



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

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON –
 This year's Christmas Luncheon will be on **Sunday 07 December at the Killara Golf Club**, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara (Sydney, NSW). As usual there will be tables of 10 people, so please also think about organising a table of friends to come along. Free shuttle transport from rail station for those who need it.

The past two lunches we have had there have been relaxed, happy and very successful occasions and we look forward to seeing you this December. Keep an eye out in the September *Una Voce* for the booking form.

* * *

VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS

Jot the following date in your diary for the annual spring visit to the Blue Mountains: Thursday 9 October. Last year a delightful day was enjoyed at the spacious home of George and Edna Oakes at Woodford who are kindly welcoming us back again this year. Full details in September issue.

* * *

***don't forget to have a look at our website: www.pngaa.net

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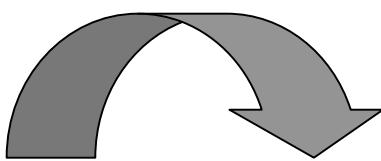
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Website Coordinator

We would like a member to come forward to take on the role of website co-ordinator which has, to date, been handled by Ross Johnson. It is not necessary for this person to reside in Sydney. If you have expertise in this area and are interested in helping PNGAA with this particular area please contact Ross on Ph: 02-98766178 or Email: admin@pngaa.net.

Email Addresses

When you update your email address please send a test message to: admin@pngaa.net!! Recently 'admin' had a 20% bounce factor which takes up precious time. Please also include your membership number.

Also, if you have a 'limit' on your mail box, it would help if you would please clear it at regular intervals.

Thank you to all those who do remember to send on their change of email address. This ensures you get timely notice of any breaking 'news'.

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MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

I count the first meeting of the new PNGAA committee a great success. The 15 committee members present got through a lot of business and struck a new direction for their activities over the next 12 months.

The first issue addressed was the committee's own structure. This may seem rather bureaucratic but, to achieve some rather ambitious goals, the organisation must be capable of bearing the load of an increasing amount of activity. To this end, we established five sub-committees, each with a clearly designated role and each with its own convenor to provide leadership:

Fellowship and Caring – Rebecca Hopper

Papua New Guinea Relations – Robin Mead

Publications and Communications – Andrea Williams

History and Scholarship – Riley Warren AM

Finance and Membership – Ross Johnson

Each elected committee member is attached to one or more sub-committees and external support is also being sought. If readers are interested in a specific area of sub-committee activity, you can contact the Association by email at admin@pngaa.net and indicate your willingness to participate.

The committee meeting also agreed to establish a task force to review the PNGAA constitution. Under my chairmanship, Harry West, Ross Johnson and Andrea Williams will review the rules of the Association and make proposals relating to their refinement and improvement including the incorporation of State and Territory branches in the formal structure of the Association. In due course this will require agreement from the entire membership, and there will be ample opportunity for discussion and deliberation before any changes are instituted.

In terms of the Association's external activities, the committee passed resolutions that have generated action on a number of important matters:

After a spirited debate, members agreed to support the initiative of Chris Viner-Smith to seek Commonwealth Government recognition of former District Services personnel ['kiaps'] for their exemplary service to Papua New Guinea over a period of 75 years culminating with National Independence. I have written to Mr Viner-Smith indicating this support.

I was asked to write to Prime Minister Kevin Rudd urging the Federal Government to financially support the search for the Montevideo Maru, the declaration of the site of the sinking as a Commonwealth War Grave and the erection of a monument commemorating the tragedy. I have done this and issued a news release expressing the Association's views, which was reported by Channel 9.

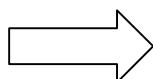
The PNGAA has also supported a proposal from Paul Oates and Norm Richardson that the Federal Government establish an exchange scheme to enable young officers from the Commonwealth and PNG public services to

exchange jobs for short-term assignments as a means of building understanding and transferring expertise between the two countries. I have written to the Duncan Kerr, the Parliamentary Secretary for Pacific Islands Affairs, on this matter.

I have also written to Duncan Kerr urging the Federal Government to redevelop the former ASOPA site on Middle Head, Sydney as an Asia-Pacific institution dedicated to exchanging knowledge about important regional issues and improving relationships between peoples in the region.

I think you can see from this report that the new committee has hit the ground running in terms of its own affairs and that it is also moving to occupy a more strategic position in PNG-Australia relationships by engaging productively in proposing how the Australian Government may itself be able to do more and do better. As each sub-committee builds its own momentum, the scale and scope of the Association's activities will intensify and broaden.

Best wishes.
Keith Jackson AM

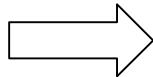


If you would like to trial an electronic copy of *Una Voce*
please email: admin@pngaa.net with your current email address and membership number.

Those who currently receive it are very happy! One enthusiastic comment we recently had says:

'It takes me under one minute to transfer it to a disc that we'll get years out of as this is around 1.8MB and the disc takes 80MB !!!'

Super convenient as it takes up no space on the bookcase shelf, and I can just pop it into the computer any time I want to have a look... and also flick some of the pieces from people we know onto family and colleagues overseas at the flick of the button. Saves photo-copying and mailing!!!'



The Fryer Library at the University of Queensland collects archival material on PNG (photographs, documents, maps and patrol reports). Dr Peter Cahill coordinates this – phone: 07-3371 4794 and email: p.cahill@uqconnect.net.

You can take a look at the catalogue record of many items already donated:

<http://www.library.uq.edu.au/> Type 'Papua New Guinea Association' into the keyword search on the catalogue. The first item that you get says 'Papers' click on there and click on the 'A full description of the contents of this collection' for more detail.

The Collection may be consulted any time during Library opening hours. It is best to check the listing (on the internet) to identify which box/es you want to look at, then ask for these at the desk in the Fryer Library, or ring beforehand on 07-3365.6276.

The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles Ex Members Association Inc. will be holding the annual **Montevideo Maru memorial service** at the memorial plaque in the Shrine of Memories, ANZAC Square, Brisbane on **Tuesday 1 July 2008 10.30 am**

Things that outstation wives had to cope with when a husband was away

At Kikori in 1953, a baby was born with a cleft palate and was unable to feed properly. My husband, Bill, arranged for the mother and child to travel to Port Moresby by a vessel for medical help. On the voyage, the woman's personal effects were stolen. Bill left for an exploratory patrol lasting three months. The woman's husband blamed Bill for his wife's upset and decided to take out his revenge on me. At this time I had three children, Alan just three, Christine not yet two and a new baby, Gary. Our house had no locks on the doors and fixed open shutters which, whenever there was a full moon, enabled the husband to harass me nightly by throwing large stones and rocks through the open shutters into the rooms where we slept. Eventually he was caught in the act and, subsequently, the diagnosis of 'moon madness' was made.

Nancy Johnston

At Pomio, New Britain, in April 1959 the Medical Assistant and my husband, the Patrol Officer, were both absent on patrols. The only European adults on the station were the medical assistant's wife, Betty Trengove, and I. A native man was brought in to the hospital with a hernia in the groin. He was being sent into Rabaul by boat 4 days later, but the medical orderly sent a message to the office that the man was in great pain and should get to Rabaul as quickly as possible. Betty thought it was a strangulated hernia and the book told us that this was very bad and if not fixed up in time gangrene could set in and the patient would die. The patient said he was in '*bigpela pain*'. I called up Rabaul and was told a plane from Lae to Rabaul the next day would call in at Palmalmal and take him to Rabaul. Dr. Saave in Rabaul advised us what to do, over three radio calls as we did not have in the hospital what he advised to give him the first time. The following morning we left early on the workboat for Palmalmal 10 miles away. He was then put on the trailer of the tractor and made comfortable for the two mile ride to the airstrip. A sheet of galvanised iron was put over him to keep the heavy rain away. After two and a half hours wait we could hear the plane but because of the rain and low clouds it did not land. We left the patient at Palmalmal and went back to Pomio by workboat. I tried to call Rabaul by radio but without success because it was Sunday. We sent the workboat back to Palmalmal with more morphine for the patient.

On Sunday night listening to 9PA we got the message to have the patient at the airstrip by 7am, Monday morning. We then arranged for the workboat to leave at 5am Monday morning with a message for Palmalmal. It was again pouring rain. At 7am no plane arrived. I again rang Dr. Saave on the radio and was told the plane had to turn back to Lae with engine trouble but would come in about 10am. Through the binoculars I could see the plane land about 10am. I heard later from Dr. Saave that the hernia patient was an interesting case and without an operation would not have lasted another day. Betty and I felt we had done the right thing. Pomio has an annual rainfall of over 6.4m (over 250 inches) and is one of the wettest places in PNG. When all this happened I had been in PNG for less than 3 months.

Edna Oakes

IN 100 WORDS OR LESS

Theme for next issue – Wartime Wrecks

Deadline for entries: 20 July 2008 – Please write/phone/fax/email

HARRY WEST: “GENTLE MAN, AND GENTLEMAN!”

That's how PNGAA Patron Fred Kaad OBE described Harry West when asking the Annual General Meeting in Sydney in April to create Harry an Honorary Life Member. Fred went on to pay Harry the following tribute:

An honorary life member must be an ordinary member who has rendered outstanding and meritorious service to the PNGAA. That member's appointment can only be determined by a formal resolution passed at an AGM. So, after very long consideration – of several seconds – I have decided that the member who best fulfils these conditions is someone who has served as our association secretary for 10 years and president for 16 years – Mr Harry West!

Harry has given his time and his best efforts to the association – but apart from his “official” work, he is such a good friend to everyone, doing all he can for individuals – not only those on the committee. He is humble, helpful and he *listens*. He may not agree with you, but he considers what he has been told before he answers. And he has moved with the times and, to a degree restructured the PNGAA committee so that it works better and faster. I'm glad that Harry could find no one to replace him as president last year. Although problems within the committee caused him heartburn, he carried on and kept everyone together. This same committee, together with our members, has shown its gratitude by giving him a gift although, fortunately for all of us, he remains on the committee. [The gift is two nights accommodation for two in Canberra during Floriade, and an early morning return helicopter flight for two to the Ginninderra Falls and the Murrumbidgee River, with breakfast at the beautiful Ginninderra Homestead.] A huge card has been signed by all committee members and many others here at the AGM in appreciation of his outstanding and meritorious service. Thank you Harry!

Now, whilst I have the floor, I would like to mention some of the things that Harry West achieved in his many years in Papua New Guinea, the things that are probably uppermost in his memory. The formal things first. In late 1945, Papua and New Guinea were separate and both under military rule, and it was decided in Canberra that it was time they returned to civil administration. This was to be formally effected by a treaty to be signed by Colonel J.K. Murray, representing the civil administration, and Lieut-General H.C.H. Robertson and Major-General Basil Morris, who commanded each area. Colonel Murray was waiting at the appointed time and place at Salamaua for the signing, but “Red Robbie”, as he was known, had transport and radio difficulties and couldn't get there. So Lieutenant Harry West, as the senior ANGAU officer in the vicinity, signed this significant treaty on behalf of General Robertson. A good start for a young officer! Harry took his Army discharge in Lae in 1946, and was soon in the Highlands as one of three men who looked after the whole of what is now the Chimbu province, most of it then classified uncontrolled.

In 1958-59, Harry served as the first Australian Liaison Officer in Netherlands New Guinea, based in what was then Hollandia, but he ended by doing much travelling because at that time the Indonesians were still fighting the Dutch, and their paratroops were trying to get a foothold in the country, so Harry's was a very strategic posting – not all gin and bitters, but rather hard work.

In 1967, Harry, then in Rabaul, was appointed for two months as Australian Special Representative to the 34th Meeting of the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations. Those of you who have experienced the UN Missions that came to PNG can appreciate that there were sometimes intelligent and probing questions, but more often uninformed, ridiculous and one-eyed questions with which Harry would have been confronted. During his time in New York the Six Day War initiated by Israel occurred, so Harry met many of the international leaders and dignitaries, including Khrushchev, who had gathered at the UN in response to the war, and he witnessed the celebrated occasion of Khrushchev banging his shoe on the table in the General Assembly.

Then it was back to PNG to continue his Rabaul posting, then to Moresby as First Assistant Secretary Native Affairs in the Department of the Administrator, before taking long leave in Australia and finally his discharge on medical grounds in 1973. But much more than these formal responsibilities will remain in Harry's mind.

There was his time at Tefofomin in 1950 when he led patrols to the May River and Oksapmim, then to Aitape and Kainantu. Here he took a very great risk, of which he and all those who knew the situation were justifiably proud. He moved the approved planned route down through the Kassam Pass to another route he believed was much better and this new route became the final way down towards Lae.

Possibly Harry's greatest contribution was those six years in Rabaul during the Mataungan period where he had to try and fight for the commonsense of people on the ground against orders from Moresby and Canberra. I was in Rabaul for the first year of Harry's period and can vouch for the growing unrest with which he had to try and cope, and the problems he had to face. But Harry West is both a gentle man, and a gentleman. Some of you may remember that he clashed with Prime Minister Gough Whitlam when Harry made what he saw as a brief, polite correction of fact of something Whitlam said publicly in Rabaul about the gun-shot wounding of a native child. But Whitlam saw it as arrogant, bureaucratic interference, and it all got an airing in Federal Parliament.

[The formal motion to make Harry an honorary life member was at this point put, and passed unanimously.]

Meanwhile there were many memories and compliments to Harry's long service passed around the lunch tables at the AGM, including the following from former active committee member Liz Thurston, who said:

"During my time on the committee, I was constantly impressed by Harry's enthusiasm for new voices at the table; the way he listened and respected every member's contribution; how generous he was with his praise and how he always took responsibility - and not the credit - for the voice of the PNGAA. Like a true leader, he put the welfare of the committee and membership before his own. The one and only time he ever wrapped up a meeting quickly was when his beloved Swannies were playing. Harry, resplendent in his red and white scarf, grabbed a handful of Pam's cupcakes and bolted for the door - you would have thought a *guria* was coming!"



No. 1 Long course, ASOPA Mosman, September 1947 to March 1950

Back Row: Ken Jones, David Marsh, Don Prouse, Harry West, Eric Flower, Jim Landman, Basil Hayes

Second Row: Don Grove, Thrasher (John) Gibson, Fred Reitano, Kingsley Jackson

Front Row: Harry Plant, Jim Humphries, Clive Bowman, Keith Dyer

2008 AGM Luncheon

The luncheon that followed the AGM at the Killara Golf Club on Sunday 27 April, like the Christmas gathering before it, attracted a record number, 108, reflecting approval of our new function venue and interest in what is believed to be the first ever contested election for President.

Plenty of space, pleasant surroundings and quality presentations ensured that the prime hot and cold buffet, in generous quantity, was well received and guests lingered over coffee and drinks well into the afternoon. Again, Alan Johnston donated the main raffle prize and \$380 was raised; a good effort for our AGM.

During the afternoon Dr Ron Sommers and Mr Jo Staudinger from St Vincent's Hospital spoke of the ongoing, voluntary, specialised medical work they undertake in PNG's Chimbu Province.

Outgoing President, Harry, was presented with a huge 'thank you' card, signed by those present, and a generous voucher from committee and members covering a Canberra visit at Floriade time in September, including a helicopter flight to the beautiful Ginninderry country homestead and garden.

PRESSURE IS MOUNTING TO LOCATE MONTEVIDEO MARU

Prime Minister Kevin Rudd has been asked to commit the Commonwealth Government to an expedition to locate the last resting place of the *Montevideo Maru* and the men she carried.

Of importance, too, is recognising the tragedy by declaring the site of the sinking a Commonwealth War Grave and erecting a monument at an appropriate place on the Philippines coast as a permanent memorial.

The sinking of the Montevideo Maru was Australia's greatest maritime disaster. Those with family involved in the tragedy can empathize with the families of those men lost on HMAS *Sydney*. It is just as important to locate the Montevideo Maru. The story of the Montevideo Maru should also have a significant place in our Australian history. Australia lost 1053 men who were said to be on board Montevideo Maru when it was torpedoed by 'friendly fire' off the coast of the Philippines on 01 July 1942. Whilst doubts exist over the final passenger manifest, the loss of these men involved twice as many Australians as those who died in Vietnam and over 400 more than HMAS *Sydney*.

Max Uechtritz, together with the Ninemsn team, put together a comprehensive multimedia coverage which included an indication of potential support from Prime Minister Kevin Rudd. This featured on the Ninemsn news website on 24 April 2008. Links to these articles as well as several other articles and video links can still be accessed as follows:

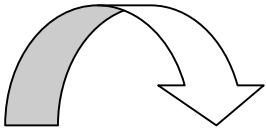
<http://news.ninemsn.com.au/article.aspx?id=452388> or
<http://news.ninemsn.com.au/article.aspx?id=452386>. Ninemsn has launched a national petition to the government to fund the search for the *Montevideo Maru*. This is well worth a visit as it includes space for personal comments and reflection: <http://news.ninemsn.com/article.aspx?id=451908> .

AN AIRMAN AT ASOPA (2) From Jim Toner

Some years ago on the Letters page of *The Times* a small controversy erupted over the circumstances in which a British merchantman was sunk off the coast of Mombasa during WW2. Lo and behold three weeks later a letter from a retired Scot in the Isle of Skye appeared which began "Och, I was second engineer aboard the ss 'wonem' when....." It gave us the good guts from a man actually there.

