



Una Voce

JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC

Patrons: Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)
Mr Fred Kaad OBE

The Christmas Luncheon
will be held at
Killara Golf Club (Sydney)
Sunday 04 December 2011
Full details on page 3,
inside this issue!

Please get your replies in quickly.
Invite or meet up with old friends
from your past and reminisce about
days gone by.

Please RSVP by 13 Nov 2011
* * *

The Christmas luncheon
will commemorate the 70th
anniversary of women and
children being evacuated
from New Guinea

* * *

70th COMMEMORATIVE
CRUISE TO PNG Pg 10

Electronic copies of *Una Voce*
available from the Editor

→ Thursday 6 October, 2011
Visit to the Blue
Mountains – see details page 2.
***For latest news, information
and discussion please visit the
forum on our website at:

www.pngaa.net

In This Issue

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON	3
RABAUL & MONTEVIDEO MARU	
SOCIETY EVENTS	4
PNG NEWS - NEW PRIME MINISTER	5
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	9
PNG 70 TH COMMEMORATION VOYAGE	10
NOTES FROM NORTHERN TERRITORY	12
PNG SYMPOSIUM - PNG - Today and Tomorrow?	14
RESETTING THE RELATIONSHIP	18
REFLECTIONS – ON HUMANITY	22
DUNTROON & the CHAPLAIN'S SCARF	23
WILL GENIA INSPIRES REDS	24
LAST FLIGHT	25
SNAPS FROM MISSIONARY'S CAMERA	27
BADIHAGWA CEMETERY	28
MARGARET OLLEY	30
PNG POSTING	32
FIRST PNG AUTOBIOGRAPHY	33
PRE WORLD WAR II PHOTOS	34
HELP WANTED	36
REUNIONS	38
BOOK NEWS	39
DONATIONS TO THE FRYER LIBRARY	40
GWEN DYER	42
COMMUNICATIONS	45
WALKING OFF MT OTTO	49
KARO ARAUA	54
PRE WAR IDENTITIES	61
SISTER M COLOMBA	63
VALE	67
WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS	72
CHANGES TO ADDRESS	72

**'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF
THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA
ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC**
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Visit to the Blue Mountains

Edna and George Oakes are again very kindly
welcoming us to their home in the Blue
Mountains for a spring time visit on **Thursday 6
October**. Come for a chat and to enjoy the views
from the verandah and garden to Kurrajong and
beyond. For the energetic there are short walks to
adjacent waterfalls and lookouts. Please bring
something for the picnic lunch. Edna will supply
soup, buns, tea, coffee etc. The Oakes' will meet
those who travel by train at Woodford Station
with transport, but it is only 10 minutes to their
house for anyone who prefers the picturesque
walk. Their address is: 5 Weroona Avenue,
Woodford – phone (02) 4758 8754.

The train departs from Central Country
Concourse at 8.55am and arrives at Woodford at
10.28 am. Returns from Woodford at 3.05pm
and arrives Central at 4.43pm. Join us! We had a
wonderful day with Edna and George last year.
Please contact Pam Foley Ph: 9967 2818 by
Friday 1 October.

**Deadline for next issue
7 October 2011**

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

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CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON – Sunday, 4 December 2011
COMMEMORATING the 70TH ANNIVERSARY
of the Evacuation of Women and Children from PNG
in December 1941
Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara NSW
11.30am onwards
RSVP 13 November 2011

The Christmas Lunch is booked for Sunday December 4th, again at the **Killara Golf Club in Sydney**. Members, together with family and friends, are all welcome.

If you have any memorabilia and/or photos to share it would be appreciated. Please let us know so that we can plan the displays. Could you please put photos on a labelled disc and send them in beforehand so they can be collated to be shown at the luncheon.

Shared memories is a way of passing history down and helps us to remember special friends and times.

We are delighted that Fiona Schubert will be our guest singer once again.

The cost is \$52.50 per person and needs to be **paid in advance, by 13 November 2011**. This does not include liquor or soft drinks which will be available from a **cash-only bar**. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and confirm numbers with Killara Golf Club. **Anyone with special dietary requests? Please let us know so we can arrange something suitable.**

Seating is for tables of 10. If you wish to be seated with family or friends please advise on the order form OR feel free to make up your own table of 10.

For those coming by train please take the exit on the western side of Killara station, walk along Marion Street, cross the Pacific Highway at the lights and turn left for 550m.

Alternatively please let us know if you would like transport from Lindfield station which has lifts and a ramp - please phone Harry West on 9418 8793 regarding transport. Public transport information can be obtained on # 131500.

For those driving – free on-site parking is available. And to remind you, look for the red and yellow balloons at the entrance immediately after Fiddens Wharf Road on the Pacific Highway as you travel north. Entry to Killara Golf Club is *immediately* after the Noodle Blast.

We are seeking donations for the usual Christmas raffle/silent auction so if any member has a suitable contribution and would like to help please contact Juli Allcorn on Tel: (h) 9416 1430 (m) 0405 625 912 or email: j_allcorn@hotmail.com

For any queries, please also telephone Juli (details above).

Come along, renew those old friendships, and share the familiar experiences once again at this delightful and most memorable occasion.

Please complete the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow ‘Treasurer’s Corner’ insert and return as soon as possible or by 13 November 2011.

RABAUL AND MONTEVIDEO MARU SOCIETY EVENTS

'We owe those who lost their lives and their families the dignity of the more formal and public recognition the Society has championed.' – Hon Peter Garrett AM MP



appreciated.

Patron of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society, The Hon Peter Garrett, enthused everyone present with the energy and commitment he gave with his heartfelt words.

With his close personal connection to the events Paul Lockyer was a wonderful MC, his anecdotes resonating to the core of all those who know and understand this incredible story.

Guests included Major General and Mrs Michael Jeffery, Charles Lepani and General Cosgrove. The wearing of Rev John May's scarf by Chaplain Catie Inches-Odgers combined with Arthur

Gullidge's
beautiful

music, played by the Tuggeranong Salvation Army Band, at the moving ceremony at Duntroon provided a real connection with the men, transcending the generations and lifting everyone's spirits. Canberra Legacy's Southside Laurel Club provided the delicious refreshments.

The Society *urgently needs assistance* in raising the funds required to build the memorial and dedicate it on 1 July 2012.

Funds are needed by end October 2011. Corporate fundraising is now a priority area of activity and, if you

can assist, either personally or by directing us to potential sponsors, could you please contact Phil Ainsworth at p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au. For donations, further information or membership, please see: www.memorial.org.au



Left: General Peter Cosgrove and Lorna Johnston (nee Whyte)

PNG GETS A NEW GOVERNMENT AND PRIME MINISTER

The festering leadership tussle, confusion and incompetence - and worse - that followed the departure of PNG Prime Minister Sir Michael Somare to a hospital bed in Singapore in April was abruptly ended in early August when splinter groups broke ranks with the ruling coalition government. With bolstered numbers, Opposition leader Belden Namah successfully moved to have the prime minister's office declared vacant because of the ongoing absence of Somare due to ill health. He nominated Peter O'Neill as the new Prime Minister. O'Neill was then installed as Prime Minister by a 70-24 vote. Mr O'Neill took over from Acting Prime Minister Sam Abal, who sat there as the chamber erupted with applause and Mr O'Neill was congratulated by his new colleagues.

O'Neill was officially sworn in as Prime Minister in a ceremony at Government House. Afterwards he told parliament that his government would not be arrogant and aloof of the people's needs and would work towards attending to the many challenges faced in the country. He said his government was comprised of leaders with experience, youth and vibrancy. He went on: 'It's not easy to replace a man of such stature (as Sir Michael), but we will do our best to work in the best interest of our country.' Peter O'Neill is from the Southern Highlands, and the son of an Australian kiap and a PNG mother.

Only the day before this change of government a former Prime Minister, Sir Julius Chan, now Governor for New Ireland, had described the then current National Alliance coalition government as 'absolute dictators' and the National Parliament as 'shocking, shameful and worse than a bunch of kindergarten children'. He said the government has lost the plot and ditched the aspirations and visions of the founding fathers along the way, while the current crop of government ministers and MPs were hell bent on enriching themselves at the expense of the people. Sir Julius said the majority of the people would therefore continue to remain poor, downtrodden and be mere spectators of so-called development 'while greedy MPs and foreign companies steal their mineral and petroleum resources wealth'.

The transition of power really began in March (see *Una Voce No 2*, June 2011) when a leadership tribunal found Sir Michael, aged 75, guilty of 13 counts of filing late or incomplete financial returns to the Ombudsman Commission, and he was suspended from office for two weeks from 4 April as punishment for misconduct. His deputy, Sam Abal, took over as acting prime minister. Somare said he would 'take a holiday' but the holiday dragged on at length as he was hospitalised in Singapore with heart problems. There was a false report that he had died there, and back in PNG there was continued confusion, and argument about how long an acting leader could continue in office.

What the press says:

Under the heading '*New Leader, New Hope for Impoverished PNG*', the *PNG Post-Courier* published the following editorial after the change of government.

It said everybody was saying they were happy with the change "but they had yet to see if the new government will do anything better than the old government."

The editorial continued:

"Poverty is very high in the urban areas and the impact is felt much more than those who live in the villages. With no land to make gardens, to make permanent homes and for families to turn to in times of need, a lot of Papua New Guinea's urban poor live a "hand to mouth" existence to survive every day. "It is among the poor that the expectation is high that new Prime Minister Peter O'Neill and his government will deliver results. The new government, comprised of some old hands in Sir Julius Chan, Sir Mekere Morauta, Bart Philemon and young bloods like Sam Basil, Belden Namah, Dr Allan Marat, Moses Maladina, Don Polye and William Duma, we believe is a good government.

"The issue now is whether it has enough time to deliver. Papua New Guineans have about 12 months before they go to the polls again and sceptics are already saying that time is too short for any tangible work to be done by the new government. This may be true, but then; we have a Prime Minister who brought down the 2011 national budget. As the country's new chief executive officer, O'Neill will oversee the management of the budget. Half the year is gone, so we have to assume that half of the K4.2 billion development budget for this year is gone. The other half of that money is yet to be spent. There is also the 2012 budget.

"We need not remind Mr. O'Neill that Papua New Guineans want to be reassured that there is a government in the country that cares for them. The government can do that by taking some radical decisions. One such decision should be to fix all the major road assets in the country including the Highlands Highway. The new government must recognize that Papua New Guineans have lost their trust and confidence in the government system and it must make it its business to rebuild what is lost. It is not hard. It can be done and we join many Papua New Guineans who think so."

► **Gory "justice" for sorcerers**

Lae city, the industrial hub and PNG's second largest city, is still governed by jungle justice when it comes to dealing with sorcery, two ward councillors in Lae told the council in July. Ward Four councillor Robert Arampiang and Ward Six councillor Peter Wagu said those accused of practicing sorcery were interrogated with hot iron rods, wire and hot water and later killed, their corpse butchered and burnt. Arampiang and Wagu said that was jungle justice at the squatter settlements which were creating an escalating lawlessness in the city. The notorious Two to Four Mile areas are in the Ward Four council area while the East and West Taraka areas come under Ward Six which are currently notable for sorcery related killings in Lae. The councillors said the national government should pass a law on sorcery to control these unnecessary killings, which were affecting societies, families and communities.

► **Nickel opponents file Supreme Court appeal**

The battle between the developers of the Ramu nickel cobalt project and landowners in Madang province is far from over. The landowners and supporters have filed an appeal with the Supreme Court stopping Ramu NiCo

from proceeding with its plans to dump millions of tons of waste in Basamuk Bay. The appeal was filed on July 27 by the landowners' lawyer Tiffany Nonggorr against the decision handed down by the National Court allowing Ramu NiCo Limited to go ahead with its deep sea tailings placement system. Mrs. Nonggorr had also filed an application for an interim injunction to prevent dumping of the mine waste by any other means pending the determination of the appeal. The hearing was adjourned to August 19.

► **As part of the Remembrance Day tribute on Saturday 23 July 2011**, Governor General of Papua New Guinea Sir Michael Ogio laid a wreath to commemorate the efforts of Papua New Guinea and the allied forces efforts during the Second World War. The ceremony took place at the Remembrance Day Memorial Park at Ela Beach.

► **An article in The National** on 20 May 2011 was titled 'Days When Patrol Officers Rule'. It said:

'THERE was a time not too long ago when the medical officers would patrol into the remotest parts of PNG.

Patrol officers, so-called because that is what they did for most of their term in office, would travel with a small detachment of police officers into rural villages to update records of births and deaths in the village register and conduct court hearings on disputes.

They did this for no special allowances except the pay they were on. They survived on the provisions they carried with them and on the kindness of villagers who appreciated their presence.

Such efforts paid off immensely. Most of the adults living today have been fully immunised from the debilitating effects of polio, meningitis, tetanus and other illnesses.

The government had accurate records of the number of people living in every village. The crude system of justice, administered by the patrol officers, proved most effective and law and order problems were kept to a minimum. Indeed, Papua New Guinea was a far more peaceful place to live in throughout the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s than it is today.

Now imagine that those periods, when there seemed to be law and order and far greater presence of government in the rural areas, were when far too many of our people were illiterate or under-educated. Compare that to today, when hundreds of thousands have been educated to university and college levels. Quite suddenly, the scenario flips...'

Read more at The National: <http://www.thenational.com.pg/?q=node/19560>

► **Nine Papua New Guinean men** travelled to Australia in late May as part of the Australian Seasonal Worker Pilot Scheme. They have been engaged in Robinvale, Victoria, pruning almond trees. The workers received training at the PNG Defence Force training depot outside Port Moresby before travelling to Australia.

Cont over...

Working in 15 farms over a period of four months they have worked six days a week, received the same salary as their Australian counterpart, with their employer providing accommodation.

Mr Ian Kemish AM, Australian High Commissioner to PNG, farewelled the workers encouraging them to be fine ambassadors for PNG, to work hard and to create new opportunities for themselves, their families and their communities when they return to PNG.

2011 QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS

Order of the British Empire

Charles Watson Lepani CBE - For service to public administration and to the diplomatic service, including his appointment as High Commissioner in Australia.

Commander - The Honourable Peter Humphrey CBE MP - For service to the community, as a Member of National Parliament and as Governor of West New Britain

Graham Pople MBE - For service to rural development and communities.

Chief Grand Commanders in the Order of Logohu (GCL):

Sir Peter Barter - Former Cabinet Minister of PNG and Governor of Madang province

Sir Akepa Miakwe, Former politician of Uggai-Bena in Eastern Highlands

Sir Brian Barnes - Former Archbishop of Port Moresby Catholic Archdiocese
Sir Brian was Royal PNG Constabulary Chaplain between 30 September 1968 and 23 March 1988. Ordained as a priest in 1958 he was a Franciscan missionary from 1959 to 1968. He took out PNG citizenship in 1976, became Bishop of Aitape in February 1988 and Archbishop of Port Moresby in 1997. He became an inspiration to the PNG police, travelling to all parts of PNG and getting to know policemen everywhere.

Medal of the Order (OAM) of Australia:

Dr Peter Macdonald, former NSW independent MP - for his services to local government and medicine. Dr Macdonald is President of Australian Doctors International, working to improve health and living conditions for PNG people.

