harry West, gratefully acknowledged Penn Robinson, Rhonda Grogan, Fred Kaad, Drina Thurston and David Noakes for their co-operation and support in the project. Huge thanks go to our committee members, Elizabeth as the DVD Producer and Ross as the Legal and Financial Editor, whose



Don Connolly, Rhonda Grogan and Penn Robinson

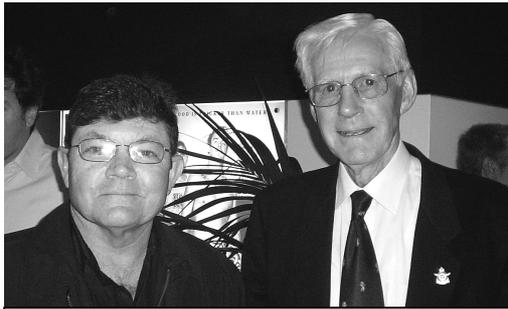
enormous effort have been truly outstanding and will provide a lasting legacy. The attention to detail on the DVD is exceptional. Untold hours were spent over 15 months sourcing and editing original material, copyrights not just for the film but for the sound effects and voice-overs for some of the 'special features' of the DVD, and working with the detailed technical aspects of producing a DVD.

The launch was a happy and professional occasion reflecting assured success for the DVD.

Footnote: To date, nearly 400 copies have been sold. (*Cont. over...*)

WALK INTO PARADISE

Bob Connolly launched the DVD with the following words...



Bob Connolly and Don Connolly

WALK INTO PARADISE is an entertaining film and an important one. Many Australians know very little of what we did up there. It was a massive, and largely forgotten task, but to my mind our colonial stewardship of Papua and New Guinea was in fact the biggest thing we ever did as a nation, and arguably the best. 30 years on there have been no coups, no economic collapses, no ghastly descent into tribal genocide. Sure there are problems, but

PNG remains a functioning democracy, and I think a lot of the credit goes to the Australian imperium, and the men and women who served it.

This film is a time capsule for that era. Despite the breathless hyperbole of the film's trailer and the creaky geography - I remain unconvinced the quickest route from Madang to the Bena is via the Sepik....despite the wooden love scene between Francoise Christophe and Pierre Cressoy - their kiss has to be one of the most unconvincing in cinema history - there's a lot of inherent truth in WALK INTO PARADISE. With its cast of freebooting prospectors, taciturn patrol officers, fiercely loyal native police, the awesome spectacle of 5000 warriors massing in full *bilas*, the film is a priceless window back to a frontier era.

Sure there's a touch of strutting militarism about the Australian officials, but we also glimpse the rationale behind that militarism. The PNG Highlands were barely pacified by the mid 1950s, the highlanders were - still are - a tough and warlike people. The Australians also needed to be tough, but what we also glimpse in the film is their enterprise, their fair-mindedness, their courage, their basic respect and concern for the well being of the local people. Men like Jim Taylor, Mick and Danny Leahy, Jack Thurston, Ted Fulton, Fred Kaad and a host of others, were and are extraordinary individuals, and to my mind genuine Aussie heroes. If the release of this film can bring lustre to their legacy then more power to it. But who taught Chips Rafferty to speak pidgin like that?



Rhonda Grogan, Elizabeth Thurston, David Noakes and Drina Thurston

Finally, in launching this DVD I congratulate the [National Film and Sound] Archive for its preservation work, and Liz Thurston and her PNG Association [of Australia] colleagues for putting together the extras, which give such a fascinating insight into the background of the film. Because of them we now know why Francoise and Pierre kiss like two dead fish. Pierre was so bad at remembering his lines he used to read them from a piece of paper. For this love scene, Lee Robinson tells us in the extras, the paper was stuck to Francoise's forehead. That must have really turned her on.

I'm pleased and very chuffed to launch this DVD.

WALK INTO PARADISE by Terry Turner

I feel compelled to write to thank the Association for being able to purchase the DVD of Walk into Paradise, which brings back so many memories of living in Goroka in 1955 when the film was being shot there. However, I think that, along with the PNGAA committee members who have spent the considerable time needed in producing this DVD, all members owe a vote of thanks to Bob Cleland who is the person who made this possible.

In 2002 following a holiday Jenny and I had in PNG, we invited Bob and Julie and Sid and Beth Neilsen to view a video of our travels which included some scenes of the present day Goroka as we had all lived in that town in the 1950's. We were sitting around reminiscing when the talk got around to the making of the film and how it affected the town at the time. The suggestion was made that we hire a video of the film and have another get together with some other old Goroka friends who remembered those days. When we established that there was no record of the film having been made available on video in Australia, although Jim Sinclair told me that it had been recorded in America under another name, I lost interest. Not so Bob! He kept looking and struck pay dirt with Film Australia in Canberra who had just finished restoring an old print of the film. Copyright was in the hands of the son of the late Lee Robinson, the film's producer and with his approval, Bob was able to arrange a showing of Walk into Paradise at the Schonell theatre at the University of Queensland with the majority of the audience being old PNG hands. So that was the start of it all. Well done, Bob!

It was mid 1955 when the cast and crew arrived in Goroka to begin filming at the same time that a Parliamentary delegation from Canberra lead by Arthur Caldwell arrived in the town.

Ian Downs, the District Commissioner, decided to hold a reception at his residence for both groups on the same night, drinks and nibbles 5pm to 7 pm and invitations were issued to various town residents to attend and meet the VIP's. I was the DDA Treasury clerk at the time and I had struck up a friendship with a Public Health nursing Sister, Jenny O'Kane and as we both received an invitation, we went along as a couple to meet the film stars and pollies and enjoy the DC's hospitality.

At the end of the reception, Chips Rafferty invited all to carry on the party at "Hollywood on the Asaro" which was the name the locals had given to the bush materials living quarters which had been constructed on the banks of the Asaro river about 15 kilometres from Goroka. What a great idea! Jenny and I and a couple of patrol officers jumped into the back of Freddy Kaad's landrover and we joined the convoy of vehicles off to the party.

What a night! With Chip's wife, Quentin acting as major domo, everyone enjoyed themselves, even the politicians and a good time was had by all. Who would forget the pillow fight on a rafter cross piece between Chips Rafferty and Mick Casey, the coffee planter from Hengenofi, which if my memory serves me correctly, was won by Mick when Chips fell out of the ceiling. (Cont. over...)

During the night, Ian Downs presented a Hagen axe to Arthur Caldwell who I think was the ALP Leader of the Opposition at the time, with words 'You can use this axe to grind in Parliament'.

A good relationship was forged between the Goroka residents and the cast and crew and how could it not be? After all, our very own ADO was starring in the film as well! So thanks for the memories. Jenny and I have often discussed that night, which was very special, being the beginning of our life together. ▪

SUPERANNUATION BY Fred KAAD OBE

Many would have been disappointed to find that there was no rise in our Consumer Price Index payment announced in July. This highlights, once again, the need for a change to a system based not solely on the CPI but one based on the CPI or Male Total Average Weekly Earnings (MTAWE), whichever is the higher. This system was recommended by a Senate Select Committee in 2002.

This is also the method which SCOA and ACPSRO have been seeking for all their members. Tim Terrell, our representative in Canberra and who now takes part in ACPSRO meetings, reports that this change to CPI is a hot issue with letters to all parliamentarians, a deputation to Senator Minchin and, hopefully, a meeting with the Prime Minister.

BUT if you are SERIOUS in wanting to add to your super - especially with rising costs of petrol (9.1%) and food (1.7%) in the June quarter alone - then you cannot just leave it to others to fight on your behalf. You have to help yourself! How? By writing, preferably, or phoning or talking to everyone standing for election in your electorate, regardless of his or her party, and urging them to support wage-based indexation for public sector superannuants. If you need any further information about how to go about this please contact me.

Our President Harry West has already written to the Leader of the Opposition. Mr Rudd's reply was a good analysis of the present system but instead of a "Yes" said that if Labour wins, an independent pensioner expert would be appointed and would report within 6 months on at least 8 issues raised by ComSuper superannuants and the organisations which represent them. These issues include indexation and tax treatment of non-super income.

It is necessary for us ALL to push for our rights. I have contacted our local member, Tony Abbott, and am personally contacting anyone as they stand against him. If you cannot act yourself, enlist the help of someone who can. For instance, Paul Ryan whose sight has been very badly affected by macular degeneration, has asked his wife to do this for him. What are YOU going to do yourself to ensure you receive your rightful entitlements and overcome this injustice? ▪

Visit to the Blue Mountains

*THANK YOU
George and Edna!*

On Thursday, 11th October, 15 members of the Association visited the home of Edna and George Oakes at Woodford in the Blue Mountains. Unfortunately, there was a mix-up in the morning as Blue Mountains trains only started at

Blacktown instead of Central due to track maintenance and some members arrived at Woodford at 10.30 while others came on the next train at 11.30. However, everyone had an enjoyable time sitting on the back lawn with northerly views over the Blue Mountains National Park. George and Edna's grandchildren kept everyone supplied with soup and various treats.

Two of the members who came, Erice Pizer (nee Ashby) and Ann Bartlett (nee Saunders) met each other for the first time since 1941 (although they have spoken on the phone recently). As children they were evacuated from Kavieng with their mothers prior to the war. Erice and Ann had a lot of catching up to do - 66 years is a long time!

NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from **Jim Toner**

Differences of opinion are not unknown in New Guinea. Clans in the Nebilyer valley of the Western Highlands have been taking turns to shed blood and pay compensation for the past thirty years. Whilst in no way as dire, a dispute between wantoks in Darwin this year resulted in a double celebration of PNG Independence on 15 September. The Social & Cultural Group held their usual feast with music and dancing at the Darwin Golf Club while the newly formed Friends of the Pacific hosted a function at the Portuguese Timor Club. The Friends embrace all islanders and I note that they held Independence celebrations for the Solomons and Vanuatu on 7 and 30 July respectively. Clearly an annual subscription to the Friends offers more parties.

Ross JOHNSON, our Treasurer, and his wife Pat added their names to the list of Dry Season visitors to Darwin and I was delighted to meet them at the conclusion of their tour. They had coached from Sydney through the Centre and up to the Top End and happily were pleased with all they saw.

Another visitor was Myra MACEY nee Kennedy, a PNGAA member, who had clocked up 22 years nursing in PNG. She commenced at Gemo Island hospital in 1960 and from 1974 spent 8 years teaching with PHD. Husband Rod was with Marine Transport based in Moresby 1978-82 until the couple went to Hobart where they remain. Their holiday was an inaugural 10 days cruise along the Arnhem Land coast.

Trevor SHEARSTON who drew on his time as a teacher in the Southern Highlands to write 'a straight young back' which, in part, delved into the assassination of Jack Emanuel (reviewed in *Una Voce* 1/2001) has written another book dealing this time with journeys up and down the Fly River. Anthropologically-minded readers may wonder if its title 'Dead Birds' replicates an important study made in the early Sixties of the Dani people in

the highlands of what was then Dutch New Guinea. However it was a documentary film which bore the title. That American expedition did indeed publish a 'book of the film' but it was called 'Gardens of War'. The language of the Dani is interesting in that it has no words for colours other than black and white. Perhaps this alters the standard definition of a super-salesman from someone capable of selling refrigerators to Eskimos to one who can sell colour TVs to the Dani? Shearston's work is available at ABC Books and will be reviewed later.

Our editor, a lady who has conquered the Kokoda Track, will have rolled her eyes when she learned that a 23 years-old carrier recently ran from Kokoda to Owers Corner, about 95 kms, in a time of 17 hours and 49 minutes. This year's race attracted 60 competitors, up from 43 last year and 27 in 2005. Any veteran survivors from 1942 would describe this in an Australianism once popular but now out of fashion as 'getting bigger than Ben Hur'.

The elimination of PNG's cricketers from the World Cup qualifiers was reported on in the last issue and someone was kind enough to compliment me on my commentary. Alas, I will never be able to match the distinguished Englishman who at a Test match hurriedly informed his radio audience 'The bowler's Holding. The batsman's Willey'. Or, to go further back, 'Neil Harvey is at slip. Legs wide apart. Waiting for a tickle'.

Readers will have noticed that Australian government departments like to change their names a lot and this process has seemingly found favour in PNG. The Department of Mining is now the Department of Mineral Policy and Geo-Hazard Management. A much-needed clarification?

My wedding was conducted by Kingsley JACKSON. His rip-roaring motor-bike rides along the foreshores of the Gulf District just a memory from the past he was by now District Commissioner, Moresby. A friend raised in Kenya told me that he too had been married by a D.C., a Kikuyu. Apparently the application to wed required the would-be husband to state whether he was a Christian, Moslem or an Animist. This determined whether he was permitted to have one wife, four, or an unlimited number. All proceeded smoothly at my friend's ceremony until the magic words 'You are now man and wife' were uttered. But then gazing directly at the new husband the D.C. added sternly 'If you take another wife without obtaining a legal divorce you will be sent to prison!' Which put something of a damper on the occasion if briefly..... Kindly Kingsley, I am happy to say, spared me that caveat. ■

<p>CONGRATULATIONS to David Loh OBE who received an Order of the British Empire on PNG's 32nd Independence Day, 16 September 2007, for services to agriculture in his role as '<i>didiman</i>' in various provinces dealing with the major tree crops, spices, tropical fruits and nuts, and to the community through participation in the various humanitarian activities including the rebuilding of Rabaul after the 1994 volcanic eruptions.</p>
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PNG...IN THE NEWS

► **A lucrative trade in the sale of skeleton remains** is occurring in the Northern (Oro) Province of PNG, particularly in the areas of Sanananda, Buna, Gona, Gewoto and Waju. The sales, involving thousands of kina, are made to foreigners entering PNG mostly on tourist visas who then cremate the bones before taking them overseas. Most of the buyers are apparently from Japan, America and Australia.

The locals feel they cannot cultivate the land as it is and therefore deserve compensation. They say:

‘the PNG Government must talk to the governments of these countries to compensate the locals or make attempts to look after their war dead.

“It is happening ... we are selling the skeletal remains and if these countries reckon our areas are their biggest cemeteries then why don’t they come and look after them or take them away,”... The locals said the fact was that we did not know what this War was all about, we were only caught in the War and now their dead remains bring back memories of those years.’

Info from Post Courier 7 October 07

The extent of this illegal practice is, as yet, not properly known, however it is understood that a representative from the Australian Army recently visited Buna and asked that the practice of displaying dead remains as artifacts for tourist purposes be discontinued.

► **PNG Prime Minister Michael Somare** became the first leader to run the country for a full five-year period and then be returned to power in national elections [last August].

‘GDP has risen 50% since 2002 to \$15bn in 2006 and government debt is at its lowest since 1982’. ... ‘Despite the economic growth of the resources boom, economist warn that PNG could ...rely too heavily on royalties from foreign miners and oil companies and never develop alternative industries.’

Bulletin 4 September 2007

► **THE National Canoe Festival** is on again with war canoes full of traditional warriors setting sail between Moresby and Alotau on Nov 2, 3 & 4.

► **Since the 1994 volcanic eruptions in Rabaul** many changes have been made for the recovery and improvement of the province. Kokopo has developed into a bustling urban capital with a four-lane major road linking many of the attractions of the old Rabaul. However there are some regrowth pains appearing. Many of the settlement blocks are too small for people to retain their former village lifestyles and planning restraints imposed by aid donors have prevented a manageable revival of the town. Whilst much building of modern offices and other structures has gone ahead in Kokopo, Takubar and Vunadidir, much remains to be done to ensure the ones abandoned in Rabaul and the resettlement blocks can look forward to a happy future.

Info from Post Courier September 2007

► **The Rabaul Hotel (formerly Hamamas), the Kaivuna and Travelodge Hotels and the New Britain Lodge, together with the Rabaul Historical Society** are asking for your support. They work hard to keep Rabaul’s tourist sites open to the public and would like to encourage visitors to support Rabaul by staying in Rabaul when visiting the Gazelle.

► **Since the Ok Tedi merger with Billiton** five years ago, the commodities boom and the growth in China has ensured that the trust set up for the locals in the Western Province - the PNG Sustainable Development Program - will far exceed expectations. In 2002 Ok Tedi agreed to place its controlling 52% shareholding interest in the trust so that villages and the region could be assisted after the mine closure. Copper prices were 70c a pound when the deal was completed in 2002, now they remain above \$2.50/lb although most of last year was above \$3.20/lb. The mine contributes almost one-quarter of PNG government revenue. PNG Sustainable Development Program (SDP) has 'established a formidable board that has created a novel business model for substantial economic change across PNG.'... 'SDP has a vision that goes way beyond assisting Ok Tedi locals to deal with mine closure. The board has drawn up plans for expanded electricity grids, new forestry and agriculture businesses, a training institute, major road reconstruction, new airports, national banking and tourism. Its most adventurous proposal is for a deepwater port to make PNG's Western Province a regional economic and trading hub that would include northern Australia and Indonesia.' Securing the remaining trust funds to achieve these ambitions relies on the continued mining of copper and gold at Ok Tedi though. Consequences of the mine operation include downstream village gardens being flooded, tree dieback and river degradation. The amount of sulphur in the ore now entering the river system is higher than was anticipated and, exposed to the air, it becomes highly acidic and toxic to the riverine environment. Ok Tedi now plans to remove the sulphur and stockpile it under dredge waste.