Keith Jackson would blush to compare his ASOPA weblog with the venerable English newspaper but in fact a small mystery he posed back in January has now brought forward a correct answer from his far flung readership. The question outlined in my article in the March edition went to the identity of the Principal at ASOPA from September 1949 to November 1950. Bill Brown correctly reported that Wilfred Arthur was the man at the big desk in the main office but it is now certain that he was not the Principal but the Registrar.

The man who was actually there to verify this is the well-known former judge and Royal Commissioner Hal Wootton AC. At the relevant time he was Law lecturer to the kiaps (although he had never been to PNG something he remedied later by an anthropological stint in a village on Manus). He says that ASOPA was operated for a year by James MacAuley and other academics on a collegiate basis. Aware that the valiant pilot "Woof" Arthur was not an academic with only wartime experience in PNG I had surmised that it was as an energetic Group Captain (4 rings on his sleeve) he had been appointed to Middle Head with instructions to get a grip on an institution then possibly heading for collapse. No doubt his firm hand on the administrative side would have enabled the lecturing staff to carry on with their work despite the absence of a dinkum Principal. .



Post Courier celebrating its 10,000th issue

The Papua New Guinea Post-Courier will be publishing its 10,000th issue in August. They are putting together some special supplements to mark the event and are interested in short stories/anecdotes with photographs from anyone who can recall the paper over the years. If you would be interested in contributing please contact the Editor on Ph: 02-9449 4129 or email: editor@pngaa.net as soon as possible. Thank you.

NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from Jim Toner

Bob CLELAND has come up with the good oil on the Highlands roof-painting 'mystery' alluded to in the last issue. He was stationed at Goroka in 1953 and names Peter MAXTONE-GRAHAM, Brian HEAGNEY and Mick REILLY as the 'artists'. He says he climbed the ridge overlooking the airstrip which afforded him a good view of the hangar roof. At that time FININT had been cleaned off and only EGU was visible. Terry TURNER, then a Nataff *kuskus* before deserting to Treasury, recalled I.F.G. DOWNS summoning the guilty trio to the District Office for a word or three before putting them back on the hangar roof with the necessary cleaning materials.

There was seemingly no such misleading name painting at Finintegu and the predicament of the RAAF DC3 which landed there in 1952 was solely down to human error. To a considerable degree by whichever Air Force officer declined the friendly offer from Qantas to lend a pilot to assist in landing at Goroka. However, as Terry Turner comments, the exchange between the RAAF pilot informing DCA that he had just landed safely at Goroka and the air traffic controller there (*"Have I got news for you...."*) passed into Highlands folklore.

On the subject of aerial exploits I mentioned in earlier notes that Frank LEIBFRIED had, though in his 60s, enthusiastically learned to fly, piloting his aircraft from Hobart to Bundaberg on one expedition. Another ex-kiap, John O'BRIEN tells me that he had his licence while in his 20s and took every opportunity to fly while in PNG finding it particularly useful for getting around in the Sepik. In retirement John visited the Top End using a Cherokee 6 but at Borroloola on the Gulf coast had a very hairy moment when his engine cut out as he headed for the water. He has been back to PNG but in the '90s was a passenger when someone crash-landed him at Simbai. John is a Canberra resident but after a double heart bypass restricts himself to very occasional flights in the passenger seat of a Tiger Moth. Which is fun when you are 20, less so when you are 74. George OAKES, another retired kiap, who in his youth piloted Moths might agree with that.

Talking of hairy moments the Daulo Pass could offer drivers plenty from time to time but too many landslips have of late closed the Highway which is the lifeline into the Highlands for fuel and stores - and out of it for produce intended for the Lae market and elsewhere. Commenting that the road was built when the heavy tonnage now using it lay decades ahead Don Polye, Minister for Works & Transport, a civil engineer, intends to construct an alternative section from Goroka to Chuave through the Unggai mountains. Since announcing this he has been confronted with huge landslides outside Kundiawa estimated to take a month to clear plus river encroachments on the Highway across the Markham plains. Good luck to Mr. Polye.

Unsurprisingly the mining and petroleum companies working in PNG have signed up a number of former kiaps to act as their liaison with local landowners. Amongst these was Dave HINTON who became a CPO in 1968 being stationed initially at Bereina and Kaintiba. In 1979 by then a DO he resigned and established a base in Cairns but spent the next twenty years working in PNG including ownership studies on the Mt. Kare goldfield (adjacent to Porgera). This enabled him to co-author, with Andy FLOWERS once of Tari, the recently published and fascinatingly revelatory book titled 'Mt. Kare Gold Rush: PNG 1988-1994'. He then did some island-hopping, first to Tasmania and its University where he was awarded an Honours degree in Indonesian language and then to Sulawesi where he is teaching.

Not too long ago Hank NELSON, Emeritus Professor of History and PNGAA member, had recorded nearly 200 books published since 1980 by or about Australians who went to PNG. I asked him if the double century had now been cracked and he sent me a bibliography with the injunction 'count 'em yourself'. 205 and undoubtedly rising. A good thing.

'Stayers and Players' was an expression current in old PNG but rarely heard today. Ken FAIRWEATHER qualifies in that colourful category. At one time a Co-operative Officer at Buin he worked at Ok Tedi post-Independence and at last year's election became the Member for Sumkar in the national Parliament. Now, of course, a PNG citizen he defeated Brigadier Gerry Singirok, hero of the Sandline Affair. One former Member from the Western District to have 'stayed on' is ex-kiap Warren DUTTON. He is chairman of the PNG Rubber Board and with the product fetching high world prices is hopeful that much more than the annual export of 5000 tons can be achieved.

'Below our feet it's all mulch and boot-sucking mud; above us stained-glass sunlight pierces the treetop canopy'. No, not the Kokoda Track but a lyrical impression from a new and exhausting 3-days trek through the Bainings of East New Britain. It is called the 'Escape from Rabaul' trek and was initiated by True North Journeys two years ago. It follows the route taken by members of Lark Force and the NGVR from Kokopo though the mountains to Open Bay following the Japanese invasion in 1942 and draws on Peter Stone's definitive history 'Hostages to Freedom: The Fall of Rabaul' for inspiration. However unlike those starving soldiers today's travellers need no longer fear attacks by the Mokolkols only the mosquitoes which are probably far more hostile.

The photograph in the last issue supplied by Patrick Virgil Dwyer showing himself and five other kiaps busily studying at ASOPA in 1960 reminded me of an incident which surfaced in the reminiscences of the Education Officers at their grand reunion in Brisbane last October. Terry CHAPMAN, a CEO on the 1960-61 course at ASOPA, recalled that a group of his fellow students socialising in a room at Middle Head unaware that a shot had been fired was interrupted by a gun-waving policeman looking for 'the man with a gun'. Not that P.V. Dwyer was the culprit but it is odds on he was a target. A cadet chalkie equipped with a rifle had taken exception to the behaviour of cadet kiaps resulting, according to Chapman, in eight carloads of Police arriving - perhaps a slight exaggeration. Happily Pat has survived to become a busy grandfather in Perth but the moral is: 'Chalkies can be dangerous when aroused'. ■

ON THE TOPIC OF FININTEGU...

(excerpts from several letters follow)

Neil Desailly writes - In the latest edition of *Una Voce* (March 2008) Jim Toner mentioned allegations of a prank by Peter Maxtone-Grahame and some unauthorised signwriting on the roof of a shed. I am sure that it did happen and very likely Brian Heagney was also involved (it fits!) but it was at Goroka NOT Finintegu and it did not in any way cause or contribute to the embarrassing navigational error when a RAAF DC3 bound for Goroka, complete with the Australian Minister for Works, Mr Kent R Hughes and entourage, landed instead at Finintegu. The roof painting was done later as a not-so-subtle dig at the RAAF. A full account of the Finintegu incident must be told by someone else, but in fairness to the RAAF crew ... They had never been to Goroka but would have known that it was little more than an airstrip and a small cluster of buildings. No shops and no roads except for a few jeep tracks around the station. They were not looking for a *town* and Finintegu village, complete with airstrip, was right under the flight path. I heard, at the time, that radio contact was made with Goroka after they flew over Finintegu, coming in from the East, and that the DCA man at Goroka reported hearing an aircraft to the west of Goroka. Anyway they turned and landed at Finintegu, to the delight and astonishment of the villagers. The pilot ... told me that before he touched down he realised his mistake 'This CAN'T be Goroka!' but he was already committed, heading up a tight little valley with no escape and very little to land on. He did well, in the end with no casualties and no damage. The passengers were ferried out, one by one, in a Tiger Moth (no Cessna's in those days) leaving to others the problem of a bogged (deeply) DC3 on a small, remote emergency landing ground.

Keith Dyer: The incident happened in 1952 when I was acting ADC at Goroka in the period between George Greathead's resignation and Ian Downes' appointment as D.C. Les William was acting D.C. for that period...

Getting the RAAF aircraft out of Finintegu was an embarrassing task for the RAAF and took months clearing bush and trying to improve the airstrip. I do not know how it finally lifted off but was told it had been tied down and when revs were up cut adrift to get maximum power for what was still a very short strip. It did get off – almost vertical take off I'm told!!!

Continued on page 46...

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Letters to the Editor

Geoffrey Luck writes: 'It is entirely appropriate that Kevin Rudd should try to mend fences in Papua New Guinea – after all it was his Labour predecessor Gough Whitlam who engineered that country's slide to a failed state with his anti-colonialism policy, and premature Australian withdrawal. It is also notable that the key local figure on both occasions has been the enduring Sir Michael Somare, founder of the Pangu Pati to campaign for independence, and most obdurate opponent of reform when in power. Unfortunately nothing Mr Rudd has said or done shows that he has any understanding of Papua New Guinea's real problems – crime and corruption - or willingness to direct Australia's considerable aid package to combat them. It is even more extraordinary that his principal policy announcement, a so-called "carbon partnership" to reduce deforestation, seems designed more as a global warming initiative than an attack on the corrupt contracts and illegal logging that have been so devastatingly exposed and faithfully documented. In fact, the loss of the professional forestry management of the Australian Administration has proved just as serious for Papua New Guinea in its independence as the decline in health and education services, and in law and order.'

* * *

Max Hayes's *Una Voce* December 2007 story. "'Mattie' and the Iniat Cult", as well as Robin Hodgson's appeal for information and provenance for old stone artefacts for Dr. Pamela Swadling in Help Wanted, and Owen Genty-Nott's letter to the Editor in the March 2008 issue of *Una Voce*, where chalk figures are the subject, leads me to support Robin Hodgson's appeal and hope that light might be shed on the following.

The Kulap figures in many museums are thought to come from the Punam area on the east coast of southern New Ireland where a suitable chalk deposit exists. In 2001 I visited new Punam, seeking to 'nail down' a rumour of the last Kulap figures being buried near the first church site at the old inland Punam village site, probably between 1910 and 1920, and removed by a group of Europeans, possibly teachers, in the 1960's or 70's,

Knowledge of the figures and mortuary ceremonies in which they were used was minimal, but it was acknowledged that figures had been buried near the church site sometime before anyone alive then was born. I asked to visit the site next day, only to photograph not dig, and that was agreed by all. Early next day however, one old man objected to my visit, so to preserve harmony the visit was called off, although I was urged by many to continue. I was later informed that he might have led the Europeans to the site when the Kulap figures may have been removed.

Today of course, removing old stone artefacts is illegal without the PNG National Museum's knowledge and approval, but that hasn't prevented shonky dealers visiting the area. The people have been advised to report anyone but I would dearly love to know whether the 'Cache of Kulap' was removed, what was there and are there any photographs or any other details. This could then be recorded for our local knowledge of New Ireland culture.

Jim Ridges, Box 86, Kavieng, PNG. Phone +675 984 2133 or
pmcewan@global.net.pg

New member **Max Duncan** writes: 'I have just received the March edition and it is bringing back so many memories. Names are floating out of the past. It is apparent that many of the people I knew stayed on much longer and became almost icons. I have only gone part way through the publication but it is like old home week nostalgia... I found *Una Voce* absolutely fascinating; names and places I have not heard or thought of for fifty years. ...oh well, memories ...Thank you and your subscribers.

PNG IN THE NEWS

► **The World Bank has given a positive assessment of PNG** in its biannual regional report on East Asia, released in April. With a strong macroeconomic performance, improved political stability and growth in gross domestic product, the country has 'seen the longest period of uninterrupted growth since Independence in 1975'. Budget surpluses have been recorded in 2006 and 2007 and employment rates are rising. Mining has contributed substantially. Lihir Gold has approved a \$700 million expansion of its mine over the next four years and other miners are showing increased confidence.

BRW 10/4/08

► **Australian Prime Minister Kevin Rudd and his PNG counterpart Michael Somare have signed a pact to protect forests and reduce carbon emissions** during talks in Port Moresby in March. Mr Somare 'stressed his country's commitment to reducing deforestation and other climate change issues'.

Aust Fin Review 7/3/08

Oil Search has put much of its Middle East and North Africa business on the block as it looks to rationalise its portfolio and manage cash needed to support its part of the \$12.2 million PNG liquefied natural gas project. PNG LNG's ExxonMobil and partners, including Oil Search and Santos are expected to take the project into the full engineering and design process within days of the PNG government finalising regulations governing the development later this year. Construction is likely to be started late next year and first production is scheduled for late 2013.

Aust Fin Review 20 March and 25 March 2008

► **A moving tribute by Australia's greatest country music singer** to the veterans and native carriers of Kokoda features on one of **Slim Dusty's** latest albums, 'Natural High'. It is well worth listening to and you can hear it at:
<http://www.facebook.com/video/video.php?v=1006253950530>

► **Landowners at the site of the proposed mine on the Kokoda Track** agreed to lift the blockade on the track... Prime Minister [Kevin Rudd] has appointed former CEO of the Sydney Olympics Organising Committee and current Chairman of the CEO Institute, Sandy Hollway, as his special envoy to work with PNG government officials, landowners, clan leaders and appropriate authorities to ensure the integrity of the track is properly protected and the needs of the villagers along the track are met...Over the past 17 years local villagers have observed trekker numbers increase from almost nothing to more than 5000 last year. They are aware the Kokoda trekking industry generated more than \$12 million into the PNG economy last year. They also know they are at the end of the food chain in regard to getting a fair share of the benefits from trekkers.

Info from Adventure Kokoda Newsletter March 2008

► **ChildFund** has launched a new programme in Papua New Guinea (PNG) aimed at preventing the spread of HIV/AIDS, and improving the general level of

understanding of communities. It has also launched a new inland fish farming project in the Central province. ChildFund's food security project officer Michael Kaugam says the availability of water, local feed for the fish and the strong commitment of villagers to be involved will ensure the success of the fish farms. "We also want to develop it as a regional training centre for people wishing to learn fish farming techniques," adds Michael.

<http://www.childfund.org.au/static/D/R/cfa790876f39030fa9468a4f7e716ec1.4.pdf>

► **The fourth annual Rotary Club of Broadwater-Southport Kokoda Memorial Walk** was held the Sunday before Anzac Day. Raising money for the Kokoda Memorial Wall due to be completed later this year, the 26.6km walk commenced at the boundary of the Kokoda Barracks at Canungra and finished at Cascade Gardens.

Tweed Daily News 19/4/08

► **Even the trekkers** on the Kokoda Track do not miss out on Anzac biscuits for Anzac Day! Bakeries in Port Moresby got together and shipped ovens to Efogi and Menari by helicopter to make Anzac biscuits and bread for the trekkers - helping the people with a little extra income.

► **Kokoda Chicks 08** are seeking brave women to join in an incredible adventure to honour women who have been affected by breast cancer and raise money for research and support programs. Pay for your own travel and trek and raise \$5,000 each. Either join the Kokoda Chicks on their fully organised and professional Kokoda Trail Trek from 19-28 October 2008 or support them with sponsorship or donations. For more information contact Viona Young on 0413 549 043 or <http://www.kokodaspirit.com/downloads/kokoda-chicks-challenge-2008.pdf>

Warwick Cheung, back in Australia after spending the last twenty years in Alotau, reports on some **tourism developments in Milne Bay**.

These include upgrades to the Gurney Airport so that once again it will meet international port of departure and entry requirements, thus allowing it to operate flights to and from Cairns without passing through Port Moresby.

Branding the region as 'Milne Bay' by the local tourist promotion organisation is also planned. The intention is to achieve a brand like the Red Centre, the Great Barrier Reef or Bali, which are tourist brands not directly connected with a state or country.

There is similar news about the Rabaul airport, Tokua. The runway is now sealed and rated for turbo prop aircraft, and plans are to extend Cairns/Alotau flights on to Rabaul. This avoids the Port Moresby airport which seems to have a very negative reputation these days.

Laurie Le Fevre

Editor's note: On arrival at Port Moresby airport the international traveller is greeted with spectacular and inspiring three dimensional portraits of the people of Papua New Guinea and, as you admire them, the queue for Immigration passes quickly. Reality bites after picking up luggage and heading out the door. The Domestic Terminal is filthy. The carpet and chairs are badly stained and rubbish lies around. It would be encouraging to see the airport at Port Moresby reflect some of the warmth of its Pacific neighbours. How welcoming it is to arrive in Tahiti, Fiji, Samoa and Vanuatu and be greeted by lilting musicians and dancers in traditional costume. Inbound tourism to PNG has so much to offer but when it comes to first impressions, it needs to lift its game...