DVD - WALK INTO PARADISE: Special Collector's Edition with extras

Directed by Lee Robinson and starring Chips Rafferty
and our co-Patron Fred Kaad OBE.

Showcasing **fabulous scenery** and an **authentic sing-sing** with thousands of fantastically adorned tribesmen and women.

Cost to members for \$30 or non-members for \$40

Available by contacting the Secretary, Marie Clifton-Bassett (details on page 2)
or at: http://www.pngaa.net/una_voce.htm#WALK_INTO_PARADISE_DVD

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Albert Speer writes:

Regarding the information re photo on page 8 of *Una Voce* No. 2- June 2011.

From my recall of the events this photo was from a collection of photographs given to me by late George Harrington on his departure from PNG. The photo was borrowed from me to be reproduced and I am hoping that this note may prompt someone's memory to return the photograph. Fortunately I kept a photocopy. This stark photo highlights the importance of trying to obtain who was the provider of such a photograph.

The significance of this photo is that it shows clearly the position of Jack Scurrah's house and trade store. These buildings are important because Jack was one of the first into the devastated area of Lamington after the eruption - he brought back severely burnt natives who were nursed through the night under his buildings. Some of these people died and were buried from there.

If anyone has any similar photos or knows who took the original photograph could they please contact me at: 21/163 Willoughby Rd, Naremburn NSW 2065 Ph: 02-94381120 E: biscospeer@yahoo.com

Alexander (Sandy) Gilliland writes -

Let me start by expressing my thanks to your Editor, Andrea Williams, who greatly assisted me in verifying that my Grandfather, Robert Bertie, did indeed own a Rolls Royce in New Guinea in the 1930's and 40's.

The story told by my Mother (deceased 1990) is that the Rolls was the first motor vehicle to be registered in Port Moresby, bearing the number plate 'PM 1' and was subsequently commandeered by General MacArthur in WW 2 for use as his staff car. My Grandfather, a Solicitor, was apparently in charge of the evacuation of the women and children from Moresby to Australia in December 1941. He never returned.

Thanks to readers of *Una Voce* and the assistance of the Rolls Royce Foundation, I have been able to verify that the car was a 1923 tourer, Chassis no 87K9, overhauled in Sydney and returned to New Guinea in the mid 30's.

My goal now is to confirm (or otherwise) the "PM 1" and General MacArthur stories but also to track the movements of the vehicle from the 40's to present day. I have heard a rumour (unsubstantiated) that the car was sighted as a derelict at a tobacco company's property on the island of Bougainville.

Some names are recurring in the various anecdotes from my family and others who have contacted me in the course of my research and I would be very appreciative of any information that their relatives or descendants might provide. The most frequent names associated with Robert Dugald Bertie have been Gladys Nicholas, Ivy Littler, Bill Chester and Tom Gough.

If anyone has any information that might help, please email me at sandy.gilliland@aceinfo.net.au or contact me on mobile on 0418 782 582 or write to me at 127 Kenmore Road, Kenmore, QLD 4069.

AURORA EXPEDITIONS PNG – 70th Commemoration Voyage RABAUL ANZAC Day 2012

To acknowledge the 70th anniversary of Australia's entry into the Pacific War and Papua New Guinea's entry into World War II, *Aurora Expeditions* offers a special commemorative voyage:

Lost in Paradise – Our Fallen Heroes 14-26 April 2012. Aurora's historian shines a light on the courage and tragedy of Australia's unsung heroes – Lark Force – in the Battle of Rabaul, and the ensuing loss of lives, both troops and civilians, on the *Montevideo Maru*. With moving dawn ceremonies at Tol and Rabaul, this cruise will reawaken the true courage and sacrifice of WWII.

Aurora Cruises offer two historic voyages to the New Guinea Islands in April 2012 – see box below for details.

The PNG brochure is currently online at:

<http://www.auroraexpeditions.com.au/papuanewguinea2012>

Further information and brochures are also available from: *Aurora Expeditions* +61 2 9252 1033 or 1800 637 688 (free call within Australia)

Note: Aurora Expeditions support the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial.

VOYAGE 1:

2-14 April 2012

Island of Smiles

Alotau, Dobu/Ferguson Is, Trobriands/Kitava, Lababia, Wannam/Tami group, Madang, Murik Lakes, Mandam, Karkar, Siassi Island (Tuam), Tufi, Weddau/Dogura, Alotau

For those wishing to explore the islands and coastline of New Guinea, and to experience the diverse array of customs, snorkel, swim, bird watch, or perhaps go on village walks or join in a football match.

VOYAGE 2:

70th Commemoration Voyage:

14-26 April 2012

Lost in Paradise – Our Fallen Heroes

Alotau, Milne Bay/Samarai, D'Entrecasteaux islands - Dobu & Fergusson Is, Egum Atoll and Gawa Is, Trobriands, Lindenhaven near Gasmata, Palmalmal/Jacquinot Bay, Karlai/Wide Bay, Tol (pre-dawn landing and ceremony), Lambon & Lamassa – New Ireland, Duke of York Is, Rabaul.

This voyage, visiting key historical sites and beautiful beaches and coral atolls, will arrive in Rabaul in time for a special **70th ANZAC Day service** on 25 April 2012 before disembarking 26 April.

There is also an option to experience the 65km **Lark Force Wilderness Trek from Vunga, near Rabaul, to Tol** – admire the courage of Australian soldiers as you follow their footsteps on the jungle route to escape overwhelming numbers of Japanese in early 1942.

Options for the voyages also include kayaking and scuba diving.

ARTEFACTS, ART and EARLY PHOTOS
From New Guinea, Pacific Islands and Australian Aboriginals

WANTED TO BUY

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42 Hardy Terrace East Ivanhoe Victoria 3079

The Most Excellent Order of the British Empire (Queensland Association) Inc

Notice to all holders of Imperial Honours from Australia or other Commonwealth countries, for example, UK or Papua New Guinea

I would like to bring to your attention the above Association in case you may wish to join it. There are three categories of membership.

1. Ordinary members who are members of the Order and British Empire medallists.
2. Associate members who may be spouses of deceased ordinary members, or members of kindred orders of chivalry.
3. Honorary Associate members, a membership recently introduced by the Committee that allows it from time to time to invite suitable persons to become members.

The Association conducts a number of functions each year to bring members together in fellowship. These consist of three metropolitan luncheons held at the Queensland Club (principally because of its accessibility and the availability of free parking there), and one regional lunch held at each of Gold Coast, Sunshine Coast, and Toowoomba. It also holds an annual church service to mark the founding of the Order.

You are invited to join the Association and to participate in its activities if you are able to. There is a once-only joining fee of \$15.00.

I would be happy to give you further information.

Professor Robin Cooke O.B.E., O.A.M.
President
cooker@ozemail.com.au

VISITS to NGVR/PNGVR Museum

The Museum is highly recommended for a visit – please phone Curator John Holland (and PNGAA member) on Ph: 07-3375 5484/0449 504 058 who will welcome both visitors and anyone wishing to provide assistance!

NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY

From Jim Toner

Darwin has just endured its coldest June since 1949 and with 18 consecutive nights touching 13C it appears that all PNG people are keeping themselves well under the doona. An exception is Clive HYDE who escaped to Moresby for a week's warmth and a visit to his old haunts in Lawes Road. He had arrived there in 1968 as a 20 years-old photographer for the *South Pacific Post*. A year later it had been reborn as the *PNG Post-Courier* and he continued memorable work there before being hauled back to Melbourne. Posted to the tropics once again in 1981 to work at Darwin's *NT News* he has been here ever since and in retirement operates a boutique photographic firm. Clive was able to give some tips to the current PNG cameramen and assist the PNG Government with advice on photo-friendly lighting in its Press rooms – very important for Ministerial statements – and may well be invited back to POM.

It has emerged that in 2009 some PNG athletes brought to Darwin for the biennial Arafura Games were deposited in a low cost motel with no money and only bread and bully beef whilst their managers/coaches disappeared for two days. This I found deplorable for when managing the Moresby athletics team flown to Rabaul for the Territory Championships I recall not getting a feed until 11 pm at night being too busy making sure the troops were snug in their billets. Happily there was no such neglect for this year's teams – there were in fact four, three provincial from Central, Morobe and Southern Highlands, and one national which in total collected 53 medals, 17 of which were gold.

One of the golden awards was won by PNG's 20/20 cricket team many of whom hail from Hanuabada. That village has reason to be proud of its representatives' success in world competition for during January in the 50 overs version of the game the Crocs bowled out the USA's finest for 44 in 21 overs. And the world record score in any international One Day contest still stands as PNG's 7/527 against New Caledonia.

Some may have wondered about the provenance of Australia's brilliant rugby halfback, Will GENIA. His father was the Member for Abau and his mother was a Milne Bay girl. He was born and raised in Moresby with his two brothers but when their father died unexpectedly his uncle took over the parliamentary seat in a by-election and – in accordance with custom – responsibility for the boys. All were sent to Brisbane Boys College and subsequently the eldest, Frank, represented PNG at fly-half while the youngest, Nigel, played for Queensland Schoolboys XV at halfback. Why Frank qualifies for PNG and Will for Australia is one of those sporting curiosities but supporters undoubtedly want to see Will in a Wallaby jumper competing for the World Cup this September.

The name of Prof. Ross GARNAUT whose first acquaintance with PNG was as an ANU undergraduate on summer vacation in 1966 and sleeping in Hohola is now known Australia-wide. Our Government's climate change finances adviser has maintained knowledge of ongoing PNG affairs through his chairmanship since 1995 of the Lihir gold mining company. With regard to current administrative shortcomings and the lack of a broad base of University educated persons to manage improvements he commented during June that "it will take another 20 to 30 years to fix its problems". Oh dear.

Japanese visitors of any description were thin on the ground in PNG during the '60s-'70s so some Chimbu *wantoks* would remember a petite Japanese anthropologist. Dr. Sachiko HATANAKA arrived to research with only a piddling grant from her university and lived, as they say, on the smell of an oily rag plus trade store tinned fish. Impressed by her dedication the ANU offered her a fellowship in the New Guinea Research Unit. Delighted, she took off immediately for somewhere in the Star Mountains. Alas, nobody had fully explained or she had not understood that she was required to work within the Unit's overall scheme which did not include anywhere west of Mt. Hagen.

Here was a cultural problem. For someone to go to the foot of a mountain and cry "Come down, you silly girl" would entail huge Loss of Face. Fortunately on hand was the occupant of the Chair of Anthropology at Oxford ,with his PhD from Cambridge and DSC from the Royal Navy. The distinguished gentleman as a fraternal gesture located Dr. Hatanaka and probably told her that he would be deeply grateful if she could carry out some important work in Chimbu without delay. So with much smiling and bowing she agreed.

Those *wantoks* who knew her in her Highlands village or visiting Kundiawa may be interested in information recently learned. She subsequently married the brother of the last Emperor of China with whom she presumably dines more sumptuously than she ever did in the Sina Sina.

WEBSITE WALKABOUT:

► **The PNGAA Photo Gallery has been updated with some wonderful photos, with thanks to Nick Booth and Ross Johnson:**

Three sets of photos from Trevor Freestone: May River, West Sepik, 1963-64; Ambunti, East Sepik, 1964-65; and Pagei, West Sepik, 1966-67.

More Western Highlands photos from Jim Van Der Kamp, covering 1967 to 1980.

Snaps from a missionary's camera by John Margetts

► **The Australian Museum, Sydney, features a selection of glass plate negatives** and prints photographed by Anglican Lay missionary, Percy Money, during his residence at Collingwood Bay, Oro Province 1901 to 1910.

<http://australianmuseum.com/Search?keyword=money&page=1>

► **A documentary revealing the human face of logging** in Papau New Guinea. The story of Bikpela Bagarap is told through the voice of regular villagers, without narration.

Produced, Filmed & Edited by David Fedele (53mins) 2011

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

Katrina Kadiba is a member of the Papua New Guinea Social and Cultural Group in Darwin. Her newly opened jewellery shop in Darwin specialises in fine gold and silver Papua New Guinean jewellery made by the House of Gemini in Port Moresby using metals mined and refined in Papua New Guinea. The pieces are designed by Papua New Guinean craftsmen.

Details are Bling Jewellery, 29 Cavenagh Street, Darwin City, NT, 0801

Phone: (08) 8941 2292 Website: [blingwebsite.com](#)

Facebook Link: <http://www.facebook.com/pages/Bling-Jewellery/106718409414396>

PNG SYMPOSIUM - PNG - Today and Tomorrow?

On the 27 May 2011 Alfred Deakin University in Melbourne held an inaugural symposium on PNG. Dennis Doyle, Andrea Williams and Paul Munro represented the association. A wide range of speakers discussed such topics as:

Nation, Region and Province
Development, Aid and the Economy
Mineral Resources and Planning
Education, Health and Research
Heritage, Law and Society

Some of the speakers included:

PNGAA Member Dr Jonathon Ritchie, who inspired the audience with his topic: *Building a narrative for the nation: the importance of life stories in fostering pride in PNG*. Keep an eye out for Dr Ritchie's upcoming book on Sir Ebia Olewale too!

Sean Dorney chaired the segment Mineral Resources and Planning. Speakers included then President of the Aust-PNG Business Council, Mr Ian Clarke, also Chairman of Gaydens Lawyers.

His Excellency Ian Kemish, Australia's High Commissioner to PNG, chaired the session on Heritage, Law and Society with speakers Dr Genevieve Nelson from the Kokoda Track Foundation enlightening the audience with her address: *Pawa Givim Meri: Empowering Kokoda women through micro business*. Rowan Callick of The Australian spoke on *The Law in the Dock*.

Professor Ted Wolfers Foundation Professor of Politics, University of Wollongong, encapsulated the day with his thoughtful closing remarks.

On the Deakin website you will find recordings of some of the presentations as well as copies of the presentations themselves .

Please see:

<http://deakin.edu.au/alfred-deakin-research-institute/events/png-symposium.php>

The Hon Richard Marles MP, Parliamentary Secretary for Pacific Island Affairs gave the Opening Address which follows:

A very warm welcome to you all to this inaugural Symposium — ‘PNG Today and Tomorrow?’.

It is a real thrill to see so many people with interests and connections to Papua New Guinea gathered here together. Next time we’ll need a bigger room and that — in itself — is great news.

I know many of you are here because you share my conviction that PNG is a critical relationship for Australia.

I know that you also believe that we need to better understand the tremendous changes that are happening in PNG and what they will mean for PNG, and for Australia.

My vision for this symposium is that we begin a journey that will raise the level of discourse about PNG — in academia, in business, in Government and — I dearly hope — in daily life in Australia. All of us have a role to play in this.

But I believe it will be academia that will feed and sustain a longer term appetite for knowledge and interest in PNG. And so this journey has begun with today's Symposium.

I want to thank Deakin University for all the work it has done to bring this Symposium to life. I thank Jane for her leadership and David Lowe and his team for delivering this excellent program and for making today happen.

I would also like to thank Professor Andrew McIntyre from the Australian National University for his help in making this day a reality.