Weekend AFR 17-18 Feb 2007

► **Large areas of pristine wetlands**, savanna and monsoon forest containing millions of birds are to be included in three new wildlife management areas set to be declared in southern PNG. [For more information on Wildlife Management Areas please refer to *Una Voce* No 3, September 2007, page 35.]

AFR 25 September 2007

► **YOUNG Brendan Buka** from Goroka who now calls Kokoda home holds the record in both directions across the Kokoda Track and beat 11 international competitors. Brendan went from Owers' Corner to Kokoda last year in 17 hours 49 minutes; this year (2007) from Kokoda to Owers' Corner in 17 hours 20 minutes.

Info from PNG Tourism Promotion Authority Sep 2007

► **Inspired by the traditions and legends of PNG culture, Tribe of Jubal** launched it's first album/CD to much acclaim at the Cairns Civic Theatre on August 31, 2007.

TOJ has just invented Melanesian Jazz Funk...or 'Melanfunk'....featuring a 17 piece band.

'Mixing traditional Melanesian rhythms with a modern, contemporary sound the band creates an intense tone of tribal harps, flutes, horns, warups, garamuts (drums) and kundus seamlessly grooved with contemporary jazz and funk arrangements.'

<http://www.tribeofjubal.com/>

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

His Excellency His Grand Chief Sir Paulias Matane, GCL, GCMG, Kt St J, Governor General of Papua New Guinea wrote that he was very touched by the efforts made with the ‘Patti Hopper Memorial Fund’. (*Una Voce* No. 3 September 2007 page 15, and No. 2 June 2007 page 6) Acknowledging that the HIV/AIDs disease is serious in PNG, Sir Paulias is working hard to ensure that awareness is raised within PNG about the disease. Recently he led a walk over part of the Kokoda Track to raise awareness within the villages. A documentary was later aired throughout the country through EMTV. On 11 October 2007 Sir Paulias hosted a Corporate Fundraising Dinner in Port Moresby hoping to raise funds to carry out more awareness, particularly to assist orphans whose parents had died from HIV/AIDs. If members or other friends of PNG would like to contribute towards the fund it would be appreciated if cheques could be made payable to ‘Paulias Matane Foundation Inc’ and sent to: PO Box 79, Port Moresby, NCD, Papua New Guinea. Financial contributions will be acknowledged and, if you agree, publicised in the media.

* * *

Keith Dyer wrote: I read with interest your comment on the letter to the editor by Sir Paulias Matane, Governor General of PNG, *Una Voce* June 2007. Whilst commenting on his extensive travel and many books published I was disappointed that more was not said about the books and achievements of this remarkable man, portrayed in one journal as a role model for PNG’ as he undoubtedly is.

I have read ‘To Serve with Love’ – a record of his life and service; and one volume of ‘Chit Chat’ (there are now 3) recording a very popular weekly TV series over 15 years on a diverse range of subjects simply stated to try and lift his people to a better way of life.

Sir Paulias was born in 1930 and I realise now that when I was posted to Kokopo in 1946/47, after WWII, he was an uneducated youth living in his village. In his own words he was ‘forced to go to school for the first time to learn to read a write when I was 17 years old’. Despite this slow start he seems to have excelled at school and by 1957 was a Primary School Assistant. He was a very successful, innovative and progressive, headmaster from 1958 to 1961. 1963 to 1966 he was a supervisory teacher in many areas. In 1967 he was appointed District Education Officer for the new District of West New Britain – the first Papua New Guinean to achieve this office which, within PNG, had exclusively been held by expatriates.

During the next few years in 1969 he was national superintendent of teacher education based in Konedobu; foundation member of the Public Service Board 1969; first citizen to become a Departmental Head in Department of Business Development 1971 to 1975 when he was appointed Minister for PNG Affairs in the Australian Embassy, Washington DC and on 16th September 1975 the first PNG Ambassador to the USA, Mexico, and United Nations, and High Commissioner to Canada.

He is a 'workaholic'!! His self imposed working hours since 1957 have been 2 am to 7.30 pm seven days a week. As well as his public service and the writing of 43 books he has also visited all seven continents – the first PNG citizen to have done so. Does he have a holiday? Certainly, but what does he do? He believes as a leader must also be a servant of the people and show leaders they must also be there to serve the people with love. So during a 3 week holiday mid 2006 he addressed thousands of people in 2 secondary, 2 high, 1 technical high, and 3 primary schools, a teachers college, 4 Church (SDA, UC and Catholic) congregations, 2 school boards, 2 council and village elders' meetings, and the main guest speaker during the first Autonomous Bougainville Government celebrations at Buka.

If you have not already done so I suggest you obtain a copy of the list of books published by Sir Paulias Matane. The diversity of topics, covering a wide range of countries, reflects the experience, travel, versatility, and achievements of this remarkable man. As a role model to his people I hope many will follow his example of service with love.

* * *

Former PNG residents Don & Jane Hook recently spent two months at Dylup Plantation, 70km north west of Madang, tutoring children who are studying by correspondence.

The visit was arranged through the Canberra-based organisation known as VISE - Volunteers for Isolated Students Education.

The children at Dylup - along with several others in PNG - are studying through the Dubbo (NSW) School of Distance Education.

Jane Hook taught at 'A' and 'T' schools and at the Bomana Police College during the 1960s and 1970s.

Her husband was an ABC journalist in PNG on two occasions - 1962-67 and 1973-78. He has visited PNG regularly over the years but this was Jane's first time back in almost 30 years.

Dylup Plantation changed hands last year with the Middleton Family selling out to Bill Gardner and Karl Hoerler, both with many years of plantation experience in the Highlands.

* * *

The Planter by Owen Genty

ISBN 0-473-10229-3, Published by Geebaa Enterprises. 246 pages including 14 full colour gloss photo pages.

Cost to PNGAA Members: A\$ 35.00 incl post and packaging, direct from the author at # 38 The Palms, 60 Maranui Street, Mt. Maunganui. 3116 NZ.

A fascinating account of the life of a bachelor planter from the late 'fifties, through marriage and children, and leading up to Independence.

For **Reviews, photos and Order Form**, refer to www.owengenty.com

Did you Know? There is a Milne Bay Military Museum at Toowoomba. See their website - www.milnebaymilitarymuseum.com.

Peter Worsley replied to David Montgomery's article in Una Voce No. 3 September 2007 page 39. We thought it may also be of interest to our readers.

Your article 'Mini-Submarine in River Estuary?' in the September 2007 *Una Voce* brought to mind the finding of a submarine not far offshore from the mouth of a river near where you remember seeing the mini-submarine. I was OIC at Kalalo Patrol Post when, in 1864, I read in one of the volumes of the Official History of the Second World War that an Australian aircraft returning from a raid had sighted a Japanese submarine travelling on the surface. The aircraft had straffed the sub with the last of its ammunition and continued on to its base. The submarine had evidently been damaged to the extent that it could not submerge. It had then tried to make for a river where the Japanese had established a fairly substantial supply base with docks to load the barges supplying their troops, but had sunk just offshore at the river's mouth.

During patrols I had crossed a river to the east of the village of Sio some distance upstream from its mouth where there were the remains of a large Japanese supply base with wharves. This appeared to fit the description given in the book, and on my next patrol I asked the people from the nearest village whether they knew of a submarine. They knew all about it, saying that some crew had been killed and some wounded. They then took me by canoe to the submarine. The conning tower and a small amount of the hull were sticking up above the water about 25-30 yards offshore. Although there were some shell holes and it was rusting, the submarine was in quite good condition. The small beach at the mouth of the river had a 'cliff' about six feet high backing it. There were some small caves two feet or so high at the base of the cliff and I was told that the wounded were placed in these to shelter from the sun.

I am not sure but I think the river was the Goaling River and that the village was Nambawira. I also think I read that Admiral Yamamoto may have been aboard, travelling to Rabaul. He was not injured and was later shot down and killed. I cannot remember in which volume of the Official Histories the submarine was mentioned, but I presume it was one of Series 3 dealing with the RAAF. I notice that in Series 1, Volume VI, *The New Guinea Offensives* by David Dexter, that Nambawira is stated as being 'the principal enemy supply base for the Finschhafen area' (p 735).

Peter Worsley

Jim Burton writes in with a further series of his programme – 'Memories of the South Pacific Islands are being Recalled.' These will be held at the Brisbane Square Library - 10-12am Tuesdays:

8 January 2008 - 5 February 2008 - 4 March 2008

Jim hopes the sessions will enable a sharing of experiences and stories, photographs, music, books and/or written papers with a view to recording these for the future. It would be appreciated if you could let him know you are attending by either email - burtonjf@powerup.com.au or telephone – (07) 3376 3356 (please leave a message.)

<p>Correction regarding 'Jumpers for AIDS Babies', page 8, <i>Una Voce</i> No. 3 September 2007: Please ensure that acrylic is used, not pure wool. This will assist with washing. Thank You.</p>

THE SURGEON'S SWIM by Dr Clive Auricht OAM

Frank Smythe was resident Surgeon in Pt Moresby during the 60's. He was devoted to his work, with little thought for his own health and well-being. I was a 25-year-old A/DMO Northern District, responsible for 40,000 Papuans, from a 100 bed base Hospital at Saiho, the sole doctor with a team of one Medical Assistant and 50 Aid Post Orderlies. I was very fit from my regular patrols through jungle, swamps, and mountains, to remote aid posts. Sister Jean Drysdale and two other Aussie nurses ran the Infant Welfare Training Centre for 30 Papuan nurses at Saiho. Every three months, Frank would fly over the Owen Stanley Ranges to Popondetta, where I would meet the DC3 and drive him and his theatre staff the 17 miles across 15 creek crossings (rain on Mt.Lamington permitting), to spend a busy week in theatre.

A curved wall of fly wire formed half the theatre, through which a mass of dark faces peered, constantly "Oohing and aahing" in awe of the absence of pain as we worked. I would give the anaesthetics, using open ether or regional nerve blocks, and occasionally waving dramatically to the crowd! I would give follow up patient care once Frank had flown home. We would strip swollen legs from elephantiasis and skin graft them, excise big tumours, etc.

It was distressing me to see Frank gradually wearing himself out, so next visit; I falsified the week's operating list, to enable a free day on Friday. As the plane was not due until Saturday, Frank had to endure a day off! After calming him down, two Land Rovers with Frank's party and some Hospital staff, Infant Welfare Nurses and my family, set off to the Kamusi River for a picnic lunch.

The Kamusi was famous as being the site of the drowning of the Japanese General on his white charger during their retreat north from Kokoda, in 1943. He had planned to ride triumphantly into Pt. Moresby! Through a narrow gorge, once straddled by a wire rope footbridge (hence called Wirope – pronounced wi-rope-ee), the river gushes from the ranges onto the wide northern plain, wending its way west past Ioma, then north through swamplands to the sea. Travellers from Popondetta south to Kokoda would arrange for a vehicle to meet them on the opposite bank after a 100 metre crossing on an outrigger canoe. This was precariously driven by a combination of current and pole!

Further down stream, on an idyllic bank, we set up the picnic, where several of the party including Frank, some nurses, theatre orderlies, and I, were tempted into the water for a swim, being well above the crocodile line. Completely fearless of the river flow, we attempted to swim across to the opposite bank, landing well downstream of our intended spot. After walking along the bank upstream, waving to the picnic party on the way, we found a suitable spot, estimating that we would recross the water and finish approximately at the picnic spot. Not taken into our calculations was a tributary, which caused wild eddies midstream! Caught in the turbulent water we swimmers were scattered afar. To my dismay I saw Frank in trouble, and set off as hard as I could to help him. By my side was my faithful New Guinea driver "Tom".

The alarmed picnic party saw us swept downstream past them. After what seemed an endless time, with thoughts going through my head as to how I was going to explain the loss of the Surgeon, Tom and I reached an exhausted

Frank, and we made shore safely but trembling. Fortunately all the others were safe also.

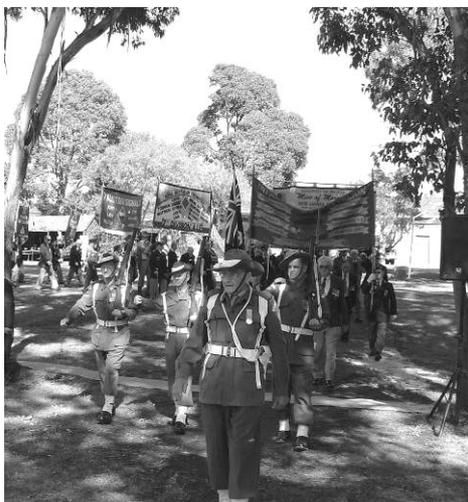
Frank kindly resumed his regular trips to Saiho, but never again was there mention of a picnic by the river! Perhaps he chose a less risky exercise program! Where is Frank today I wonder?

BATTLE OF ISURAVA, 26-28 AUGUST 1942 – REMEMBERED

By **Ross Johnson**

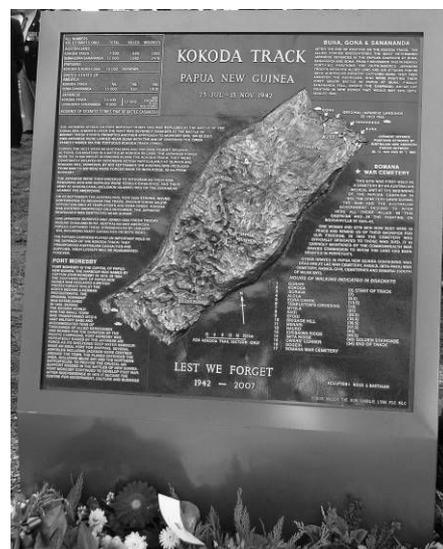
President Harry West, accompanied by David Marsh OBE, John O’Dea and myself, represented PNGAA at a morning service commemorating the 65th anniversary of the Battle of Isurava. The service was held on 26 August 2007 at the Kokoda Track Memorial Walkway (KTMW) at Concord in Sydney.

This battle during the Kokoda campaign, often attributed to be one that saved Australia, was actually a fighting retreat. The 39th Battalion with reinforcements from the 2/14th Battalion resisted the Japanese when outnumbered 10 to 1 and delayed the advance of Japanese forces over the Owen Stanleys. It is hard to imagine today the grim circumstances of this heroic stand where the soldiers were poorly supplied, without shelter, sleepless, no hot food, near starvation, wet to the skin and with clothes rotting on their bodies. It was during this battle that the first VC on Australian soil was awarded posthumously to Private Kingsbury of the 2/14th.



The service commenced with a march-past of veterans and banners, the mounting of a Catafalque Party and an address by Mr Rusty Priest AM, Chairman of the KTMW. During the service two poems of significance were read, the first “The Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels of the Owen Stanley Track” was read by Charlie Lynn MLC (a Director of the KTMW and a PNGAA member) with the second “.....And the Answer by an Australian Mother” read by Ann Bonner from the War Widows Guild. Students together with some of the veterans released doves of peace and a Plaque commemorating the Kokoda Track events was unveiled by the Premier of NSW, the Hon. Morris Iemma MP.

If members are interested in reading further about this battle, entering “Isurava” into Google on the Internet will give comprehensive details. Similarly, if you are living in Sydney or visiting and you haven’t “walked the Track”, a visit to the KMTW (nearest train station is Rhodes) should be given a high priority – it is well worth the effort. There is also plenty of parking.



WHEN VULCAN ERUPTED

Many years ago Heather Seale (nee Holmes) wrote this eyewitness account of the volcanic eruption in Rabaul:

It was a glorious afternoon, that Saturday afternoon, late in May 1937, when Vulcan erupted out of Simpson Harbour (Rabaul) around 3pm. Even though the residents of that idyllic township of Rabaul had warnings, no-one was really worried. Rabaul had been shaken by earth tremors for 24 hours beforehand, some large, some small; they were irritating to the people, but as Rabaul is circled by extinct volcanoes and Matupit was forever sending out sulphur fumes daily – all became used to these annoyances. There were many hot springs on the shores near Matupi; one would say ‘Matupi is the escape valve.’