66 YEARS ON - RECOGNITION FOR THE MONTEVIDEO MARU

Maxwell R. Hayes

At last the fate if the 1,053 unfortunate prisoners of war on this ill fated vessel has stirred the interest of many Australians who have never heard of this vessel and its sinking on 1.7.1942. Previously it was as if the fact that the Australian servicemen and civilians lost in the defence of the hopelessly indefensible obscure locations of New Britain and New Ireland didn't matter. After the war, in late 1945, details of the sinking of the Montevideo Maru were released but were only of concern to the grieving relatives. To the rest of the Australian population it didn't matter, after all, it was only one of many Jap ships sunk by American submarines during the war. So what? The battle on the Owen Stanley Ranges was much more important and was closer to home with survivors to return and tell their stories of unparalleled hardship, courage and defeat of a much larger Japanese force.

For many years family members and survivors of the 'Lark Force'; 2/22nd battalion, soldiers and civilians captured in early 1942, have been seeking answers to the absence of information due to the secrecy still surrounding Australia's greatest maritime loss of life due to an appalling lack of interest and insensitivity on the part of successive Australian governments over the last 63 years since the end of WW2. The reason appears to be simple. The then Curtin Australian wartime government abandoned those unfortunate souls to their fate, when they could have been saved. It decreed that the loading of copra on the Norwegian freighter, the 'Herstein', was more important than evacuating those hopelessly outnumbered defenders of Rabaul and New Ireland and the male civilians remaining there. Little wonder that any government would want to give access to files testifying to its own betrayal of its citizens.

After years of trying, along with others, to get some publicity for this tragic event, I managed to get a lengthy letter printed in the Melbourne Age and an edited version in the Melbourne Herald Sun on 13.04.2008, though I feel this only came about by linking it, as I did, with the loss of HMAS *Sydney*. This seemed to cause considerable interest and I had many enquiries. As a result considerable public interest appears to have been created by events which follow below.

At this stage I must state that I am only one of many who have had the fate of those on the Montevideo Maru at heart but in the absence of others not writing an update for *Una Voce*, I feel compelled to do so.

The publishing of several books on events about the Japanese capture of Rabaul and Kavieng in January 1942, 'Rabaul 1942', Aplin 1980; 'Coconuts and Tearooms', Boys 1993; 'Hostages to Freedom', Stone 1995/1999; 'Betrayal in High Places' McKay 1996; 'Masked Eden', McCosker 1998; 'A Very Long War', Reeson 2000; 'Yours Sincerely, Tom' Henderson 2000; 'Uncle Joe's Story' Osley 2002; 'Yours Sincerely, Tom Revisited', Henderson 2005; 'He's Not Coming Home', Nikakis 2005; 'The Lost Women of Rabaul', Miller 2006, and other publications, none seems to have caused more than the slightest ripple of interest amongst the Australian population.

Considerable credit for also persevering with this quest is due to Albert Speer, MBE a WW2 soldier in PNG as well as being a long serving PNG Administration officer who by dint of extensive searching, considerable expense and good luck finally located one of the Japanese seamen who managed to get ashore with several other seamen (several of whom were killed by Philippine guerillas). He is believed to be the only remaining survivor alive today. On a trip to Japan in 2002, Albert discovered an obscure publication, 'Japanese Merchant Ships at War', a history of the OSK Mitsui line (of which the *Montevideo Maru* was a part) by a Japanese historian, Hishahi Noma, who was able to put Albert in touch with Yoshiaki Yamaji. As a result of this it was deemed of sufficient interest to approach Max Uechtritz, then Director of News and Current Affairs, with PNG connections going back to the very early days of his great grandmother Phoebe Parkinson. Max then directed the ABC Tokyo correspondent to locate and interview Yamaji which resulted in a revealing report on the *Montevideo Maru* aired as part of the ABC 7.30 report on 16.10.2003, but again the interest lapsed.

Some interest was shown by families when the *Montevideo Maru* Memorial was commissioned at Ballarat on 7.02.2004 as a minor part of the huge POW wall commemoration. This privately funded memorial (with funding refused by the Federal Government) and the commissioning aroused only slight, but quickly forgotten, interest.

Fast forward to 2008. Some action at last. Local and interstate newspapers are taking some interest. The Melbourne Herald Sun devoted two pages to the story of the 2/22nd battalion, (featuring Norm Furness one of the handful of that ill fated unit) and the fall of Rabaul in the weekend magazine on 19.04.2008.

The Melbourne Age featured a full page article by Simon Mann on 25/26.04.2008 about a letter from his uncle, Eric Mann, (captured at Rabaul) and part of a bundle of letters airdropped by the Japs over Port Moresby in early 1942.

An ABC documentary TV crew filmed the Melbourne Shrine service held on 20.01.2008 (being the Sunday before the fall of Rabaul) and which was aired on TV as part of the Compass program on Sunday 20.04.2008. This program very largely revolved around the Brunswick Salvation Army band, which served as medical attendants of the 2/22nd battalion and which was lost with the exception of a single survivor still living in Victoria, Fred Kollmorgen.

Max Uechtritz, now Editor in Chief of Channel 9, put together a very extensive online multimedia presentation on the fall of Rabaul with the focal point being the *Montevideo Maru* on 24.04.2008 and which remained, with links, for several days. These links focused on several aspects of the Rabaul debacle. One of these was a petition calling on the Prime Minister to fund a search for the wreck of the *Montevideo Maru* off Cape Luzon, Philippines, and for the declaration of this site as a war grave. As at the date of this report for *Una Voce*, nearly 1000 comments were logged on. Around 99% of those were in favour of the twin proposals. Many comments show that Australians are appalled that

they have never heard anything about this disaster. Did these men give their lives for Australia's freedom just to be forgotten? They deserve some formal recognition. [You can read Max Uechtritz's original article at: <http://news.ninemsn.com.au/article.aspx?id=452388>. There are several 'Related Links' attached to it, including one by Professor Hank Nelson.]

Our Editor, Andrea Williams, the granddaughter of Philip Coote a victim of the sinking, made a live appearance on the Channel 9 'Today Show' on Anzac Day, and very creditably outlined the facts of the sinking.

The Sydney Morning Herald on Anzac Day ran an article entitled 'Ship carried 1051(sic) Australians to their grave', and 'The Australian' on 26.04.2008 picked up the sinking with a background article entitled 'Rudd may fund hunt for Montevideo Maru'. The May issue of the Victorian 'Senior' newspaper also gave a detailed report on this sinking and here the journalist had a personal loss in that of his uncle, Sgt. Stanley Padey. Many local, intrastate and interstate radio stations also gave coverage of this event.

So, will there finally be a search for the Montevideo Maru? Currently it is believed that Mr. Rudd is considering an appeal to provide funds for a search for the location, but not to retrieve, the Montevideo Maru.

That is where progress lies at this moment. We must keep up the impetus and I urge members of PNGAA (Inc) to use every means at their disposal to have this event, in which nearly twice as many Australians died as were lost on HMAS *Sydney*, enshrined as part of our war time history, the search to locate be made and the site declared a war grave.

TED MARR and his Contribution to the PNGAA Fryer Library Collection

Lieutenant Ted Marr landed with his unit close to the pre-war main wharf in Rabaul in August, 1945. They camped at Talili Bay with a strength of about 150 officers and men and were allocated labourers from the 13,000 Japanese in Rabaul to restore some order. Between August 1945 and June 1946 Ted photographed the ruin of Rabaul as well as Japanese wrecks, abandoned artillery, rifles, vehicles, and water-craft in and near tunnels. He supported his photographs with comprehensive notes. These form a remarkable record of Rabaul in the months immediately after the Japanese surrender and form a major part of the PNGAA Collection in the Fryer Library.

Demobbed in 1946 he bought Mt Murchison Station on the Darling River in New South Wales. He and his wife, Doreen, raised four sons and a daughter there. Doreen died in 1988. Ted's wide-ranging interests, broadened through extensive travel, made him a talented conversationalist and correspondent as well as a charming companion and friend.

Ted died peacefully at Mt Murchison Station on 17th February, 2008. His surviving four sons, daughter and long time companion, Vicky Gumm, will miss him.

GAZELLE PENINSULA'S STONE CARVINGS by Steve Saunders

Following Max Hayes and Owen Genty-Nott's articles on the Gazelle Peninsula's stone carvings, I thought I'd throw in my 5 toes worth to enlarge on and bring up to date this enigmatic subject.

Ingiet stone carvings obtained in the last few years. When compared to Max Hayes and Owen Genty-Nott's photographs it is noticeable that there are no animals and the style seems different. Fakes (probably) or a different provenance? They are said to be from the North Coast and at least one was said to come from Watom Island



Max and Owen point out the statues are known as Ingiet figures. As far as we know they performed two basic functions, one group were 'Soul-Stones' and another group 'Maravot Guardians'. With respect to the first group Sir James George Frazer wrote in *The Golden Bough* (1922) -'Among the natives of the Gazelle Peninsula in New Britain there is a secret society which goes by the name of Ingriet or Ingiet. On his entrance into it every man receives a stone in the shape either of a human being or of an animal, and henceforth his soul is believed to be knit up in a manner with the stone. If it breaks, it is an evil omen for him; they say that the thunder has struck the stone and that he who owns it will soon die. If nevertheless the man survives the breaking of his soul-stone, they say that it is not a proper soul-stone and he gets a new one instead.'....

Ingiet was a secret society that practised and held the secrets to very powerful magic (Klaus Neumann, 1992). Although often used for good the Ingiet's power was feared and was often associated with the darker side of pre-Christian spiritualism in Tolai culture. It was associated with revenge, payback, warfare and cannibalism. According to Neumann, (1992) only men could be initiated and at the turn of the 19th-20th centuries most Tolai men were initiates. As Max points out senior initiates could change into animals including sharks, pigs, and minigulai (a kind of sea eagle or soul stealing harpy). When so transfigured they could travel to far places. The power of the Ingiet was said to be located in the liver (to kill an Ingiet who had changed into say, a minigulai, the bird's liver would have to be cut up and burned in order to kill the man himself). Neumann also relates how European observers reported that occasionally Ingiet initiates gathered for large-scale ceremonies at a Maravot, a secluded and sacred meeting place, where they performed rituals and dances and practiced sodomy, some said so explicitly, whereas others mention "indescribable indecencies". The Ingiet were considered to be of much greater antiquity than the Tubuan societies. They were banned by the German colonial administration as it was considered antisocial and believed to promote anti-colonial sentiments, both the Catholic and Methodist missions crusaded against it. As such any genuine stone figures are probably pre-first quarter of the twentieth century. As

mentioned by Max Hayes rumours persisted and still do of individuals or pockets of Ingiet adepts, or similar still practising, especially on the Duke of York Islands.

The papapa material the figures are usually carved from can be a naturally occurring chalky limestone or a reconstituted rock. Shells and delicate branching corals were burnt to produce slaked lime, this was then finely ground into *kabang* powder. Kabang, although these days known mainly as part of the buai social drug ritual, has long had other more magical uses. Blown at foes as the final part of a long and complex spell it would render the blower invisible. Blown into the air the puff of white dust was used for signalling, especially for synchronising large rituals, ceremonies and fights. Purportedly senior Ingiet initiates mixed large quantities of the magical kabang powder with water, sometimes with a little chewed buai spit to give a pink tinge, when set the resulting block was carved into a figure in a secret location. Apparently some high quality figures were carved from harder rocks such as basalt.

Today figures are often uncovered whilst people are gardening, digging middens or foundations, I have personally seen large pieces uncovered at the start of a hole for a new septic tank in Volovolo (Nonga). One often quoted belief is that most of the carvings shown around today are fake, as at a man's death his Soul Stone was ritually broken and buried. Many of the figures that turn up however, are complete. One colourful (*notorious!*) local character does indeed regularly organise the manufacture and weathering of fake figures, but as the 'expert' he is also the man the villagers bring their real finds to, which complicates things (I don't think even a polygraph test could sort out fact from fiction here).

As well as the modern fake figures one reason for this apparent plethora of complete figures, a fact also born-out by the Owen Genty-Nott photographs, could be that at the turn of the twentieth century most Tolai men were initiates. For the 1900's German census figures put the Gazelle Peninsula's indigenous population (excluding the Bainings) at just below 29,000. This meant that there could have been perhaps around ten thousand soul stones in existence at that time. Could the undamaged figures have been those hidden in pits for safe keeping? so they were less likely to be accidentally or maliciously broken and then for some reason never recovered. Or perhaps when the Ingiet converted to Christianity they surreptitiously buried their soul stones, hiding them from idol destroying or ridiculing missionaries? Most figures would have survived as it was forbidden for non-initiates to touch them. Being the gardeners women were the most likely to unearth them, it is said that women touching them would grow male 'parts'; pregnant women would abort or have a deformed baby, usually lacking eyes. Of course the theory that the soul-stones were always ritually broken at a man's death may not be true.

One older Tolai stated that until the cultural hiatus caused by the 1937 eruption of the Rabaul volcanoes, closely followed by the even greater tragedy of the wartime Japanese occupation, a few Ingiet stone carvings could still be seen above ground. Set up apparently, as guardians at ancient Ingiet Maravots. These guardian stones usually took the form of family groups, two faced figures (a face on the front and back of the head) or women. It is said that non-initiates, including women, children and old men (was there an age limit to membership?), could not pass these guardians. Apparently these in-situ pieces did not survive the military occupation.

Today sadly with the missionaries work done, it is hard to find a Tolai who knows much about these Ingiet figures, although most still have a great respect for them. Most of the above information came from unsolicited conversations with older Tolais who happened to see the figures I have 'guarding' my office, (alas, petty thefts still occur, so these figures must be fake!). I'm sure much more information on the Ingiet exists in German, in the works of early collectors and anthropologists.

To those who poo-poo the circulating figures as all fakes and worthless I point out that most people living around Loch Ness know there is no monster, but they don't tell that to the tourists. And what of the morality of the guys peddling the fake ones as genuine? in contemporary PNG there are much worse things they could be doing, and no one really believes they can get a genuine antique cultural artefact these days for a few tens of kina do they? Real ones are still being found, but these are getting rarer, however, being an ancient society many generations of soul-stones would have been produced, so there must be vast numbers of complete and fragmented figures scattered around. Export of genuine Ingiet carvings these days is of course prohibited, but if anybody would like a reproduction I know a man...

Walk Into Paradise Screening at ANU Elizabeth Thurston

On Thursday 17th April Dr Chris Ballard from the Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies, ANU, organized a screening of *Walk Into Paradise* at the Coombs Theatre on campus. I attended with Andrea Williams and it was a wonderful evening with a highly responsive audience of mainly post-graduate students, who laughed and applauded at various stages throughout the film.

The evening was prefaced with interesting talks from Graham Shirley, Curator of Documents and Artefacts at the National Film and Sound Archive and Jane Landman, who is the author of *The Tread of a White Man's Foot: Australian Pacific colonialism and the cinema, 1925-62* (Pandanus Books, 2006). Graham had recorded an oral history with director Lee Robinson in the seventies, and it was the NFSA who had selected *Walk Into Paradise* to be regraded and remastered under the Kodak/Atlab preservation project. I spoke briefly about the production of the DVD and the extras and we were able to distribute flyers and sell copies of the DVD.

Chris and I had talked about collaborating on a screening at the university for some time and the evening was a perfect example of how the PNGAA can interact with other regions to our mutual benefit. Unfortunately, the finalizing of the screening date happened just after the mailing of the last Una Voce, otherwise Canberra members who have not seen the film would have been most welcome. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Chris for all his efforts in organizing such a successful event and Bob and Misako Piper for looking after us so well in Canberra.

THE VIEW FROM SEAWARD by Jerry Lattin

Papua New Guinea is a fair slice of my life, and spread over many years. I joined the Royal Australian Navy at the age of 14, and left it at 41. Relatively early in my naval career, from mid-1963 until late 1965, I commanded a small ship in PNG waters. I had another period of PNG service, in command of a squadron of patrol boats in 1970-71, followed by a year ashore at the naval base on Manus Island. Many years later, long after I had left the navy, I went back to sea in merchant ships. From 1993 until 1999 I was a master in bulk carriers in the Fly River copper trade, under charter to the Ok Tedi mine. I also spent a few months driving a small cargo ship from Lae to Lihir, carrying cargo for the gold mine.

So ... many of my memories of PNG are of that view from seaward, gazing toward those rugged coastlines. Perhaps this was the view also seen by many pre-war expats, long before the ascendency of air travel removed some romance from the place, and when leisurely sea travel along the coast and between islands was the norm.

During my first spell in PNG, 1963-65, I commanded HMAS Banks, which the navy classified as a GPV (General Purpose Vessel). She was basically a small cargo ship of about 250 tonnes displacement. We had a crew of 15 including five expats: they included one other officer as second-in-command, a chief petty officer in charge of the engine room, plus an electrical maintainer and a radio operator. The balance of the crew - deck and engine room ratings, and the cook - were islanders, from what was then known as the 'PNG Division' of the RAN. The locals were extremely good practical crewmen with loads of experience. Most of their training had been 'on-the-job'; they were good nuts-and-bolts people without a lot of theoretical training behind them.