I first became fascinated by PNG when I visited on a school trip in 1984. We hiked in the Highlands and went to places which had not seen a European face in years. We stayed in village huts. We mucked around with our contemporaries at the local school, and slept in their accommodation. We saw grand resource projects and monuments to our grand military history in this place. For me, it was — quite simply — love at first sight.

Since then I have returned to PNG, working with a legal firm, as a representative of the ACTU, and now as the Parliamentary Secretary for Pacific Island Affairs.

Of course, I now feel very fortunate that my role allows me to continue this interest, and — in whatever way I can — to strengthen the bonds between our countries.

All of these roles have impressed upon me that PNG is so crucially important to Australia. We are two countries inextricably linked.

Be it economic opportunities, be it security, be it development assistance, be it our shared love of sport — Australia and PNG are the closest of friends — we are almost like family with New Zealand, PNG is really one of the closest relationships this country has.

Geography and history dictate that Australians and Papua New Guineans will be essential partners in a shared future.

At a government level, the significance of the relationship is understood. Port Moresby is one of Australia's top five overseas missions. PNG is one of our two big recipients of development assistance.

These are powerful statements, over a long period time, under Australian Government's of all persuasions, about the significance of our relationship with PNG.

But in our universities, in our media, in our popular culture, we are simply not giving the attention to PNG that it deserves. And even when PNG is being reported, I'm not sure we get anything like a complete or accurate picture. Because we are so close, we need to make an extra effort to ensure we know each other well. That's why Deakin University and I decided to convene this seminar.

I think it is important that academia and the government talk to each other: the government should have access to the widest possible sources of information and advice.

Academia should not just be about research; it should seek to provide this advice, as Dr Shergold recently challenged it to do. This is particularly important in relation to Papua New Guinea, by far the largest Pacific island country. With more than 60% of the population of the Pacific, it has a larger population than New Zealand. It dominates our regional trade, accounting for nearly 90% of exports from Pacific island countries' to Australia.

Our total annual trade is worth about \$5 billion, and we have \$6 billion invested in each others' economies. Next financial year we'll provide PNG with about \$480 million in development assistance, second only to Indonesia. Like Australia, PNG is a Pacific country that is also looking to Asia. It too is currently enjoying a mining boom, based on its extraordinarily rich natural-resources. But the scale of its boom, in relative terms, is even greater than ours.

While mining makes up around 50% of our exports — accounting for 10% of our GDP — it represents 80% of PNG exports, and around 50% of GDP. Dealing with such booms is challenging. Both Australia and PNG are grappling with these challenges.

To paraphrase Churchill, the problems of economic booms are much more agreeable than those of economic decline, but they are no less difficult. Even handling the money generated by mining booms isn't easy.

Australia leads the world on sovereign wealth fund development. These are crucial to countries, particularly developing ones, to ensure wealth from mining booms is not wasted.

We have much more to learn from each other in managing landholder relations. Indeed, the discipline of anthropology is now heavily supported by mining companies needing "social mapping" — so the companies know who the landholders, and their heirs, are.

Some lessons have come at too high a cost in PNG — the Ok Tedi mine, or Panguna in Bougainville.

Lessons have been learned, though, and Australian companies are now world leaders in environmental protection. Yet we need to keep learning, particularly as newer areas are opened to exploration.

And protection of PNG's many pristine areas is arguably a global responsibility, given its amazing diversity and biological wealth — something scholars like Tim Flannery and Jared Diamond have drawn from.

While mining, and the significant investment associated with it, will change PNG, there is an even greater revolution underway. The telecommunications revolution is about to change PNG in untold ways. There are 100,000 internet subscribers in PNG today. How many will there be in a decade? What effects will this have?

PNG has an open, free and highly robust press — but with a relatively limited readership. Radio reaches more people, and remains critical.

But the spread of the internet and, in particular, the explosion in mobile-phone use offer ordinary Papua New Guineans unprecedented access to information.

As events in the Middle East this year have shown — the internet is a force for democracy and accountability. How will this affect Papua New Guineans' expectations of the political process?

PNG's unbroken record of democratic government is a major achievement, matched by few countries in the developing world. And it's a passionate proponent of democratic values. Indeed, the PNG Foreign Minister joined me at the recent MCG meeting seeking to encourage the restoration of democracy in Fiji.

But, politically, PNG is at an important juncture. Next year's election will be critical. The generation of politicians which led PNG to independence is now gradually making way for a new generation of leaders. This new generation faces challenges that concern us all.

Despite its mineral wealth, despite our efforts as PNG's principal development partner, PNG is not on track to meet any of the Millennium Development Goals.

I'm certain Papua New Guineans would agree that PNG can improve its performance in areas such as maternal health and education: although there's been good progress with school enrolment rates rising from just over 50 per cent in 2007 to almost 75 per cent now. Still, too many people die from such preventable diseases as cholera. There is, too, much to be done to address the high levels of personal violence, particularly violence directed against women.

We also need to provide assistance in seeing the development of the PNG tertiary sector. The PNG Tertiary Review, commissioned by former Prime Minister Rudd and PM Somare, has sought to place an emphasis on this in meeting the challenges of PNG's future.

This is particularly so with respect to UPNG — at which some of you here today have taught or studied — because it is such an important institution, and I would like to acknowledge the presence here today of Professor Ross Hynes, the VC of UPNG.

Today, I also want to challenge Australian academia.

We should be world experts on PNG, continually renewing our cohort of scholars who focus on PNG. We need also to rebuild a Pacific community of scholars. And we need to encourage those scholars to contribute solutions to the many challenges we face together.

And, in years to come, I hope this Symposium will offer a forum to showcase the very best work being done by Australian academics on PNG. I hope it plays a small role in encouraging academics to think more about PNG.

Three hours' flight from Brisbane, PNG is at our doorstep — a rich, vibrant young nation that is home to one of the oldest agricultural societies in the world.

As our closest neighbour, we need to get to know it better. And that opportunity is ahead of us today. Thank you.

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Also available: http://ministers.dfat.gov.au/marles/speeches/2011/rm_sp_110527.html

**RESETTING THE RELATIONSHIP: the FUTURE OF AUSTRALIAN
ENGAGEMENT WITH PAPUA NEW GUINEA**
The HON JULIE BISHOP MP

On the evening of Wednesday 27 July, as part of the Lowy Institute's Distinguished Speaker Series, The Hon Julie Bishop MP, Deputy Leader of the Opposition and Shadow Minister for Foreign Affairs and Trade, spoke on Australia's bilateral relationship with Papua New Guinea

http://www.lowyinstitute.org/events-docs/DSS_2011-07-27_Julie-Bishop_Resetting-PNG-relationship.pdf

An excerpt from this speech follows:

Papua New Guinea is an enormously complex nation. It is regarded as the most linguistically diverse country on earth with more than 800 languages spoken by its 6.5 million citizens, with over 80 per cent of its population existing on subsistence farming. Development in Papua New Guinea is in part hostage to its geography. Many of its local communities are some of the most remote and inaccessible in the world. As a country, it is less urbanised than all others, except Burundi. The reality of this was brought home during my recent trip to Papua New Guinea, during which I had the opportunity to visit the first LNG project in the country currently under construction in the Southern Highlands.

On the one hand, Papua New Guinea is at an important juncture in its development. It is on the verge of a mining and resource boom that should generate massive foreign exchange inflows with the potential to radically alter the course of its economic and social development. With the number of large mineral resource projects soon to come online, there is a sense of optimism and expectation that a new beginning for the country is just around the corner. If current forecasts are realised, the mining and resource projects, planned and underway, will more than double the size of the PNG economy within a decade. While there has been over 20 years of mineral exploration in the country, the PNG LNG project alone is expected to double the country's gross domestic product and triple its exports. It is the largest private sector investment ever undertaken in Papua New Guinea and is expected to produce over nine trillion cubic feet of gas over the course of its life. The first deliveries of LNG are scheduled to take place in 2014. Supply contracts have already been signed with key buyers in Japan, Korea and China. According to an economic impact study by ACIL Tasman, the project:

"has the potential to transform the economy of Papua New Guinea, boosting GDP and export earnings, providing a major increase in government revenue, royalty payments to landowners, creating employment opportunities during construction and operation, and providing a catalyst to further gas-based industry development."

The sheer size of this project can be gauged by the fact that PNG's gross domestic product will rise in real terms from 8.65 billion Kina in 2006 to an average of 18.2 billion Kina. With the economy predicted to grow by over 8 per cent, there is a lot to be excited about over PNG's economic performance. That is one side of the PNG story. On the other hand, enormous social development challenges still exist. Currently ranked 137th out of 169 countries on the United Nations Human Development Index, Papua New Guinea faces significant challenges, with high poverty rates, poor life expectancy and high infant and maternal mortality. The population is increasing at 2.7 per cent per year. Unemployment is high and civil

unrest is growing. According to the Asian Development Bank, only one in ten Papuan New Guineans have access to electricity. In 2010, the average time spent attending school in PNG was 4.3 years.

According to AusAID, "PNG is unlikely to achieve any of the Millennium Development Goals by 2015". Extending government services and infrastructure beyond urban centres must be one of the biggest challenges facing PNG if poverty is to be reduced and living standards improved. This is particularly important if improvements are to be achieved in child and maternal health, because according to figures published by the World Health Organization, 86 per cent of births occurred in rural areas in 2006. While progress has been achieved in combating the spread of HIV/AIDS, much more work still needs to be done. The prevalence rate in PNG currently stands around 1 per cent. However, such was the initial concern at its growing prevalence that parallels were drawn with countries in sub-Saharan Africa, where the disease is rife.

Papua New Guinea also faces the difficult task of strengthening its institutions and levels of good governance. While the PNG LNG project will bring huge benefits for Papua New Guinea, it also presents a unique set of challenges that will test the institutional capacity of the government. The dangers of "Dutch disease" are well known to countries with a dominant energy and mineral resource sector. Papua New Guinea's reliance on export earnings from its energy and mineral resources leaves it vulnerable to a potential downturn in the global economy or international commodity prices. Promoting growth in other sectors of the economy is crucial. This means reinvesting earnings of its mining boom back into the economy, in the form of increased recurrent and development expenditure. With revenues flooding in, there is also the concern that political will for further reform in other areas will falter. As Aaron Batten has written for the East Asia Forum, "*those provinces which have recorded the largest earnings from resource extraction have been plagued by the weakest governance, the poorest levels of service delivery and in many cases violence.*" Strong fiscal management will be required to control the effects of the booming resource sector, as further upward pressure is placed on already high inflation levels. Inflation has the negative effect of driving up the cost of essential household staples, making it harder for individuals and families to escape the poverty trap. A rising currency also damages the competitiveness of local exports, such as in the cash-crop sector, making it more difficult for growers to participate in, and benefit from, the global economy. Reducing this pressure through the creation of sovereign wealth funds is a positive step.

As the past has shown us however, these funds must be properly managed. Given the expected sharp rise in the country's income, with the potential to increase imports, decrease exports and affect the non-resource sector, it was apparent from my discussions with PNG officials that they are anxious to avoid the symptoms of "Dutch disease". It is encouraging that the PNG Government has set up a joint Treasury-Bank of PNG working group to consider options for the establishment of a sovereign wealth fund to manage the expected large revenues generated by the LNG project. The lessons from the 1990s mineral boom are harsh. The increased export earnings at that time caused the exchange rate to appreciate. The large incomes earned by the workers, the landowners and the government led to a consumption boom and inflation spike. Mismanagement, waste, corruption, excessive spending and a collapse in commodity prices all combined to deny PNG the long term benefits that should have been derived from that boom. Sectors of the economy including agriculture are still recovering from the negative effects.

There is a current debate as to whether the sovereign wealth funds will be established onshore or offshore but I understand that the Government has decided there will be three integrated and coordinated funds – a stabilisation fund, an infrastructure fund and a future generations (savings) fund. An ever present challenge is the Wantok system, which acts as a social security safety net where people are obliged to support their relatives and tribal groups.

While the Coalition is aware of the many challenges facing PNG, we are confident that they can be overcome. From my perspective, our relationship with Papua and New Guinea must be one of our highest foreign policy priorities. Australia and Papua New Guinea do enjoy a special relationship. Bound together by the closeness of our shores and united by history, the destinies of our two countries are tightly connected. As Papua New Guinea prepares to enter this unique period in its history, the Coalition believes that Australia must stand firmly alongside the PNG Government and its people in their efforts to fulfil the country's immense potential and lay claim to its rightful status as a natural leader in the Pacific Ocean region. I believe that we should look to PNG to place a greater investment in its own development and uphold standards of good governance and accountability. On the international stage, I believe that Australia should work more closely with the PNG Government as stakeholders in the region to promote stability and foster greater levels of prosperity.

A Coalition government will strive to reset the relationship based on an economic and strategic partnership rather than aid donor and recipient. It is time to leave behind notions from past eras in our relationship. Like all relationships, we have experienced our share of highs and lows. The point is not whether we have our differences, but how we manage them that matters. At these times, we must avoid any tendency to revert to old labels and stereotypes which undermines our ability to further strengthen our ties. There must be a firm focus on self sufficiency rather than aid dependency. In the same way that PNG is entering a unique period in its development, we are approaching a turning point in our bilateral relationship. Australia's development assistance to Papua New Guinea, estimated to be \$482 million in 2011-12, has declined as percentage of PNG's GDP over the years. With the revenue from resource projects set to boost its economy even further, Australian aid will play a comparatively lesser role in PNG's development. The Coalition supports the current focus of Australia's development assistance on the crucial areas of health and education. We believe that as the PNG Government takes on a larger role in the delivery of services and conditions improve, Australian assistance should progressively be directed towards areas that will help facilitate economic growth. Moving our relationship from a development to an economic focus will require action by the PNG Government to strengthen business conditions in the country. In areas where Australian help is still needed to provide service delivery, we must find better ways to do it. We should better recognise the work that the private sector plays in overseas development. The role of public private partnerships features strongly in the US development program.

Evidence before the 2010 Review of the PNG-Australia Development Cooperation Treaty, suggested "*that the capacity building through advisers model is not working.*" This assistance has dismayed many people in PNG with reports of excessive salaries for consultants being seen as 'boomerang aid'. I note that while the Australian government has taken steps to reduce the number of consultants there is a need for skills and expertise in governance and administration to be institutionalised. From my meetings in PNG, it was clear that there is support for

the continuation of the *Strongim Gavman Program*, which has been credited with achieving reform and improved levels of governance in key areas such as treasury and finance. This initiative grew out of the Enhanced Cooperation Program initiated by the former Howard Government. This process should be strengthened further, with Australian funds used to support placement opportunities for select Papua New Guineans in all levels of government in Australia. Increased opportunity for twinning would improve the transfer of knowledge and skills that are needed in areas such as basic service delivery, research and policy formation, and public service management. With an improving economy, PNG will have an opportunity to better equip its defence forces. Australia must be alert to ensuring that it remains the defence partner of choice.