Around midday that Saturday the incessant tremors ceased – such a relief we thought. Then around 3pm hundreds of the natives who had been playing football in the township near the shores of the township suddenly began calling loudly – yelling in fact – and began running towards the hills at the back of town ‘*sumting I kumup*’ was all they said when you asked them, if you could stop them long enough. My parents and I grabbed a taxi and raced to the shores of the harbour. There was a deathly stillness. Everybody, and there were many dozen of people, like us, who had raced to the harbour to see what had terrified the people so much – and there to our astonishment and horror were these small mushroom shaped white puffs of cloudlike masses coming out of the blue sea opposite us, on the shoreline going towards Kokopo (12 miles away by road). These clouds – becoming larger and larger and larger into a column into the sky, becoming slightly darker in colour with every puff – or eruption from the deep sea. Suddenly one very large darker cloud came from the sea. With that everybody raced for their cars, who had them, others ran. Where to go? Was the question, then tremendous cracks of thunder shattered the quiet. By 4pm it was quite dark – of one accord several dozen of us drove for Tunnel Hill which would take us to the North Coast. We did not get far – about 12 miles to a plantation named Wangaramut which was managed by friends of ours. These people opened their doors to everyone, and within half an hour there were over 100 people crammed into a two bedroom weatherboard house with a large verandah. We did not go any further for by then the sky was pitch black and lava (hot) was falling everywhere. Huge detonations and huge flashes of lightning, also large pieces of rock falling – the noise of rocks falling on the tin roof went on until the next day.

Water was so scarce, as the whole of Rabaul and the plantation where we were relied on tanks with rain catchment off the roof of their homes. The lava of course polluted the water in these tanks within an hour. By next morning we were cut off from Rabaul, as the nearby river which was usually beautifully clear and clean (which we drove over getting there) was a filthy, raging, foaming torrent – bridge swept away. One young man who had been a schoolboy champion swimmer in his home state of Queensland braved that river on the Monday looking for survivors anywhere and everywhere, and brought us news of what had happened – there were no radios in the homes in 1937.

A huge black volcano, hundreds of feet high, was snow on the shore, which had caused havoc to the main road to Kokopo, and caused the death of many people in the nearby villages. The Dairy was completely eclipsed – the whole of Rabaul was enveloped in feet of black, gritty pumice dust, not a leaf on any tree. We were not to drink any water unless boiled and on no account to try to return to Rabaul. We would be ‘rescued’ by boat as soon as possible. Many residents of Rabaul had already been evacuated by the BPs ship *Montoro* which had steamed along the outskirts of Rabaul. Hundreds of women, babies and children were put aboard first, taken out to the *Montoro* by all available small craft. By this time Rabaul Harbour (or Simpson Harbour) was feet deep in pumice – along with dead bodies of cattle etc.

We, and many others, had chosen the worst place to escape from the volcano (which was named Vulcan later) as we were exactly opposite the full action. The wind blew all lava etc all over Rabaul and the North Coast. Kokopo only had slight dusting of lava dust.

Three days later a small schooner came to rescue all of us from Wangaramut – what a wonderful sight that small ship was to us as we were rowed out to the ship by canoe or rowboat. We all felt greatly relieved to be told we were being taken to Kokopo – where every resident there had opened their homes to all and sundry, men, women, children, babies, dogs, cats etc. I shall never forget how delicious that glass of lemonade was and the sao biscuit tasted, which we were all given once we were all aboard.

Once again we, and 20 others, were allocated to a friend’s plantation out of Kokopo. We were all filthy dirty – no having had a bath, not even able to wash face and hands and all men unshaven. So once we reached the plantation Tokua we were all given a cake of soap and a towel and shown where the clean, clear water of their river flowed through the plantation. All men and boys went one way – ladies and children around the corner of the river, and there we washed away all traces of that lava dust from our hair and bodies. Clothes were a problem so the owner opened up his trade store and we chose ourselves blouses and *lap-laps*, a glorious feeling to be clean again with clean clothes, and to have a meal of bully beef curry and rice with masses of delicious pawpaw and pineapple to follow!

Three weeks later my father and I were allowed to re-enter Rabaul by small pinnace. The devastation and the quiet was eerie – no birds – and as we alighted from our boat we were provided with gauze masks the whole time (about five hours) we were in Rabaul. As my Dad and I walked to our home we were making huge clouds of dust, as all roads and grass etc, was feet deep in this pumice dusty!! It was so quiet.

As we neared our home our *cookboi* came out of his house – we were all happy to see each other. All over our backyard, which looked like grey cement, were eggs which our fowls had laid everywhere. Our dear old dog ‘Trigger’ was so happy to see us – he had been let off his chain, he must have known we would come back for him. The canary was still in his cage, with the door open. The

house was hideous! So we hurriedly packed the clothes and tinned food which we had come home for and returned to Kokopo by dark.

It *was* horrifying! But many amusing incidents happened – as we were racing to escape I remember saying to my parents ‘Will we be home in time for me to go to the pictures (silent films) at 8pm?’ Then, as we neared that hill, one of our staff raced alongside and said ‘*mi tu?*’ – no room in the taxi so Dad said ‘Stand on the running board and hang on’. He did, but began calling out with pain as the hot lava was hitting his bare shoulders and back. My Dad said ‘heather, give him your hacket.’ I did, but Dad didn’t stop the car so it was difficult trying to put the jacket over the man. I managed to pin the sleeves around his neck with a brooch I had pinned on the lapel of the jacket.

Claas Haviland and her little two year old boy (Rupert) were evacuated on the *Montoro*. We all slept on the floor in the lounge when we were at Tokua Plantation – we used the cushions from lounge chairs as pillows. I found the floor boards very hard, but we were lucky weren’t we?

By the end of 1937 Rabaul was lovelier than ever. That volcano Vulcan was a mass of green foliage at the base. Rabaul’s beautiful tree lined avenues were lush and the Frangipanni was blooming again, and every year in the month of May a Frangipanni Ball was held to commemorate the arrival of Vulcan! ▪

FIRST FLIGHTS OF A YOUNG BOY FROM PNG by Paul Ryan

I arrived in Rabaul in 1948 with my mother and younger sister Gayle to join my father, who was manager of Burns Philp at the time. During those days, in Rabaul, there was still much evidence of the war. Japanese POWs could be seen doing manual labour and they also collected our garbage under the watchful eye of a local policeman, who had a rifle with a fixed bayonet. Wreckage of war equipment, from planes and boats to guns, and even ammunition was common, including throughout the bush near our house on Namanula Hill. A friend of mine and I had two Australian steel helmets with which we used to play. Unexploded bombs had to be dealt with and we would sometimes evacuate our house and go down into the town while the bombs were detonated. All the china had to be placed separately on the floor to prevent it from being cracked. There were also tinned military rations to be had on occasions and I particularly liked the tinned fruit. It was an environment that seemed to have few luxuries, though no hardships to speak of and plenty of opportunities for action for a small boy.

By 1950, when I was six, the time arrived for us to go “on leave”. We were to fly from Rabaul to Sydney taking a day and a half for the trip; not because we were dawdling on the way, but because that was how long it took. Flying was not yet a regular means of transportation. In fact, probably much of the overseas and intercontinental travel was by passenger liner.

On the day of our departure we had lunch with some nearby neighbours, the Shands, before heading out to the airstrip at Matupi, next to the still active, though just smouldering volcano. The terminal was a tin shed; quite small

really, but then there were only about twenty passengers on our flight and this was the only flight of consequence on most days. We were flying Qantas, which was the only carrier operating from Australia to PNG. The plane was a DC3, and it was an impressive sight, standing on the green sward adjacent to the tiny terminal, with its nose already pointing skywards as if it yearned to be up there above the clouds. It seemed to be quite new; all silvery aluminium with the company name over the square windows and a rather impressive logo with a crown and the insignia 'Royal Mail' towards the front. That logo seemed to make the plane especially important.

On entering the plane I smelt that mixture of disinfectant and what I, for sometime thought, was high altitude air. On that occasion in Rabaul, as a small boy, and for many years, it was a smell of an adventure to come. We settled into our seats with their crisp, white linen covers. The seat belts clicked shut. The door closed behind us giving me the feeling of being cocooned in our own silver tube world. One engine whined, then coughed, before bursting into a spluttering roar. The other followed suit and, shortly thereafter, we began to roll across the grass and down to the end of the runway as a steward passed around sweets on a silver tray.

We took off with the engines emitting such a thundering roar that I was sure would shake the plane to pieces as we headed down the grass strip. But we survived intact, lifted over the blue waters of the harbour with its tiny ships, and headed for Finschhafen. There, about two hours later, on a white, crushed coral strip, bordered by swaying coconut palms, we picked up one or two more passengers before heading for Lae a further hour away.

That was it for that day. It would be dark soon and there were no night flying facilities. In any event crossing the Owen Stanley Range, where the lowest gap on the way to Moresby was about 10,000ft was not something to try without clear visibility. We were driven off to spend the night in the Cecil Hotel, some ten minutes from the airstrip. The hotel had tar paper walls, as quite a few buildings in Papua and New Guinea did then, being part of a rapid rebuilding program after the war, making do with what was adequate rather than what was often desirable. They were, needless to say, paper thin and allowed everything from mumbles to heavy snoring to be heard through them.

But there wasn't time to really dwell on this as we were awakened well before dawn and, after a quick cup of tea, were driven to the strip to make the most of the day. It was the time of day when all sounds appear muted, nobody seems to speak above a murmur, either because it is too much effort or because anything louder would be out of sync with the quiet of the early morning when all the world, save us, were still asleep. We took off into a beautiful, clear, sunny morning and turned south towards the mountain ranges that already could be seen in the distance as we climbed out of the Markham Valley and over the Huon Gulf with its blue waters muddied by the outflow from the Markham River.

As we flew in from the coast we crossed the rugged landscape that characterizes much of PNG. Low hills and ridges merged into higher ridges, all

covered by a dense mass of green forest with only an occasional trace of white smoke indicating a village. As the terrain got higher the trees gave way to scrub and grassland and at about the same time we passed through a gap in the range, seeing further mountains rising above us in the distance on either side of the plane. In 1967 I crossed through the Owen Stanley's further to the east on a flight from Popondetta. This was a much more exhilarating trip as I was in a Bell 47.3B1, helicopter. Sitting in that small perspex bubble, alone with the pilot as we circled to gain altitude then headed towards a gap in the range as storm clouds closed in, there was nothing to do but trust in those whirling rotors above me and the pilot. But talk about feeling vulnerable!

Next stop for our DC 3 was Port Moresby. Its dry scattered eucalypt woodlands and scrub contrasting with the dense green and moist jungle that covers most of the country I had been flying over. In Moresby the airport terminal was, again, a tin shed, though a slightly larger one. After a delay to fix a problem with one of the engines, we took off over in-shore reefs, and then headed out over the sparkling waters of the Coral Sea for Australia, where we landed at all the major towns on the way to Sydney: Cairns, Townsville, Rockhampton, and Brisbane. The plane reached Sydney well after dark and we were greeted by the spectacular view of the city lights from the air. Despite the many hours of flying I don't remember being bored. . It was really quite informal, as it would tend to get with so few people on such a long flight and the cabin crew put me to work serving snacks. The steward had a white coat with brass buttons and the hostess (as flight attendants were called then) wore a white dress with brass buttons. Later, as a teenager, I was to 'fall in love' with one or two of these women, though they never knew of such fantasies.

We made the trip from PNG to Sydney again in 1952. Then in January, 1954, at the age of nine, I headed off to boarding school at Bowral, south of Sydney. This was another big adventure, not just flying from Moresby to Sydney on my own, but the whole business of going off to this institution and being separated from my family. I flew in a Qantas Sandringham flying boat, a double-decker, converted from a wartime maritime surveillance aircraft, the Saunders Roe Sunderland. It was an impressive sight as it rode moored to a buoy in Moresby harbour; like a small silver liner with wings and four engines. I remember being overawed by the size of the plane as it suddenly appeared over Tuaguba Hill, above our house, to swoop down to the harbour and land. I would also watch, fascinated, from our veranda as the plane's engines coughed into life and then revved to a powerful roar as it prepared to taxi and take off. I'd imagine what it may have been like to be aboard such a craft.

Now I was to get my chance and I felt quite special, almost an adult as I boarded the plane in the early morning on Moresby Harbour. This was at least on a par if not better than my first DC 3 flight. I was too caught up with the impending flying experience to be concerned about leaving my parents and heading off to an unknown destination. I told my Mother not to cry as she hugged me prior to my boarding the launch, which would take us out to the plane. Of course, she didn't take my instructions to heart and was sobbing as the launch pulled away from the jetty.

The water slapped against the aluminium hull as those four radial engines produced a crescendo of power that had us skimming ever faster across the harbour. There was a marvellous sensation of speed as I sat watching the spray fly out from the side, until at last we lifted clear and rose above the harbour, still smooth in the calm of the morning. We cleared the hills near Tatana Island, then turned and headed south across the coast and so to Australia.

My parents must have watched the plane with both sadness and some degree of concern as it took off and became smaller, carrying their young son. I know the feeling, having experienced my own sons' departure on planes, when they came to visit me in Washington DC as teenagers. I was often concerned about them changing planes or something going wrong, particularly when they were younger. They, in turn, did not seem too concerned about the experience.

Meanwhile, on board the Sandringham, I was oblivious of my parents concerns and had no fears about my travel; only a sense of excitement and adventure. This was air travel with a touch of class undertaken at a somewhat leisurely pace as the big seaplane lumbered through the morning sky. We came ashore at Cairns and were taken to a hotel in town for a solid Australian lunch. I was an unaccompanied minor, but nobody seemed to be too concerned about me and I wandered around the town for a bit before we headed back to the plane. Then there was late afternoon tea by the river in Brisbane, and finally we arrived at Rose Bay in Sydney, where I was met by my aunt at about ten that night. The loneliness was to come later after I travelled with other boys on the train from Sydney Central Station to the boarding school that was to be my home for much of the next two years. There in that alien and unfriendly environment I was to often cry myself to sleep in the open dormitory until I got accustomed to being there. It was also the start of my developing a sense of independence and self-confidence that served as part of a survival mechanism.

This business of going back and forth to school in Australia once a year turned me into a something of a flying veteran at an early age, but I still got a thrill every time I boarded a plane. The aircraft in which I flew advanced with the times, though still flying Qantas; going back to land-based planes and flying DC4s, then the Super Constellation in 1959. These latter had been the mainstay for Qantas overseas' flights in the fifties, but with the advent of jets, they decided to switch one to the PNG run.

After the 'connie' we moved to DC6s and Qantas was replaced in PNG by Ansett Airlines and TAA (Trans Australia Airlines), who also took over the internal flights. Then came the Lockheed Electras, a turbo prop that gave a much greater sensation of speed and more comfort. Through the sixties the jets, in all their forms came into service on both domestic and international routes, and helped to develop air travel into the business it is today; moving more people and moving them much faster, at a time when so many in the world consider time to be so valuable; a far cry from that first leisurely flight in the DC3. ■

TORA AND TWO OF HER NINE LIVES by Charles Betteridge

When my wife and I were stationed in Wewak in PNG with Burns Philp- Ela Motors (1974 to 1979), we were given two newly born kittens by a friend of ours. The male kitten we called Tiger and the female we called Tora, which is Japanese for Tiger.

About eight months later Tora gave birth to four kittens (from Tiger) and we decided to get Tora 'fixed up' to stop her having anymore. Unfortunately there were no vets in Wewak, the closest was based in Lae several hundred kilometres away and over an hours flight in a 'plane.

We were told that there was a Catholic Priest in Wewak who ran 'Boys Town' up on Mission Hill. He was known to be a 'jack of all trades' including having done some veterinary work previously in his hometown in the USA. Boys Town was a place where young offenders from a court case were sent to learn a skill rather than be sent to jail and it had about a 90% success rate with youngsters not re-offending.

We arranged for one Saturday afternoon to get Tora 'snipped' up in his office at Boys Town. The priest (Father William Liebert) cleared the top of his desk in his office, placed newspaper over it, gave Tora an injection to keep her quiet, and his desk now became the main operating table.

He cut her open and put her insides out on the table, looked around to find her ovaries, finally found them (after a fair bit of searching), snipped them off, stitched her up, and about twenty minutes later Tora came around and looked none the worse for wear and she survived the 'bush operation' quite OK.

About six months later Tora again gave birth to another kitten (just the one only).

We were dumbfounded to say the least and wondered what had happened. Unfortunately Father Liebert was away from Wewak on a sabbatical when Tora gave birth. When he arrived back in Wewak a couple of weeks later I went and saw him and he too was a bit astonished. He said that he may not have cut all of her ovaries out in the initial operation and this would have caused Tora to give birth to just that one kitten.

I asked what could be done about it. He said that it would require a very delicate and more skilled person to operate on Tora again and he knew the person who could do just that, a friend of his from the USA who is a top specialist surgeon and she was actually based at the Wewak General Hospital on a 12 month exchange basis. He phoned her up at the hospital, explained the situation and she said for us to bring Tora to the hospital around 6am the following Saturday.

My wife and I arrived at the hospital's emergency operating theatre at about 5.50am on that Saturday morning and sat and waited for the surgeon (Sharon Gould) to arrive. Lying on a mobile bed in the same waiting room was a young

man from Kreer village who's right leg was broken in a car accident that happened an hour or so before we got there. He was under heavy sedation, and no wonder, for sticking out of his leg about halfway down was part of the bone protruding out of his leg that had been broken in the accident.