With a total of about 350 horsepower between two shafts, Banks was only good for about eight knots in favourable conditions. But she had good fuel and water capacity, and we regularly operated away from base, wandering from island to island, for three months or more at a stretch. The boundaries of our operations were Wutung on the north-west coast, Daru on the south, the equator to the north, and east to San Cristobal, the easternmost main island in the Solomons chain. Around PNG we visited virtually all ports, all patrol posts, and sub-district and district HQs on or near the coast, plus all main island groups: the Louisiades as far as Rossell, the Trobriands out to Woodlark and the Marshall Bennetts, the D'Entrecasteaux, all the islands east and north of New Ireland from Anir to Mussau, most of the Western Isles, and the Vitus and other islands in the Bismarck Sea. It was a busy bailiwick. For me, it was my first command, and an absolute delight.

The little ship occasioned some mirth among local gentry, since we identified ourselves on the radio, in accordance with standard radio protocol, as 'Warship Banks'. It has to be admitted that Banks didn't look very warlike. We were not even painted grey: the vessel had originally been used for hydrographic surveying, and was painted white with a buff funnel. But we hid a sting in our tail: we had a couple of bren guns and four pistols kept securely under lock and key down below!

In the 1960s - and in fact up until independence - the navy administered and supported the 'Coastwatcher' organisation in PNG. The famous wartime volunteer unit had been re-activated during the climate of strategic uncertainty that came with the Korean War in the 1950s. During my time there were perhaps 60 or 70 Coastwatcher stations in PNG and the adjacent British Solomon Islands Protectorate. Some were *kiaps*, most were planters, plantation managers, or traders. Many of the wartime operatives - Jack Read, Paul Mason, Lou Searle, 'Snowy' Rhoades, Rod Marsland, 'Sandy' Sandford, Ben Hall and many others - were still in harness in New Britain and Bougainville for many years after the war ended. The main role of HMAS Banks was to visit each of the coastwatchers as often as possible (twice a year was the target, which we generally met) to cater for their needs, and to update their equipment and information base. It was a privilege to be able to meet and support so many fine citizens - but the downside was that they were all outstanding hosts, and the constant socialising sometimes posed severe threats to one's health. But I survived it; I came away after 2½ years unscathed, with lots of agreeable memories.

Apart from my memories of people and parties, I will retain always memories of that view from seaward. On my first approach to the Hermits in the Western Isles, I knew what was supposed to be there, and didn't quite believe it. But after we came in to the atoll through the south western entrance, the eminence slowly revealed itself, it really did exist: 'Wahlenberg', Rudolph Wahlen's whimsical castle on the hill top on Maron. That evening, I dined in its magnificent banquet hall. Later: one clear dark night we were en route from Buka Passage to Rabaul. Suddenly part of the western horizon reddened, then burst into crimson light. Mt Uluwan, 'The Father', perhaps a hundred miles away, on the other side of New Britain from us, was in eruption; it continued all night. Elsewhere: off the Huon Peninsula north of Finschhafen, the way those huge, serried, grassy, horizontal benches rose in steps from the sea, old coastlines riven by vertical fissures and marching to heaven in the clouds 10,000 feet above, jolted the senses and left an indelible mark. And further south: occasionally, at the change of seasons, the cloud lifts from the Owen Stanleys overnight. Just before dawn, offshore from Port Moresby, or perhaps off the north Papuan coast round Wanigela, in the growing light you see that great mountain chain sharp and clear as dark crystal, almost translucent, jagged and beautiful. Within the hour, the cloud comes down, and it's gone. The view from seaward stays with me when other memories fade.

[If you would like to contact Jerry, his email is: jlattin@bigpond.net.au] •

BILL GUEST REMEMBERED by Graham Taylor

I experienced more than a twinge of sadness when I read Annette Ross' account of her pilgrimage to the battle grounds of Isurava and Kokoda where she spread the ashes of her father Sergt Major Bill Guest. Sadness on three counts.

I first met Bill Guest when I was the resident Kiap at Vanimo. He arrived with his Company of PIR soldiers from the Taurama Barracks in Port Moresby. They were to play a role in the construction of the joint Australian/PNG Advanced Defence Base at Vanimo.

Bill and I developed a close working relationship and personal friendship. We joined forces to ensure that the interfacing of PIR soldiers and the rest of the Vanimo community proceeded smoothly. As indeed it did. Bill and I shared many late night dinners and philosophical excursions at my house Kiap or his Army Mess.

On the occasion of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth 11 the Administration decided that remote outstations should join with provincial centres and stage special celebrations. My DC, Alan Timperley, generously allocated me a stipend of Ten Pounds with which to stage such a celebration at Vanimo. I was left to my own devices when it came to planning and implementing the events.

I sent out an edict to the villagers west of Vanimo up to the Dutch border, eastwards down to Sissano, and into the adjacent hinterland commanding their presence for the celebrations. I invited them to come for at least a day, to bring with them food, ceremonial gear and to participate in the programme. There was loyal response, hundreds of villagers drifted into the station from all over the region well prepared for a sleep-over...

Bill and I decided that what we needed was a Vanimo version of the Edinburgh Military Tattoo. We devised a programme in three parts. The first was a mid-morning military display.involving parade drills, counter marching, weapons handling, firing sundry flares and rockets and detonating minor explosions capped by a formal parade of PIR and my RPNGC policemen, the raising of a flag accompanied by stirring bugle calls, reading a Proclamation of Loyalty to the Queen, the firing of royal salutes and a final march past.

The afternoon programme involved every major and minor sporting event we could think of. We scheduled pillow fighting, three legged races, a version of egg and spoon races, sack races, archery, spear throwing etc all of which attracted young and old alike. We then had high jumps, long jumps, broad jumps and short and long foot races and relays . The big event was a mini-marathon foot race up and down the airstrip and around the headland the prize for which was "a fuse of shillings", ie. half of my budget. Bill acted as official starter for these events while Father Raymond Quirk (later PIR Chaplain at Taurama) acted as the official judge. It was deemed that the honesty of a man of God was required at the finishing lines.

Late in the afternoon people began to light fires in and around the station precinct. A great feast was in the making. There were a number of pigs, some of which I had bought with station money, baskets of fish, and loads of fruit and vegetables. From the Government Store I donated various bags of rice, cartons of bully beef, and other ration items Bill, I think, squeezed a few rations out of his quartermaster's store.

The Administration had also decided that as the sun set a relay of bonfires should be lit on prominent coastal headlands. At Vanimo we built a huge bonfire pile high up on the headland above the station. As soon as our fire-watchers saw a flicker of flame from a headland to the east they lit our fire which generated a great deal of cheering down below..

The evening got off to a flying start as villagers first ate their rations and then gathering in small groups began competitive singing and dancing up and down the length of the airstrip. Dozens of Kundus and a couple of Garamuts belted out in to the night along with the chanting of the menfolk and the screeching of the women and children. It was Opera, Papua New Guinea style in full swing. I had hoped that physical exhaustion might bring an end to these joyful festivities around about midnight but some hardy souls belted on until sunrise.

The event was a huge success. There were no breaches of the peace. The locals had never seen such excitement at Vanimo. It would be long remembered. QE11 would have been pleased!!

Fifty years later I received a letter from Bill Guest asking whether the Graham Taylor- the infrequent correspondent of *Una Voce*- was one and the same as the Kiap from Vanimo. I replied that it was and agreed to meet up with Bill at his home in KippaRing, on the outskirts of Brisbane, next time I was holidaying in Queensland.

When I finally called on him he was glad to see me. We acknowledged that we had much in common not only our experiences at Vanimo, but also the fact that in 1956/57 I was the Kiap at Kokoda where I patrolled the villages along the Kokoda Trail which Bill and his mates fought so valiantly to defend and recapture. We reminisced about the way both Vanimo and Kokoda had changed in the decades after the war. The fact that we were both much older of course and that Bill was clearly in failing health was no deterrent to our long and happy chat over afternoon tea. Bill proudly showed me though his downstairs 'New Guinea Room' which was a virtual museum of PNG memorabilia. I left this old soldier and good friend wondering whether I would ever meet up with him again.

Annette's account reminds me once again not only of the life and times of this brave soldier but also the fact that the Bill Guests of this world do not cross our paths very often. And when they do we owe it to them to remember them with affection, admiration, and gratitude.

**DONATIONS TO PNGAA COLLECTION, FRYER LIBRARY
THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND**
Dr Peter Cahill

Geoff Brazier (courtesy Gerry Bellis): copies of memoranda 1890-1892 between Sir William McGregor, Administrator of British New Guinea (subsequently Papua) and the Governor of Fiji concerning the recruitment of Fijian and Polynesian men for the nucleus of the Armed Native Constabulary of British New Guinea (subsequently Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary); several histories and reports; various photocopies from *Kumul* and *Papuan Villager*; photograph and biography of Sgt Major Bagita; photo of German New Guinea native police; Papua New Guinea Centenary 1884-1984 photographs of Captain A.W. Butterworth and Armed Native Constabulary, 1980s, also the Polizeitruppe (Armed Police) of German New Guinea (no date); on the development of the Constabulary; a history of the Band of the RPNGC; photos of the PNG Contingent at the Queen's Coronation 1953, new and old police uniforms, Dr Albert Hahl (Governor of German New Guinea), native police including Ludwig Somare; typescript "Death of a Graveyard" (European Cemetery near Hanuabada village, Port Moresby); booklet *Papua New Guinea National Law Week 1984*; booklet *Write your own history* by John Kolia (Collier).

Peter Villiers Best: maps (dyeline and printed): stratigraphy to be penetrated by a drilling rig to discover oil or gas; Six Mile/Matirogo/Murray Barracks/Badili/ Koki market area; Kila; Papuan Turf Club Course; Papuan Agricultural & Horticultural Society; Papua Turf Club yards; resurvey of Town of Samarai; Spectrum Resources NL Kwikila. Standard series maps (prepared by Australian Cartographic Company, Royal Australian Army Survey Corps, National Mapping Bureau) of various Papuan locales as well as Wabag (WHD) latter with notations by G.A.V. Stanley; map PNG Mining Prospecting Authorities; British Solomon Islands.

Adrian Geyle: CD *Currents and Customs Pts 1&2: Stories of a tribal kind* 1954; reprint of *Birds of New Guinea*. Illustrated from the Lithographs of John Gould with text by A.Rutgers. Methuen, London. 1970.

(the late) Lieutenant Ted Marr: 17 handwritten pages of recollections of Rabaul from August 1945 to June 1946. Photographs of **Ted Marr*** and **Don Herborn*** (separately), with captions, of missionaries released from Ramale pow camp near Kokopo; 2/4 Armoured Regiment tanks at Madang; General Sturdee at surrender talks with Japs, General Imamura signing Instrument of Surrender; Japanese tank handover at Rapopo Strip (Kokopo area); various photographs of light and medium tanks; Nip with sandwich board advertising Victory Loan, Rabaul; other Japanese officers and men; War Criminals Compound, Rabaul; Japanese waiting to be moved to Manus Island; views of them on board; Japanese repairing damaged airfield runway; unloading bombs for disposal; salvaging steel beams onto barge; torpedo dump; removing bombs and torpedoes from caves; cave entrance showing concrete reinforcing and torpedoes in foreground; aeroplane graveyard; wrecked Betty bombers; released Indian prisoners of war; the "Mess" at Tunnel Hill road; 25Kw searchlight at Kavieng; swivel-base gun near Toma Planteau; wreck of floating crane off Kokopo road; tanks being moved from Burma road area to foot of Tunnel Hill; wrecks in Blanche Bay and Simpsonhafen; panorama of Rabaul 1950s; native military police; Japanese

equipment (artillery, rifles; torpedoes, ‘woodpecker’ machine guns); general views of Rabaul, three volcanoes, Dawapia Rocks, Sulphur Creek/Rapindik area. **Warren Martin:** photographs (1949) Japanese wreck *Tenyu Maru* at end of Lae strip; beached Japanese ship 150 metres inland (?near Malahang); closer view of salvaged metal from this ship; small aircraft and four European men at grass strip Milne Bay area; ^one photo of dilapidated building with ARC CANTEEN sign Milne Bay area; ^two photos of long building with sign on apex P+S SENGERS with smaller building to right.

*Both these donations were previously noted in *Una Voce*, but are expanded here because of their importance.

^ can anyone identify where these buildings were?

At p.15 of the March, 2008, issue **Donations to the PNGAA Collection ...** the first entry should have been **Warren Martin**, not **Warren Best**. *Mi sori, Warren – head bilong me i raun.*

DIGITISING THE PNGAA COLLECTION

Doug Parrish (former President of the then ROAPNG) could not have imagined the way his idea for preserving written and photographic material of European former residents of Papua New Guinea would develop.

From a modest collection of photographs and a handful of letters and diaries the PNGAA (formerly ROAPNG) Collection held in the Fryer Library of The University of Queensland is now the fastest growing collection in that library and continues to attract local, national and international interest. Mr Parrish’s passion for preserving records of European involvement in Papua New Guinea is matched by the generosity of donors to the collection.

Items donated include family photographs of beach picnics; motor-cycling through the only-newly-opened Highlands; exploring wrecked Japanese vessels in Kavieng harbour and Lae’s foreshore; admiring the decorations of multitudinous singsings; attendance at functions for visiting royalty; proceedings of the House of Assembly in Port Moresby; Chinese trade stores and their never-absent customers; Catholic nuns teaching classes of Chinese and mixed-race children while others travelled the Sepik River by canoe to bring medical aid and comfort to native women and children; plantation scenes and the normal life and functions of ordinary people. There are pre- and post-war patrol reports, some with maps and photographs; reports of Japanese brutality, and their wartime influence on the native people of Buka, the Sepik and Rabaul/Kokopo areas; diaries of Mission doctors and pre-war gold prospectors in the Wau and Bulolo valleys; post-war road construction in Port Moresby; the building of a bush materials native hospital at Kandrian; pre-war logging at Mandres plantation; reports and submissions concerning compensation to be paid to European public servants as a result of Independence; the patrol which brought in the bodies of two kiaps murdered at Telefomin; and a definitive collection of material relating to ANGAU and its functions.

Various comprehensive sections of the collection are ripe for use by postgraduates and other researchers. PNG history is closely bound up with that of Australia as whole. Photographs and writings about the wars of 1914-18 and 1939-45, which had such a profound and devastating effect on Papua New Guinea, provide a background which show how, in common with other former colonies, it underwent significant change in the progress towards independence.

Fryer Library attracts many visitors to look at photographs and other material and reminisce on the '*gutpela taim bipo*', or as one B4 put it – the 'namubleedin'herea' years. A chance comment over a cup of coffee (or, more probably, a cold beer!) often led to a donation of items that would probably otherwise be thrown out. The material is then preserved for future generations of readers and researchers for whom its value is extremely high as is its sentimental value to those who come, look and remember.

Thanks to the generosity of the Executive of the PNGAA, funds are being made available to digitise the collection and place it on The University of Queensland's Espace repository, a website which allows access to researchers world wide. This will undoubtedly increase interest and may lead to more donations.

After analysing the collection four subject areas were selected for trial digitisation. In no particular order these are: *Patrol Reports*, ANGAU, *Oil & Gold Mining* and *European lifestyles*. Each broad heading includes others. For example, *European lifestyles* looks at life in major and minor centres, preparation for functions and ceremonies, close contact with native peoples as workers or neighbours, medical and education facilities and those who work in them, the amiable relations between the various Christian Missions, the sense of justice and safety offered by the Australian government as shown by the excitement of a patrol visiting a village for a census count, or simply to let villagers keep in touch with kiaps.

As funds become available more of the PNGAA Collection will be gradually transferred onto The University of Queensland's website and be more readily available worldwide to researchers, or those simply interested in the rich history of Australia's relations with Papua New Guinea.

The process of listing this expanding collection in detail is ongoing. To see more details however visit the University of Queensland Library website <http://www.library.uq.edu.au/> Type 'Papua New Guinea Association' into the keyword search on the catalogue. The first item that you get says 'Papers' click on there and click on the 'A full description of the contents of this collection' for more detail.

Mark Cryle
Manager, Fryer Library

*If you would like to make a donation to the Fryer Library please contact Dr Peter Cahill on phone number is 07-3371 4794 or email:
p.cahill@uqconnect.net.*

HELP WANTED

Warren Martin has some photos of a trip taken around 1950 on the Seventh-Day mission boat, the *Malalagi*, from Emirau to Tench Island (Nusi) with **Tom Walls, then with WR Carpenters**. Warren would like to pass these on to the Walls family if anyone knows their contact please. Please contact Warren at 15 Strone Avenue, Wahroonga. NSW 2076 or phone: 9489 5907

* * *

Is there anyone out there that can tell me what **Coastwatcher Lt. Commander Hugh Mackenzie was doing from about April 1944 to the end of the war please?** I have gathered information on R351 **Warrant Officer Raymond Martin**, 'M' special unit AIB, (Raymon of Kanapit Village, New Ireland), the only local buried in Namatanai cemetery, but official Army records for him show almost nothing. Martin was on a boat with escaping Aussies from Namatanai in February 1942, on Guadalcanal with Mackenzie for 14 months then 2 months with Harry Murray, inserted into New Ireland late 1943 and arriving in Brisbane at Xmas 1943. There the trail goes cold except that he was probably with Mackenzie and had an Oak Leaf cluster on his medals indicating a MID. He surfaced again on board the HMAS Swan when the surrender of the Japanese on New Ireland happened on 19th September 1945.

Info regarding Mackenzie or Martin's movements between April 1944 to September 1945 would be appreciated and can be sent to Box 86, Kavieng, PNG or to pmcewan@global.net.pg Thanks, Jim Ridges.