As each year passes, Australia loses part of a generation of people with a deep knowledge and connection to PNG from its pre-independence days. Australia and PNG must work to build a new generation of networks that will carry our relationship forward. This includes building relationships with current and future leaders in government, in business and the community. This must be driven from the highest levels of the Australian Government. Another possible area of closer collaboration is sport. Like Australia, sport cuts across cultural, social and geographic barriers. Rugby League in particular has achieved an almost religious status. Time and time again I was struck by the influence of Queensland's rugby league stars – from young boys throughout the Southern Highlands wearing maroon jerseys to the extensive coverage in local newspapers – it was overwhelming. When I mentioned to some local journalists at a dinner in Port Moresby hosted by our High Commissioner that perhaps we should reinstate the International Schoolboy Rugby League competition, I opened up a fierce debate about how soon PNG could have a team in the NRL. I met with the manager of a huge construction company who related how his 2000 workers refused to go back to work on the day of a visit to the site by Mal Meninga, such was their determination to see and hopefully touch their idol. I was told by astute observers of PNG culture that the rugby league State of Origin Series in particular has the power to unite the nation like no other issue. A deeply tribal country with its 800 languages, where family and tribe loyalty comes first and last, it seems the people of PNG are at one in their love of rugby league. I think that we should harness that immense goodwill and develop a sport and diplomacy initiative within the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade. Opening up new opportunities for dialogue and increasing the level of trust between our two nations will be important as we deal with issues that are likely to emerge in the coming years.

As permanent partners and close friends, Australia must be committed to helping the people of PNG along the road to a more sustainable and prosperous future. With its economy expected to grow sharply in the coming years, PNG is well positioned to take hold of its destiny. This will require strong leadership and an unrelenting determination on the part the PNG government to succeed. The Coalition is confident that PNG has the potential to make this transformation. Under the Coalition policy of appointing a Minister for International Development Assistance, I expect that PNG will be the primary focus for that Ministry as we use development assistance and access to our markets to expand opportunities for growth and employment. Ultimately, it will be our actions not our words, that will demonstrate beyond doubt that Papua New Guinea is one of Australia's top foreign policy priorities.

REFLECTIONS – ON HUMANITY

An address delivered on the occasion of the Memorial and Thanksgiving
Service of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society
By Professor John Pearn

FROM SADNESS – May There Come Proud Closure

**FROM DISASTER, MAY THERE COME RESOLVE – That in a Future
World, Such Events Which We Memorialise Today, Will Not Again Occur**

Following personal loss, closure is a personal thing. For many, comfort comes from the sharing of such loss. Those of us whose lives have been touched by the war-time incarceration of relatives, their tribulations and their deaths, are enjoined at this time of special remembrance. They were spouses and partners, parents and grandparents, relatives and friends of the several thousand families who remember their service and sacrifice.

Those who perished in July 1942 served as soldiers and civilians and were caught up in the maelstrom of war. They were infantry men, commandos, bandsmen, signallers and medics. Others were civilian government employees maintaining the machinery of society in a tropical outpost. Other victims were planters and business folk. One thousand and fifty three of them, men and adolescent boys, lost their lives during the sinking of the *Montevideo Maru*. The sinking of that ship remains Australia's largest maritime disaster. The prisoners of war, soldiers and civilians both, perished in the water, entrapped below decks in the holds of the ship, in the early morning of the 1st of July 1942. Concurrent with these events, many other families lost loved ones on the Islands of New Britain and New Ireland, brutally killed under unimaginable circumstances. Many others were harried, executed or imprisoned. A few escaped to recount their experiences.

In our Reflections, we look forward to the unveiling of a physical memorial, placed on Australian soil, to honour their sacrifice. It is anticipated that in July 2012, those of us who are spared will meet again, in our Nation's Capital, to dedicate a fitting memorial which will be a tangible symbol of reference to these events. It will honour the more than a thousand victims of the *Montevideo Maru* disaster; and those of the military and civilian forces of New Britain and New Ireland, who have no known grave.

A physical memorial is an important witness of such service unto death. However, memorials also serve as metaphors. The metaphor of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial will also be a witness of our Nation's resolve that there is a higher ethic than the brutality of war. When all attempts at peace have failed, and when nations become locked in combat on the battlefield, civilised peoples still adhere to a higher principle. In the aftermath of conflict, when prisoners are taken, one manifestation of that higher ethic is a resolve that there will remain dignity in victory; and that prisoners will be treated with physical care and humanity. The Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial will be a witness of that metaphor – that the events which it commemorates will not again recur in a future, better world.

DUNTROON and the CHAPLAIN'S SCARF

Chaplain Catie Inches-Odgers began the poignant Memorial Service on Sunday 3 July 2011 by announcing she was removing her own scarf and replacing it with that of Rev John May. Those present were deeply touched. There was an immediate connection with the men.

She continued with the following words:

John May was Anglican Chaplain to the 2/22nd battalion in Rabaul and then after the war at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, from 1952-55. As a chaplain, his role brought him in contact with all ranks.

When the main body of men left Malaguna camp to board the *Montevideo Maru* on 22 June 1942, the officers were prevented from making contact or joining them. They, the nurses and some civilians were shipped to Japan a few weeks later on board the *Naruto Maru*.

In his memoir from the time, Captain David Hutchinson-Smith wrote:

"At about 4 30am we were awakened by unusual activity on the part of the guards. There was shouting and stamping and we could hear the men and civilians moving about and talking. Many of us rose, but when we went to leave the hut, we found light machine guns laid on the doorway at each end and the Japanese made it unmistakeably clear that we were to remain inside. We could see the men and civilians collecting their miserable possessions and discussing the movement. Then they were formed into parties of about 50 men, the sick having to be supported or half carried, and several transported on improvised stretches or old doors.

The actual movement out of the compound did not commence until about 9 am and it was in the interim that Stewart Nottage asked that we be permitted to go with the men, or that, if we had to stay, the men be allowed to remain with us. This request the authorities refused.

John May led prayers through the open side of our hut and read the Psalm for the day, which was singularly appropriate*, and Vic. Turner spoke encouragingly to the members of his flock. We shook hands with the men and a large number of acquaintances, and learned from them in whispers that they expected to go to Hainan. They were re-formed and marched out with cheerful grins and banter; about 1,053 men going to death. It was not until the August, 1943, that we were to receive a hint of their fate, and not until the war was over of their tragic loss in the *Montevideo Maru*. This was the first anniversary of the German invasion of Russia – indeed a fateful day."

[*The psalm of the day was Psalm 107, containing some lines about men who go down to the sea in ships]

A verse that John May frequently used in Rabaul and in Japan when partings were occurring and people were heading off into uncertainty is the first part of a poem entitled *God Knows* by Minnie Louise Haskins, used by King George VI in his 1939 Christmas message:

And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year:

"Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown."

And he replied:

"Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way."

WILL GENIA INSPIRES REDS TO SUPER RUGBY TITLE

By Don Hook

Will Genia, already voted Australian Rugby player of the year, took the Queensland Reds to a stunning 18-13 final triumph over the NZ Crusaders on Saturday night 9 July 2011.

With the scores deadlocked 13-all, Genia inspired his team mates and shattered the Kiwis with a bewildering solo 65m try in the 68th minute.

The record crowd of 52,113 at Brisbane's Suncorp Stadium celebrated wildly at the final whistle, delivering the first Super Rugby crown to an Australian team in seven years.

And the hero of the occasion was the pint-sized 23-year-old scrum half who was born Sanchez William and raised in Port Moresby, the son of a former PNG Government minister Kilroy Genia.

Will Genia has had a meteoric rise to the top in Australian Rugby after taking up the game at Brisbane Boys College. He made headlines throughout the Rugby world 18 months ago with his 'man of the match' performance for the Wallabies in their 18-9 win against England in his debut appearance at Twickenham.

Many observers believe Genia will captain Australia in the near future. Australian coach Robbie Deans says Will Genia is very calm for a young man. He has lauded him for his courage, poise and vision. "*He's offering us a lot in terms of being the hinge between the front and the back.*"

Directory to Member's services or Activity?

If you would like to have your name, contact details and occupation or service area interest published in a form of Directory made available to other members of PNGAA , please send a written notice to that effect to the Editor or the Secretary at admin@pngaa.net for reference to Paul Munro who is co-ordinating the examination of the service directory project. Your response should indicate contact details, e-mail address and indication of employment or field of professional or specific expertise; it should also contain your direct authorisation of your details being included in any resultant publication. The PNGAA Committee will give further consideration to the question of what may be published when it has a clearer idea of the extent of membership interest. "

LAST FLIGHT

By **Bob Cleland**

As related by Julia Lesley Cleland

Our second daughter Kathryn was born at home at Balimo in the remote Western District of PNG on my birthday, 8 February 1959. I had planned to go to Port Moresby for the birth, but the aircraft didn't arrive that day and Kathryn came along before the next scheduled plane. I was attended by qualified sisters from the nearby mission and the birth was quick and easy. But she hadn't seen a doctor. When she was two months old, I thought maybe she should have a full check-up and the sisters agreed.

I'd booked on a regular DC3 flight to Port Moresby, but on the due day, the company substituted an old wartime twin-engined Avro Anson – much smaller than a DC3. Our first-born Susan, aged three, was first aboard, excited about the trip. I climbed the three steps and Rob handed Kathryn up to me. The remarkable discomfort of the seats turned out to be a harbinger for the trip. The noise level was high, the old airframe rattled and creaked and I couldn't see much out of the scratched, nearly opaque Perspex windows.

Over the Gulf of Papua where it's nearly always raining, we ran into a rainstorm. This pitiful apology for a plane leaked like a sieve. Water poured through many leaks in the roof and around the windows. I wondered how much water it would take to force us down then realised it was probably pouring out the bottom and tail just as quickly. I opened my umbrella – always wise to carry one when travelling in PNG – and at least was able to keep Kathryn dry.

After two hours I was well and truly fed up managing my own discomfort and trying to keep Susan tractable and occupied. Kathryn, bless her, was fast asleep cradled in my left arm, long since half numb, half aching. But relief (Port Moresby) was close – until the pilot turned and shouted that weather had closed Moresby airport so we had to find an alternative. My heart sank. I visualised us stranded over-night at some remote airstrip with two children and no way to feed them or properly bed them. I'd heard frightening stories about such a situation.

'We'll land at Aroa in a few minutes. That's a big coconut plantation and there's a manager living there.'

'Oh, thank goodness,' I yelled back. 'My brother-in-law is manager there and it's a huge house.'

After a low buzz of the homestead, we landed just in time as another rainstorm burst upon us, ensuring that we were staying at least overnight. We huddled together in a small shed waiting for Evan, my brother-in-law, to arrive. In a few minutes he drove up in an old jeep, no doubt wondering why this unscheduled aircraft had dropped in on him. The astonished and horrified look on his bachelor face, when he saw his sister-in-law, and new, hitherto unseen niece, was priceless. He realised he had us all as overnight guests – the three of us, another passenger and the pilot.

Well, we managed. Evan's weekly supplies hadn't arrived from Moresby, so he and I concocted a meal from tins. I mashed up some gooey food for Kathryn

from ingredients to horrify any paediatrician and made up bottles of milk from Sunshine powder. She wolfed it all down. Susan thought the whole thing was just wonderful – just the sort of adventure one had when travelling.

We all slept well and Evan drove us to the ‘strip soon after sunrise. The pilot radioed DCA flight control in Moresby and gave them his flight plan and told them he was ready for take-off.

‘Stand by please.’ And after a long pause, ‘You are not authorised to fly. The Certificate of Airworthiness on your aircraft has expired.’ The pilot must have known this, but I wasn’t impressed. Apparently the C of A of all Ansons, worldwide, expired for commercial operations on this day.

‘I’ve got to get these two children to Moresby pretty quickly.’ I said, ‘I’m taking them in for medical treatment. We must fly and soon.’

‘Hang on.’ And his reply to DCA was, ‘I have on board a mother and two children. One is three, the other’s a tiny baby. It’s urgent that they get to medical attention today.’ I silently thanked him for his exaggeration of my reason for travelling.

‘Okay. I need to consult. Stand by.’ We waited uneasily for many minutes before the controller’s voice sounded again. ‘This has been declared a medical emergency and you are cleared from Aroa for direct flight to Port Moresby only. Report after take-off.’

Eight minutes later, we landed in Port Moresby. I was glad that I would never fly in that aircraft, or any other Avro Anson, again. I think I would have refused point blank anyway. I heard later that special permission for our ‘medical emergency’ had to be referred to DCA headquarters in Melbourne. I would like to have given special thanks to that pilot who must have had a sixth sense of the best way to get through DCA bureaucratic red tape.

Several weeks later, driving out to the airport to return to Balimo (in a DC3), I smiled wryly when I saw the same Anson of our adventure stripped and mounted in a playground with children climbing all over it. A fitting end I thought.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE UNIVERSITY WAIGANI

Does anyone have stories or photographs associated with the establishment of these gardens in the 1960s? In the past year we have welcomed Michelle McGeorge and her husband as General manager/curator at the gardens and they are anxious to put out a pamphlet outlining the history of the place.

For those who remember the gardens fondly, the gardens, palms and rainforest have now reached maturity and look stunning,, Hal Holman’s statues are as magnificent as ever, the orchids have been given a new lease of life by Michelle and her husband’s zoo of native animals and birds, many of which are facing extinction in the wild, are breeding well. Michelle gave a talk to Moresby Rotary last week and said that over a thousand people are at the gardens every Saturday and Sunday for weddings, bride prices etc. It is certainly a great tourist attraction for our fair city.

Any information can be sent to either bet@printer.com.pg or dougprop@daltron.com.pg Janetta Douglas

PICTURESQUE NEW BRITAIN – SNAPS FROM A MISSIONARY'S CAMERA

By Ross Johnson

A recent addition to the Photo Gallery on the PNGAA website (www.pngaa.net) is an album containing 50 black and white photographs taken in and around New Britain during the early 1900's. These photographs were taken by the Reverend John Harold Margetts, a Missionary with the Methodist Missionary Society and we are indebted to Neville Threlfall for the following short bio on this interesting person (fuller details are on our website).



Expeditionary Force). He served for 22 years in German New Guinea and the Mandated Territory at several centres on New Britain and in the Duke of York Islands. He became fluent in the language of the Tolai, *Kuanua* or *Tinata Tuna*, which served as the main language of the Methodist Mission, and wrote a number of hymns in that language.



ships at anchor in Simpson Harbour are elements of the German East Asia Squadron commanded by Vice Admiral Maximilian Von Spee (July 1913), and the other represents a 'Kokomo' (Hornbill) 'sing-sing'. Visit our web site to see the rest!

'John Margetts came to Australia as a minister in 1910 and in 1913 went to German New Guinea as a Methodist Missionary and was stationed on Neu Pommern (New Britain). In 1914 he was given the additional role of Chaplain to the ANMEF (Australian Naval and Military

He was a devoted pastor and a man of gentle nature and in the late 1920's served for some time as Chairman of the District. He died at Kabakada on 14 July 1935, aged 51 years, and was buried in the European Cemetery, Rabaul.'

Two of the photos are reproduced here – the

BADIHAGWA CEMETERY by John Norton

As there are possibly a number of readers who have no knowledge of this cemetery, I briefly outline the background.