Sharon arrived right on 6am and said that only one of us can accompany her into the main operating theatre. My wife, Penny, volunteered to go in. I asked Sharon about the guy with the broken leg and she replied that she was waiting for another surgeon to turn up soon to assist her.

Penny wore all the regulation gowns and masks, as did the surgeon too. After having been sedated, Tora was placed on the main operating table under banks of overhead lamps and the surgeon went straight into Tora with the knife. She skilfully found where her ovaries should be, discovered that there was still a section left, cut it off, and re-stitched Tora up again in no time at all.

While I was sitting outside the theatre a team of five doctors from South Africa, who were visiting Wewak at the time, looked in the theatre to see what was going on. Seeing a cat on the operating table with the most top surgeon you could find anywhere operating on it, they looked at each other in sheer amazement then continued on their rounds shaking their heads and talking quickly in their own dialect.

Tora survived this second operation, had no more kittens again and went on to live with us for another fourteen years before she died.

Tora must be the only cat in the world that was operated on by a Roman Catholic priest and a top Unites States surgeon all in the same year. Is this one for the Guinness Book of Records? ■

Sir William Prentice Honoured

The PNGAA and the PNG Chinese Catholic Association were well represented at the official opening of Prentice Park, Naremburn, by the Mayor of Willoughby, Councillor Pat Reilly, on 18 August 2007.

The park is a memorial to Sir William and Lady Mary Prentice who were prominent community leaders in the area for all of their adult lives, except for the 10 year period (1970-1980) when they lived in Port Moresby.

Sir William was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of PNG in 1970 and became Chief Justice in 1978. He was responsible for many leading judgments during the momentous years of change through Self-Government, Independence and post-Independence, particularly in the area of constitutional interpretation, which has had a profound effect upon the law in PNG. These achievements were eloquently articulated by the PNG High Commissioner, His Excellency, Charles Lepani, who spoke at the ceremony.

Harry West

ON PATROL WITH DR ANDRÉ BECKER by Peter Worsley

In November 1961, as a Cadet Patrol Officer based in Finschhafen I was part of a patrol that proved to be the easiest patrolling of any I did while in PNG. Dr André Becker was conducting a Tuberculosis survey of the Siassi Islands. These islands lie between the Huon Peninsula and the western end of New Britain. André was assisted by a radiographer, H. Tamarua. Constable Anton accompanied the patrol and we travelled aboard the Administration's vessel *Morobe* with Geoff Hall as skipper. The survey consisted of taking X-rays of the people, and so an X-ray unit was set up on the aft deck of the *Morobe* along with a portable generator. Each day we sailed to a different village. On arrival I would go ashore and explain the reason for the X-rays and what was required. The people would then paddle out in their canoes and have the X-rays taken, while I wandered around the village, carrying out routine administration and talking to the village people, occasionally swimming in the normally crystal clear waters and doing very little real physical work.

There were only two incidences to mar the patrol, both involving rough seas (I am prone to sea sickness in anything but fairly calm seas). We had departed from Dregerhafen, just south of Finschhafen, and had to cross the Vitiaz Strait, which lived up to its reputation as one of the roughest places in the whole of PNG. It was not a pleasant few hours! Neither was the rough weather we experienced later in the patrol travelling from Malai to Tuam. In fact that rough sea wet the X-ray unit, causing the electrics to short. After a couple of days of unsuccessful attempts to repair the unit we eventually had to call it quits. We returned to Finschhafen, bringing with us 45 people who had required further, more detailed examination at the hospital at Butaweng near Finschhafen. We had another patient as well, a person we collected at Wasu suffering from hepatitis.

While sailing towards Tuam the *Morobe*, doing nearly 10 knots, was overtaken by the biggest canoe I ever saw in New Guinea. It had two masts each with a crab claw shaped sail and an outrigger. Aboard were about 6 or 8 adults, and what seemed like a dozen kids sitting on the outrigger to keep it down. When we arrived in Tuam the canoe was already at anchor and it proved to be a bit longer than the *Morobe* (at 66 feet), and made from a single hollowed out log with built up sides. The outrigger was about 30 feet long. Subsequently it was drawn up on the beach and I could just walk upright under the outrigger beams, which placed them at a height of almost 5 feet 8 inches above the bottom of the hull. My information on this canoe has been included in the prestigious book *Ships' Fastenings: From Sewn Boat to Steamship* by Dr Michael McCarthy of the Western Australian Maritime Museum. ▪

Fresh pitpit, broiled in freshly made coconut cream is indeed fit for a king. I thought the flavour was somewhere between corn and mushroom but I don't remember the taste of peas that others reported. The curl of purple colour, twisting up the yellow cob was also visually very appealing. We were told at ASOPA that pitpit was wild sugar cane. I assumed that the edible flower head, prior to it erupting and flowering, eventually seeded and became those white seeds (Jobs tears) that the highland women used to beautify themselves.

I must admit however that I never actually investigated to see if it was the same plant. *Husat i save?*

Paul Oates

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By **Dr Peter Cahill**

Myra Macey (nee Kennedy): print material on treatment of Tuberculosis and Leprosy in PNG (n.d.); Inaugural lecture of R.F.R. Scragg, Foundation Professor of Social and Preventive Medicine, The University of Papua New Guinea, 1971; The Diseases and Health Services of Papua New Guinea – a Basis for National Health Planning; 1973; Papua New Guinea National Health Plan 1974-1978; Aid Post Orderly Manual Vols.1&2, 1978.

L. le Fevre: Ok Tedi Mining Limited Environment Department map (1999) of Western Province village locations; two copies of (? dyeline) map showing Ok Tedi Mine, Tabubil, Telefomin and Kiunga in PNG, also Australian border just south of Papuan coast near Daru; publicity stills with comments on le Fevre's 'Cloudland Memories: Stories from contemporary Papua New Guinea'.

Carl Cossill: Port Moresby Street Directory, 2d ed., 1978; 18 black and white photos of Port Moresby area 1967; dated and identified slides of Papua New Guinea centres 1967-1972; two compact disks of various identified PNG scenes including Port Moresby/Sogeri area, Mt Hagen Show (?1967) and Trobriand Islands. **Judy Fairhurst (nee Read)*:** P.M. Penhalluriack's Patrol Report (PR) of the Mokolkol area New Britain May/July 1930; Jack Read's material including notes on a *Snake Dance of the Baining* (n.d.); PRs (1930-1940) of East Nakanai, Napapa and Toma Divisions, Northern, Southern and Central Baining Ranges all in New Britain; PRs of Isimp/Tauri/Banir area of Wau sub-District; Bogia/Ulingan/Madang/Ututu/Manam Island area; Biksamei/Nbuk/Tangum area; Boroi/Ramu River/Cape Gourdon; Tanbanum/Yentjan/Marfap/Yamok/Slei/Chauash/Korogo in Sepik River area; plus memoranda from ADOs to field staff; samples of photographs ca.1930 taken during patrols (balance expected mid-2008). **Peter Villiers Best:** a first deposit of papers relating to his service with APC, Steamships and Burns Philp. The balance is expected by the end of November and a full listing will be given in the first *Una Voce* for 2008.

*material microfilmed by Pacific Affairs Manuscript Bureau (PAMBU), ANU, Canberra.

(Dr Peter Cahill can be contacted on *Email*: p.cahill@uqconnect.net)

REUNIONS

Kiap Reunion, Sunshine Coast – Sunday, 11 November, 2007

Kawana Waters Hotel, Nicklin Way, Buddina, Queensland.

Over 200 acceptances have been received for the reunion. Let us know if you can make it by contacting Denys/Helen Faithful on 07.54444484 or at faithh@flexinet.com.au (note the 2 h's) or Bob/Heather Fayle on 07.54446447 or at bobfayle@hotmail.com. (Please put 'Kiap Reunion' in the subject line if possible) For the last two gatherings we have had over 200 on each occasion and we are sure we can top that.

The Kawana Waters Hotel is located on Nicklin Way, near Kawana Waters Shopping Centre, on the main road between Mooloolaba and Caloundra. A large parking area is available at the hotel.

* * *

PNG Reunion, Gold Coast Convention Centre - Broadbeach

Date: Saturday 21 June 2008 For further information please contact: gregpik@bigpond.net.au.

* * *

'**The Great ASOPA Reunion Dinner**' is being hailed the model for future such events after 200 attendees enjoyed a long weekend of reminiscing while taking in the offerings of the modern Brisbane.

From 1957 to 1972, the Australian School of Pacific Administration trained teachers for posts in primary and Secondary schools throughout Papua New Guinea. During that period over 700 teachers were certified to teach in the Northern Territory and Papua New Guinea.

On the weekend of 12th –14th October, two hundred teachers and partners gathered in Brisbane to re-establish old friendships and to remember highlights and challenges of those memorable years.

Friday night was devoted to Meet and Greet occasions for each of the enrolment intakes and it was here that many met again after periods of non contact ranging from 35 years to 50 years. The collective memory ensured intriguing conversation much assisted by the attentive staffs of the Sofitel and Novotel Hotels and the Greek Club.

The initial focus for Saturday was a river cruise on *The Lady Brisbane* which managed to comfortably accommodate over 120 who took in the new riverfront developments from the river mouth to the City of Brisbane. Southbank was the terminus with its very large range of varied eating places and an afternoon was very quickly lost in further reminiscences.

The Sofitel Ballroom was the venue for the main event and all present enjoyed the address by Professor Ken McKinnon (Director of Education in PNG for much of the 60s and 70s) in which he recognised the considerable contribution made by ASOPA trained teachers. 'E' Course trained teachers also were recognised as one of the greater successes of the innovative educational developments of Professor Mckinnon's 'reign' at the helm.

Every intake was represented at the Ballroom event and each had a 'two minute spot' on what the ASOPA experience meant to them. A wonderful contrast in views and an opportunity taken by some to remind others of the 'challenges' of service in NT and PNG.

A DVD of the Ballroom occasion and a booklet 'ASOPA Years 1957-72' (covering all Cadet Education Officer intakes at ASOPA) have been produced and can be obtained for \$32 (includes postage) from Henry Bodman P.O. Box 400 Kenmore 4069.

Henry MacD.BODMAN hmacdb@ozemail.com.au ■

HELP WANTED

Would anyone know where this was taken please? The photo belonged to



my father-in-law **Lew Phippen**. Lew saw service in PNG with a construction battalion. The caption on the back of the photo reads 'Picture Show at New Britain. Camp in background 5/45'. If you know where it was taken or have any further information could you please contact Mike Lean at: Quarter Acre and a Cat Consulting, PO Box 123, Woodgate Beach, QLD 4660 Phone: 07 4126 5054 Email: mikelean@dodo.com.au'

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Annette Ross, daughter of Bill Guest, recently returned to PNG. She writes: The most amazing thing I found on my visit to Popondetta was the local sport which was played on a field across from 'the lodge'. If you call it a field, more like an overgrown paddock. In a country where Rugby rules, it was soccer. It is the only sport funded by the Brothers and is played all weekend, from U11/U13's to seniors. Different teams come from all over the provinces, most walking from Friday night or early Saturday morning to get there and then they play all Saturday and Sunday. They even had a girl's competition, which just astounded me. Each province only had one strip, so as one team finished, they would lay the strip out in the sun to dry and the next team would put it on. Their nets were so full of holes and they were playing in ankle length grass, but it is all organised for locals, by locals, and coached by locals, which shows that although the exit of the Europeans and the taking over by local government has had some disastrous effects, there has been some pluses as well. They have to organise it for themselves, whereas before they would have relied on someone else to do it for them. I got a photo of the U11/U13 team and with the advantage of digital camera I could show them their picture, but it was hard to explain why I couldn't give them one! **I made a decision that when I got back to Australia, I would contact all the soccer clubs in Brisbane and the Sunshine Coast and see what I could get in the way of old strips and soccer gear, package it up and send it off to them, (which I did, but so far the response has not been overwhelming!)** If you can help please contact Annette at Ph: 0754328325 (h) /0417625951 or email: (nettles58@bigpond.com)

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

The Kavieng Massacre, A War Crime Revealed by Raden Dunbar
ISBN 978 1 86351 368 5 B/W Published by Sally Milner Publishing 2007
ARRP \$34.95 320pp Available from your local bookstore

Publisher's note: This is ... a comprehensive and historically accurate reconstruction of events surrounding the 1944 murder by Japanese sailors of a large group of Australian male civilians and German Catholic priests at Kavieng, New Ireland in the then Australian-mandated territory of New Guinea...

The story of the terrible tragedy in Kavieng describes how a group of entirely innocent Australian and other civilians became the helpless victims of the grand wartime political and military strategies of American, Australian and Japanese politicians, generals and admirals.

The Japanese naval officers responsible for the Kavieng massacre elaborately concealed their crime to mislead Australian investigations. This concealment was successful and delayed revelation of the truth until 1947.

Sepik Blu Longpela Muruk by **David Wall** ISBN-10: 1845491688
Published by Swirl 2007 184 pages. Cost: \$30.00 incl postage in Aust Order
from David Wall, 152 Wilson St, Newtown 2042 NSW Ph: 02-95505053
Email: mahal362000@yahoo.com.au

David Wall's first novel draws upon real life experiences in out-station PNG [Angoram] during the 1960s and 70s as 'colonials' came face to face with Self-Government and then, Independence. David Wall spent some eighteen years in PNG, largely as a Health Officer in rural areas, and weaves a tale based upon real and imaginary persons and situations and scattered with quaint but apt philosophical views and quotations...

At Angoram and along the Sepik River, we are introduced to the residents: priests, patrol officers, traders and others whose occupations are less clearly defined – a cast of eclectic characters who are skilfully portrayed.

White Papua New Guinea residents will understand, appreciate and enjoy this book greatly, Australians devoid of the 'PNG Experience' will perhaps be less convinced of its veracity but will be amazed if convinced that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Anyway they will also enjoy it. Papua New Guinean nationals may have even more difficulty, but for the older literate citizens, it may help to provide some explanation for the odd behaviour of the expatriates they observed in their youth; some may even nostalgically wish to turn back the clock!

Peter Johnson

A SUNDAY AT KUTA by Geoffrey Williamson

For many of the residents of Mt Hagen in the early 60s a favourite destination on a Sunday was a visit to Danny Leahy's pad in Kuta. This involved a tortuous journey by 4WD from Hagen climbing up very high mountainous roads to reach Danny's home where the hospitality was of a very high standard and a good time was had by all. At the time I was amazed that Danny had not come to grief when he sometimes made the journey in his landrover from Kuta to Hagen for his shopping trips which, of course, included the occasional visit to the Mt Hagen club for the traditional beer or two. At the time, Danny did not enjoy 20/20 vision and

it was well known that Danny's pilot on these journeys was his man Friday who was actually Danny's navigator and would guide Danny to his destination by voicing the occasional '*hap liklik*' and other spoken information, the net result being Danny's successful arrival at his destination. Apparently his part-time driver was quite skilled but Danny insisted on keeping his hand in, as it were.

On one particular Sunday, a friend of mine at the time, one Ted Kierton, decided we should try a new twist and do the journey by motor cycle. To minimise the possibility of doing damage to our own vehicles we decided to use the seeming unlimited supply of transport provided by the Administration and hoist ourselves aboard 250CC motorcycles provided, unknowingly, by the local Transport department rep which could have been Ken Woods or Col Green. Another old resident of the time doing service with Government stores was ED Robinson, better known to old timers as Sepik Robbie - often referred by many as Sepik Wobbie. Wobbie who, in speech, was never able to handle his Rs was a character I had previously met on a trip up the Sepik. At that time Robbie was the local postmaster in Angoram. He had a previous history with the well known and famous Coastwatchers organisation which served the Allied forces so well and effectively in the New Guinea Solomon campaign...however I digress.

The journey up the mountains to Kuta was carried out with very little difficulty. Later on I was able to observe with some confidence that this may have been due to the upward journey being free of any beer or liquor being consumed, as opposed to the return journey where the effect was quite noticeable. The whole party consisted of three motorcycles driven by myself, Ted Kierton and the third party being Lou Connerty, an old friend of mine from way back.

We were finally welcomed on arrival by our wonderful host Danny Leahy and the party assumed a comfortable drinking and talking position in front of a large table on a half a dozen or so chairs. We had had a comfortable incident free journey from Hagen to Kuta but the return journey later on was not to be so pleasant. Everybody was thoroughly enjoying themselves recounting old stories, many of which were no doubt true, but at the time nobody cared either way. The most unforgettable and impressive feature of the day was that Danny's place was about 2000ft above that of Mt Hagen which actually puts it up amongst the clouds. With all windows to the upper lounge room open, those on opposite sides of the table were having an interesting conversation - hearing wasn't a problem, but it was hard to maintain a coherent exchange of views with someone who remains invisible. The room at most times was completely clouded in...Danny finally had the windows closed but it was time we headed back and then the real fun began.