* * *

Could anyone provide a contact for the scout movement in PNG if it is still operating? I would also like to contact Bronwyn (nee Jackman), daughter of Harry and Norma Jackman, if possible. I have some film involving her family she may be interested in. If you have information which could help please contact Ron Storer at: Ph: 08 83635314 or PO Box 440, Stepney SA 5169, or email: ron4jos@bigpond.net.au.

* * *

If anyone has any knowledge of **Adrian Matthews** or any members of the family could you please contact me at: 1/3 Nash Street, Gympie, QLD 4570 Phone: 07-5482 2767 or Email: midgery@spiderweb.com.au. I understand Adrian was a medical orderly. I would like to pass some papers on to the family. Thank you to all the helpful readers of *Una Voce*. Marjorie J.Head

* * *

Mr Albert Speer MBE is anxious to contact **Miss Dale Murphy** who is a nurse, possibly now retired. Dale is the daughter of a famous coastwatcher, **Capt. John Murphy**, who was held as a prisoner of the Japanese and released at war's end. Anyone with information, please contact Albert Speer on telephone 02-94381120 or email: biscospeer@yahoo.com

Mr Albert Speer MBE also seeks any information from readers who may assist in locating confirmation of date of death of **Mr. George Barry Allen** - about September 1998 in Queensland , refer *Una Voce* No. 4, December 2000.

Before Mr. Allen's death he published in the Post Courier, Port Moresby, date unknown, **an article related to the establishment of the Memorial Park replacement of the Memorial Cemetery opened at Popondetta by the Hon. Paul Hasluck, MP on the 24/11/1952**. If you have a copy of this article or any other information concerning the Memorial Park at Popondetta, please contact Mr Speer on phone/fax: 02-94381120, email: biscospeer@yahoo.com or by post: 21/163 Willoughby Road , Naremburn, NSW 2065.'

BOOK NEWS and REVIEWS

Fred Archer: Man of the Islands by **Mary Archer Roberts**
ISBN9780977592517. 482 pages, illustrations, hard cover. Available from the publisher, David M.Roberts, PO Box 776 Mudgeeraba, Qld 4213 (Email: fullsteamahed@bigpond.com). \$87 plus \$10 postage within Australia, \$15 elsewhere.

There wouldn't be a surviving Before, or a sizeable hunk of post-war expats, who haven't heard of Fred Archer, the subject of this book by his niece, Mary Roberts – although Fred died in 1977 at 86 (and Mary died last November, just weeks before the book appeared). She was inspired to write his story after the discovery of copies of his letters stored away in an old, green tin trunk in her box room.

It records how Fred went to New Guinea from Queensland in 1922 after World War I service, became a plantation overseer and manager of expropriated German plantations for the Expro Board, before buying a plantation, Jame, in Bougainville and investing in other properties. After serving in various capacities during the war, he "retired" to Rabaul in 1960, a well-known identity and raconteur, active in business ventures and, as always, an incurable writer of letters to companies, local authorities, governments, newspapers, friends – expressing his views or wants.

Fred Archer: Man of the Islands is self-published in a run of only 50 copies, some already taken by friends and family, so clearly it's a labour of love, not necessarily expected to return its production costs but rather a family tribute to Fred's life. This has resulted in the book's tone, one almost of idolatry for a "wise...gallant and courageous man". Despite that, and some faults including misspelled names and a useless index, this account of Fred's active life in various parts of New Guinea is certainly better than none at all. It confirms Fred was tough, disciplined and determined to make good in the islands, like many other men who returned from World War I. He pulled his weight and contributed his share to New Guinea's development. And although personal frugality was a way of life for Fred (many a humorous tale of this idiosyncrasy is told to this day), when later he was able to afford it he provided huge sums for charities and other altruistic purposes, without fanfare.

It's to be regretted that Mary's account unfairly attacks the reputation of the late Jack Read, ADO on Bougainville when Japan struck, as being "a naval man, overbearing, self-assured ... impatient of civilians, more especially those who could have left the islands earlier when the boats were available, but had refused to go...a 'Little Admiral' who turned a blind eye to reality." Read, later PNG's Senior Native Lands Commissioner, was not "a naval man", but a kiap for 12 years before his Buka Passage posting, who unexpectedly found himself establishing and directing Coastwatching activities on Bougainville for the next 18 months after the DO and his staff had departed Kieta in a very great hurry, well before the Japs invaded. He was given a posting in the RAN Reserve as some sort of "protection" in enemy territory, and the continued presence on Bougainville of Fred, the Campbells and other expat families added to his problems. When Fred and the families eventually did recognise reality and sought escape, it was Read who organised it. He finished the war as an Army major.

Stuart Inder

Payback by John Bell ISBN 978 0 9802884 7 6 published by Info Publishing Pty Ltd 2008, 430pp plus embedded photographs. \$29.95 plus P&P. Contact John Bell at PO Box 40, Airlie Beach 4802, Qld
Ph: 07 49466558 or 0427 524045
email jcbell@bigpond.com or go to website www.johnbellbooks.com

Payback is a true story disguised as a novel. Based very closely on John Bell's own family history, it is set in New Guinea. But whereas the Bells didn't arrive in the Mandated Territory until 1926, the Williams family in the book took up residence in 1909.

The temptation for the reader in this book is to try and work out what is true and what is fiction, but this is a fruitless exercise. Much better just to lie back and enjoy the ride, and what a ride it is. Because most of the stories incorporated into the book are based on actual happenings, they have the ring of truth, no matter how outlandish they seem and it is this which keeps you glued to the page.

It begins with the start of a blood feud, a feud which will track through the entire book. The Williams family are living on a farm in the island known as New Ireland – a seemingly idyllic existence. But in the midst of the idyll, reality intrudes in the shape of the rape of a little Chinese girl by Karl Frederiksen and his cousin. When revenge is taken and Frederiksen is banished, he vows to pay back the Williams, who he blames for his downfall. He takes work on a Malay trepanger, inadvertently indenturing himself as a slave to harsh masters which only strengthens his resolve to get his own back. Back on the Williams farm tragedy strikes when Ethel, the only girl child, is taken by a crocodile while playing in the river. Despite this tragedy, the Williams family prospers and their four boys grow into fine young men, the threats made by Karl Frederiksen long forgotten. But the clouds are gathering and WWII is on the horizon. When war is declared in Europe, life in PNG is relatively unaffected. But the Japanese are on the move and when Singapore falls, PNG is next. The Williams already have extensive holdings in North Queensland and the women and children of the family are evacuated there. The harrowing tales of the Williams men who remain behind to protect their family fortunes are as disparate as they are engrossing. And who should emerge to do his worst and exact his payback but Karl Frederiksen.

Bell has produced a great read – tragic, funny, engaging and throwing a new light on our nearest neighbour, PNG. In a word: Engrossing

EXTRACT from book review by Mary Vernon, Townsville Bulletin, Weekend Extra, 01 March 2008.

Balus Tin Biskit, Pathfinders in New Guinea 1932-1936 by **Clarrie James** ISBN 978-0-646-48710-6 Written and published by the author 2008, 32pp booklet, 20 b/w photographs, many maps Cost: \$15 incl postage within Aust. Avbl after 12 July 2008 Please contact Clarrie James, 1/21 Moreton Street, Russell Vale NSW 2517 Phone: 02-4284 1900 Email: crjames@iinet.net

A special tribute and photographic record of Junkers aircraft in PNG. Aviation was evolving at the time the Junkers were creating history. A section is included with small excerpts from the author's book 'ANGAU One Man Law' illustrating the hazards of terrain and weather facing these aircraft, their occupants and their revolutionary use in moving supplies and equipment.

REUNIONS

Bigpela Pati PNG Reunion Gold Coast

Saturday 21 June 2008 6.30pm - 12 midnight.

Dress: Tropical Party *with planti bilas*

Tickets: \$75 each include South Pacific Lager and pre-dinner drinks on arrival, canapés and sumptuous buffet dinner - cash bar.

Seating areas will be clearly identified by geographical regions - no table numbers. Guests will be able to move around and socialise.

The major charity raffle prize is a trip for two, courtesy 'Airlines of PNG'. Many other giveaways and prizes.

RSVP: 01 June 2008 Emilie De la Cruz Ph: 07-5591 2703

Please book tickets online at: www.pngreunion.com or send Registration Form with either cheques made payable to 'PNG Bikpela Pati' or MasterCard and Visa details to: PO Box 384, Palm Beach. QLD 4221.

2008 Samarai & Milne Bay Reunion

26th-29th September at Gladstone, Central Queensland.

Please contact: Sharon Catford, Reunion Function, PO Box 569, Gladstone BC QLD 4680, phone 07-4978.2140. Email scatford@bigpond.net.au

Calling all EX and current New Irelanders .. .of PNG . . .

We are planning another New Ireland Reunion, to be held in February 2009, on the Gold Coast at Broadbeach, Queensland. Whether you are from Kavieng, the East Coast, the West Coast, the islands, Namatani, or beyond – we would love you to attend and catch up with some old friends!

Your organising committee consists of:

Tony Thomas – son of Syd and Bunny Thomas

Kathryn Meehan – daughter of Bill and Shirley Meehan

Rosalind Mansell – daughter of Pat and Peter Murray

Anne Peters – daughter of Pat and Peter Murray.

If you are interested in attending, or just finding out more about it, please send your name, address, email address (if any), home phone number, and mobile phone number (if any) *as soon as possible* to:

Anne Peters at peters@tudogs.net.au OR 23 Palmer Street, Rocky Point NSW 2259.

Roz Mansell at d_r_mansell@bigpond.com.au 63 Kameruka Road, Northbridge, NSW, 2063

Kathryn Meehan at kmee@bigpond.com P.O. Box 105, SOUTH GRAFTON NSW 2460

Tony Thomas P O Box 840, North Lakes. Qld 4509

Email champjt@bigpond.net.au - 07 3886 5116, 0437 558391

Do you know anyone else who might be interested - other family members, NI neighbours, ex-work mates, previous kiaps, old friends . . .? Please pass on this information and ask them to contact us too.

MORESBY DEMONS DO IT AGAIN – IN MAROOCHYDORE THIS TIME By Henry Bodman

In earlier editions of *Una Voce* readers have learnt that the 60's were a very productive decade for the Port Moresby Australian Rules Football Club. After running third (last) in the competition for the first three years of the Papuan Australian National Football League (PANFL) 1960 saw the Demons crash through for their first of 7 premierships. In 1968 for the first time in Papuan Rules history the Demons achieved the double – Seniors and Reserve Grade competitions.., a good reason to have a 40th reunion.

In Maroochydore, on the weekend of the 15th and 16th March, 106 past Demon players and supporters gathered to remember the glory days. As always on these occasions, the best players were debated, the best marks and kicks were remembered and the many happy hours at the Boroko Sports Club were recalled. The kicks were longer, the marks higher and the margins greater than they ever could have been. Twelve of the 20 senior players of 1968 attended including the ever popular Kiliwi Nabo who now represents PNG in all of its International Bowling Competitions. Legends such as Jack Moffatt, Bill Vivian, Graeme "Moose" Tilyard, Terry Walsh, Ian Robertson, Brian Sherwood, Bob Goldsmith, Brian Pearce and John Stephens were there – most in need of a gallop. John Meiklejohn, John Dobson, John Leitch, Tony Haywood, Brian Mitchell, Peter Michael and Mick Maguire were others of the premiership teams to attend with a big contingent from Western Australia. Of interest were the 'ankle biters' of 1968 – now close to, or over, 40 years of age with 'kids' from the Pearce, Leitch, Maconachy, Collins and Bodman families there in force – even a couple of grand children came to see what it was all about.

A feature of the weekend was the unveiling of the club's Honour Board covering the years from 1956 to 1975. This was possible due to the diligence and persistence of Bill Vivian who researched the necessary details – the original Board going up in flames in recent years when the Boroko Sports Club was demolished by fire.

Such was the enthusiasm of the weekend that Moresby's first 50th Anniversary (1960 Premiership) will be celebrated in Canberra in 2010 with Jack Moffatt at the tiller. Anyone keen to re-establish contact with 'The Demons' can do so by directing their enquiry to Henry Bodman on hmacdb@ozemail.com.au or at 37 Norman St FIG TREE POCKET Q 4069

Margaret Paesslar (nee Ivey) of Stuhr Germany sent us the following from a newspaper article dated 30 November 1968:

Council Makes Rule about Bride Prices

The Gazelle Local Government Council in the East New Britain District has made a rule about bride prices, or pay for buying a wife. The Council rule says that the pay for a bride should not be more than 100 fathoms of shell money or \$300 in Australian money. The Council agreed that if people ask for a bride price which is higher than 100 fathoms of shell money or \$300, then they should be taken to court. The Executive Committee of the Council came up with the idea of setting a limit on the bride price and the whole Council agreed with the idea. Some of the Councillors who spoke at the meeting said that they must mark the bride price at \$300 because now, young women who have been to school wanted to marry educated men from other districts. This is difficult because the young men have no shell money to pay as bride prices. They have only cash.

ULAVIO PLANTATION RIOTS, NEW BRITAIN 1972

by Mike BAKER

In 1972 I was a Police Inspector with the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary attached to the Criminal Investigation Branch and stationed in Rabaul, New Britain. I was only young and relatively inexperienced compared with other officers attached to the unit. There were four European officers attached to the branch and each officer had four indigenous detectives allocated to him. We used to take alternate weeks to be 'on call'.

Before I tell this story I need to explain the times. There were no scenes of crime examiners, no DNA experts, and limited access to forensic services. If an item needed to be examined forensically we had to personally take the item to Brisbane and wait sometime before we received a response. Even then the services provided were extremely limited compared to what is available to-day. Communications were limited to telephone landlines and radios in our vehicles. No mobile phones, no portable radios. Even the car radios were unreliable when you were a distance away from the base.

As detectives we had to work the old fashioned way. Hard, painstaking slog of interviewing witnesses, trying our best to find some evidence to convict villains. This had its problems. With many group offences eg riots, any prospective witnesses were also offenders and often reluctant to give evidence as they would receive retribution from offenders and their relatives. Our local detectives were invaluable in gathering information and encouraging witnesses to come forward. Most of them were illiterate and relied on European officers to complete final interviews, sort the evidence and put a case together which would stand up in court.

One Friday night I was the on call CIB officer and we were having a few drinks in the Officer's Mess located behind the Rabaul Police Station. I received a call from the Police Officer in Charge of Kokopo Police Station advising that there had been a riot at ULAVIO Plantation, about 10 kilometres from Kokopo. Kokopo Police Station was staffed by one European officer and about 10 indigenous constables.

He told me that two groups of highlanders, Mendis and Taris had been working on the plantation as labourers (it was quite common for plantations to import labour from the Highlands). These people were quite unsophisticated and thought little of killing humans who they believe had wronged them. Traditionally, they did not like each other and had been involved in feuds going back many years.

The Officer told me that there had been a big fight at the plantation with some people injured and some dead. The plantation manager had managed to round up one group, put them on a truck and transport them to a compound in Rabaul. It was late at night and there was not much I could do at that time so it was agreed that I would go to the plantation the following day, Saturday. With the fighting over, it was a matter of trying to work out who had done what to whom and whether there was any evidence to charge anyone.

Cont. ↗

The following morning I rang the boss, a bloke called Arthur Baker (no relative) and told him what had happened. He suggested I ring another officer, Harry Bryant, to see if he would come with me. We were all keen on getting a bit of overtime so, after telling him the situation, he agreed to come. Harry was an ex pommie copper and a good thief catcher. (He later went on to become Assistant Police Commissioner, Australian Federal Police) Harry had been in the Territory about nine months longer than I so, technically, he was senior to me.

Our issue weapons in those days were a short barrelled .38 pistol. Pretty useless unless at close range under ideal conditions and one had to be a good shot. (My weapons instructor in the Victoria Police had suggested to me that I would be better off throwing my weapon at an offender instead of trying to shoot him). For some unknown reason we took one pistol with us. Not sure what we were going to do with it but it gave us some comfort at the time.

When we arrived at Ulaveo we were confronted with a large number of the remaining labourers, armed to the teeth with axes, bush knives and spears. They were clearly excited and were on the warpath. We managed to stop them and speak to the leader to try and find out what was going on. Another situation had arisen. It turned out that one of the opposing tribe, not involved in the fight, had been innocently walking through the plantation earlier that morning when confronted by the warriors. He had taken off and hidden in the plantation manager's house. On further discussion it was ascertained that the remaining warriors believed that the numbers of dead on each side were not equal and that they had to kill this bloke to even up the score. We explained that we could not allow them to kill him and, if they did, we would have to take them to jail. They had a pow-wow for sometime and after about 15 minutes the leader came up to us and said in *pidgin*, 'We will go to the house, kill this man, come back and you can take us to jail'.

This was the sight that greeted us upon our arrival:

I said to Harry, 'You are the senior man, what the hell do we do now?' The closest backup of any sort of force were the riot squads located at Tomaringa, some one



hour's drive away. Even if we wanted to contact them we could not as we were out of radio range. Harry suggested that one of us try and talk the warriors into returning to their compound where the issue could be further talked over. They were great ones for spending large amounts of time discussing issues. The other one was to go to the house, grab the guy inside, hide him in the boot of the car and take him to Kokopo Police Station for safekeeping. Whilst there the Riot Squad at Tomaringa could be contacted and asked to attend. We tossed a coin and I lost... I won the pow-wow.