On the 8th July, 1886 land was acquired by Mr George Hunter, Government Assistant, for a cemetery – one section for the village people and a separate piece for the foreigners. The latter section previously known as The Old Port Moresby Cemetery, was maintained prior to Independence by the Parks and Gardens Branch. It contains grave sites of numerous eminent persons of historical significance and forms part of the history of both Australia and Papua New Guinea – Papua in particular.

In the December, 2005 issue of Una Voce, Dr Roy Scragg and Professor Ian Maddocks during a visit to PNG, noted that the cemetery, previously known as “The Old Port Moresby Cemetery”, was overgrown. Roy, as a Rotarian, donated Two Thousand Kina (K 2000) to the Moresby Rotary club, to assist with its clearing.

In the June, 2006 issue of Una Voce in the absence of a Cemetery Register I sought from readers information of burials. I also drew attention to the historical significance of the cemetery to both PNG and Australia.

In the September, 2006 issue I wrote that the Cemetery Register had been reconstituted from Queensland archives and gave a progress report on the clearing undertaken at the cemetery. Readers were also advised of the intention to set up a fund of Five Thousand Dollars (\$5000) to cover further clearing and regular maintenance. The appeal was generously answered by thirty readers and the total sought was over subscribed.

The fund was jointly held by myself and Ken Hanrahan, also a former Deputy District Commissioner. Amounts were intermittently transferred to Rotary, Port Moresby, where they were controlled and disbursed as necessary by Margaret Hansells, the Rotary’s Community Services Director together with the Rotary Treasurer.

Mrs Hansells had gained some support of the local people and in particular Lucy Igo, a solicitor and Ronald Nawa, a Manager with Origin Energy. The clearing was completed and regular maintenance carried out. Upon Mrs Hansells’ return to Australia, Ronald Nawa and Lucy Igo voluntarily took over her role. Ronald, as the Rotary Club Community Services Director, obtained the Club’s approval of Two Thousand Dollars (K2000) to supplement the financial structure.

As I was given to understand that maintenance work which would extend over an undefined period, was not a role in which Rotary could become further involved, the operational and fiscal responsibility for the maintenance of the cemetery was transferred to Lucy Igo and Ronald. Nawa. My absolute trust in them to manage this task was reciprocated.

A Trust Account was opened at a Moresby bank with Lucy Igo and another solicitor as signatories. The regular costs for labour and tools were drawn down from it and the Australian funds were transferred to it at intermittent intervals to replenish outlays. Lucy Igo became the main supervisor of the project and continued to effectively manage it during the four years up to the exhaustion of the funds. All these arrangements ceased when the funds expired in December, 2010, the cemetery having been effectively cleared and maintained over a five year period.

Whilst considerable encouragement had been received from the Governor General, Sir Paulias Matane and communications maintained with the Governor of the NCDC and the Motu Koita Assembly Chairman, no decision for the cemetery's future was assured.

Dr Scragg and I met in Moresby during August 2010 and held meetings with the Australian High Commissioner, Ian Kemish, two of the afore mentioned senior administrators, several politicians and Rotary. The High Commissioner, subsequently located a funds source and arranged with the Rotary Club representative, Megan Taureka, to complete an application for a grant for the fencing of the cemetery from the Commonwealth Dept. of Environment, Water, Heritage and the Arts. Formal approval of the Grant was confirmed on the 20th April this year which brought about the cessation of my involvement. The Rotary Club has since been actively obtaining detailed costings for the work.

Janetta Douglas has been appointed by Rotary to oversee the developments and can be contacted for further reports or information. She has been most helpful in the past by assisting visitors to the cemetery and photographing grave sites. Her details are - Tel. (675) 32100458 E: dougprop@daltron.com.pg

PNG Born, but wanting an exact date of arrival in Australia?

Some members or members of their family may be interested in *how to get a precise date of arrival in Australia*. Often kids turned up in Australia with their parents and years later may have no clear idea of the date should one be required for citizenship or other official purposes. It turns out that for arrivals in Australia over 30 years ago, National Archives has an online searchable record of arrivals entered by the Department of Immigration. One can search for immigration entry records etc on the NAA website www.naa.gov.au; a search can be made online by name; or a form of online application may be submitted. Records of more recent arrivals are held by the Department of Immigration, to whom application can be made.

Paul Munro

MARGARET OLLEY 24 June 1923 – 26 July 2011
by JOHN PASQUARELLI

‘I have two artist friends from Australia who are coming to the Territory and they will be staying with me in Moresby. Margaret Olley and Douglas Annand are their names and I have told them that they must visit the Sepik River and that you are the man to look after them.’ So spoke Geoff Elworthy, an art collector and patron of the arts who had plantation interests in Papua and maintained a fine home in Port Moresby. I had met Elworthy when I was a Member of the House of Assembly 1964-1968 and John Stuntz and I had often been his guests.

Annand’s name didn’t ring a bell but I knew that William Dobell had painted Olley for the Archibald and that colourful study of her in the big hat is easily remembered.

In 1968 Olley and Annand flew into Wewak and then travelled by road out to Pagwi on the Middle Sepik where I met them. I picked them up in my large cedar canoe powered by a Mercury 65HP outboard and took them to my trading base at Ambunti where I had a trade store and crocodile skin buying depot. My half -decent house at Ambunti had tank water on tap, a septic system and was screened against the dreaded mosquitoes. Ever the gentleman, I gave ‘Oll’ as she was known to her friends, my bed and one of her biographies humourously describe her reaction at finding a loaded revolver under her pillow.

The next day, Olley and Annand’s gear was loaded onto one of my trading houseboat double canoes. The houseboats were a basic box mounted on two dugout canoes with built-up freeboards and powered by two Archimedes 12HP twin cylinder horizontally opposed two-stroke outboard motors made by the Swedish Electrolux company. These outboards were also the basic work-horses on the Amazon and African rivers. These canoes were used by me for trading and buying crocodile skins from the Sepik people but a luxury tourist vehicle they were not. Sleeping was on a mat under a mosquito net and the toilet meant baring ones bum over the stern which was quite daunting for new-chums Olley and Annand.

We travelled down river from Ambunti which meant visiting the Middle Sepik and experiencing its wonderful art – the masks, figures, slit-gongs and the great carved posts of the Haus Tambaran at Kanganaman. Oll was obviously excited as we walked from the Sepik into Kanganaman village and she had her first glimpse of the wonderful structure that had been there long before the arrival of the white man. Haus Tambarans were dominant on the Middle Sepik and the Chambri Lakes but missionaries and war had taken their toll. My greatest achievement as an MP was having the Haus Tambaran at Kanganaman declared National Cultural Property.

Women were forbidden to enter the Haus Tambaran but I was able to organise a dispensation for Oll from its custodians. Oll and Annand were quick to

pursue their craft and I stood behind Margaret as she sketched the Haus Tambaran and the resulting watercolour hangs on my wall.

All the way down to Angoram, my guests bought artifacts and interacted with the locals with great pleasure and interest. Angoram on the Sepik was the end of the line and it was my main base which served my trading activities at Amboin, Ambunti and May River.

Oll and Annand had artifacts to pack and I had a business to run but that meeting was to begin a friendship that lasted until Oll's recent death.

At that time Oll was living in West End in Brisbane but disaster struck in 1974 when the house which had been her mother's burnt down taking with it paintings, books, antiques and artifacts. Mrs Olley was in care in Sydney but Oll never told her mother about the fire fearing the shock might kill her.

As well as being a great artist, Margaret was a canny businesswoman and real estate was the other pillar of her fortune. She bought well in Newcastle and Paddington and her headquarters became a terrace house in Duxford Street Paddington. At the rear of the large terrace house was what was once a hat factory but Oll and her local renovators soon had the place fitted out and it became her studio and living quarters. Before it was completed I camped in the hat factory on a few occasions when I was down from PNG.

Oll fought two battles during her life – the grog and the fags – she beat the grog but couldn't give up smoking. Watching her at 9AM having a mouthful of banana followed by a puff of a cigarette made me rejoice in the fact that I had kicked the dreadful habit. Even so, she lasted until 88 but the emphysema ruined her quality of life.

I met many of Oll's friends and one of those was the poet Pamela Bell who was the niece of 'Ceb' Barnes, the Federal Minister of Territories in the years leading up to PNG's Independence. Pam Bell was one of those who helped Oll beat the grog and her terrace in Goodhope Street Paddington was close to Duxford Street.

Oll encouraged other artists and when I started painting in 2002, she had kind words for my efforts and I followed her example by painting on masonite – using acrylics whereas Oll used oils. Her generosity in helping the National Gallery with various purchases is well known and it was fitting that her portrait won the recent Archibald.

I am moving from Newstead in Central Victoria to Townsville and I am writing this at Maroochydore Queensland, driving with my Hilux loaded to the gunwales. I spoke with Oll before I left Newstead to tell her what I was up to and I will never forget her and the unique and great character that she was. Oll's last show was fours ago but her agent and executor Philip Bacon tells us that there are 20 paintings that were to be exhibited later this year but this last show will be now next year – what an event that will be.

PNG POSTING - By Rod Noble

Being Queensland born, I thought I could do with some tropical warmth when I read the advertisement in the Hobart Mercury. It was a cold winter's day and the ad was for Patrol Officers in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea.

A bit of tropical jungle would be no trouble for me, after all I had trekked through the South-West Tasmanian horizontal forests and button-grass plains. And the Department of Territories was offering to pay me to do what I liked to do for recreation. Plus I had the lofty thought that such a career would permit me to live my high school's motto '*nemo sibi nascitur*' (nobody is born unto themselves). I would be one of the corps of selfless persons bringing stone age people into the 20th century.

I was selected, and with 23 other recruits arrived in Port Moresby early in 1954. We all stayed there for a boring induction course that lasted six weeks. Nevertheless the sights and sounds of this tropical capital kindled our imagination for the time when our real work would commence. The tar-paper walled huts in which we were housed were located at Konodobu, a mile or two around the harbour's edge next to the Administration offices. A bit further round was Hanuabada (literally – village - big, in the local dialect) and we did try not to stare at the topless, grass-skirted maidens who had a wonderful way of swishing their calf length skirts.

On weekends we had a choice of visiting one of the two hotels or going to the movies. We preferred 'the Top Pub' rather than 'the Snake Pit' as the bottom hotel was called. And at the cinema we could lounge back in comfortable deck-chairs, smoking and drinking, whilst enjoying the output of the Golden Years of Hollywood.

The department had sent us a suggested clothing list and I guess we had supplemented our wardrobe from the Burns Philp store so that we had adequate supplies of white shirts, white long socks and white shorts. But we were not adequately equipped for an evening visit to the Administrator's residence. So we were all told to traipse round to Luk Poi Wai's establishment near Koki market. In a seemingly miraculously short time we were all equipped with a white suit at a very reasonable cost. Then we had to give instructions to our very willing and pleasant *wash bois* on how to prepare this rig for the big occasion - not too much starch. It all went off very well. The coats were carried on a hanger (to avoid any creases) to the front gate then donned for the walk up the drive to be welcomed by Brigadier and Mrs Cleland. It was a pleasant occasion and the *numba wun kiap* gave the order for coats off after the first couple of drinks.

Then came the end of the course and we were asked to put in our preferences for our first posting. I guess most of us put in for the Highlands. Then the announcement came. I cannot remember if I was disappointed or not, to have been seconded, with Paul Conroy, to the Native Lands Commission. We were both pleased to discover that the Commissioner was Ivan Champion who was famous for having accompanied Karius on a successful pre-war exploratory patrol from the Fly to the Sepik across the cordillera.

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FIRST PNG AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Neville Threlfall

In his fine tribute to the late Ulli Beier in the June 2011 issue of *Una Voce*, Peter Trist mentions Albert Maori Kiki's autobiography, *Kiki: 10,000 Years in a Lifetime*, and calls it 'the first publication of an autobiography by a Papua New Guinea'. Although that statement is often made, it is not correct. The first autobiography by a Papua New Guinean was published much earlier, in 1932.

Hosea Lingeremaluonga, commonly called Hosea Linge, a member of the Barok tribe of Central New Ireland, was born in the late 19th Century, and as a young man became a pastor and teacher in the Methodist Church. While he was working as a tutor at the George Brown College at Vunairima, his wife Anasain Pising died. In 1931 he wrote down the story of his life up to that year, paying tribute to his wife, and also including details of his lineage and the customs and legends of his people. He wrote in the Tinata Tuna language of the Tolai people, which was then the lingua franca of the Methodist Church in New Ireland as well as New Britain. His work was translated into English by Miss Ella Collins and was published in 1932 by FW Cheshire Pty Ltd, of Melbourne, with the title of *The Erstwhile Savage* (a somewhat unfortunate choice?).

Linge later remarried, and went on to become a Methodist minister. He worked heroically to maintain the work of the Church on New Ireland and its outlying islands during the Japanese occupation, when all expatriate missionaries were taken away. In the 1950s he wrote an extension of his autobiography up until the postwar reconstruction of the Church's work. This was also written in Tinata Tuna; it was translated into English by Mrs Jean Mannering but was not published at the time.

In 1978 the English translations were revised, and some additional material translated, by me, and the whole of Linge's work was published by the Toksave na Buk Dipatmen of the United Church in the New Guinea Islands Region, with the title of "An Offering Fit for a King". As well as the life-story of a great man, it contains a valuable compilation of indigenous customs and folk-lore; and can claim, as far as is known, to be the first autobiography of a Papua New Guinean.

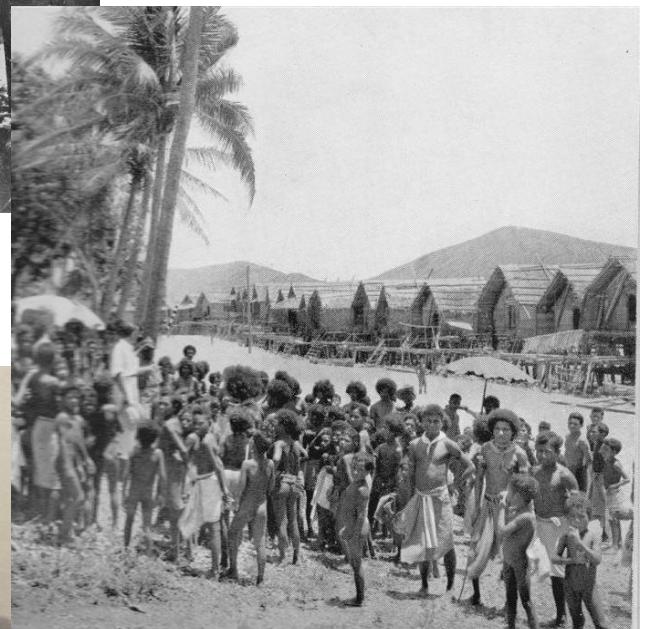
PRE WORLD WAR II PHOTOS

With thanks to John Oberdorf



**Port Moresby Wharf
1933**

Hanuabada 1933



**Bruce Hides taken at Kukipi in
1940 with some of the
locals.**

Port Moresby 1939



FIRE AT NARI, KERAVAT



The office block at the National Agricultural Research Institute (NARI), formerly LAES, Keravat burnt down earlier this year with the loss of the conference room, library, agronomy wing, entomology, ACIAR Galip Processing, EU nut and administration office complex and much wonderful and irreplaceable data.