The descent from Kuta to Hagen was on a road with frequent long stretches down almost perpendicular slopes where it was just not possible to use brakes or any other means of slowing the journey. The inevitable consequence was actually sliding the bike down the steep stretches, with the bike and the rider both sliding together down the slope. We knew the road was navigable by car as Danny had come down there many times but he did it with a landrover. A motorcycle driven by three sober citizens would have presented many problems and possibly couldn't have been accomplished, but by trying to do it under the influence was obviously pushing the envelope to its limits. We eventually arrived back in Hagen very much the worse for wear. I don't think there was any serious damage done to the motorcycles but it was a journey we all swore, would never be repeated. ▪

A VISIT TO POPONDETTA By Annette Ross (née Guest)

It seemed that we had just taken off from Port Moresby when we were getting ready to land at Popondetta airport which is a tin shed, no staff, no phones. A lot of the local residents were sitting around. I wasn't sure why they were there, as there were not too many flights in or out of Popondetta, the strip itself is surrounded by ten foot cyclone fences and there was no-one to meet us.

Eventually two typical PMV buses rolled up, complete with *buai* down the sides, vomit on the floors, cracked windscreens, in fact one looked like someone's head had hit it from the inside. Our welcoming committee, all locals, had obviously had a skin full the night before and were a little worse for wear, all part of the adventure I suppose! After establishing that the worst ones were **NOT** driving, we all piled in, with packs jammed in whatever space was available. The drivers got out and did their pre-flight check and kicked all the tyres; not sure why, whether it was to make sure they were only flat on the bottom or to make sure no-one had stolen the tread off them while we sitting there. All the *wantoks* squeezed in, hanging out the doors. God it was good to be home!

We were staying at the Lamington Lodge, which looked like it had been built in the 50s, situated behind the now seemingly mandatory barbed wire cyclone fence with security guards. This one was falling down which was a bit of a worry. Our rooms were not ready yet, so we went in to breakfast. They love their gladwrap, it was on everything, the milk, sugar, orange juice... the food was surprisingly very good, not that anyone would have complained, the *hauskuk* was a Chimbu. After breakfast our rooms were still not ready, so George Friend, 39th Battalion Assoc member, Ev, his partner, and I went for a 'stroll' down to a memorial which had been set up by Australian War Graves. Popondetta is a very small town with not many shops, one service station, one hotel (Lamington Lodge), but I counted three 'beer houses' and, as seems to be the standard in PNG now, is dirty... so much rubbish. Lots of locals who seem to do nothing but sit around waiting for the bar to open, and a betelnut stand on every corner. So sad as it must once have been such a pretty town. I must admit I was a little apprehensive as we walked down to the memorial after all I heard about the '*rascals*' in PNG now and the lawlessness, and there were no white faces, apart from ours. The locals stared at us as we were walking past. We only had to go to the next street but you could feel their eyes in your back. Obviously the council is sadly lacking, the 'parks' were overgrown with rubbish everywhere. We saw the graves of 16 of the 3000 people killed when Mt Lamington erupted in 1951.

It was set out in the shape of a cross and was overgrown with weeds and grass. We were lucky that George had found it on his last trip or you would never have seen it, it was so overgrown.

Right in the middle of all this was the memorial; pristine, grass cut and weeded, with a barbed wire fence around it. I couldn't believe that it was so clean, it was like a light was shining on a particular spot in a dark room, we found out from an old *lapun* that he was paid by the Australian War Graves to keep the place clean. He worked



Popondetta Memorial, photo: Annette Ross (in foreground)

from Monday to Friday and half day Saturday, kept the grass cut with a *saraf* and picked up any rubbish. It seemed that this was one place the locals respected and they all kept out of it, I was starting to wonder if my first impressions of the people had been right so on the way back I made a point of talking to them. How wrong I was! apart from the rubbish, it was like going back to Goroka 30 years ago - faces lit up, big smiles, all was needed was for us to make the first move. I suppose it is just unusual to see a white face around, but as soon as they found out I could speak pidgin, they were a different people, the word soon got round I was a 'Highlands Meri'.

(Please also see page 29)

PNG THIRD IN 1975 GUAM GAMES MEDAL COUNT **By Richard Jones**

Papua New Guinea finished third behind New Caledonia and Tahiti in the medal standings at 1975's Fourth South Pacific Games held in Guam.

The women's softball team took out the final gold medal decided, coming from behind to tip out hosts Guam in the playoff. The girls rallied from a 4-7 deficit with a big four-run fourth inning at the Paseo Little League field in the capital, Agana. The win was sweet revenge for the PNG softball team. At the 1971 Games in Papeete, Tahiti, Guam had scored six runs in the bottom of the seventh innings to score a 15-14 win over the Papua New Guineans. Four years on the PNG girls triumphed 8-7 in a thrilling play-off for the softball team gold and silver. PNG used three hits and an error to get the first four batters home for the winning rally in the fourth dig.

That softball gold medal took PNG's overall tally for the 75 Games to 64 medals --- 22 gold, 24 silver and 18 bronze.

But the top two South Pacific nations were clearly New Caledonia and Tahiti with totals of 102 and 94 medals, respectively.

The golf competition proved to be a bonanza for the PNG team. John Keating, Greg Fennell and Phil Frame made it a clean sweep of the medals in the men's individual event, Ismay Trevena claimed gold in the women's individual event and PNG won the golds in both the men's and women's teams count.

The fourth and final round of the men's golf proved a disaster for the leader, Gus Gogue of Guam. He had fired rounds of 77, 79 and 83 at the Country Club of the Pacific course, but shot a disastrous 87 on the last day.

All three PNG representatives slipped past Gogue. Keating's 73 off the stick was the best round on the concluding day, and the best round of the tournament, to give him a total of 317. Keating fired three birdies on the front nine and one on the back to help him master the championship course.

Fennell finished with an 82 for a four-round tally of 323 while Frame fired an 84 to give him 324, and a two-shot buffer over Gogue (326).

Ismay Trevena was two shots clear of Guam's Jake King, who made up five shots on the final round, in the race for the women's gold - 357 to 359. Tumata Bres of Tahiti was third with a four-round total of 378.

Papua New Guinea's Judy Johnstone was fourth with 387 and Carol Thomas, also of PNG, finished fifth on 399.

Cont. over...

The four day's play ended on something of a sour note when the golfers learned that the medals could not be presented that evening.

Even though Senator Allan Sekt was ready, the flags and music tapes had not arrived at the golf clubhouse and so the medal presentations were delayed by 24 hours. The ceremonies went ahead on the second last day of the Games at the men's village.

In boxing, Western Samoa and American Samoa took home the lion's share of the golds on offer. Of the 11 gold medals offered the Samoans garnered six - three each.

Papua New Guinea boxers scored two golds and two silvers. Tumat Sogolik won gold in the bantamweight division with a points decision over Milton Ie of Tahiti while John Abe stopped New Caledonia's Edmond Smith in the featherweights. Smith's cornermen threw in the towel early on in the second round of the gold medal bout leaving PNG's Abe a comfortable victor.

PNG's silver medals went to Zopha Yarawi (light flyweight) and Jack Eki (flyweight) – the two lightest weight divisions contested at the Games. At the other end of the boxing weight scale, Vincent Fafoa of New Caledonia stopped Wallis and Futuna's Seseijo Pelo in the second round of the heavyweight gold medal bout.

Charlie Martin had a great Games in the pool for PNG, winning four individual swimming gold medals, an individual silver and three team silvers. Martin won the 100 metre freestyle (in a new Games record time of 56.71 secs), the 100 metre backstroke, the 100 metre butterfly and the 200 metre individual medley. He finished second in the 200 metre individual freestyle to Tahiti's Henry Noble and was a member of the PNG teams which took out silvers in the 4 x 100m freestyle relay, the 4 x 100m medley relay and the 4 x 200m freestyle relay.

Swimming for PNG in the women's events, Lorene Moyle won the individual 200 metre medley and was a member of the PNG teams which won silver in the 4 x 200m freestyle relay and bronzes in the 4 x 100m freestyle and 4 x 100m medley relays. Her time of 2:39.58 set a new Games record in the 200 metre individual medley.

Edward Seeto (flyweight), Sibona Oka (featherweight) and Geoffrey Hui (lightweight) won gold medals for Papua New Guinea in the weightlifting competition. Michael Mexico won a silver in the light-heavyweight division behind eventual gold medallist Sio Petelo of Western Samoa.

Dick Smith won the individual archery gold medal for Papua New Guinea, finishing the competition with 2,102 points from Emile Shan (Tahiti, 2,071) and Keith Winchcombe (Tahiti, 2,069).

Tahiti won the team gold medal in archery with 5935 points. PNG took home the silver with 5866 points from third-placed Guam on 5409.

The appropriately named Phil Drips of Guam was the gold medallist in yachting from PNG's Kevin Read and Fiji's Bill Gardiner.

Tahiti was the gold medallist in women's basketball, downing PNG 37-33 in the play-off with the men's team not in the best four at the Guam Games.

And in volleyball the women's team finished fourth, beaten 15-9, 15-13, 15-8 by Wallis and Futuna in the bronze medal play-off.

However, in the blue riband track and field events John Kokinai was outstanding with three golds and a silver. He saluted for PNG in the 5000

metre event, setting a new record of 15 mins 01.2 secs to down teammate Mike Joyce.

Kokinai made it a double by taking gold in the 10,000 metre event --- again in a Games record time. Kokinai finished the gruelling run in 32 minutes and one second.

And just to make sure the Guam spectators wouldn't forget his name in a hurry, Kokinai also took gold in the 3000 metre steeplechase with victory over Usaia Sotutu (Fiji) and Michael Guepy (New Caledonia).

The PNG distance specialist capped off a spectacular South Pacific Games with second place in the marathon. In a breathtaking finish to the showpiece of the entire Games, Alain Lazare of New Caledonia won in 2 hrs 36:35, with Kokinai less than a minute behind in a time of 2:37.24. Lazare's time slashed almost 13 minutes from the Games record set in Port Moresby in 1969, with Kokinai also finishing well inside the previous marathon record time.

On the track, Wallace Hoffagao took silvers in the two middle distance track events - the 800 metres and the 1500 metres - while Mo'uro Kaida won a bronze for PNG in the women's 800 metres.

The PNG men's doubles combination won gold in the tennis competition, a competition which was hard hit during the Games because of wet weather.

The only people on Guam who didn't seem to mind the onset of wet weather were the Japanese honeymooners. A string of five-star resort hotels on the crescent-shaped beaches just outside of Agana were booked solid right through August, 1975, as the honeymooners settled in.

And for many of us from PNG, we were introduced to lead-free petrol for the first time. The hire and rental car operators were quick to remind us that not only did their cars come 'with air' (air conditioning), but did not run on anything other than lead-free petrol.

Final medal standings

New Caledonia 37 gold, 31 silver, 34 bronze – total 102

Tahiti 27 gold, 28 silver, 39 bronze – total 94

Papua New Guinea 22 gold, 24 silver, 18 bronze – total 64

Fiji 13 gold, 13 silver, 11 bronze – total 37

Western Samoa 9 gold, 4 silver, 5 bronze – total 18

Guam 3 gold, 5 silver, 5 bronze – total 13

American Samoa 3 gold, 4 silver, 5 bronze – total 12

Wallis and Futuna 1 gold, 2 silver, 8 bronze - total 11

New Hebrides 1 gold, 3 silver, 4 bronze – total 8

Solomon Islands 1 gold, 2 silver, 3 bronze – total 6

Kingdom of Tonga 2 gold, 1 silver, 1 bronze – total 4

Micronesia 0 gold, 2 silver 0 bronze - total 2

Nauru 0 gold, 0 silver, 1 bronze - total 1

(Medals awarded overall: total of 372 medals made up of 119 gold, 119 silver and 134 bronze (two bronzes awarded in each boxing weight division. Fight-offs only for gold and silver, the two losers in each division automatically awarded a bronze each).

EXPERIENCES OF NEW BRITAIN IN 1951 by Colin Sutherland

In 1950 I was working in a large department store in Nowra NSW. It was purchased by Burns Philp and after a few months of ownership the Octopus of the Islands offered to all staff the chance to be transferred to any of their other branches. Being young and just completing tech college courses on supervision and management I placed my name on the transfer list.

Nothing more was heard until February 1951 when I received a letter informing me I was being transferred to Rabaul New Britain on 8 April 1951.

There were just a couple of months to settle all matters and arrange all the necessary paper work etc. The first big shock was the plane flying over the devastated Mt Lamington eruption and the second shock was seeing all the war planes still sitting around the Port Moresby airstrip.

We arrived at the Rabaul air strip on the Sunday, being met by a BP jeep and taken to (if my memory stands) the Ascot Hotel and told 'See you tomorrow'.

I thought 'What the hell have I let myself in for, this place is still near under war conditions, except there were no Jap planes or bombs being dropped.'

Monday arrived and so did the chap in the BP Jeep. He informed me would first take me to the Police Station and then to the store. I asked 'Why the Police Station?' and was told that all must report to the Police prior to being allowed to stay in New Guinea. After a short time I was ushered into an area with a 6'6" tall Police Officer who asked me questions about my religion, hobbies etc.

The officer was Superintendent Chris Normoyle. He was a wonderful human being, and I told him that I was Anglican, music was my hobby, and boy scouts and freemasonry were my other interests.

He introduced me to Jack Palmer and Officer Brian Holloway who filled me in with the expectations of any person working in PNG. Then the BP chap arrived and I was introduced to all the staff, then to the single men's quarters, and then back to the hotel for another night prior to settling in next day to single men's mess.

On arriving back at the hotel the manageress informed me that seeing she was returning to Australia in a few weeks I would be the new secretary of the Anglican Church, "Here are all the books and boxes; congratulations."

Hell, what a shock! I did not know whether to laugh or cry. The next big shock, coming from a town that had flush toilets and proper housing was being in an area that had pans, sisalcraft quarters, and I was now secretary of the church. I served as secretary for one year, then Gus Bayles was formally elected.

And I had not yet started work. That was Wednesday's shock, after settling in to the men's quarters on the Tuesday.

The store was like a big shed and one had to learn how to speak another language. I remember my first customer: '*Sarif bilong wokim gras*'. What the hell was this fellow talking about? [Sarif, long blade, to cut the grass.]

Another shock was that not only did we have the customers in store but orders to be pulled and sent to various plantations with names that were a new language to this young fellow.

However, things did improve as the years progressed. With much help from my Chinese and mixed race scouts I became fluent in pidgin after about three months. Wednesday evening I had a visit from Les Hastings, one of the patrol officers, who had been informed via Chris Normoyle and District Commissioner Keith McCarthy, that there was another scoutmaster in town, and invited me to the first of many enjoyable meetings on Friday nights.

Little did I know that Les in a few weeks would be transferred out and I had the lot, 1st and 2nd Rabaul plus young men from all the surrounding villages. I was on top of the world with their enthusiasm.

My first experience of a *guria* was one night, returning from a Scout meeting in the Malay town, when I heard all the noise from the iron buildings and when I placed my left foot to the ground it seemed to move like a wave of water. Of course it was pitch dark (no street lights) and my torch was not the brightest, so in great haste I arrived at the mess to be informed that they were called 'guria' and to expect them at anytime, day or night.

In the two years that I spent in Rabaul I enjoyed the company of many wonderful people connected with scouting in the Chinese, mixed race and native people in and around Rabaul, plus the BP workers.

Two amateur shows I took part in at the RSL were the *Ghost Train* and *The Man who Came to Dinner*. We also joined in a big nativity play at the Catholic Church in Rabaul.

We always looked forward to the arrival of the *MV Malaita* and the *Bulolo* both of which carried the supply of that amber stuff called Fosters, which was the only Aussie beer that the wharfies in Australia would permit to be loaded. Other beer available was San Miguel and Becks plus numerous other unknown English brands.

However BP, in its wisdom, did bring in a rather large amount of beer from Germany called Elbslosch, but someone had forgotten to inform the buyers that German beer carried no preservatives and when the beer arrived it had turned rotten. Keith Chambers, the Customs Officer, had great delight in having it all poured bottle by bottle into Simpson Harbour. The reason I say great delight was because on my visits to the Customs Wharf for BP, Keith always had a bad few words about the BP management and looked forward to the many errors that BP made with the Customs Papers.

The other wonderful product that arrived with the *Malaita* or *Bulolo* was frozen cows milk and Chan's Store in China Town used to do a great business for a few hours with those of us who enjoyed chocolate milkshakes.

I was very lucky whilst in Rabaul to have had the opportunity with the help of my scouts to hike over and around all the volcanoes as well as into the various Japanese tunnels especially the big tunnel which seemed to be their command area. Rabaul was strewn with wrecked landing barges and old war bits and pieces, especially over the mountain trails when numerous plane, searchlight materials etc were still as left by the Japanese.

Both sides of the road from Rabaul to Kokopo had anti aircraft guns (all spiked) sitting as they were left either by the Allies or the Japanese.