After the group agreed to the pow-wow, I set off down a track through the plantation with about 50 of them trailing behind me. I kept waiting for the pain of a spear entering my back but fortunately it didn't happen. When we arrived at the compound they found me a four gallon drum to sit on to hold court with them. They were still fully armed and could have overpowered me anytime they liked. We commenced talking about what had happened the night before. Asking them who had been in the fight, they all put their hands up. I asked them if anyone had killed anyone and no hands went up but they were quick to tell me that a couple of their guys had been killed.

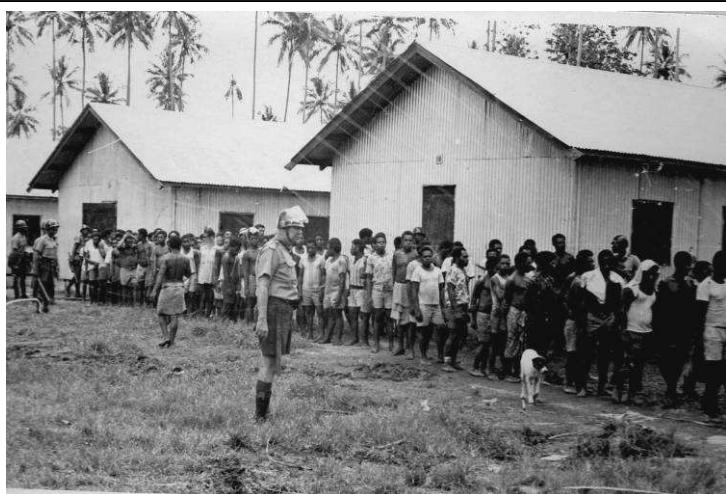
After what seemed like an eternity I heard the trucks with the riot squad arrive and, to my relief, Harry was with them. They commenced to disarm the warriors and load their weapons into utilities. See photo: A head count showed there were 50 of them. There were not enough vehicles to transport them to Kokopo Police



Station so we decided to march them three abreast for the 10ks or so with the riot squad police guarding and accompanying them. At this point I need to explain the facilities available to us at Kokopo Police Station. It had some cells which, at a tight squeeze, would hold about 20 people if they were friendly with each other. Kokopo Police Station was tiny with a small general room with two desks, two decrepit old manual Remington typewriters and a small OIC office. No airconditioning, no fancy computers.

Sometime later the tribe arrived at the station. A head count found we now had 51 instead of the 50 we started with. After much talk one man put his hand up and said that he had seen the group walking along and thought they might have been going to a party so he joined in. We despatched him back to where he had come from.

Next came the job of processing them. Each person had to be interviewed individually to see whether he had been in the fight and whether he may have killed someone. We knew there would be no independent witnesses and no



The march to Kokopo

their own names and often had three names, their Christian name, their father's name and their village name. Sometimes they used all their names or sometimes only one, depending on their whim.

Under normal circumstances each person would be charged separately and a separate charge sheet outlining the date, time, nature of the charge etc would be completed. Because of lack of resources we decided that we would start interviewing them one by one and we would put ten persons on each charge sheet. We commenced the interview process and it was as hot as hell. Our offenders were not known for their hygiene and it was not long before the room smelt shocking. We patiently interviewed all of them, wrote their names on a tag and pinned it on their shirt. They were threatened with all sorts of bad things if they removed the tag. We laboriously typed up all the briefs. Five briefs with ten names on each. It was slow going doing the interviews as not all of them spoke *pidgin*, many of them only spoke their village dialect. We had to find an interpreter to interpret from village dialect to *pidgin*, and then Harry and I would translate to English for the court documents.

We finished the process about 5pm that night and were again confronted with another dilemma. There was not enough space in the cells to hold all the offenders until normal court on the Monday. Corrective services would not accept them without a warrant, so it was decided to contact the local magistrate and see if he would hold an emergency court to process them that night. He was an indigenous bloke and agreed to our request. We briefed him on what happened and opened court, with me prosecuting. The first batch of ten was brought before him. He read the charge and basically said, 'You have all been in a fight where some people were killed. How do you plead?'

The first bloke pleaded not guilty and so the others all followed, entering not guilty pleas. I was quite alarmed as I was well aware that we had no hope of convicting them on a not guilty trial. I asked the magistrate for a short adjournment and spoke to the group. I told them that they had admitted being in the fight and asked why they were pleading not guilty. The leader explained that he would admit to being in the fight but, because the magistrate was indicating that he had killed someone, he was pleading not guilty.

forensics, so the only way to find out whether anyone had killed anyone was to ask them. The other problem that faced us was that when multiple people strike one person, how do you work out which blow killed the deceased?

Another problem we faced was identifying each offender. They were all illiterate, could not write

I had a quick meeting with the magistrate and asked him to reword the charge and not include the bit about murdering someone. He agreed and all of them then pleaded guilty. They were given six months jail. This was repeated a further four times until all of them had been convicted and sentenced to six months jail.

It was getting quite late by this time, about 10pm. We knew that we could not keep them at Kokopo and the jail would only accept them if they were accompanied by individual warrants. There were no administration staff so Harry and I sat down on the trusty Remingtons and typed 50 warrants. We then had to get the magistrate out of the pub to come and sign them. He had gone to 'wet his whistle' while we did the work.

Relieved when this was all over, we carefully started loading the offenders onto trucks. Each one was called by name to make sure the warrant and the offender matched. We did not want the jail to send them back to us because of incorrect paperwork. Calling the very last bloke, we found his name, and the name on the warrant, did not match. We were absolutely wrecked by this time so we christened him, giving him a new name which was the name on the warrant. He was told that when he got to the other end he was to answer to that name. To this day I do not know who he was but he got six months in the slammer for his troubles.

Exhausted, we returned to Rabaul, only to be told that we had to process the other group the next day. We turned up early to start the process again and were met with the following sight. See photo:

The above yarn may seem a little unorthodox by today's standards but we did not have much choice given the numbers we were dealing with. In most modern investigations involving groups of offenders two detectives would be assigned to each offender. We did not have that luxury and did the best we could under the circumstances. Was justice served? I will leave that up to you to make up your mind.



EXPLORING THE JIMI VALLEY by Paul Ryan

In the late 1960s it seemed as though the valley of the Jimi River had been forgotten; a small part of Papua New Guinea largely passed over in the development process and progression into the modern world. Located on the northern fringes of the Western Highlands, where considerable outside investment had been made since the early 1950s, the people of the Jimi Valley were stuck in an otherwise bygone era. There were no roads into or in the valley and no towns, with the people living in small villages on the higher ground, where there was less chance of suffering from malaria. It was only a matter of a few years since the people had first made contact with 'white men'. General administration as well as law and order was undertaken by a patrol officer who was based at Tabibuga patrol post, situated on a ridge at the eastern end of the valley. This was served by light planes landing at an airstrip carved into the side of the ridge and only approachable in one direction.

The people of the Jimi Valley were really not far removed from the stone age, having acquired steel axes and knives only in the last decade, and, as we found, were still without files to sharpen such implements, in many cases. In fact, the area was well known for its stone axes; both the shorter, better balanced utility axe, which was actually used for chopping, and the more ornate and counterbalanced ceremonial axe, which was used for compensation and as part of a bride price.

At a later date, during our timber inventory of the Valley, we acquired several of these latter type axes. Our first Minister of Forests, Siwi Karundo, a man from Chimbu, in the Highlands, happened to be visiting our base camp, and so we asked him the worth of these axes. He thought for a moment, then said, in *tok pidgin*, 'if you had twelve of such axes, plus about twenty mother of pearl shell, plus fifteen pigs, it would be enough to purchase a bride like that', and pointed to the Playboy centre fold for Miss March we had pinned to the wall.

In 1968 the Forestry Department decided that the forest resources in the Jimi Valley should be acquired for potential logging operations. Apparently, this decision came about because the Director of Forests at the time was flying over the valley, en-route from Madang on the north coast when he noted that there were quantities of Araucaria (Klinkii) pine present, a species that was quite valued for use in plywood. The timber rights purchase was then carried out, with considerable sums of money being flown in by helicopter and light plane and paid out to the locals, who really had no idea of the value of their resource and very little concept of the value of the money with which they were being paid. Their main concern was that the money be in coin, not paper notes, as the latter tended to deteriorate quickly when kept in the village. The down payment for the timber rights given to these people by the government some months earlier amounted to approximately Australian \$80,000. However, it really only represented a fraction of the royalty that should have been paid to the landowners for their trees when such trees were eventually cut.

So it was that I found myself and Bob McKeowen, a friend and draftsman, being deposited by helicopter on a rocky bend in the Jimi River around mid 1968.

The Department had decided, that, having bought the timber rights, they had better find out the extent and nature of the resource. I was to eventually manage the inventory of the forests there. However, we first had to decide how we would tackle the job, given the fact that we had to assess both the Araucaria (*klinkii* pine) as well as other merchantable species in the forest; obtaining a sample that would give a reasonable estimate of the volume of both sorts of trees.

We set up our tent fly in thick forest near the Jimi River and set out for a quick recce of the nearby area. Not far from our camp site we came across, what appeared to be a road in the middle of this jungle. This wasn't just scrub, it was high forest, and trees up to 70 centimetres diameter and 40 meters high had been felled to create a 20 meter wide swath for a right-of-way over several kilometres, and a basic road form had then been constructed, entirely by hand. You could have driven a Landrover down it, at least to the nearest decent water course. They hadn't mastered the art of building road bridges so there were no bridges. On the other hand the local people were very adept at building cane bridges across quite wide waterways and it was quite an experience to negotiate one's way across this wildly swinging structure on a narrow footing of bamboo while clinging to the rattan cables and trying to avoid being mesmerized by the rushing river some 20 meters below.

At our camp site we were soon joined by some of the local inhabitants who were quite interested in what we were doing. We managed to explain this to them through a mixture of *tok pidgin* and gestures. Then we asked them about the road and gathered from them that it was built by the local villagers so 'that the cargo could come' and it extended most of the way down the valley, a distance of about twenty kilometres.

Having finished our conversation, the villagers just sat on their heels and watched us with a quiet curiosity, as we unpacked and set up our beds. Dinner was started before dark so that we could see what we were doing and we had a wonderful meal, while sitting on the stones of the riverbed. Everything is relative, of course, and it certainly wasn't high-class cuisine. But for the bush it was great. First off was a sherry or two out of the same mug from which we then had some soup and finally Milo after downing tinned stew and rice. The villagers pounced on any empty tins with glee, examining them with great interest, and then carrying them off for heavens knows what purpose.

Next morning the villagers were back again and asked if we had any files to sharpen their knives and axes. After some vigorous sharpening had taken place, they then proceeded to delightedly chop down a few medium sized trees in the vicinity to test the axes renewed cutting potential, regardless of where the trees fell. They offered to sell us fruit and vegetables, but when we asked about prices, it became obvious they had little knowledge of the value of the currency. So we agreed on some reasonable prices and proceeded to get a good store of fresh food to supplement our tinned diet.

Our work in the valley consisted of walking over as much of the area as possible to see how the forests were structured. As with a lot of lowland and mid-

montane forests in PNG, they were not virgin or climax forests, but rather advanced secondary forest. This was the result of shifting cultivation by the local forest dwellers, who had cut the patches of the forest down, possibly on a rotation of about 40 years, to plant their food gardens. However, some species, such as the Klinkii Pine and the denser or harder wood species were not felled during the shifting cultivation process and could be up to 3 or 400 years old.

During the subsequent inventory we saw graphic evidence of this cutting and regeneration of the forest in the trunk of a Klinkii Pine we had felled to test for defect and decay. The tree had its branches pruned when other trees grow beside it as do many species. However, when the surrounding trees are felled, shoots would then develop into new branches and this happened every time some local cultivator cleared the forest to make a vegie garden. What we saw in the 'biscuit' cut from the log several metres from the butt were branch stubs imbedded at different depths in the log. This provided a record of the dynamics of the forest surrounding this particular tree. It showed that, on average, clearings, presumably for crop gardens, had been made about every 40 years on about four or five occasions. The locals told us the pine was allowed to stand because it was believed to harbour the ghosts (*masalai*) of departed relatives.

The people were very short, almost pygmies, not being above five feet tall, and were dressed largely in clothes made from bush materials. For the men this consisted of a smooth bark belt into which was tucked a bunch of leaves over the rear end and a bunch of grass over the front. The women were dressed in a similar fashion, being bare breasted. A few individuals had pieces of western clothing, such as a shirt or shorts. Nobody wore anything on their feet. They were, generally, very friendly and prepared to help us as much as they could. From discussions with them and from the local patrol officer, we learnt that they had had a rough time of it over past generations and even today. Malaria had been rampant in the past and was still a major problem, particularly in the lower lying areas of the valley. It had decimated the population to such an extent that their numbers had been significantly reduced, possibly halved. By the 60s, despite the development that had occurred in the country, they had a difficult existence, being remote from any medical assistance as well as from ready access to goods or markets for any saleable products. They had only limited communication with the rest of PNG and virtually no communication with the rest of the world. Apart from the few modern tools they may have acquired from some distant trade store, their existence, as subsistence farmers and food gatherers, was probably much as it had been for centuries. They had no outside income, except for the money they received for the TRP, but then money couldn't buy much locally anyway. But as with the majority of Papua New Guineans they had their land...and their trees.

On the second day of our forest exploration, we had walked for some distance along the cargo road, towards the eastern end, when we came across a small group of men working industriously at clearing bush from the edge of the road. It was about mid morning and both they and we were sweating profusely from our exertions in the humid heat. We stopped to chat as they were interested in us and what we were doing, and we were interested in learning about them. In the course of the conversation, one of these fellows asked if we would like some

pawpaw that was growing on the side of the road. Of course we said we would love some. So he cut down a couple of fruit and cut these in quarters, taking out the seeds with his bush knife. Then, to my amazement and dismay, he proceeded to rub the pieces of pawpaw along his arms collecting the sweat on the fruit. He, then, proudly handed us the fruit to eat. I started to protest that I didn't like salt on my pawpaw, but it was too late, and, in any event it would have been a lack of courtesy to refuse. Both of us ate the fruit, putting on a brave face and expressed our sincere gratitude, knowing the honour they had paid us.

I hadn't seen this sort of practice before, but I had read about it. The act of covering the fruit with sweat was a way of preserving and recycling the salt that was available as salt was scarce in the area, there being no local source and no trade stores from which the locals could buy salt. Traditionally, I learnt, salt may have been traded with people from the coast, but this was not a common occurrence. So whatever salt was present, including that in the body, was preserved. I understand that, in some instances, urine was dried to obtain the salt, though I'm not sure how much would be present. As a child, I remember watching villagers buying goods in the local trade store and salt would be a major purchase, with some villagers putting fingers into the salt and licking them with relish before they left the store. The workers from the highlands on our forest plantations would also save their salt rations till they had a bundle weighing several kilograms to take home as a valuable prize.

Our reconnaissance of the Valley's forests meant moving camp every couple of days and here we used the locals as paid porters. We usually camped in villages, but here there were no *haus kiaps*, this being a relatively undeveloped area of the country, with almost no outside visitors, so we used our tent fly. Because of the need to live on higher ground away from the worst malaria mosquito areas most of the villages were situated on ridges where water was often only available a kilometre or two down the hillside. So for us to wash it was necessary to either walk down to a stream or rely on the small quantities of water that could be carried to the village. This was done in long tubes of bamboo. Washing could be a hilarious affair, with one of us holding on to the bamboo tube trying not to pour out too much water while the washee soaped himself up and then rinsed. And all the while a crowd of about ten villagers would watch fascinated at these strange antics. What caused even more wonder was when, on one occasion, we got a decent shower of rain, and both of us got out the soap and proceeded to have a shower then and there in an open area of the village. Of course we had to put on an act and play the fools for the crowd, probably giving them something to talk about for months.

When we moved into or near a village to stay the night we would be the centre of immense curiosity from all and sundry. Sometimes the old women would come up cooing and stroke our arms and legs, (we wore shorts) fascinated by the blonde hairs. I understood that in some parts it was customary for such people to greet strangers by grabbing their balls, but luckily we were not subjected to this dubious honour. After establishing our tent and as we then consulted our maps and notes about a dozen villagers, including many children would crowd around the entrance to the tent watching our every move and

quietly chatting amongst themselves, obviously discussing what we might be doing. These people had had very little contact with white people and we were objects of utmost fascination.

With all the walking we had been doing, I had developed a bad ulcer on one heel from what had been a couple of mosquito bites and it was being aggravated by my continuing to walk with my bush boots on. Now, I had been trained as a 'medical assistant' during a three week course at Port Moresby General Hospital. We had learnt to diagnose the major diseases, prescribe medicines, give injections, dress wounds and stitch up cuts, together with the usual St John's Ambulance First Aid. It was felt such training would be useful as we often found ourselves in isolated situations with large groups who may need immediate treatment before we could get them to a hospital. I put my training to use on quite a number of occasions, particularly for malaria and bad cuts that occurred with our inventory crews. However, it wasn't always easy when it came to treating myself.