Photo: George Curry

PNG-US SIGN MEMORANDUM OF RECORD

Port Moresby: The Papua New Guinea (PNG) National Museum and Art Gallery and the Joint (Prisoner of War/Missing in Action) POW/MIA Accounting Command (JPAC) signed a Memorandum of Record (MoR) on June 21 to reaffirm support for US investigative and recovery efforts in PNG and surrounding waters.

Signed in Port Moresby by Mr Mek Kuk, Director for the Papua New Guinea National Museum and Art Gallery, and JPAC leader US Army Major General Stephen Tom, the MoR is an arrangement of good faith by both countries and covers details such as site preservation, customs and courtesies, and safety. Also present to witness the signing were US Ambassador to PNG Teddy Taylor and Brigadier General Agwi, Commander to the PNG Defence Force.

The organizations will use their resources and experience to conduct investigation and recovery operations with the hopes of ultimately identifying the more than 2,000 Americans who were lost during World War II in and around modern-day Papua New Guinea.

The signing would help the museum achieve its work objectives to recover the remains of US servicemen and ensure their proper burial.

US Ambassador Teddy Taylor said the effort was indispensable in recovering the remains of those who had “paid the ultimate price for their country.” Recovery teams, he said, develop close partnerships with the people in the communities where they work. Those friendships often last a lifetime.

Information from the United States Embassy in Port Moresby, PNG.

HELP WANTED

When transferring funds by electronic payment to PNGAA please also email: admin@pngaa.net to advise your name, your membership number, the amount and what it's for...Thank you.

* * *

Stan Carswell is seeking **Volume 1 of James Sinclair's 'Balus' series**. He is prepared to pay a fair price to anyone who has a copy surplus to their need. Please contact Stan on Ph: 07-40321495 or at 25 Mazlin St, Edge Hill QLD 4870

* * *

Would anyone who has contact with Robert Brown, the former publisher of books on PNG, or any member of his family, please ask them to contact **Neville Threlfall** regarding Rabaul photos. Neville can be contacted on: Phone 02 4334 4289, email threlfallnm1@bigpond.com or mail to Unit 91, Nareen Gardens, 19 Bias Avenue, BATEAU BAY NSW 2261

* * *

Chris Murphy is looking for a past issue of **the Air Niugini Paradise magazine from 1978 or 1979, that covered Polocrosse in PNG**. Chris is willing to pay a reasonable amount for this issue in good condition. If you can help Chris please contact him at PO Box 24072, Melbourne VIC 3001 or phone: (W) 03 9106 9939 (M) 0419 252 730 E: cj.dlmurphy@bigpond.com

* * *

Prof Robin Cooke would appreciate any medical and paramedical personnel who might have photos of medical conditions of people in Papua New Guinea and who would be willing to have him make digital images of those photographs contact him please.

The photos would be used to augment a library which contains records from the early 1960s to present. Dr Cooke has been studying the Diseases of Papua New Guinea since first contact and monitoring the changes that have occurred in the pattern of diseases since then. This library will be used for a new study of the Diseases of the South Western Pacific people that will be undertaken in the next few years.

Ideally he would like to visit the owner in their home so that the images can be digitised, notes can be made and the original photos can be immediately returned to their places in the files of the owner. This does not take very much time for each photo. The main time is in the enhancing that will be done later.

All photos will be recognised, and a copy of the enhanced photos will be supplied to the donor.

Please contact Professor Robin Cooke MD
Department of Anatomical Pathology
Princess Alexandra Hospital
South Brisbane, Qld, 4102
Email: cooker@ozemail.com.au

* * *

Haus Meri Project

Judy Warrillow, a member of the Mother and Child Support Group in Port Moresby, has recently compiled a teaching and practical course to equip those

women who choose to work as ‘Haus Meri’s’. Judy has considered what is needed for this inaugural course and aims to provide the women with skills to do their job better and to work more efficiently. Whilst Judy’s work will be voluntary, she needs \$1400.00 for her trip to Port Moresby.

The Mother and Child Support Group, funded by faith based interdenominational organisations, has been operating for several years. Their main aim is to teach, help and show the women how to be self-reliant; to earn and save their own money. If you can assist Judy, please contact her at: 2/4 Magnolia Street Wantirna..Vic 3152 Mobile : 0404374239 T: (03) : 9801 8042 Email : judyavoawarrillow@gmail.com or judy_warrillow@yahoo.com

INTERROGATIONS ON NEW BRITAIN AND NEW GUINEA

By Vince Gratz

I have a research question on one aspect of the wartime experience of Fred Hargesheimer (1916-2010). You might be familiar with Fred's story, but if not he was an American pilot who was shot down and crashed in New Britain in 1943. The local villagers saved Fred's life from the Japanese and he eventually teamed up with Coastwatchers and was later rescued. Fred returned to New Britain in 1960 and for the next fifty years built schools, libraries and clinics for the people of the island. Charles Hanley, a Pulitzer Prize winning author has written a moving article on Fred. (Charlie's article is in the link below preceded by my synopsis for the story)

http://www.irishlegends.com/fredstory/fredstory_landing_v2.html

My research question concerns the search for accounts of interrogations of villagers by the Japanese. Accounts of interrogations of Allied POWs would not really fit my research scope. Ideally, I'd like accounts of interrogations on New Britain and New Guinea, but any interrogations of Pacific island villagers would be helpful.

I know that the Luluai Lauo (chief of the village who hid Fred) or Joseph Gabu (his tultul) were often called to the Japanese garrison at Ulamoa or Lolobau Island for questioning. (I've heard mention of another location – Buteolo?) Unfortunately, the accounts of these meeting with the Japanese in Fred's book only mention the men going and returning, but no information of the "sessions" and what was said and other details. I've read accounts that the villagers loved to talk and gossip about the day's events and they must have had some stories about the harrowing meetings with the Japanese. Especially because they had a potentially dangerous secret to keep!

I am trying to contact Dr Hiromitsu IWAMOTO (Iwamoto is his last name) who was at ANU at some point. Steve Bullard mentioned that he had conducted some interviews that were on the www.awm.gov.au/newguinea website and I have read those.

And finally author Lex McAulay of Banner books sent the following reply to my query:

To my knowledge, there are no records of Japanese interrogations of local people. These would have been done by the Kempetai. Cont over...

I do suggest ANGAU and Coastwatcher after-action/end of tour reports as they were written at the time, though I do not know what might be in there. A possible source of information would be the ANGAU records or periodic reports by Coastwatchers, as distinct from the books by Feldt and Lindsay. These reports possibly would be in the war history of the Coastwatchers as 'after-action' reports when Coastwatchers returned to Allied territory.

The ANGAU and Coastwatcher material is in the archives of the Australian War Memorial (AWM), on the Internet at www.awm.gov.au but you might find some with Australian Archives, at www.naa.gov.au

Any assistance that you could give would be most appreciated.

With many thanks... Vince Gratzer, 917 Larrabee Street #26, Los Angeles CA 90069 E: vgratzer@lascrucesproductions.com, 310/657-7701

REUNIONS

► **KIAP REUNION – 13 November 2011**, Kawana Waters Hotel, Nicklin Way, Buddina, Sunshine Coast, Queensland; (near Kawana Waters Shopping Centre, on main road between Mooloolaba and Caloundra); gold coin entry fee to cover postage costs etc

RSVP 16 October 2011

An invitation is extended to all Kiaps, their families and their friends. The venue outlook is over water to an extensive marina and has a covered outdoor deck area linked to an indoor bar/lounge with adequate dining and seating facilities available for our use. Last time we catered for 227. The Kawana Waters Hotel has sixteen motel style rooms available for the nights of Saturday, 12 November and Sunday, 13 November, 2011. If you require a booking please phone the hotel on 07- 54446699 and mention that you are part of the "Kiap Reunion" group.

Breakfast on the Monday morning, for those available, will be held at Bellissimo's Restaurant on the Esplanade at Mooloolaba overlooking the beach. Further information available from:

Denys/Helen Faithful
Home Ph. 07. 54444484
denysfaithful@hotmail.com

Bob/Heather Fayle
Home Ph. 07. 54447446
bobfayle@hotmail.com.

50th ANNIVERSARY OF MOROBE AGRICULTURAL SHOW

The 50th Anniversary of the Morobe Agricultural Show will be on 14, 15 and 16 October 2011. If anyone has photographs of past shows they are happy to have included in a Commemorative Booklet, could they email JPEG images to Karen Quinn please? E: Karen@melanesianarts.com.pg

Alternatively they can post them to Karen at: PO Box 100 Lae MP 411 PNG
To celebrate the occasion there will be a Markham Ball on the 8th October and a Childrens afternoon on the 14th Oct prior to the full Show weekend.

BOOK NEWS

The Architect of Kokoda: Bert Kienzle the man who made the Kokoda Track by Robyn Kienzle ISBN 9780733627637 / 0733627633

Published 2011 Paperback 352pp by Hachette Australia RRP \$35 available from book stores

Publisher's Note: If one person 'made' the Kokoda Track, that man was Bert Kienzle. Part Samoan and German/English, born in Fiji and raised in Germany and Australia, he was managing a rubber plantation and gold mine in Papua New Guinea at the outbreak of World War II. He surveyed and established the Track, and spent more time on it than anyone else throughout the campaign - managing and organising the delivery of supplies and men along it. A unique story of a very special part of Australian history, told by his daughter-in-law with unique access to the central character, and access to all his records and photos. This is the untold story of a true Australian war hero.

TEETH - The Epic Novel With Bite (The South Pacific Trilogy) by **Timothy James Dean** ISBN 0982539800/978-0982539804 First Edn 2009

Paperback 445pp Published by Readr Books, an imprint of Reader Publishing.

Cost: US\$5.99 plus shipping Available from:

<http://www.timothyjamesdean.com> OR [Amazon:](http://amzn.com/0982539800)

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Publisher's Note:

TEETH is rip-roaring adventure set in the South Pacific. Johnny is a 20-year-old American soldier sent on assignment into New Guinea's heart of darkness. But there Johnny first confronts "the Father," a 30-foot, 4,000 pound, man-eating crocodile. The giant reptile is both feared and worshiped by the natives of the Big River. In their first face-off, the Father kills a man and Johnny wounds it. From that instant on, the Father hunts him relentlessly, until the heart-pounding final confrontation on the beaches of the South Pacific. With Johnny is Footy, a colorful Aussie, and their Japanese prisoner. Katsu has only one thing left - his family heirloom samurai sword. The three run directly for the Valley of the Cannibals - home to the most bloodthirsty headhunters on the entire island of New Guinea. The lovely Gwyn saved Johnny's life, but to have a chance with her, he must meet her challenge to rediscover his heart. Meet real people like Supreme Commander, General Douglas MacArthur and gunboat skipper (and future US President) Jack Kennedy. The story takes place as America is about to unleash a horrific new weapon of mass destruction against Japan.

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September 2011

Dr Peter Cahill

Des Martin: *A Time Before*, self-published, 2010 by Pamela Martin. **Charles Betteridge:** three DVDs – slides of Mt Hagen 1966, 1967, 1981; smoked corpses of Aseki, Snake River gorge, Nadzab and Leron 1985, PM Malcolm Fraser's visit to Wewak 1977 accompanied by Andrew Peacock, Minister for Foreign Affairs and PNG PM Michael Somare. **Rob Parer:** copy of Lorna Fleetwood, *A Short History of Wewak*, 1984; Wewak Golf Club Player's card; photos: Bob Parer's lorry Wewak, 1941,

Bob & Mollie Parer with twins Robert & Carolin, Sheila & Ian at Boram plantation 1942; Bulletin 28 no.2 marking the Sissano Centenary of the Custody of St Francis of Assisi, Papua New Guinea and Solomon Islands. **Rev. Neville Threlfall:** (*Batch 1*) photos of Methodist Mission (East New Britain) centres including showing effects of earthquakes; members of the New Guinea District Synod of the Methodist Church at Vunavulila ENB; union of the Rabaul congregation of the Papua Ekalesia and the Methodist Church; stolen image of "Palikorkor" recovered by police 1970s; the last Methodist Synod meeting of the New Guinea District (New Britain and New Ireland) 1967; Boiling waters at Pokili, (West New Britain Province); sawn timber and iron roof house of Luluai Boas Kulai, West Nakanai.

Kenn Logan, courtesy Lois Logan. (*Batch 1*) Western Highlands District patrol reports (not listed in order): Jimi no.1 1958/59 H.A. Richardson; no.2 1958/1959 B.F. Griffin; no.3 1958/1959 P.R. Dillon (DASF); no.4 1958/1959 H.A. Richardson; no.5 1958/1959 G.A. Ryan; Minj no.1 1958/1959, Jimi River no.2 1957/ 1957 B.F. Griffin; Jimi no.1 1959/1960 G.H.J. Pople; Minj no.2 1956/57 R.W. Blaikie; Minj no.1 1956/1957 R.I. McIlwain; Minj no.4 1955/56 H.Gilmore; Minj no.1 1953/54 K.Walters; Minj no.4 1952/53 B.Corrigan; Minj no.13 1972/73 P.L. O'Brien; ("Minj" now disappears from Report titles) 11 1970/71, J.A. Edwards; 12 1972/73 J.A. Edwards; 11 1972/73 J.A. Edwards; 9 1972/73 J.A. Edwards; 8 72/73 J.A. Edwards; 13 1970/71 J.A. Edwards; 13 1969/70 A. Shaw; 12 1969/1970 A. Shaw; 12 Minj 1969/ 70 R.D. Kelvin; 11 1969/70 R.D Kelvin; 10 1969/70 R.D. Kelvin; 9 1969/70 T.R. Webster; 8 1969/70 R.D. Kelvin; 7 1969/70 T.R. Webster; 6 1969/70 T.R. Webster; 5 1969/70 J.N. Moore; 4 1969/70 R.D. Kelvin; 4 1969/70 (from Mt Hagen) R. Allen; 3 1969/70 J.N. Moore; 2 1969/70 R.D. Kelvin; 2 1969/70 (from Mt Hagen) R.N. Allen; 1 1969/70 R.D. Kelvin; 12 1968/69 R. Allen; 10 1968/69 R.D. Kelvin; 9 1968/69 J.N. Moore; 7 & 8 1968/69 J.N. Moore & R.D. Kelvin; 5 1968/69 J.N. Moore; 4 1968/69 A.Lapu; 3 1968/69 J.N. Moore; 2 1968/69 R.D. Kelvin; 1 1968/69 J.N. Moore; 6 1968/69 R.D. Kelvin; 2 1973/74 K.J. Logan; 1 1970/71 J.A. Edwards; 2 1970/71 A. Shaw; 3 1970/71 J.A. Edwards; 4 1970/71 K.J. Logan; 5 1970/71 J.A. Edwards; 6 1970/71 A.J. Shaw; 7 1970/71 A.J. Shaw; 9 1970/71 K.J. Logan; 10 1970/71 K.J. Logan; 8 1971/72 K.J. Logan; 8 1971/72 (hand written) M.B. Jackson; 17 1972/73 K.J. Logan; 15 1972/73 J.A. Edwards; 14 1972/73 K.J. Logan; 10 1972/73 K.J. Logan; 9 1972/73 P.L. O'Brien; 7 1972/73 K.J. Logan; 6 1972/73 J.A. Edwards; 5 1972/73 R. Cantlay; 4 72/73 K.J. Logan; 3 1972/73 P.L. O'Brien; 2 1972/73 K.J. Logan; 16 1973/74 Nalan Kawa;