I always found the sulphur fumes from that active volcano Matupit used to make the day and night together with the rotting kunai grass very unpleasant. (Cont...)

I also remember one *guria* which happened about 5am Christmas morning 1952 which was so strong that we did not have to get out of bed for early church, it being so strong we were all on the floor and thought that the volcanoes must be going to blow. After many shudders and shakes all day they settled down.

In 1953 I was transferred back to Australia and a few days prior to departure the scouts from Rabaul presented me with a great water colour (by the talented painter Chum Fatt Pang) of the beach at Lunga Lunga. It still hangs in my lounge room.

After leave I was sent to Goulburn in July and that was a very big shock to the system.

I still keep in contact with scouts left in Rabaul but have never revisited the area.

Something I never missed were those damn *gurias*. ■

INSTRUCTIONS FOR TAKE-OFF AND LANDING By Laurie Le Fevre

I have had some enquiries about the Tok Pisin passenger instructions on internal PNG flights today. Boarding and departure instructions are given in both English and Tok Pisin, but the Tok Pisin instructions in my book *Cloudlands Memoirs* did not get past the editor.

For those who enquired, here are the instructions used by the airline that has to negotiate an ok and a hard place on take off and landing -

"Gut morning ol bik man na meri na welkam long Ok Tedi flait igo long Port Moresby. Pastaim long balus i kirap, yupela i mas pasim sialet na putim liklik teibel igo bek long ples belong em. Toksave olisem i tambu tru long simok na kaikai buai Iinsait long balus". ("Good morning valued customers on our flight to Port Moresby. Before take off please fasten your seatbelts and stow your tray table, and note that smoking and chewing betel nut is prohibited on the flight.")

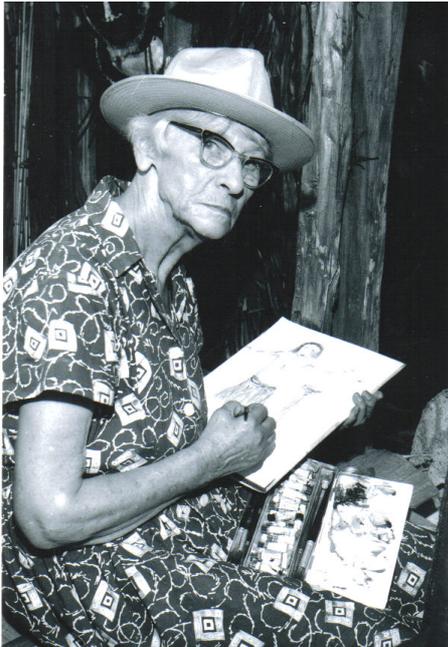
Welkom long Port Moresby. Plis sindaun gut long sia bilong yu na itambu long rausim sialet inap balus I kam stop long teminol. Taim mak sialet I raus pinis kisim olgeta han kago belong yu. Plis opinim gut nogut ol han kago I pundaun long olgera narapela pasinja. Toksave olisem itambu long simok belong yu inap yu go ausait long teminol. Mipela olgera tenk yu tru long yupela I kalap wantaim mipela na lukim yu bihain taim". (Welcome to Port Moresby. Please remain seated and do not release your seat belt until the aircraft stops at the terminal. When the seat belt sign is switched off please gather your belongings and be careful when opening the overhead lockers. Note that smoking is prohibited until you are inside the terminal. Thank you for travelling with us today and we hope to see you again.)

Yes, Tok Pisin has changed over the years, but most languages evolve over time. ■

‘MATTIE’ AND THE INIAT CULT

by Maxwell R. HAYES

Dr. Marion Aroha Radcliffe-Taylor, M.B. Ch. B., was a much loved general practitioner in Rabaul for some years in the 1950s and 60s, although then in her Seniors years. She was born in Dunedin, New Zealand on 16.8.1898, graduated from New Zealand University in 1922, specialized in orthopaedic surgery and was an Honorary Orthopaedic Surgeon at Fremantle General Hospital between 1932 and 1947, during which she held a commission in the Australian Army as a Captain (Medical Officer) for three years.



Dr 'Mattie' Radcliffe-Taylor 1963
Photo: MR Hayes

Affectionately known as ‘Mattie’, she was also an amateur anthropologist and a painter of some repute winning prizes in local exhibitions.

The iniat cult (also variously spelt iniad/ingiet) flourished in the Gazelle Peninsula pre and during the German era (which ended with the capture by the A.N.& M.E. Force on 14.9.1914) and had been observed and reported on by late 19th century arrivals such as Richard Parkinson, Jean Baptiste Octave Mouton and the Reverends George Brown and Wallis Danks.

It was a male only society, sworn to secrecy by various rituals. It was, in essence, an influential powerful law enforcement and extortion cult with obscure origins steeped in sorcery. The Tolais believed that no one died of natural causes; the only two causes of death being killed in war or through sorcery, both of which

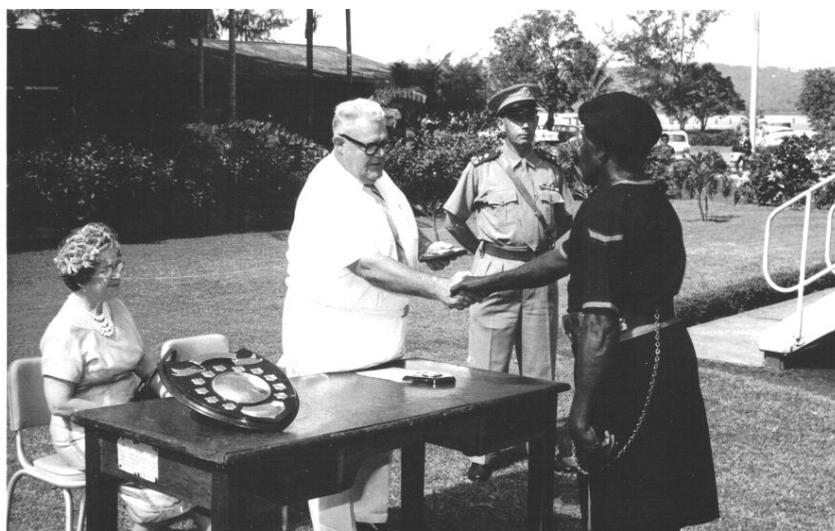
demanded some form of retribution, later commonly known as ‘pay back’. The iniat leader, known as the ‘*tena kikiuwana*’, had extraordinary powers enabling himself to become a bird, a pig or other animals or a shark, etc., and, when so transformed could, for a fee paid in *tambu/tabu* native shell currency, cause the death of a person aggrieved by another. The usual method was to place an animal shaped anthropomorphic carving with some droppings of the victim in the belief that he would cease to have the will to live, in much the same manner and belief of the former Australian Aboriginal custom of ‘pointing the bone’. Payment changing hands could remove the spell. The cult was later believed, by the Imperial German Government, to be a threat after the discovery that murders of German officials, settlers and missionaries were planned, and the cult was supposedly suppressed.

Enter ‘Mattie’. She had been told that there was the possibility of finding some iniat carvings in a cave near Kabaira about 15 miles from Rabaul. In August 1963, she triumphantly presented herself at the Rabaul Police Station with a hessian sugar bag of carvings, and asked me to photograph them for her. This request, no doubt, came about as my late wife, Betty, was a nursing sister at her surgery. She had located about 15 pieces in various shapes, mostly broken, but some clearly discernable. The pieces appeared to have been crudely carved

from either lime stone or compacted coral (coronus). All were grubby, covered in moss and suffering the ravages of time. One was of a headless human male shape about 14 inches in length, another seemed to be a pig, and there were several unidentified shapes and fragments. After cleaning these objects, I took a number of photographs for her, though I was not really interested in their background. Those photographs have been lost over the intervening years, but I submitted one to Pacific Islands Monthly and that remains my only source of those photographs, this copy coming from my scrap book.



Enter Lance Corporal Torikian. A long serving policeman from Raluana then aged in his 50's he had joined the pre-war police force and served during the



L/Cpl Torikian being presented with the Cresswell Shield for being the most efficient policeman at Rabaul on 9.8.1962. Also depicted, John Rollo Foldi (D.C.), Mrs Hazel Cresswell, Supt Patrick Larkin. Photo: MR Hayes

war. By this time he was of the genre of the old faithful police more or less kept on as 'grace and favour' for their loyalty and local knowledge. Sadly, these marvellously loyal old police were pensioned off in the mid 1960s in favour of the more literate type coming into the constabulary. He was the winner of the Cresswell Shield for the most efficient policeman in 1961.

Seeking to learn more about these, to me, mysterious carvings, I called Torikian into an office and suddenly pulled back the cloth covering these shapes. As Torikian advanced he suddenly stopped, became rigid on the spot, his face blanched, his toes turned up and he was not able to utter a single word. He slowly backed out of the room and then ran away and was not seen for several days. He never spoke to me again about these carvings. What power did they have over him? Was the iniat cult really suppressed by the Germans, or was he so indoctrinated by the sorcery aspect of the cult that he lived in fear of being willed to die? We shall never know. Some sources say that the iniat cult still exists in the Duke of York island group a few miles from Rabaul. Younger Tolai police picked up these carvings, held them without any imagined threats of sorcery and asked what they were.

The iniat cult is believed to be unrelated to the 'duk duk' society though some early sources suggest there were links. A few 'duk duk' society members were evident in my time in Rabaul in the 1960's, though it had its origins in the pre-

German era also. Based on similar beliefs, though far less secret, the leader of this male only society was a *tubuan* who had control of the clan's monetary assets namely the *tambu/tabu* shell money then commonly in usage. Women were forbidden to walk on the sacred places of the *'duk duk'* on pain of death and were also forbidden to look directly at, or speak to, one.



The primitive costume of the *'duk duk'* was of a multi layered ball shaped cape of red and green leaves extending from the neck line around the upper body to the thighs and surmounted by a tall conical headdress made of wicker and decorated tapa cloth with a crowning bunch of white feathers. These sights would be familiar to some who lived in the Gazelle Peninsula. On a humorous note, because of the connotations of secrecy, freemasons of the Masonic lodges were known as *'duk duks'* and the lodge as *'haus duk duk'*.

Duk duks on road near Keravat 1962
Photo: MR Hayes

Little is known of *'Mattie'* after she sold her practice to Dr Maitland Hood. She is believed to have died at Hall's Creek, Northern Territory.

This report does not purport to be an authoritative source of information on either the iniat cult or the *'duk duk'* society. ■

Brief History of Mobil (Vacuum Oil) Involvement in the Aviation Industry in PNG By Leo Butler

In the 1920s Vacuum Oil was operating at Salamaua and Lae [Lae operations 1920-1958] but in 1927 a contract was signed for the supply of approximately 3000 gallons a month of aviation fuel to Lae for Guinea Gold who had established the Bulolo leases prior to that time. CJ Levien, I understand was a great pioneer of gold mining in Bulolo and The Watut and Wau and was involved with Guinea Gold. Pard Mustar, who flew for Guinea Gold, returned to Australia in 1929 and worked as an aviation advisor to Vacuum Oil.

Sometime in 1931/1932 Vacuum Oil completed a large underground bulk tank at Lae Airport for aircraft refuelling. The Voco Point jetty had been completed and the railway for a steam crane installed.

Frank Howard, Bob Iredale and John Glover were early Managers of Vacuum Oil in Lae and Salamaua. John Glover joined the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles about 1942 and served from 1942 until cessation of the war.

Frank Howard served with the AIF in the desert operations in Africa. Bob Iredale joined the RAAF and flew in the famous Mosquito Aircraft Raid to free French prisoners held by the Gestapo for execution in France. Iredale was highly decorated and Frank Howard later became his brother-in-law.

Mobil (Vacuum) returned to Lae after hostilities in approximately 1946, operating out of Voco Point with fuel supplied from Australia delivered in 44 gallon drums. Vacuum opened its first Bulk Petroleum Terminal in PNG at Lae in 1950. The first tanker to tie up and unload at the Milfordhaven Wharf was the *Lisford*. A pipeline ran from the wharf to the terminal in Air Corps Road.

The first Post War Manager was George Rice followed by Charlie Heavey, then Doug Gore-Brown who handed over to Don Williams. Leo Bowman replaced Don Williams and became General Manager from 1960 to 1979. The Construction engineers on the bulk terminal at Lae were Bruce Roach and Tom Hickling. The bulk tanks, fencing and storage sheds were relocated from the ex-army facilities at Milne Bay. Bulk Facilities were also constructed at Port Moresby.

Some of the early Vacuum (Mobil) staff were Oliver Ducray, Frank Waugh, Frank Blucher, Frank Lam Sing, John Cooke, Col Hall, Eddie Wilson, Syd Bendall, Don Lewis, Eric Crow, Andrew Balodis, Colin Fraser, George Bodenham, Noel Symington, Mrs Rinus Zuydam (Office Typing and Secretary), Flora Stewart – later Flora Bowman who worked in the old office with Charlie Heavey at Voco Point in 1947.

John Cooke was a long time refueller for Mobil at the Lae Airport. John Cooke was a pre-war veteran of PNG, working in Salamaua, Wau, Lae and was also a member of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles. At one stage he ran the *Gnair* out of Salamaua for Guinea Airways. The *Gnair* was prominent in the evacuation of Europeans from the war zones after Japan invaded New Guinea.

After 1948 Mobil was the primary supplier of aviation fuel and equipment for the servicing of aircraft in PNG.

Jim Leahy was one of Vacuum Oil (Mobil) first agents at Goroka supplying aviation fuel, petrol and diesel to customers in the Eastern Highlands. Danny Leahy was also an early Agent for Mobil at Mt Hagen servicing the aviation industry. Many contracts were held with MAL, Qantas/TAA, Ansett MAL, Gibbes Sepik Airways, Territory Airlines, Talair, Laurie Crowley and Ray Stockden.

The Mission Aviation Fellowship Services and the Air Services operated by the Lutherans, Catholics, Anglican and SIL were also serviced by Mobil in the early days after 1945. Aviation was a vital part of Mobil's operations in PNG. ▪

**THE FAMOUS (OR INFAMOUS) ‘ECCLES’ –
TALE OF A KIAP’S DOG
By Rod Morrison**

When first posted to PNG in 1966, my first ADC, Graham Hardy, suggested my early purchase should be a dog. Given my standing as a Cadet Patrol Officer (*pikinini Kiap*).

He further elaborated that in the hierarchy of kiaps the descent started with the Director in Port Moresby, through the District Commissioner in Lae, then the ADC at Kaiapit, various other levels and finally the lowest of low the CPO. So that when a chastisement came down the line of command, it was a good idea to have someone else to seek solace from after the bollocking you would receive as a CPO; hence get a dog!

By default, sometime later, I became the owner of the famous Eccles. Now Eccles was a chow (black tongue, curly tail) and a character of ill repute as I was to find out. My ADC was the late Des Murphy at Finschhafen and Eccles his dog. At the time there was a large expatriate population at Finsch, including many Lutheran Mission staff.



On Saturday nights movies were shown at the Finschhafen Golf club. A large contingent of Lutheran staffers would attend. Unfortunately Eccles would also attend. One night he went too far. One of the Lutheran nurses was sitting watching the movie with her legs crossed when Eccles approached and sat in front of her. After a pat and some chest rubbing with the nurses foot Eccles threw a paw over her leg and became rather amorous, much to the distress of the Lutheran contingent.

Following this disgrace, my OIC Paul Simpson received a radio call from Des saying Eccles was being deported to Pindiu by plane and could Paul look after him. Eccles duly flew into Pindiu in exile and as Paul already had a dog, asked me to look after him.

Eccles couldn't stay out of trouble. Not long after his arrival a visiting United Nations team flew into Pindiu to meet the local people and find out how they were being treated. The only person on the group from Africa was from Liberia and had been outspoken in his condemnation of the colonial power – Australia – and the alleged treatment of the local people. Following the team's arrival, the group was walking from the airstrip to the Council Chambers to meet the people. The Liberian delegate had started as soon as he got off the plane about 'colonial slavery' in a raised voice. There must have been something about his voice tone, as Eccles sidled up behind him and sunk his teeth into his backside. Eccles was quickly dispatched back to the house.

Eccles subsequently served at Wasu, Kabwum, Aseki and Wau. He traveled in vehicles, boats, planes and once in a helicopter for the 1972 House of Assembly elections at Aseki. He almost met his maker at Aseki when rocks were being blown up as part of a road construction project to link Aseki and Kaintiba. After drilling the rock face and setting the charges, I would use an electric cable to set off the detonators; once the explosion started we would retreat to the safety of the embankment. Unfortunately Eccles decided rocks flying through the air was a good game and would race down to the rock face once the explosion had occurred, hoping to catch a rock. He survived this and as a result was banned from trips to the road head.

Like most Kiap's dogs he was happy going on patrol or sitting behind the desk in the Station office. Moving to the 'big smoke' of Wau, he was sleeping behind the desk one day, when a group of irate Biangai's came in to remonstrate over a recent unfavourable Land Titles Commission decision. The situation was becoming rather volatile, with much raising of voices and bad language, when there was a deep growl from behind the desk as Eccles got up and moved into view of the protagonists. Given the breathing space provided by Eccles surfacing I ushered the group outside to cool off.