For one of my colleagues I would have prescribed and given a course of penicillin by injection. However, I just couldn't get up the nerve to inject myself with the rather large bore needles that we carried, although I had seen one of my forestry colleagues do it. The alternative was to find a village medical aid who might be able to help, though I had my doubts as to his ability, or I could try and get Bob to do the honours, though he had never injected anything. However, I managed to avoid both of these alternatives by using a technique I had discovered for myself on earlier trips. After dinner at night I would bathe the wound in as hot water as I could stand. Now in these circumstances, particularly given the shortage of water, the best source was the remaining tea in the billy. By doing this for a few days and keeping a clean, well padded dressing on the ulcer when I walked, it slowly healed itself. Many years after I discovered that the tannin in the tea may have been beneficial in the cure.

We spent about a week in the valley before climbing back up the ridge to Tabibuga patrol post, from where we boarded a light plane and flew out to Mt. Hagen, the main town in the Western Highlands. Later in the year we were back, but this time with an inventory team to find out how much timber existed in the valley. We set up our base camp in the adjoining Baiyer River Valley and used a helicopter to fly in inventory parties. I made occasional trips back to the valley of the road to nowhere to check on the accuracy of the work being done and to get a better idea as to the nature of the forest.

Having gone through the laborious and costly exercise of measuring and valuing the timber in the Jimi Valley, after the rights to cut it had been purchased from the local people, the forest was still, largely intact many years later. There was no feasible access across the ranges of mountains that enclose the valley. But the people there still have their forest, unlike many other villagers in PNG who have seen their forests badly degraded by incompetent and careless logging of the few trees valued for export in return for short term financial gains.

THE INFLUENCE OF THEIR FATHERS by Laurie Le Fevre

What do Gabriel Babe, Rose Paulus and Christine Mangen have in common?

Answer? Their fathers are former Sergeants in the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary (RPNGC).

The RNPGC is one of a handful of Police services that can use the “Royal” adjective. It has a proud tradition in rural policing, in which the Sergeants have played a central role. The men who had risen to the senior NCO ranks had a richness of capabilities that were widely admired; they were leaders, diplomats, interpreters, and assessors of the local mood.*

And the Sergeants obviously made excellent fathers.

It seems to be a universal truth that a successful child will have chosen successful parents. Why the parents in these cases were successful is uncertain. Was it the occupational status, the drive to achieve, or the knowledge of what is necessary to navigate “the system”? Did it relate to the Sergeant being used to a position at the head of the table, to taking charge, to being the object of deferral by the other NCOs?

Gabriel Babe, Rose Paulus and Christine Mangen also have in common that they work or have worked at Tabubil in the Western Province. Their occupations are diverse, but their experience of achievement is common.

Gabriel Babe is from Kimbe in West New Britain. His father, Raki Magao, was a member of RPNGC in the 1960s. Gabriel is the third of four sons in the family. All are university graduates, and Gabriel speaks with great affection of the influence of his parents who encouraged the behaviour necessary for success.

A former member of the Logistics Team at Ok Tedi, Gabriel has an M Sc degree from the International Maritime College in Sweden, which he attended in 1997-98. He acquired his second European language – Swedish – while living in Sweden, although he had less use for it in the remote Star Mountains than his *mama tok ples* Nakanai, Tok Pisin, his Madang wife's language, Mauwake, or English.

Gabriel's early education at the Catholic Mission of the Sacred Heart at Laloka (Hoskins) was followed by his high schooling at Hoskins High School. Gabriel talks of the time he spent each day for six years walking to and from school as part of his investment in his education.

Gabriel's language is peppered with parables. It draws extensively and comfortably on the Catholic influence in his life, which is complemented by his West New Britain heritage.

Rose Paulus is the receptionist at Ok Tedi's Environmental Centre, and the daughter of former RPNGC Sergeant Paulus Yaregawa Haunje. Rose clearly remembers, and describes, her father's participation in the long patrols out of Telefomin thirty years ago. She was just a young girl at the time, but vividly recalls the occasions and the patrols to the West Papua border.

Rose Paulus is Telefol, and she talks of the sense of style of the Telefol – the *pasin*. . Her stylish braids emphasise her point about *pasin*. So does her use of her own personalised, stylish, chatty greeting in her e-mail auto-reply.

Rose explains the strong traditions of the Telefol, the close community, and the expectation that people will marry locally. Rose's some time child carer, Jenny, is also Telefol. Jenny's mother is a custodian of the traditional Telefol stories, and Jenny, chosen for the task, helped pass on the stories to the next generation.

Sergeant Paulus Yaregawa Haunje moved around regularly with his job, so young Rose also lived in Wewak, but returned later to Telefomin where she graduated from Telefomin High School in 1985.

Ambition took her to Mt Hagen where she attended the Mt Hagen Technical College, graduating as a secretary, then on to Goroka Technical College, graduating as a stenographer. She has worked Ok Tedi Mining Limited for 16 4 years. Her three children, Luey Junior, Vanessa and Tanya were all born at Tabubil.

Christine Mangen has what many will regard as the most important job at Starwest Constructions in Tabubil – she is the senior payroll clerk.

The daughter of Sergeant Mangen Numboin of Niagara village on the Sepik River, Christine saw a lot of Papua New Guinea as a child when her father was on postings to Hengenofi, Kainantu (where she was born), Madang, Ambunti, and Aitape.

Unlike Rose, Christine recalls few details of those days, except her father's good relationship with the kiaps. It is now twenty years since Mangen Numboin died, but he lives on in the values Christine and her two brothers and two sisters demonstrate.

Their mother, Mu, was from Sinasina in the Simbu Province, so two Papua New Guinea languages were spoken at home, plus English. Mangen Numboin did not live to experience all the achievements of his children, but Mu survived him by sixteen years, seeing the successes that Mangen missed.

Christine Mangen attended Business College, but an emerging awareness that she had a creative side, together with the independence her father had taught her, conspired to draw her to Arts College. (Is it common to all cultures that creative arts are not taken seriously, and that one needs something “to fall back on”?)

After studying acting and traditional and modern dance for two years, Christine taught drama and movement for another year. She was a member of the Wewak Raun Isi Art Theatre that in 1983 successfully brought the traditional Trobriand Island story “Sail of the Midnight Sun” to audiences around Papua New Guinea. Mangen Numboin was very proud of her achievement.

Now the mother of a son who is looking to his own career, Christine Mangen expresses all the concerns of today's parent. The protectiveness she learnt from her father has to be balanced with the need to let go.

Gabriel Babe, Rose Paulus and Christine Mangen have in common the experience of travelling extensively outside their country. They also have in common the pride of parents in the success of children.

*Among the many ways in which Papua New Guinea has honoured its Police, Papua was probably the first country to issue a postage stamp specifically featuring a Police officer. This was the Five Shilling black and olive-brown stamp that was issued in 1932 featuring Sgt-Major Simoi.

On the topic of Finintegu (cont.) Bob Blaikie writes -I was stationed at Minj in the Western Highlands from April 1956 to December 1957 as Patrol Officer and acting Assistant District Officer.

Peter Maxtone-Graham was developing his coffee plantation WATAWAHGI which was not far from Minj at this time and we became friends. He would often drop into my house for a cup of tea and I can clearly remember his racing round Minj on his 3 wheeled APE. The story about FININTEGU circulating at that time was that the RAAF DC3 was flying from Lae to Goroka. It was said that Qantas had offered the RAAF the services of a Qantas pilot to more or less show them the way but the RAAF declined the offer... The air traffic controllers in the tower at Goroka had a call from the RAAF aircraft informing them that it was on its final approach to Goroka airport. The controller looked out of his window but could see no sign of the RAAF plane. He is reputed to have told the RAAF that they might be on finals but not to Goroka. It was then that the DC3 landed at FININTEGU. ...It was believed that subsequent to this incident Peter MAXTONE-GRAHAM overnight painted FININTEGU on the roof of the hangar at Goroka. I had not heard that Brian Heagney was with him in this escapade. On more than one occasion I questioned Peter about his art work on the hangar roof but all I got was a twinkle in his eye, a cheeky grin and a twirling of his moustache. ...

Jack Fenton wrote to us with the following information: 'My wife and I spent many years in PNG in various forms of education but always with an interest in fabric printing. Since retiring we continue to print fabric lengths, cushion covers and laplaps all of which are based on traditional PNG designs. We have a small web site at www.malolofabrics.com where you will be able to see the sort of things we do. Because we are a small home-based operation we can provide a choice of colours or fabrics as required.' Jack Fenton can be contacted by email at: jackfenton@ledanet.com.au or ph: (61) 07- 40937647.

CRICKET TRAGICS' CORNER from Jim Toner

PNG's Under-19 cricket team this year did rather better than their seniors (eliminated last year from the 2010 World Cup in the first qualifying round) by actually getting to the finals of their own World Cup tournament in Kuala Lumpur. Unfortunately in the opening pool match they had to meet India which, with its team drawn from a billion-strong population, recorded the expected result. Never the less PNG then distinguished itself by reaching the semi-finals of the Plate competition held for world cricket's lesser lights. Sadly, instead of being drawn against Nepal or Namibia against whom they would have had a chance of victory and thus reach the Final they had to face the West Indies....

This Under-19 tournament has seen the likes of Brian Lara, Jayasuriya, Graeme Smith and Inzamam-ul-Haq playing for their respective nations so the young Papuans could feel privileged just to be taking part at this level. One of them, who might well attract attention outside his country in the future, is Tony Ura, the wicketkeeper-batsman. He hit 70 *kwiktaim* including eight 4s and three 6s against Bermuda, surely a model of an Adam Gilchrist innings.

India did become the world champions for this age group upon which their government awarded each team member the equivalent of \$40,000! Some of those young men are likely in the years ahead to be giving trouble to Australian Test teams and the name of one bowler to remember is Napoleon Einstein - as if anyone could forget it.

FIONA BLAKE AND THE QUEENSLAND KOKODA CHALLENGE

Fiona Blake, daughter of Charles and grand-daughter of Marjorie Blake, is taking part in the 2008 Queensland Kokoda Challenge on July 19 and 20, 2008. The Kokoda Challenge is a cross-country bushwalking team event where teams of 4 people trek a 96km course through the Gold Coast Hinterland within a 39 hour time limit. The route is full of rugged terrain and climbs totalling 5000 metres.

The event was designed to reflect the key elements of the Spirit of Kokoda - with 96km representing the actual distance of the Kokoda Track and the 39 hours symbolizing the 39th Militia who were the first of our Australian troops to arrive at Kokoda on 15th July 1942. Teams commit to raising at least \$1000 to help fund the cost of the Kokoda Challenge Youth Program, an early intervention program for young people from all walks of life which encourages them to learn the skills and values of discipline, tolerance, respect and self worth. Participants in the Youth Program culminate their 20 week training schedule by walking the actual Kokoda Track in Papua New Guinea. The Kokoda Challenge Association receives no Government funding and relies entirely on the success of the Kokoda Challenge to operate their youth program which makes a difference to the lives of many young Australians.

Fiona's team is aiming to raise \$2000 - \$3000 and she is seeking your assistance by making a fully tax deductible donation to the team through the Kokoda Challenge Online Donation facility or simply donating to her in person (receipts will be given). However if you are unable to donate but think you may be able to help raise money through your various networks, please let her know and she can send you a receipt book. Fiona's email: fionablake@onthenet.com.au

Info from www.kokodachallenge.com:

The Kokoda Challenge Association was established in January 2005 with two main aims;

To educate youth and raise general public awareness of the gallant victory by Australian soldiers in 1942 on the Kokoda Track in Papua New Guinea – a victory which undoubtedly saved Australia from Japanese occupation.

To identify young Australians who are at a crossroad and support them through a 12 month community counsel – The Kokoda Challenge Youth Program. This requires the participants selected to undertake a 12 month commitment to a community program, designed and supported by the Kokoda Challenge Association, which encourages participants to develop self-awareness within the wider community and prepare them for the challenges of life. The Kokoda Challenge Youth Program culminates in the participants using the skills and training to undertake the challenge of walking the Kokoda Track in Papua New Guinea.

If you would like to find out more or sponsor Fiona's team 'Wantoks - team number 121' please visit www.kokodachallenge.com/onlinedonation or simply visit the website www.kokodachallenge.com.

ATHLETIC PROWESS DIDN'T TAKE IN SWIMMING

by Richard Jones

PAPUA New Guinea produced many fine athletes during the 1960s and 70s, but few swimmers of any note. Unlike disciplines such as track and field, weight lifting, the football codes, softball, boxing and even lawn bowls where leading competitors mushroomed, the ranks of top class swimmers were decidedly slender.

Prime among those late sixties aquatic competitors who did excel in the pool were breaststroker Toby Tovitolon, freestyle exponent Oala Moi and the Mae Verave sisters from Marshall Lagoon in the Central District. Tovitolon captained the PNG swim team at Moresby's South Pacific Games in 1969.

Since then there have been a number of outstanding swimmers representing Papua New Guinea at international meets, not least among them Ryan Pini. He won gold in the 100m butterfly at the Melbourne Commonwealth Games in March, 2006. (Incidentally his mother, Sarenah Pini, was the manager of the PNG swim team in Melbourne).

Charlie Martin won eight medals - four of them gold - at the 1975 Guam South Pacific Games while Mark Hutchings fought on courageously to win the gruelling 1500 metres swim at the same meet.

Well before '75, head swimming coach Joe Kuth had assembled an impressive male team, headed by Neil Bostock (freestyle), Nigel Cluer (breaststroke) and Max Mowen (butterfly) for the 1969 Games. But these athletes all had expatriate connections. For instance Charlie Martin's father, Charles Martin senior, hailed from Great Britain. Readers might think this is a touch pedantic, but I'm concerned with swimmers with Papua New Guinean parents on both sides of the family here. It was always a surprise to me that the country didn't produce more local swimmers of note. On any given day in the country's coastal areas – school holidays or not - scores of children of all ages could be found leaping in and out of the sea. Now we all know that pool swimming demands real discipline. Countless hours of training. It's a demanding sport and I wrote in a full page Post-Courier feature article in December 1976, that perhaps the required strict training regimen discouraged many potential PNG swim stars.

Dedicated coaches can train youngsters in basic stroke skills and techniques, even for something as demanding as butterfly swimming. Once those techniques have been mastered thousands of laps need to be swum so that fitness and durability can be built up. The long, hard training grind might have been just too much for many aspiring Papua New Guinean teenagers.

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ACPSRO UPDATE – April 2008

Tim Terrell

Prior to the Commonwealth election last December, ACPSRO, in association with SCOA and DFWA undertook a substantial campaign aimed at seeking undertakings by the competing parties to change the method of indexing Commonwealth public sector retiree pensions from cost of living to average wage based indexation. The former Coalition Government had consistently rejected the strong case we had advanced, although there were a few individual Coalition members who were sympathetic.

Our campaign was targeted on 10 marginal Coalition seats and was probably at least partly responsible for all but one of those seats falling to Labor. This included the bell-whether seat of Eden Monaro, won by Mike Kelly who had displayed strong support for our case.

Among the arguments used in the campaign were the marked differences between the rates of increase of the pensions of former parliamentarians, age pensioners and public service and military pensioners. Since 1990, PS and military pensions increased by 60%, age pensions by just under 100% and parliamentary pensions by about 130%.

Since the election, ACPSRO, SCOA and DFWA have continued to work closely together through an informal coalition of the Canberra based representatives and officials of these organisations. The focus has been on stimulating action by the new Government to move on the indexation issue. This has had some positive effect, and we were pleased when the recent report of the Senate Community Affairs Committee recommended replacing the present indexation with average weekly earnings. However, our pleasure was tempered by the fact that this is the third Senate Committee report that has recommended to this effect in the last 8 years, so far without other result.

From a budgetary perspective now is not a good time to be pursuing our case. The Rudd Government has warned of a tough budget to come and the razor gang is very active. While the costs of the changes we are proposing are not nearly as great as they have been purported to be, we have so far been unable to extract reliable data from the Government on their costings. This remains a central issue in our campaign.

In summary, while we believe there is more sympathy for our case in the present Government than there was in its predecessor, it is important that we keep the pressure on, and ACPSRO and its colleagues have this as their highest priority.

BOOKS! On a recent visit to Rabaul I felt privileged to visit several schools; elementary, primary and secondary, in Kokopo, along with both the Nonga and Vunapope Hospitals. Conditions are not easy with Matupit erupting regularly. My friend Sandra, who took me around, is wonderful. She is a workaholic but clearly gives an enormous amount back to the community. The schools are desperate for books; **any school aged reading books (curriculum or general readers) or unused workbooks.** Sandra is happy to ship them to Rabaul and distribute them to schools. If you have books that would be suitable for any of the age groups, have contacts at book publishers who may be happy to help, or are involved with a book stall at your school or in your community which has books left over - please either contact or send them to me at 24 Melaleuca Drive, St Ives NSW 2075, Ph: 02-9449 4129 Email: editor@pngaa.net. If you are in Brisbane I can help you with a drop-off point there. Thank you.