Special Report 17 1977 K.J. Logan; 3 1971/72 J.A. Edwards; 2 1971/72 H. Nash; 14 1970/71 A.P. Shipway. 61 Village Books (including blanks) for Bubulunga, Grinjinji, Karap, Kauil, Kompiai, Korendiu, Kabeng, Kwima, Mame, Manz (Mants), Meginpol, Mogini, Semban, Togban, Tsarep, Tsenga, Tsengapi and Yimbugema. (*Batch 2*) Jimi Patrol Report 13-69/70 A. Shaw; 4-1970/71 K. Logan; 2-71/72 H. Nash; Village Population Register April/May 1972; 2-72/72 K.J. Logan; 6-72/73 J.A. Edwards;

7-72/73 K.J. Logan; 10-72/73 K.J. Logan; 14-72/73 K.J. Logan; 15-72/73 J.A. Edwards; 17-72/73 K.J. Logan (includes two loose pp.); 16-72/73 N. Kawa; Mount Hagen North District DEI Census Division, DEI Local Government Council Area – Area Study & Statistics 1977. Quantity QASCO Air Surveys Aerial photographs showing land useage: Wahgi Valley, Gunants plantation to Kotna Road, Mt Hagen. **Charles Betteridge:** DVD of police operations in Mt Hagen 1980-1982 containing (1) Police helicopter 1980; Demonstration on Independence Hill 1981; Visit by Prime Minister Pius Wingti to Police barracks, January 1982; and Double shooting tragedy in Police barracks 1982. **Father Greg Bourke OFM, Aitape:** *Bulletin* of the Custody of St Francis, Papua New Guinea and Solomon Islands

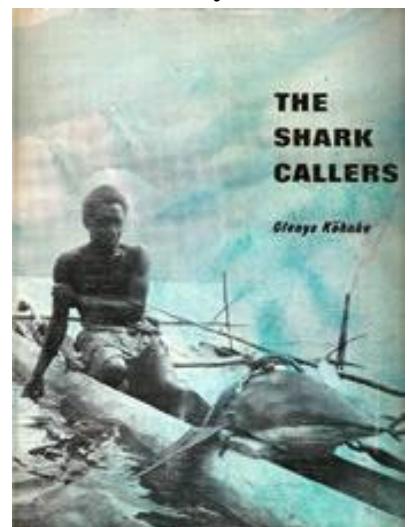
Vol.9 no.2 Memorial edition for Urban Daniel Reid, Friar Minor. Vol.26 nos.1,2,3; Vol.37 nos.1,2,3; Vol.28 nos.1,2,3 (no.3 is titled Great Women of Aitape); 50th Anniversary booklet (13th August 2005) *The Raihu Hospital 1955-2005* by Father Greg Bourke ofm.

Rev. Neville Threlfall (*Batch 2*) significant collection of documents and photographs mainly dealing with the work of the Methodist Mission in New Britain (particularly Gazelle Peninsula) and New Ireland; dye-line prints of three German period maps (ca.1913); assorted other documents on various subjects (e.g. *Montevideo Maru*). Held over for the December *Una Voce*.



Glenys with children and Bemut's shark. New Ireland, 1973

Glenys Kohnke, noted sculptor, painter and author of '*Shark Callers of New Ireland*' and '*Time Bilong Tumbuna*' is returning to Brisbane, the Sunshine Coast and to Madang PNG in 2012. Glenys has been living in Spain for the last 24 years, creating and exhibiting her work through Europe. She is planning to take a major exhibition depicting the legends



of shark calling and other PNG related works, including paintings, to Madang after exhibiting in Queensland. She will be in Brisbane/Sunshine Coast for an extended period and is keen to catch up with friends from her PNG days.

Please contact Alison Raynor (Gilmore/McEvoy families, Rabaul and Madang) on E: ali@ixa.net.au or visit Glenys' website: http://www.glenykohnke.com/paginas/gallery_png.html

GWEN DYER

From the Eulogy delivered by Rev. Barry Dangerfield on behalf of the family

Gwen married Keith Dyer in 1948 and they sailed to Taskul, New Hanover, Papua New Guinea, where he was the Patrol Officer in Charge. Gwen learned to speak and write Pidgin English fluently and enjoyed the respect of the indigenous people.

She quickly adapted to a house with a grass roof, walls woven from bamboo, frame bush timber, no fitted doors or windows, just spaces. Water was trapped from two sheets of galvanised iron flowing into an aircraft belly-tank. That shower caused a lot of fun and sometimes embarrassment when the Administrator came to visit. JK Murray was in the shower when the rose head came off causing a cascade of water and a crash against the unsupported flat iron divider. He was an environmentalist and he appreciated the effort they had made to develop echo friendly measures on the station.

Gwen also learned to do the daily radio Schedule to Head-quarters; ordering and issuing stores; keeping an eye on police prisoners, and the labour line. She filled in when Keith and the officers were away.

One of the distinguishing marks of Gwen was the fact that there was rarely anything that fazed her. During the 63 years of marriage they moved 16 times, including 12 places in PNG. They were filled with happy memories. There was a wealth of experience gained in places like Kavieng, Madang, Bogia, Hoskins, Goroka, Mendi and Port Moresby, to name but a handful. The older children had to be taught by correspondence, so that was fitted in between caring for the home with the ever faithful Karolina; catering for the unexpected and regular visitors and developing a herd of goats. She would use the milk and also slaughter one for meat. Visitors were known to ask for a second helping of lamb, Gwen having cooked it and served it so well.

Gwen's circle of friends was ever expanding with people of all races and colour and religion, even prisoners. The list of visitors at Hoskins for the three years they were there was legendary, averaging nine a day with three a day to accommodate. Their home was like a motel with bed and breakfast, but often going for the full serve all day. Her greatest of many friends was Tina Leo, one of the Gangloff family who had befriended Keith 20 years earlier in Kokopo. Tina had a trade store, was local baker, taught Gwen how to cook Chinese meals. She was a great help to Gwen when she had to entertain. Gwen and Tina maintained a beautiful 40 year friendship, and she often stayed at Salford Waters on her visits to Australia.

She loved the chance to travel with Keith and kept a sense of humour under trying circumstances. One day she was upset when her son Peter was given 100 lines to write out for a misdemeanour that Gwen thought was quite stupid. A few days later the teacher accepted a gift of some fish from Gwen and when he left, the fish was still on the door step. He was bluntly told by Gwen to write out 100 lines, 'Thou shalt not leave fish to rot on the District Commissioner's doorstep.'

They had 10 years at Port Moresby through self-government, independence, and the marriage of their daughter and the birth of their first grandchild, before retirement to Australia in the mid 1980's.

Gwen excelled in multiple sports and represented PNG in the South Pacific Games. Their children were all born in the PNG - Lynette in Kavieng, John and Peter in Madang and Mark in the Lutheran Hospital Wapnamunda (Enga Province). They were home schooled by Gwen with Correspondence lessons.

John was only a few days old when a volcano was erupting near Bogia. Should the people be evacuated? Keith went off to assess the situation with a vulcanologist. Now, in the meantime, Gwen met a friend who was a charter pilot, and she and the baby arrived at the airport, but so did the vulcanologist. He had preference, so Gwen started home on a small pinnace which broke down at sea, and that was the start of a 10 hour horror trip by canoes and walking, arriving home tearfully and in the dark with a four day old baby.

The Queen's coronation was celebrated in style in PNG and Gwen made a significant contribution to the big event. Gwen often accompanied Keith on patrol, and had many stories about snakes and crocodiles and other creatures. She was alone at Saidor shortly after Peter was born, while all the other expats and her two elder children were away at a picnic when the rain began to pelt down. It was impossible for the picnickers to get back over the flash flooded creek. There was a call for help, so Gwen gave an order to the police to release the prisoners to go and get the party home. They did and she never lost a prisoner.

She entered fully into community life, and made lasting friendships in the twelve coastal and highland station employment locations. When the Dyer family returned to Victoria Point, Gwen was active in service for Blue Care, Lifeline, the Victoria Point Uniting Church, Meals on Wheels and Neighbourhood Watch.

Gwen's welcoming hugs, good humour and smile will be long remembered. Gwen will be greatly missed by her husband Keith, the extended family and her many friends.

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CAN ANYONE HELP PUT NAMES TO FACES?



An article by Barry Craig in the recent *Una Voce* (June - 2/2011) got me looking at my photographs from my time in PNG. Barry mentions that the Cadet Patrol Officer at Telefomin was John Stobart. John was one of the group of Cadet Patrol Officers which included me (and also a Papua New Guinean named Julian Chan, later Sir Julian Chan, Prime Minister of PNG) who arrived in Port Moresby in July or August 1961. I am attaching a photograph taken in August 1961 of some of this group outside the old QANTAS Mess in Port Moresby, where we were billeted until sent out to our various postings. At the time I failed to put names to the faces in the photo, and apart from Julian Chan on the far right, I can name only a very few. The following are the names I can remember. John 'Blue' Bradbury (top right); Daniel Van Ravensway Classen; John Stobart; Dave Emery; two named Read or Reid (one named Ian); Peter Ingram. Can anyone help by putting names to faces?

Please contact me on: Ph: 08-9586 9003 E: mha.editor@gmail.com
12 Cleopatra Drive COODANUP Western Australia 6210 **Peter Worsley**

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

COMMUNICATIONS by Paul Oates

The Daily Radio Sked

Arriving at my first Patrol Post in 1969, I was introduced to that slender and sometimes tenuous life line of TPNG outstations, the radio schedule or 'sked'.

In 1969 in the Morobe District, both outgoing and incoming signals were transmitted on the one frequency and you could only either send or receive but not both at the same time. The radio (a Crammond from memory), was about two feet long by one foot square, oblong metal box and usually sat on a bench or table in the office. It had a transmission signal strength dial and a frequency selecting dial, a speaker and a handset with transmitting button and not a lot else. You normally had to take the back off the box to change the crystal and therefore the frequency. I believe they were very similar to those radios issued to coast watchers during the war and I sometimes seriously thought could have been the same sets. Certainly anyone who had previously served in the armed services could well have raised the odd eyebrow when first introduced to this piece of equipment from yesteryear.

The 'sked' was also a 'party line' in that all the other stations could listen in to and anyone who had a short wave receiver could also 'tune in' and listen to the conversations. While there was an Administration code (changed monthly) that was used to send officially sensitive signals (telegrams) however most of the traffic was in clear speech. When I say clear, I mean that in a qualified way as all sorts of interferences often impeded the 'traffic'. Sun spot activity could also close the airwaves for some time, even days or may have caused the voices to distort out of all recognition. There were crackles and bursts of static and sometimes other transmissions would interrupt the program without knowing they were doing so. Mining exploration camps were notorious for this and there was also the odd transmission ('Apa Kaba?') from over the border.

Outstation radios were operated using two 12 volt car batteries. The plan was to have two batteries 'charged up' and ready so that when the batteries currently in use started to go flat, you could quickly change them over and not go off the air. To charge the radio batteries up, stations were issued with a battery charger.

Radio Battery Chargers came in two models:

1. Unserviceable, and 2. On their way out.

From memory, the chargers I saw had the initials J.A.P. on the generator and they could well have been from WW2 vintage. A small petrol motor turned the generator and if you were lucky, kept the spare batteries charged up. Spark plugs kept 'coking up' and it was a constant struggle to keep the high revving motor going. A battery hydrometer was available to test the charge of each battery. Battery chargers were often unserviceable and many outstations were constantly sending their chargers in to Lae to be serviced. If you were lucky to

be on a station that had a vehicle, you could use the vehicles battery however my first few stations only had motorbikes for transportation.

In 1969 and early 1970, the Morobe District outstation radio ‘sked’ was run by Mrs. Peg Loder for the TPNG Posts and Telegraphs.

To a new, green, ‘wet behind the ears’ *liklik kiap* however, the radio could be very intimidating, especially when you weren’t familiar with the locally accepted transmission protocols. Terms like “Roger D” and “Cheers” were combined with the necessity to co-ordinate pushing your thumb button down when you wanted to speak and then say “Over” and release the button when you wanted to listen. Any misunderstood words had to be spelt out in the NATO phonetic alphabet in numbered groups, one word to a group.

More than one person was left saying something when someone else was also talking. The result was no communication at all. A young officer from another station had just been freshly introduced to the radio and was trying to order some provisions for his next patrol.

“What do I ask for?” he said.

“Aw, just ask some cans of those meals you heat up,” he was told. “You know. Steak and Onions, Camp Pie and vegetables. Mix ‘em up. That sort of thing.”

So the chap got onto the radio and spoke nervously to Country Orders in Lae. he was asked what he wanted to order?

“Err...um... A dozen hot mixed meals,” he said and was thereafter known as “Hot Meals.”

There was reportedly a stunned silence and then an ‘eh, what?’ from the Country Orders person on the other end of the radio telephone.

A love sick truck driver got on the blower from Kainantu in the Eastern Highlands and asked to be put through to his girlfriend in Lae. “I’ll be back in four hours,” he said. “I just can’t wait to see you.”

The girl sounded less than enthusiastic. “Remember this is a public radio line,” she said.

“I don’t care,” the bloke went on, “I’m REALLY desperate to see you.” For those who had missed out on the ABC’s long running radio show “Blue Hills”, this was enthralling stuff. We listened with bated breath for the next instalment.

Angus Hutton, the manager of the Garaina Tea Plantation near Morobe Patrol Post then got on to Country Orders and gave his weekly shopping list of groceries. He summed up with: “...and now for the Medicine Cabinet,” he said. “One bottle of Rhum Negrita, one of scotch whiskey, one of Napoleon Brandy, one of “

Things were fairly prim and proper in those days. Swearing was a ‘no no’ especially in telegrams. I can remember the District Commissioner, ‘Father’ Bill Seale’s leaving a message for the OIC. Mrs Loder rang the DC’s number and put him on the line to the OIC. The DC must have got used to speaking privately on the telephone for he came out with some colourful superlatives. “You did a bloody good job up in the Western Highlands,” he said. “Just trace a road down to the coast for me. It’s Sh-t easy.” And so on.

“Yes Sir,” said the OIC and the DC hung up. Mrs. Loder seemed a bit rattled for a while after that but what could she say? This was the DC talking.

When the ‘Mac’ Vines, the Head Teacher of Kabwum School had a lawn mower that was taking an inordinate amount of time to be repaired, he started to get agitated. The grass at the school wasn’t getting any shorter and snakes were a concern. Finally he sent a telegram which required him to spell out each group. He read out the telegram in the following manner: First Group “Where”, next group “the”, next group “B” for Bravo, next group, “L” for Lima, next group “O” for Oscar, next group “O” for Oscar, next group “D” for Delta, next group “Y” for Yankee, next group “H” for Hotel, next group “E” for Ecco, next group “L” for Lima, next Group “L” for Lima, next groups are “is”, “my”, “lawn” “mower” then signed off the message. It got an instant result too. The lawn mower was on the next plane.