Unfortunately Eccles ended his colourful career in Wau, when he was either hit by a car or attacked with a club and, when sent to the vet in Lae, had to be put down. ■

RETURN TO RABAUL 2007 **Anne McCosker**

It was December 1974 when I last saw my birth town, Rabaul. Now in 2007 I had returned. Perhaps because I had spent the intervening years researching, writing, publishing *Masked Eden a History of the Australians in New Guinea*, as well as writing poetry about the Islands, nothing seemed unfamiliar. Or perhaps it was because my personal roots are there, its tragic history mine.

A few minutes into the drive to Rabaul I said to myself 'this reminds me of somewhere' and myself replied 'it reminds me of itself!' Nothing seemed strange, changed, and yet of course almost everything had changed, even the airport was different.

As we drove towards Kokopo there were the glorious palms trees, the bushy cacao trees and the flowering shrubs. The smell of copra, pumice ash, frangipani, damp earth, coconuts, sharply caressed me. Through Kokopo, that had certainly changed. The road towards Rabaul goes inland more now but there were the Beehives, and a - much larger Vulcan. Again the excitement of seeing that great harbour and across its waters Tavurvur energetically throwing black ash about. And so along Malaguna Road, surely this was not the road I remembered. We turned into Mango Avenue. No photos or descriptions had prepared me for such desolation. The town was no more.

We stopped at the Rabaul Hotel, alias Hamamas, alias Ascot, alias --- where we were to stay. I had stayed there as a child and in the 1970s.

In the following days I walked the blackened streets and remembered. In some ways it was easier in this semi ghost town to visualize those people I had known, written about, and whose achievements and adventures I had some inkling of, than if Rabaul had been jammed with tower blocks. But that beautiful place of so many flowers where had it gone?

I sat in the yet once again restored New Guinea Club imagining my father after WWII, in the then restored N.G.C., drinking from his special N.G.C. emblomed pewter glass-bottomed beer mug, enjoying the company round him but always remembering his lost friends from pre war days, men like Nobby Clark who had once been so active in the club. I still have this mug, a post war one of course, war destroyed all my father's pre-war belongings.

The New Britain Lodge and a few other places I had known remained. Strange to see the white lines in roads marking junctions, parking bays, and concrete steps leading to no where. This sighting of concrete steps, water tank stands, bungalow bases, happened too after WWII. And yes almost the only European house in the heart of old Rabaul still standing, now the Alexanders' home, was the place where my first three books of poetry had been published - by Trinity Press.

Nothing is left of the Europeans' Namanula Hill. The hospital where I was born has disappeared back into a tangle of flowering shrubs and trees, these, and the ubiquitous bits of concrete are all that remain of the once beautiful gardens and bungalows.

I saw again that view from the Observatory, surely one of the most glorious in the world, even with Tavurvur belching ash everywhere. It seemed all my life was spread out before me, sea and harbour, mountains, islands, palms. We talked to the present vulcanologist Steve Saunders, and discovered he and I had the same Alma Mata, Royal Holloway New Bedford College, University of London. I gave him, for the Rabaul Historical Society, in which he plays an active part, copies of some of my poetry books and a copy of *Masked Eden*. In that book he discovered I had material about Tavurvur not previously known in the Observatory. We also discovered that *Masked Eden* is being plagiarized on the Internet!

I hope that now I have given a copy of *Masked Eden* to the RHS there will be more historical knowledge and understanding about pre WWII New Guinea. For me the greatest difference between 1974 and 2007 was this lack of knowledge. Even early post WWII history seems vague to so many. The New Guineans we met were willing to listen, ask questions, find out. And some of the older ones, remembered their own childhoods, or had heard stories from their elders. These were eager to talk, and made us feel very welcome. I was able to give them forgotten names of places and tourist sights.

We went to Bita Paka and Cynthia Schmidt who was with me saw yet again that her father's name was not on any memorial to those lost during WWII. Bob Kennedy, best man at my parents' wedding is buried there as are so many other men whose names are mentioned in my work. Bita Paka is, as are all CWG cemeteries a beautifully kept place but there are discrepancies in the various lists of the European dead. And I felt a desperate sadness that still

there is so little real knowledge in Australia of the events that led up to the deaths of so many men from so many nationalities. I also went to the European cemetery in Rabaul. Although freshly mowed this, in contrast to the WGC cemetery is much neglected, all the plaques stolen, names lost. I had hoped, but did not, find amongst others, Noel Barrie's grave.

We went to Malaguna Technical College, where Cynthia's father was pre WWII head teacher and talked to the present headmistress. This fine lady was shocked and angered that she'd never been told of my work, although she had studied at the University of PNG, Port Moresby. To me though it vindicated what I have been saying for many decades. She hopes now to use my poetry as it should have been these many years. She could see the part Rabaul, New Guinea, has played in the well springs of my creativity and felt proud that my work is now being read world wide.

Almost no one knew either about Rombin. However I was told the names Rombin/Robin and Danny Mark are given to children in the area around Matala and Kambubu SDA Mission.

I had hoped I might get to Matala, my family's plantation, south of Rabaul. It was not to be. Lack of knowledge, confusion - the few residents who could have helped were not in Rabaul - stopped us. There are now two roads south. The fairly flat coastal road to Put Put, Matala and beyond has - again - no bridge across the Warongoi and with no transport arranged on the other side one cannot proceed. That historical, important road through the once wealth producing plantations of the Gazelle Peninsular is now almost impassable and forgotten, even though this is the road the majority of European men in 1942 fled south on. There is now another road inland through mountainous country, also at times impassable, which seems to have become the main road.

St George's Anglican Church, Rabaul, like other churches in the vicinity was not destroyed by the 1994 eruption and was as I remembered it. The Good Friday and Easter Day services were dignified, spiritual and simple in the best traditions of the Anglican community as well as so perfectly mirroring the character of the people who worshipped there. And as in the best Anglican tradition the church was lovingly decorated with flowers for Easter Day and the gardens around the church kept tidy and bright with flowering shrubs and trees.

Both the services were very emotional for me. On Good Friday so many European men of pre WWII Rabaul seemed to be sitting about me in the church. I was thankful then for Easter Day. All the hymn singing was wonderful, I realized that I have always wanted to sing hymns as the locals did, they shouted them out with gusto. I most heartily joined in!

What a great job all those involved with St George's - one of the historical churches of PNG - are doing. They have little outside support or money for general expenses and Tavurvur's behaviour means the church's structure needs constant attention and now major repair.

Will I go back to Rabaul? Yes, God willing! But then I know now that in some senses I have never left New Guinea. ■

A NEW GUINEA CHRISTMAS by Paul Oates

In the 1970's. Sialum Patrol Post was situated on the North Eastern tip of the Huon Peninsular and was about 60 miles north of Finschhafen, the Sub District Headquarters. I say 'about 60 miles' because the Lutheran Missionary at Kalasa (Rudi), and the Lutheran Agricultural Extension Officer (Hans) always argued about how far it was between Finschhafen and Sialum. Hans reckoned it was 58 miles and Rudi reckoned it was 60. 'Definitely 58 miles,' Hans maintained. 'Yes,' said Rudi, 'but you don't go in and out of the ruts in the road, you just skim over the top of them!' Hans' penchant for being a 'leadfoot' in his old blue Land Rover was well known and a little too fast for the sedate Rudi and his wife Martha. Sadly, I heard recently that when Hans retired back to Germany in 1974, he took a job as a security officer and was murdered not long afterwards, on the job.

During a police investigation one day in the Sialum Station Office, I asked the Village '*Komiti*' for his Village Book. All villages were presented with a grey/blue covered Village Book when they were first contacted. By the end of World War 2, most villages in 'Controlled Territories' had been issued with one of these books. A Village Book contained a running commentary of each government visit and notes by government officers on any important points to be noted or followed up by subsequent patrols. Whenever some government activity occurred concerning a village, an entry was supposed to be made in that particular Village Book.

This Village Book for Gitua (a coastal village north of Sialum), contained comments going back to 1944 when the Japanese had been withdrawing towards Madang. An Assistant District Officer had at the time of the entry in the book, conducted the first village Census after the Japanese had been forced out and had signed his entry 'Captain/Assistant District Officer'. Kiaps in those days had a military rank equivalent (either Army or in the case of some Coastwatchers, Naval), and it was thought this might have helped if they were captured and might be treated as a POW (Prisoner of War) rather than shot as a spy, given their ability to work behind enemy lines.

The Captain/ADO's report noted there had been an increase in the population and noted various misdemeanours investigated at the time. The entry also reported that the village was actively preparing for a very special feast. This feast resulted from the village collecting its share of the annual appearance of sea worms. Noting the date of the ADO's entry was near to the current date (November), I asked the old village *Komiti* if the feast was still celebrated (in 1974) and he assured me it was.

Later that day, I 'buttonholed' the village *Komiti* from Kwamkwam, a village just to the south of Sialum Station. Would I be able to witness this feast when it was due to occur (in roughly a week's time). After some discussion, it was decided it was possible for me to attend, given that as a white man, any taboos associated with the celebration would not apply.

The villagers all along the coast were keeping a close watch of the rising of the moon and the timing of this apparently triggered the worms to appear. When the moon rose late over the sea and did not shine until about half past seven, the worms would be caught from the time the sun went down to when the moon appeared. Just prior to this time, everyone was warned to stay away from the nearby rivers that run down from the mountains and emptied into the sea. Traditionally, to go near the rivers at this time was reputedly to court death. The village people said that it was rumoured that the worms came down the rivers and then into travelled into the sea. Maybe the 'worms' were in fact small eels or elvers I thought.

Not long after I enquired about attending the ceremony, the people sent word that that night was probably 'the night'. Towards late afternoon, my wife and I walked along the beach from our house to where the villages waited with their canoes, on the beach in front of the village. Each dugout canoe was fitted with an outrigger and in the centre of the vessel, had an empty half 44 gallon drum (200 litres) tied to the poles that joined the canoe to the outrigger. Inside the canoe were a stack of coconut frond torches and a hand net made from mosquito netting. Each canoe team consisted of a young girl to hold the lighted torch (*bumbum*), a young man to operate the net (*umben*) and a small boy whose duties included paddling the canoe and emptying the net into the drum.

In the tropics, the time between the sun going down and the mosquitoes coming out is possibly the most peaceful period of the day. The waves from the Vitiaz Strait come rolling in to expend most of their energy on the reef before gently surging towards the shore. Sialum station was situated alongside a lagoon formed by the outside reef extending along the coast for about three miles. Inside this reef and at fairly regular intervals, there were islets that rose above the high water mark and through the gaps between the islets, the worms were supposed to arrive.

Towards sunset the canoes were launched and started to be paddled out towards the gaps in the reef. Hoping to observe the complete performance closely, I asked if I could accompany a canoe and after a short discussion among the villages, it was agreed I could. I was then welcomed aboard a nearby canoe and the friendly young occupants paddled me out to the reef where the rest of the flotilla from their village awaited. Standing on a sharp coral island I was surprised that there were only teenagers and unmarried young people in the canoes. Apparently, I was informed, those who are married or old should not participate in this part of the ceremony as they stood to have their genitals swell up and cause their death. Seeing the look on my face, all those around hastily assured me this did not apply to white men.

My thoughts were abruptly terminated when a young man suddenly yelled out "*Em nau, em pesman bilong ol*" (Aha! there's the first of them now!).

Quickly my young friends called me down to where they stood in about two feet (.6 of a metre) of water on the sandy top of the reef. At first, all I saw was a brown thread, corkscrewing through the water. Then the water was alive with them. As the tide came in and the water came up to my waist, hundreds and

then thousands of worms arrived until they clouded the water. Some worms were as long as a foot (.3 of a metre) and some only three to four inches. The worms were about one sixteenth of an inch in width (approximately 1mm) and came in two colours. Some were rusty brown and some azure blue. I could feel the worms sliding around my body and as it was not a pleasant feeling, I joined a young team in a nearby canoe.

The technique for catching the worms was clearly well known. The girls would light a torch and hold the glowing end just above the water. The flickering light seemed to attract the worms and as they formed seething mass under the torch light, the young men would scoop them up and hand the full net to the young boy in the canoe. The young boy would then tip the squirming mass into the empty drum and quickly hand the net back. If the torch suddenly flared up, the worms would corkscrew away so a steady light was essential to the catching process.

It was now pitch black and all along the coast as far as I could see, lights were flickering as each village proceeded to glean their share of this harvest of the sea. The gentle waves and the rocking of the canoe helped create a surrealist picture with the torch lights reflecting off the surface of the water in flashes of yellow, red, blue and purple. The water itself contained minute creatures that emitted their own blue-green phosphorescence and this light combined with the phosphorescent slime from the worms was not an easy sight to forget. As the nets full of worms were tipped into the waiting drums, phosphorescent slime drooled down the outside of the containers and clung to the bottom of the emptied nets.

The netting of the worms went on for about two hours before the moon arose. As a drum in a canoe was filled, the canoe was paddled to the nearby beach and the adults waiting on the beach tipped the worms into waiting saucepans. At about eight o'clock, the moon came up and with that, the worms disappeared. Everyone then assembled on the beach and the worms that had been caught were then stuffed into lengths of hollow bamboo. The filled tubes of bamboo were then cooked slowly on an open fire for about a day until the contents became a solidified and translucent mass. This was then eaten by the villagers. The smell of the cooking worms was very pungent and we politely thanked everyone and left to walk home. Before we left however, I scooped up a few worms of each colour into a small bottle of sea water and took this with me to study in daylight.

The next morning, much to my dismay, the worms in the bottle had all died however at the bottom of the bottle were a layer of blue eggs. I therefore assumed that the blue worms might be female and the rusty brown ones, male. I also presumed that the worms were coming to lay their eggs in the sand of the beach and then die, having completed their life cycle.

Before we left the beach that night, the villagers explained that this was 'their Christmas', (*Em Krismas bilong mipela*). For a week after this feast they would do no work in the village gardens or at the government station. ■

LILY SEYMOUR AND THE MAMUTU EPISODE by David Wetherell

Lily Seymour's death ends one of the last direct links with the Mamutu episode of World War II. In August 1942 the Papuan coastal vessel Mamutu, carrying some 110 civilian passengers and crew, was machine-gunned from a Japanese submarine near the Papuan coast. There was only one survivor.

Lily was one of eleven children of George Martin and his wife Bala Kana of Kaloura village. Her mother was daughter of the village constable of Babaka village in the Rigo sub district. Her father, born at Antigua, was of Scottish-English parentage. He was grandson of a former lieutenant-governor of Tobago in the West Indies. Emigrating to Australia at the age of 15 after the death of his bank manager father in Bath, Somerset, he arrived in British New Guinea in about 1900. The children of the marriage attended school in Port Moresby. Lily went with the older children to the LMS school at Metoreia while the younger siblings attended Roman Catholic schools.

Among the family properties Lily remembered best was 'Kwari-Wai' plantation near Rigo, an enterprise which was financed by an inheritance from the Martin family in England. Errol Flynn was a frequent visitor. Lily remembered her days at 'Kwari-Wai' as the happiest in her life.

Lily married the planter John Seymour in 1931 and came to live at 12 mile. Her husband had been a friend of Sir Hubert Murray and named his elder son after the Lieutenant Governor. The boys' father being Roman Catholic, the two sons John Hubert and George William were educated at Yule Island.

Then came tragedy. Lily remembered the roar of Japanese zeros on their way to a bombing raid on Port Moresby in 1942. After the bombing, mixed race people and others waited to be moved as refugees to Australia. John Seymour had recently died, and with the boys away from Pt Moresby, Lily had no choice but to leave them behind with 13 other members of her family to await later transport. She left with her two daughters Joy and Flora on the Malaita for Cairns.

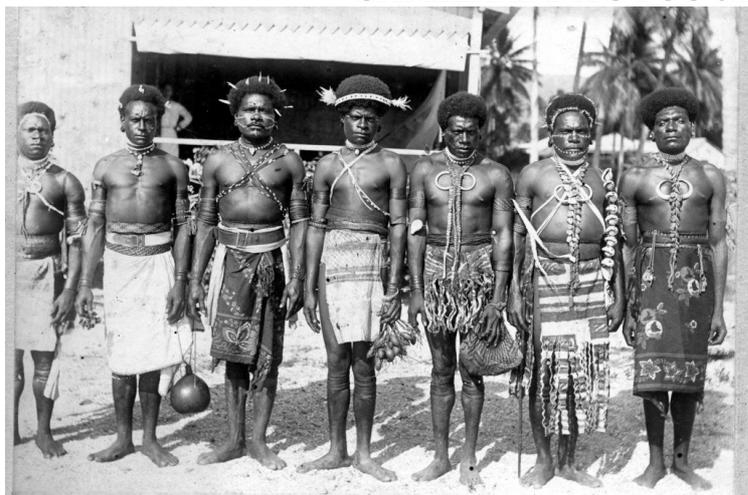
On about 7 August the Seymour and Martin families boarded the Mamutu with another 100 passengers and crew. The ship was machine-gunned and set alight by a Japanese submarine near Bramble Cay. It was said that the Mamutu 'burnt fiercely for hours'. Of the 69 passengers on the ship's register, 27 were close or distant relatives of Lily Seymour, including eight of her Martin siblings and their children, her two sons, eight of the Lamond family and nine of the Regione family. All died. Also lost was Fr Henry Matthews, rector of St John's church Port Moresby and parish priest of some of her extended family.