Andrea Williams

VALE – With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends
William James ‘Jim’ GROSE OBE (23 January 2008, aged 81 years)

Jim spent his early years on a plantation in New Ireland. After schooling in Australia, some time in the RAAF and a stint at Sydney University studying civil engineering, he returned to New Guinea to help re-establish the family business which had been destroyed by the Japanese. There he met and married Diana Stanfield – the couple made their home at Kamiraba Plantation, Jim’s first plantation and the foundation of what was to become extensive business interests throughout New Ireland and also the New Guinea Highlands. Jim was developing a high profile in the community - he was elected to the first PNG House of Assembly in March 1964 but did not stand for a second term because of his numerous business and community commitments. Over the years he was President of the New Guinea Planters’ Association, Director of Westpac Bank PNG Ltd 1975-1991, Chairman of the Copra Marketing Board 1973-1985 and Deputy Chairman 1986-1989, and a member of the PNG Cocoa Industry Board. He was awarded an OBE in 1984. He was also very active in community organisations in Kavieng. In the early 1980s Jim and Diana began preparing for a new life in Australia but Jim wanted to ensure that the business survived and that the people of New Ireland would receive some benefit. After about five years of negotiating with the Commonwealth Development Corporation Jim successfully brokered a deal whereby CDC bought out most of the remaining private landholders in New Ireland. CDC then redeveloped and reinvigorated the plantations and today it is still a major contributor to the economic development of the New Ireland Province. In 1990 Jim and Diana moved to their farm at Alstonville - Jim entered into the life of the community and had a happy and fulfilling 17 years there. He is survived by his wife Diana and daughters Susan, Alison and Fiona.

Susan Stewart, Alison Grose and Fiona Arrowsmith

Lorna Stout (1 February 2008)

Lorna was born in Port Moresby. Her father, Jimmy James, was a pioneer in Papua, starting the first Pt Moresby newspaper. Lorna spent most of her life in PNG. She finished primary school and, like Pt Moresby children, then had to go to Australia for secondary boarding school. Lorna went to St Margaret’s in Brisbane. She worked for Burns Philp, married Gerry Johnston and lived in Pt Moresby until they moved to Sydney. Lorna moved to the Gold Coast on Gerry’s death and later she remarried Ron Stout.

NR Oakley

Margaret Ursula HARDING (22 January 2008, aged 71 years)

Margaret and her husband Bernard along with their small sons left Australia in 1969 for a new life in the PNG Highlands. In 1971 they moved to Bulolo, for two years. Bulolo had a swimming pool, and Margaret was instrumental in forming the Bulolo Amateur Swimming Club. After several more moves, the family settled in Rabaul in 1975. Through Margaret's tenacity the Rabaul Amateur Swimming Club began to evolve; she also began teaching swimming. She had a great sense of justice and a belief in multiculturalism - she fought hard for Chinese, indigenous and mixed-race people to be part of the pool scene. When tour ships visited Rabaul, Margaret and Bernard would invite tourists to stay with them and really see what Rabaul had to offer – this was the start of many wonderful friendships. After Bernard was tragically killed in Rabaul in 1992, Margaret settled in Alstonville and became actively involved in the Masters swimming, attending events around Australia. She was an official at the 2000 Paralympics in Sydney. Margaret is survived by four sons and seven grandchildren, and her sister.

James Holland JIM GILLMAN (16 November 2007)

Jim was born in Adelaide. In the early war years at the age of 17, he joined the Royal Australian Navy and served on Corvettes and Minesweepers in the South West Pacific Area, he was very proud of his wartime service.

Like a lot of young ex-servicemen he found it difficult to settle down to life in a big city. In 1947 he obtained employment as paymaster at the Darwin General Hospital and in 1949 joined the provisional administration of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea and started work in the Treasury Department. He was to serve as the officer in charge of the Salaries section and became the first Treasury Audit Inspector serving under Alec Edwards. He later became District Finance Officer Lae and then Rabaul. Jim left Treasury in 1961 and joined the Office of the Public Service Commissioner before joining the new Department of Civil Defence under Bill Johnston in the early 1970's.

In 1957, he married nursing sister Betty Brosnan in Port Moresby and they had two children, Elizabeth and Anthony who now live in Brisbane. Jim always considered himself a Treasury officer and had many friends in that Department. In later years before ill health overtook him, where possible, he attended Treasury reunions and gatherings. Jim gave a lot to the Development of the Territory and is sadly missed by all who knew him. Betty predeceased him in 1997.

Clive Troy

Ted MARR (17 February 2008)

Ted spent time in Rabaul from August 1945 to June 1946. His photographs of this era are now included in the PNGAA Collection with the Fryer Library and the University of Queensland. Please see page 17.

We hope to have further details in the September issue for:

Gwen BUNTING (2 April 2008, aged 94 years)**Ken HUMPHREYS (16 February 2008)****Hildegard JACKUS (20 March 2008)****Ken LOGAN (7 March 2008, aged 60 years)**

John Mansell BILTRIS (20 March 2008, aged 70 years)

John joined the Administration as a Cadet Patrol Officer on 27 February, 1961 and served at Gumine in Chimbu then in various parts of PNG in Local Government positions. John became town clerk of Lae in 1972 and returned to Australia in 1974. He was diagnosed with cancer two or three years ago and underwent treatment. A recent secondary diagnosis prompted him to make a farewell visit to Gumine in January before commencing new treatment. The people of Gumine, south of Kundiawa, were a big part of John's life. He had visited a couple of years earlier and then financed a reciprocal visit to Melbourne of John Dai and his wife. John Dai was the son of a very well-known traditional leader. Between them, the two Johns organised some small civic projects around Gumine including books for the school. Returning to Melbourne from his last visit he was quickly admitted to hospital where he remained until his death. John will not only be missed by his family and peers – he will be missed by the people of Gumine who held him in high esteem. He is survived by his wife Barbara and two children, Andrew and Fiona.

Chris Warrillow and Graham Pople

Dr Dorothy E SHAW (27 Aug 2007)

After graduating from Sydney University and doing a PhD in Canada, Dorothy became plant pathologist of the Dept of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries at Port Moresby and quickly established her reputation as a highly qualified expert in her field. She rapidly expanded her section by the appointment of several other plant pathologists to work on different crops and problems - she became the Principal Plant Pathologist. When coffee rust was discovered and identified in PNG, Dorothy took charge of the rust eradication campaign which was successful in preventing the spread of rust to the Highlands' coffee crops. Her reputation spread and a few years later she was invited by the Food & Agriculture Organisation of the UN to go to Central America and advise on measures to control and eradicate an outbreak of coffee rust in that region. She was secretary of the PNG Scientific Society from 1958 until her retirement and was instrumental in securing as speakers many distinguished visiting scientists to Port Moresby. She was also active in the scout movement, particularly in training Papuans for entry into scouting. She was awarded an MBE for promoting scouting in PNG. On her retirement from PNG she obtained a room in the laboratories of the Dept of Rural Industries in Brisbane, and during the entire period of her retirement, she worked in her office as if she were employed there. Her life was devoted to science and the protection of crops from dangerous plant diseases.

Gabriel Keleny

Mary Alicia ROBERTS (25 November 2007, aged 86 years)

Mary's link with PNG was through her uncle, Fred Archer. Fred's Australian base was with Mary who took him to meetings, visited friends and had acquaintances or business associates over.

She became very familiar with the Arni and Soma families of Wuvulu as Fred's relationship with the families grew firmer and as the families themselves grew.

David Roberts

Dimmen DE GRAAFF (30 June 2008, aged 92 years)

Dimmen had an adventurous life. As a young man he left Holland and migrated to South Africa. As WWII progressed, he joined the Dutch forces and fought the Japanese in the Netherlands East Indies – he became a prisoner of war and worked on the Thai-Burma railway. After the war he again went to South Africa but disagreed with the apartheid policies, so he migrated to Western Australia and then applied to work in PNG. In Port Moresby he became a curator for parks and gardens. The garden setting of the war memorial at Ela Beach and the Coronation Gardens next to the police station are testimony to his skill in designing and planting gardens. He planted shade trees along many streets. Later he joined the Dept of Agriculture where he supervised coffee factories at Lae and the District Agricultural Station near Kavieng. He left PNG just before Independence and settled in Canberra where he took an active interest in politics – he was a founding member of the Democrats and stood for both the Senate and the House of Representatives as the Democrat candidate in the Canberra electorate (he outperformed every other Democrat candidate in Australia). On moving to Brisbane he was very active in various community services until just before he died. His wife Pat predeceased him. He is survived by his daughters Judie and Maria.

Judie Gale and Maria Campbell

Patrick Francis KEOGH (2008, aged 71 years)

Patrick arrived at the Christian Brothers Community and Teachers College at Vuvu near Rabaul in Easter 1995 and immediately set to work reconstructing the college in the aftermath of the 1994 volcanic eruptions. Because he worked in technical subjects he would always help others with carpentry and maintenance too. After three years at Vuvu he was asked to manage the Mt Sion Centre for the Blind at Goroka as well as be community leader in the PNG Highlands. The community was mainly younger Melanesian Brothers in their early years after training. ‘As well as managing the centre and looking after his Brothers, he organised games after school for the visually impaired and hearing impaired children, took them swimming, held a dance every Saturday night, transported them to church every Sunday and supervised night study almost every night.’ The local people had a great respect and love for Patrick. On his return to Australia he moved to Wollongong to teach woodwork at a special school in Corrimal for children who had been rejected by other schools. He also taught English to those who needed assistance, and religion, in two other schools.

Info from SMH April 19-20, 2008

Margaret Wendy DUNKERLEY (7th March 2008 aged 67)

Wendy Dunkerley passed away at the Berkeley Vale Private Nursing Home, Berkley Vale, on the New South Wales Central Coast on 7th March after a long illness. Wendy was married to Neil Dunkerley, who served as a Patrol Officer from 1958 to January 1975 at Popondetta, Malalaua, The Sepik and Mt. Hagen. Neil had passed away on 27th June 1987.

They are survived by their sons, Philip (born in Sydney September 1963) and David (born Port Moresby July 1967) and their families.

Frank Haviland

Harley Rivers DICKINSON (April 2008, aged 69 years)

Harley revelled in being different. For example, while still at school he undertook the restoration of a Cobb & Co coach in very poor condition. He then gave it to the National Trust. He took a lifelong interest in it, and it is now part of the display at the State Museum where it is seen, appreciated and photographed by people from around the world. Soon after leaving school, Harley went to PNG as a Cadet Patrol Officer and served in the Sepik District. There he climbed Mt Fubalan later to become known as Ok Tedi, the biggest copper mine in New Guinea. He believed they were the first white men to crest Mt Fubalan. He then returned to Melbourne and studied law, then transferred to the ANU which is where he met his future wife, Nikki. He attended The Australian School of Pacific Administration in 1965, and was posted to Kokopo. He became Administrative Officer to the Gazelle Peninsular Local Government Council in Rabaul. After a period in Port Moresby, he became a full time Resident Magistrate, serving first at Popondetta, then at Mendi in the Southern Highlands. Here he was instrumental in introducing the first Village Courts, essentially handing back power and responsibility for law and order to the local people. On Independence Harley returned to Australia. He had long been interested in politics and in 1982 he won preselection for the seat of South Barwon and went on to win the seat. There followed 10 years of service during which time he always put the interests of his electorate first. After leaving politics, he resumed activities on the family farm, Mount Pleasant at Bannockburn, as well as many artistic and community interests. Harley is survived by his wife Nikki and children William, Catherin, George and Edward.

Joseph (Joe) Maurice BUCKETT (28 April, 2008 aged 75 years)

Joe was born in Lismore, NSW, the eldest of ten children. He was educated at Woodlawn Boys College, Lismore. He came to Port Moresby in 1955 aged 21 years and became a Permanent Overseas Officer in the Territory Administration of Papua New Guinea.

He rose to be a senior administrator with the Department of Education and was involved with the establishment of the Teaching Service Commission in the early 1970s under the first commissioner, Mr Alkan Tololo. He was very active in the sporting community of the town playing field hockey, squash and golf. Joe was a founding member and held a number of positions at the Port Moresby Golf Club originally at Badili and later at its present location in Waigani. He was an active, low handicap player and he became a life member of the club. In 1987, Joe became manager of Port Moresby Golf Club and oversaw many improvements to the clubhouse and course during his four years there. In 1991, he became manager of the Rabaul Golf Club and was in that position when the course was destroyed by the 1994 volcanic eruption. He was eventually forced to leave Rabaul due to effects of the sulphur concentrations in the air at the time. He went back to Port Moresby then returned to Brisbane. Joe went back to PNG in 1998 to take a position at the Bensbach Wilderness Lodge in the Western District. He was also instrumental in organising the 2005 PNG Golf Open. Joe is survived by his three daughters, Beverley, Roslyn and Nicole and their families.

Gerard Yip

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Mr R FAIRHALL	Middle Park
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Mr E M GODDEN	Sandstone Point
Mr R I HORNER	24 St James Approach
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WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mrs J R ALLCORN	100 Shirley Road, ROSEVILLE, NSW, 2069
Mrs Ann BECKETT	16 Ferguson Street, FORESTVILLE, NSW, 2087
Mrs June BECKETT	PO Box 4294, BAY VILLAGE, NSW, 2261
Mrs B BILTRIS	36 Ellenvale Avenue, PASCOE VALE SOUTH, VIC, 3044
Mr M C BISCOCHO	21/163 Willoughby Road, NAREMBURN, NSW, 2065
Mr L B BLATCHFORD	Unit 6 The Links, 39-47 Soorley St, TWEED HEADS SOUTH, 2486
Mr G J BOWDEN	8 Bedelia Way, HAMERSLEY, WA, 6022
Mrs Elizabeth BOWEN	68 Latrobe Street, BRISBANE, QLD, 4169
Mr E H BRUMBY	22 Rathmines Road, HAWTHORN EAST, VIC, 3123
Mr T CARTER	66 Chalk Street, LUTWYCHE, QLD, 4030
Mr C CAZABON	6 Johnson Place, FARRER, ACT, 2607
Mr T W CHAPMAN	1/6 Robina Grove, FORSTER, NSW, 2428
Mr Brian CHEUNG	75 Middle Harbour Road, LINDFIELD, NSW, 2070

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS (Cont.)

Mr R H COCHRANE	13 Circulo Drive, COPACABANA, NSW, 2251
Mr P COMERFORD	233 Woy Woy Road, HORSFIELD BAY, NSW, 2256
Mr J J CRAINEAN	3/3 Fulton Street, WISHART, QLD, 4122
Mr Ian DOUGLAS	201 Landsborough-Maleny Road, LANDSBOROUGH, QLD, 4550
Mr M DUNCAN	7 Margaret Street, HORSHAM, VIC, 3400
Mr D C EKINS	4 Wellington Street, RICHMOND, TAS, 7025
Mr M J FREEMAN	2/38 Lurnea Crescent, VALENTINE, NSW, 2280
Mrs J GALE	32 Coolock Crescent, BAULKHAM HILLS, NSW, 2153
Mr R K GAULT	PO Box 2, UKI, NSW, 2484
Mr R M GILL	16 Springwood Street, WOY WOY, NSW, 2256
Mrs B M GROENEWEGEN	21 Long Avenue, EAST RYDE, NSW, 2113
Ms Alison GROSE	11 Lee Street, FRESHWATER, QLD, 4870
Mr M L HADLOW	PO Box 245, SAMFORD, QLD, 4520
Mr R HARD	25 Carinda Drive, GLENHAVEN, NSW, 2156
Mr C R HEAD	PO Box 79, FLYING FISH POINT, QLD, 4860
Ms Catherine HOOK	PO Box 73, OCEAN GROVE, VIC, 3226
Mr Ian HOPELY	8 Kimberley Close, KIDMAN PARK, SA, 5025
Mr P A HOPPER	7982 Doug Hill SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, USA,
Mr C F HUGGINS	1/5 Stoneleigh Street, ALBION, QLD, 4010
Mrs I JACKSON	901/206-210 Ben Boyd Road, CREMORNE, NSW, 2090
Mr A G KELLY	32 Ian Avenue, KAWUNGAN, QLD, 4655
Mrs Louise KENNEDY	173 Cliveden Avenue, OXLEY, QLD, 4075
Mr P KING	Queens Square Chambers 1/235 Macquarie Street, SYDNEY, 2000
Mr Kevin Kirk	Lot 41, Rossville Bloomfield Road, BLOOMFIELD, QLD, 4871
Mr B J KNEEN	2 Baird Crescent, TAMWORTH, NSW, 2340
Mrs Barbara LEGA	57 Claymeade Street, WYNNUM NORTH, QLD, 4178
Mrs J L LEKKAS	18 Shand Close, ILLAWONG, NSW, 2234
Mrs L LOGAN	3 Coolangatta Close, KEWARRA BEACH, QLD, 4879
Ms Claire LORIMER	305 South Terrace, ADELAIDE, SA, 5000
Ms Jean LOWE	15/144 Edwin Street N, CROYDON, NSW, 2132
Mr B McINTOSH	78 Waterport Road, PORT ELLIOT, SA, 5212
Mr R McINTOSH	PO Box 1042, MALANDA, QLD, 4885
Mr J R McKAY	28 Faul Street, ADAMSTOWN HEIGHTS, NSW, 2289
Ms Kathryn MEEHAN	PO Box 105, SOUTH GRAFTON, NSW, 2460
Mr R G NOBLE	Unit 6 18 Knoll Road, NTH TAMBOURINE, QLD, 4272
Mrs Edna OAKES (Nee Brawn)	5 Weroona Avenue, WOODFORD, NSW, 2778
Dr C R OWNER	4401 Wakefield Chapel Road, ANNANDALE VA 22003, USA,
Rev. Barry PATERSON	20 Jirimandi Close, WONGA, QLD, 4873
Ms L QUINNELL	76 White Street, LILLYFIELD, NSW, 2040
Dr H RALPH	14 Crescent Road, MONA VALE, NSW, 2103
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