Arriving in Sydney, Lily gave birth to her last daughter Lucy. She received accommodation with trade store owners the Wyborns, formerly of Port Moresby and Daru, and the Sherry family at Summer Hill. She said she 'experienced no discrimination in Australia, only the kindness and friendliness of people'. Helped by a small widow's pension she worked until 1969 as a seamstress and later in the laundry at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

Her final visit to PNG enabled her to visit her brother William, still at the family plantation at Kwari-Wai. Then she stayed with her daughter Lucy and her patrol officer husband David at Goroka. Lily spent several years in Sydney with her daughter Flora and husband Joe before moving to Geelong where she lived with her eldest daughter Joy and her husband Andrew. Several of her grandchildren and great grandchildren lived nearby. She died on 15 July aged 95 years and was buried at Geelong after a service at Christ Church.

[Acknowledgments to Joy Baxter and Catherine Hutchinson (grand daughter)]

SAMARAI PHOTOS circa 1906



Above: Islanders visiting Samarai circa 1906
 Right: Pathway around Samarai circa 1906

A chance meeting by Kevin Lock with Mrs Pat Shea, grand-daughter of Master Mariner Soren Nelson, resulted in these photos from 1906 being included on our website. Another photo in the series appeared on page 47 of *Una Voce* No 2 June 2007. Photos courtesy Mrs Pat Shea and Mr Kevin Lock

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

James (Jim) Buckingham STRATTON (08 September 2007, aged 101 years)

Jim, who died in Redcliffe about two months short of his 102nd birthday, served in the New Guinea Police Force at Rabaul, Salamaua and Logui between 18.5.1927 until 26.6.1929, and resigned just after the 1929 Rabaul police strike. After this he moved to the British Solomon Islands Protectorate working for Lever Brothers, later to Argentina and then to England joining the British Army serving for many years and being evacuated from Dunkirk. He was guest of honour at the 13th RPNGC ex-officers luncheon at the Gold Coast on 3.12.2005 and received a standing ovation. There is a feature article on Jim in *Una Voce* March 2006 (The last TNG police officer). He is survived by his daughter, Pauline.

Maxwell R. Hayes

Dr Norman Henry FISHER AO (23 September 2007, aged 97 years)

Educated at Toowoomba Grammar School. Doctor of Science, University of Queensland. Former Director of the Bureau of Mineral Resources, Canberra. Norman achieved world status in his profession and was one of Australia's outstanding geologists of the twentieth century. His scientific publications numbered almost 100, he worked in many different countries and won many prestigious awards. He was a prominent member of the Australian Academy of Science and served on numerous national and international boards. Norman's long association with PNG began in 1934 when he was appointed Government Geologist in the Mandated Territory of New Guinea. During the Pacific war he served with the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles from September 1939 to April 1942, before being discharged to survey and assess strategic mineral deposits. In October 2006, at the age of 97, he made his last visit to the Vulcanological Observatory in Rabaul, which he had established in 1939 following the eruption of 1937.

(See *Una Voce* No. 2 June 2007 page 18)

Harry West

Harvey Oswald BOOTH (23 July 2007, aged 81)

Born in Brisbane, Harvey spent his early life in Sydney but returned to Brisbane in the late 40s – there he met and married Valmai. The couple moved to Mt Hagen in 1951 and enjoyed everything the unique and exciting lifestyle had to offer. Harvey moved to Wewak as District Clerk in 1956 and then to Port Moresby where he worked in a number of Departments of the Public Service. By then the couple had two daughters, Diane and Cheryl. In 1974, after 25 years in PNG, the family moved to the Gold Coast, then to Bundaberg where Harvey permanently retired in 1989 Harvey returned to PNG as part of a six-person Rotary working group to assist in the recovery of the 1998 tsunami victims in the old West Sepik District. Harvey will be remembered for his zest for life – he climbed Mt Wilhelm at 28 and Mt Beerwah (Qld) at 80, he and Valmai traveled extensively and made many friends. Valmai predeceased him. Harvey is survived by daughters Diane and Cheryl.

Di Meurer

Adrian Joseph LEYDEN (7 October 2007, aged 85 years)

As a young man, Adrian became restless in Sydney and sought employment overseas. He accepted an offer by Burns Philp to work in their shipping office in Port Moresby.

He arrived there, aged 19, two weeks before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour. In December 1941 he joined the Home Guard and was involved in the evacuation of women, children and others on ships and Catalina flying boats. In January 1942 he reported for army call up and in August 1942 he transferred to ANGAU and became a patrol officer, working in Lae and the interior behind Finschhafen. After the war he worked for Bulolo Gold Dredging (BGD) in Lae, and then worked in Fiji and Western Samoa which is where he met his wife Eileen. After their marriage in 1953, the couple went back to Lae and BGD. In 1962 the family, with children Michael, Peter, John, and baby Tracie, moved to Sydney. Richard was born in 1964. Adrian was President of the NGVR-ANGAU Association Sydney for many years; he worked for St Vincent De Paul and worked on radio with the Volunteer Coastal Patrol to about age 80. He is survived by Eileen who still lives in Hornsby, Michael, Peter, John, Tracie and Richard.

From Peter Leyden

Raymond Hugh BAMFORD (10 October 2007, aged 79 years)

Ray spent six years as a Kiap in PNG from 1948-1954 living at Finschafen, Wasu, Bulolo, Morobe and Aitape. He is survived by Elaine and their son Hugh together with his wife Leanne. Hugh Bamford

Des SULLIVAN DSO DFC (October 2007, aged 88 years)

Des learnt to fly with the RAAF in WA at the age of 20 before joining RAF Bomber Command in England and becoming a squadron leader during WWII. Completing 50 raids over Germany, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order and Distinguished Flying Cross.

Residents of Pt Moresby in the 50s will remember Des Sullivan who was Official Secretary at Government House to two Administrators, Colonel Murray and Sir Donald Cleland.

Brian Essai and info from the 'West Australian' 8/10/07

Sir Kenneth TREZISE OBE (28 July 2007, aged 68 years)

Sir Kenneth was born in Sydney and had 35 years living in PNG. He had many and varied postings in Co-ops, being involved when Co-ops moved from Dept Native Affairs and joined Customs & Marine to become the Dept of Trade & Industry. Post-Independence he went to work for [former PNG Prime Minister] Sir Julius Chan full time as a ministerial adviser. His talent with words led him to become the writer of many great speeches for Sir Julius. 'Ken was best friend, my boss, my slave, my writer but above all my true friend,' Sir Julius told *The Cairns Post* after attending the service. Sir Kenneth had moved to Mt Molloy 15 years ago and enjoyed his 'family of good friends.'

Fay Millist (Reeves) and the Cairns Post

Tas HAMMERSLEY (17 August 2007, aged 78 years)

Tas was a well known Mt Hagen identity who wore many hats with considerable skill and aplomb and was actively involved in the community. As the Department of Education's Western Highlands superintendent, he became heavily involved with the Mt Hagen Show, becoming its secretary and later being responsible for its change from an agricultural to a cultural focus. In the phenomenally successful early years of the show, he demonstrated his high degree of resourcefulness by accommodating up to thirty two visitors in his three-bedroom home for the duration of the show.

Tas resigned from the Dept of Education and undertook a sea change of some magnitude by developing a cattle property in the Baiyer Valley adjacent to the Baiyer River Sanctuary. Trauna Valley Farm became a model farm and the two-storey native materials home he built for his paediatrician wife, Brenda, and himself, became a mecca for locals and tourists from far and wide. He left PNG when he decided the highlanders had ceased being 'noble savages' as he once described them and foreseeing the inevitability of expatriate departures. He and Brenda moved to Denmark in Western Australia where Brenda was to die suddenly in 2004.

Knowledgeable, talented and endlessly resourceful, Tas frequently operated on a short fuse and didn't suffer fools gladly. But no-one that ever met him could deny the special charm he was capable of. He died in Canberra where he lived with his daughter Sandy, again demonstrating his versatility by making yet another career change, this time restoring old furniture and making to order, working in the studio he built until he no longer could. Judith Blogg

Ann Lesley DONNELLY nee MCBAIN (17 September 2007, aged 61)

Ann grew up in PNG where her father Ron 'Snow' McBain worked with the Department of Civil Aviation. She liked to refer to herself as 'a Moresby brat'. Ann joined the ABC's 9PA newsroom straight from school and remained there for a few years before leaving in the late 1960s on the first of her many overseas journeys. On her return home in 1969, she married Mike Donnelly – another so-called 'Moresby brat'. Mike worked as a clerk with Government departments in Port Moresby, Sydney and Melbourne before joining the Department of Foreign Affairs in 1973. Over the next 20 years, Ann accompanied him on postings to Lisbon, Jakarta, Singapore and Los Angeles. Their son Matthew was born in 1976. Sadly, Mike died in 1993. Ann set up home in Canberra and started a new career with the Department of Veterans' Affairs. Ann had several interests including golf, riding for the disabled, cooking, and overseas travel. She also worked as a volunteer at the Sydney 2000 Paralympics and the 2003 Rugby World Cup. She was preparing to spend July in Europe when she was diagnosed with ovarian cancer. Ann is survived by her son Matthew and daughter in law Katrina. Don Hook

Malcolm Elliot LYON OBE (27 September 2007, aged 77)

Malcolm Lyon, a career diplomat, had an important role in the discussions leading up to PNG's self-government and independence. He was the senior Australian Foreign Affairs representative in Port Moresby from April 1973 to December 1974, and head of the department's PNG branch in Canberra in 1975-77. Malcolm was born in London in 1930 and educated at Geelong College and University of Adelaide. He joined the Department of Foreign Affairs in 1954 and, apart from PNG, had postings in Bonn, New Delhi, Stockholm, Dublin, Wellington, Singapore and Pretoria. Malcolm lived at Mollymook on the NSW South Coast after early retirement from Foreign Affairs because of ill health. He is survived by his widow Diana and three children Anne, Peter and Kate. Don Hook

Lily SEYMOUR (15 July 2007, aged 95 years)

Lily Seymour was one of eleven children of George Martin from Bath in the UK and Bala Kana of Kaloura village in Papua. She married planter John Seymour in 1931 and went to live at 12 mile. Then in 1942, after the Japanese bombed Port Moresby, she left with two of her children on the *Malaita* bound for Cairns. In August many members of the Seymour and Martin families boarded the *Mamutu* to escape – the ship was attacked and set alight and all her relations on board died. Lily's story is told on page 50.

Kim Edward BEASLEY Snr AO (12 Oct 2007, aged 90 years)

Well respected politician and brother of the late Sidney Beazley taken by the Japanese at Rabaul in 1942 as a prisoner of war. Kim Beazley snr visited PNG on several occasions to research what became of the prisoners taken from Rabaul and said to be loaded on a ship believed to be the Buenos Aires Maru. Results of this research were later forwarded to the then Minister for External Territories, Paul Hasluck. Albert Speer MBE

Patrick 'Paddy' Alfred Clarke ERSKINE (01 September 2007 aged 84 years)

May LINDSAY (16 September 2007) aged 78 years

May was born in Scotland and married Bill Lindsay in 1958. Bill was employed by Burns Philp. After postings on the New Guinea mainland they were transferred to Rabaul where Bill became merchandise manager. Two children, Angus and Alison, were born in Rabaul. May was in Customs and Public Works. They retired to Takapuna, New Zealand in 1978. Bill died a few years ago. May is survived by Angus and Alison and four grand children. Angus is a headmaster at Innisfail and Allison is a lawyer in Hong Kong.

Allison Lindsay

Vera HOLDEN (13 October 2007, aged 84 years)

Born in Rockdale, NSW, Vera became a trained bookkeeper and joined the Australian Army Medical Women's Service during WWII. She was one of a small group of service women sent to Rabaul in 1946 who continued to serve there for several months until, with the guaranteed prospect of accommodation and employment, they were discharged from the Army to take up various positions. Vera worked for the New Guinea Company for several years before returning to Australia to care for her mother for a short time prior to her mother's death, later returning to PNG to again work for WR Carpenters. Interested in all aspects of the Rabaul community she became a keen member of the Rabaul Golf Club playing off a handicap of 15, continuing this activity at the Cronulla Golf Club after returning to Sydney in 1965. She moved to the Berkleyvale Retirement Village in 1994 where she made many friends, but always maintained contact with the friendships made in PNG. She is survived by her nephews Geof, Phillip and Martin and their families.

Pamela Foley

Joan Frances HOLT (16 August 2007, aged 80 years)

Joan was born in Cairns. After completing her schooling she worked for Purr Pull Oil Co. (later Golden Fleece Oil Co.) Whilst working Joan joined the scouting movement and became the Cub Master to the First Townsville Sea Scouts. In 1953 Joan married Colin, a police constable and their only child Robert was born in 1957. Colin joined the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary in 1959 and their first posting was Port Moresby, followed by Samarai, Pt Moresby again, Mendi, a few months at Mt Hagen, then to Daru in 1971. In Samarai with others she started a scout group becoming the Cub Master. On outstations she would conduct cooking and knitting lessons for the police wives. Joan worked for Burns Philp in Samarai and Port Moresby and was secretary to D/C Homes, Brown and Gegeio at Daru. In 1974 Colin and Joan were posted again to Pt Moresby and in 1975 returned to Townsville. After the death of their beloved son in 1976, they commenced travelling all over Australia, returning to Townsville in 1981. Joan commenced researching her family history back to early 1600 but was unable to print her book as in 1995, after major surgery, she was blind. A cousin completed the printing. Although blind Joan could still knit. Hundreds of squares were knitted from donated wool, sewn together by others and these blankets were then shipped to a Catholic leper hospital in South Africa. Joan is survived by her husband, Colin.

Colin Holt

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Mr J BOWERS	Hornsby	4 Nicholson Avenue , St Ives, 2075
Mrs Pat BOYS (Nee Wood)	PC 5551	19 Andresen Street , Foxton Beach, NZ
Mrs E M CAMPS	184 Beaudesert Rd	512 Pall Mall Golden Crest Manors, Nerang, 4211
Mr E D CLARKE	Clayfield	Ut 20, Windermere Tower, 27 Harbour Rd, Hamilton, 4007
Mr H CORDER	Brighton East	20 Vaggelas Crescent , Biggera Waters, 4216
Mr R FOCKEN	Pearce	58 Woodland Ave, Weetalabah Estate Via Queanbeyan, Carwoola, 2620
Ms C (Lindy) GILHAM The Secretary GOLD COAST PNG CLUB	East Brighton Surfers Paradise	74 High Street , Doncaster,3108 PO Box 7964 , GCMC, QLD, 9726
Mr K JACKSON	Benelong Road,	Apt. 901, 206-210 Ben Boyd Rd, Cremorne, 2090
Mr D A JOHNSTON	Carine	46/32 Hocking Road , Kingsley, 6026
Mr A JONES	Edge Hill	61 Airlie Road , Pullenvale, 4069
Mr A LOLKES de BEER	(Name alteration)	PO Box 351 , Buderim, 4556
Mr N D LUCAS	Maryborough	10 Watson Street , Yarraman, 4614
Ms E C MACILWAIN	Fulham	10 Wigley Street , Largs Bay, 5016
Mr B N McCOOK	Lowood	6 Charles Court , Devonport, 7310
Dr J W MCKAY	Crafrers	8 Elmond Grove, 31A Alexandrina Road, Mount Barker, SA, 5251
Mr B E SWIFT	Carlingford Court	PO Box 1966 , Kingscliffe, 2487

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mrs J BAYLES	5 Pipino Place , DEE WHY, NSW, 2099
Mrs A CARTER (Nee Burgess)	PO Box 978 , CANNINGTON, WA, 6987
Mr S S CUTLACK	2 Coconut Grove , KURANDA, QLD, 4881
Mr L J KENT	5 Joyce Place , LAVINGTON, NSW, 2641
Mr K J KRAMER	26 McCrae Drive , CAMDEN, NSW, 2570
Mr Colin PAYNE	PO Box 224 , YASS, NSW, 2582
Ian & Irene PURVIS	PO Box 173 , INDOOROOPILLY, QLD, 4068
Mr P H SIMPSON	204 Schmidts Road , LOGAN RESERVE, QLD, 4133
Mr Maurice WHISH-WILSON	31 Running Creek Road MS 84 , YANDINA, QLD, 4561