To pay for each private radio call, you bought postage stamps from the general office and stuck them onto the list of calls made. The stamps were then initialed to prevent them being lifted and used again. We assumed that there was a monthly reconciliation made in Lae against the calls that we made and those value of the stamps on the back of the list of calls that we were required to send in to PNG P&T every month via the mail bag on the weekly government chartered aircraft.

Overseas connections were quite expensive and calls to Australia were timed to three minute intervals. You kept looking at your watch and calculating how much the call was going to cost you. That pressure created problems with some in Australia who had no idea of how to cope with terms like ‘Roger’ and ‘Over’, etc. and to keep their usual ramblings to an absolute minimum. Those who found the concept of only talking after you said ‘over’, hard to understand usually caused you to miss most of what they said because you were transmitting at the time. Christmas calls were by necessity, very brief and often all that was said was ‘Hello’ and ‘goodbye’ once all the family had a turn.

The 510 Portable Radio

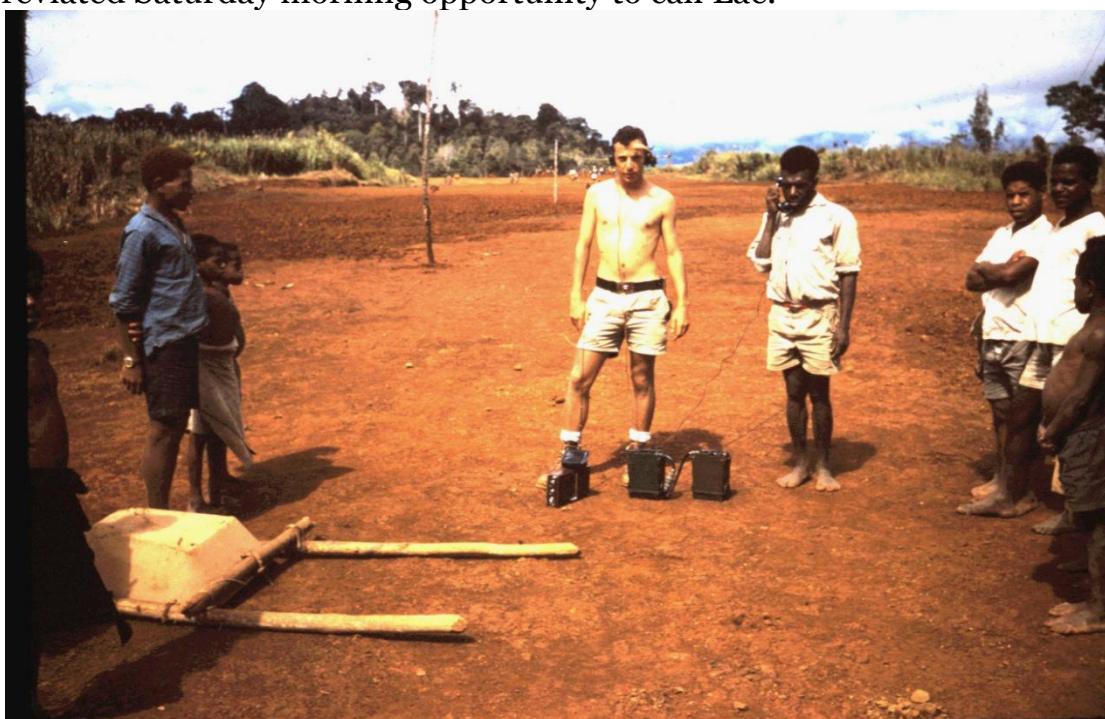
Patrols and Base Camps were sometimes issued with a portable radio to communicate with their District HQ. These radios were clearly ex military and were known as a 510 Portable. The equipment consisted of two halves, each with its own, heavy, dry cell battery. All items fitted into an Army green wooden

box about 5 foot long (1 1/2 meters). On patrol, the box was lashed to a pole and carried between two people.

To set this radio up, you had to attach the batteries, screw the cable connection together and attach the aerial. The aerial was a long wire with a connecting wire in the middle leading to the radio.

You had to set up two poles about 20 feet apart and attach the aerial to the tops of the poles at either end. The poles had to be roughly aligned by compass to the radio station you were trying to contact. Then you stretched the wire between the two poles and connected the wire from the centre of the aerial to the radio. To use the radio, you donned a headset with earphones and a mouthpiece to leave your hands free. It also had a normal handset that could be used in tandem.

Once all that was done, you then had to tune the radio using two internal dials. Each radio was issued with the appropriate crystal that ensured the right frequency (maybe it was 5640) was being transmitted to communicate with, in my case, Lae Post and Telegraphs. Then you could either call Lae out of hours and hope someone was listening or wait until your turn came up on the weekly work day morning and afternoon outstation radio schedule. There was also an abbreviated Saturday morning opportunity to call Lae.



Using the 510 Portable radio to communicate with Lae at Ogeranang airstrip in 1970. Councillor Zeme is listening in to the radio traffic. Obviously it was a warm day. To the left is a bucket that was being used to move the soil during the airstrip's construction. I'm also using my short wave transistor radio to save the 510 batteries while waiting for our turn to come up on the 'sked'.

WALKING OFF MT OTTO By Phil Latz

In January 1964, as a licenced helicopter maintenance engineer, I was sent to PNG for the first time. One of the first tasks I remember took place in the Western Highlands when we flew Government Officials into Lake Copiago, to celebrate the area being de-restricted. This meant white people were allowed in without a permit or police escort. Basically, the locals promised not to kill or eat visitors. Long pig (people) it seemed, were off the menu.

At the welcoming ceremony the Chief greeting us was dressed in modern gear instead of traditional arse grass. Instead, he only wore three red, used, shotgun shells – one screwed onto the end of his penis and one stuck in each ear. An up-market fashion statement to show he was ‘with it’.

My next stint saw the pilot, John Hurrell, and I working on a Government contract in the northern part of the country, staying at the Madang Hotel. One morning, John was summoned to the phone, interrupting our breakfast.

‘Bad news?’ I asked when he returned.

‘Afraid so. George Triatt (Nature Boy) and Wally Rivers are upside down on top of Mt Otto. We have to leave immediately and get them off before the weather closes in. Seems George was doing a high altitude check on Wally, without dual controls mind you, and Wal blew it. Fortunately the radio still worked so they were able to contact Madang immediately.’

‘Are they hurt?’

‘Not sure, lets go.’

We grabbed our bags, and headed for the airport.

Fortunately, the 12,000 foot (3,660 m) high Mt. Otto was still clear of cloud when John arrived. He rescued the pilots and took them to Goroka, the nearest town.

George had cut his right calf but otherwise both pilots were OK. Due to the crash we now had only one working helicopter in PNG, so John was kept busy. I’m sure he flew extra carefully, knowing that if he bent his machine he’d have to walk out.

The problem George encountered with Wally arose because few pilots were trained on high altitude mountain top operations. The helicopters capable of safely doing so had only just become available and were in short supply. These new turbocharged machines were able to carry a reasonable payload to landings above 10,000 feet (3,000 metres). They were being used to set up telephone relay towers on mountaintops.

George was under extreme pressure to show an otherwise experienced pilot how to handle this work. He must have thought it could be done safely without dual controls. George had exceptional skills, perhaps he thought others were of the same standard. After a demonstration and coaching, George changed seats on top of Mt Otto, leaving Wally with the only set of controls. Before becoming properly airborne, Wally managed to roll the machine over resulting in expensive metal being badly bent, in a very inaccessible location.

The wreck was salvageable so early next morning John dropped me off on the mountaintop. Moving from sea level to 3,660 metres in the thin tropical air, I moved slowly to avoid breathlessness while unloading my gear off the chopper.

‘I’ll be back in 20 minutes with your two helpers,’ shouted John before departing on a rapid descent of 1,800 metres to Goroka, deep in the valley below. *Cont over...*

I surveyed my new habitat. It was a bald mountaintop, about a thirty metre square of soggy, decaying, undulating grass, that fell away on the northern side. Cautiously approaching the edge I looked down and saw bare rock plunging almost vertically for hundreds of meters before it met the jungle where it tapered to meet the base of the Ramu Valley 3,000 m below. I shuddered, thinking that this was no place for sleepwalkers. My view extended for fifty to a hundred kilometres to the Finnistere Ranges and the Pacific Ocean beyond. I noted that the southwest part of my new home sloped away gently before reaching jungle in the distance. Beyond that sat the town of Goroka, hidden from view by intervening ridges. The only sounds I could hear were my boots squelching in soggy moss, releasing a smell of decay.

After another glance at the inverted chopper lying beside the central level area, I selected a patch of high ground on which to pitch my two-man tent. Testing the spot with my boots, it felt secure. I'd heard these mountains received over five and a half metres of rainfall per annum so camping in a sheltered hollow was not wise.

While erecting the tent I was dismayed to see clouds forming around me. There was no sound of a chopper, so it seemed I'd be on my own. John mentioned that these mountaintops could remain shrouded for days, sometimes weeks.

He didn't return, but I was not concerned. I had shelter and plenty of tinned food. Rain was common and my aboriginal friends had taught me that I could survive on water for over three weeks. Dismantling the wreck without help would be difficult, but I was determined to try. On this damp, bleak and cold location, sitting in the middle of clouds, there was nothing else to do.

I concentrated on establishing my campsite. I had only been in New Guinea for three weeks and was not experienced in tropical rainforest survival, but basic bush camping skills apply anywhere. The tent must be secure as thunderstorms can produce strong winds and torrential rain. I set up the inside of my domicile by unfolding the bed frame and arranging my sleeping bag, blankets and waterproof cover. The Primus™ went inside the tent fly so I could heat food and water regardless of the weather. Food cartons formed a table and the bed doubled as a seat. By 7.30 am I was ready for work and carried my toolbox to the wreck.

My first task was to disconnect the battery to avoid a spark igniting fuel or other combustible material. Then I checked for fuel leaks. None were apparent but a little fuel remained in the tanks, which I saved for lighting fires. While assessing my battle plan I saw deep gouges in the damp ground and surmised that the main rotor blades cut these. The chopper probably drifted sideways, settled, and when the skids contacted the ground, the machine tipped enough for the blades to hit the ground. When a rotor blade hits a solid object at over 400 kilometres per hour, it invariably flips a helicopter. In this case it came to rest almost completely upside down.

As I began to strip the wreck light rain started to fall. It continued all day. Soon I was standing in ankle deep mud. It was necessary to limit the maximum weight of individual pieces or bundles of parts to around 200 kgs, the maximum John could lift in the thin air.

My lunch of tinned ham, cheese, butter and pickles on fresh bread was a welcome break. It would take time to boil water, so I settled for a drink from the container collecting rain from the tent fly.

Well before dark I prepared for the night. My torch and spare batteries would be saved for contingencies. Lighting the Primus stove for warmth, I exchanged wet clothing for dry woollies and warmed my hands. Being isolated and alone on this cold, wet night in the middle of the sky without any means of contacting the world did not bother me. I was being paid for this adventure. I had previously spent many nights alone, miles from habitation, albeit in familiar territory. While waiting for my stew to heat I tuned my transistor to Radio Australia. My after dinner coffee could be drunk just off the boil. Water boiled at much lower temperatures due to the low atmospheric pressure at this altitude. It was still raining as I drifted off to sleep, warm and cozy in my cocoon.

Dawn revealed another overcast sky. John wouldn't try flying up today, so I'd get no help. It rained all day but I managed to shake the 150 kilogram engine out of its twisted mounting frame. It took a few choice swear words, rests between heavy exertion, and many hammer blows before I succeeded. With that done, I soon finished the remaining work and all the pieces of helicopter were ready to be lifted out to Goroka. My promised helpers were unnecessary.

After dinner that evening a storm raged around me. I attempted to listen to Australia playing a cricket test match against England in the U.K. The thunder and pounding of heavy rain on my tent made it pointless attempting sleep. It felt like I was inside the bowels of a monster with a violent stomach problem. Peering out of the tent fly between bouts of torrential rain I saw shaft lightening shooting by, striking the ranges below. I thought that with any luck the metal frame of the chopper would attract a strike if we were to be hit. The lightening did hit my mountaintop, causing my hair to almost stand on end and my ears to suffer. I was very thankful when the sound and fury subsided and I slept. I didn't ever want to be so far inside the middle of a storm again.

Next morning the view amazed me. It seemed I could see the whole country spread out below. The storm had swept all before it and brilliant sunshine burned my eyes. I packed up and prepared for John's appearance, my first task complete. All I had left to do was load the chopper when John appeared. The heavy items would be slung out.

As the sun climbed I realised it would not be today. John was probably busy elsewhere. The inactivity was boring and I looked again to the southwest. A path from the summit led in that direction and I knew Goroka was only about ten kilometres away as the crow flies. It should be a simple downhill stroll through the bush. I could be there for lunch, saving John a trip to get me. The wreckage could be retrieved later, when convenient, without upsetting our customers.

Before leaving I chose a piece of wrecked aluminium tubing as a staff. This decision would save my life. The sun was shining as I walked off the top of my mountain, along a path fringed with grassy tussocks. After a half-kilometre the path led into jungle and I happily continued on downhill. Further on, the trail forked. I had a decision to make. Tall jungle trees and clouds obscured the sun so I couldn't judge direction. Stupidly I had left the chopper's small compass behind. I decided to keep heading downhill. Soon the downhill grade increased, followed by a steep uphill climb and more forks in the trail. These climbs and descents were repeated continuously while the wet mud underfoot had me constantly slipping and falling.

After several hours, I seriously considered retracing my steps to the mountaintop but wasn't sure of finding it. I was completely lost. My bush walking in Australia had always allowed me to see for some distance and walk in straight lines if

necessary. In this secondary jungle, with dense undergrowth from ground level up to the limit of my vision I was confined to a foliage tunnel that snaked up and down to some unknown destination. Had I crawled a metre to the side and been able to stand, the tunnel would be lost to view. When stopping to catch my breath, the silence around me was frightening. I continued, fighting the terrain. Hearing a roaring sound, I came to a torrent of water cascading down a swollen stream. I was dismayed at the thought of having to cross but there was no option. A solid green wall faced me on the other side.

Taking a deep breath, I launched into the cataract and was immediately swept away as I lost my footing on unseen slippery rocks. By flailing my arms and jumping off rocks I made the crossing, but then faced the arduous task of finding my tunnel again or being stranded at the water's edge. Careful not to be swept away, I repeatedly parted the green wall while moving upstream. If my search for the concealed tunnel was unsuccessful I realised I could be lost forever. It seemed hours, and my heart was pounding before my staff displaced a branch and revealed the escape route. I rejoined the tunnel and while leaning on a tree to regain my composure, was startled by an almighty crashing sound, followed by a piercing shriek. I spun around to face the unknown, staff upraised, nerves and muscles tense and ready for action. Not a leaf moved. I ran in a state of blind panic until exhaustion overtook me and I collapsed on the muddy path. My brain went into overdrive, telling me I might as well curl up and die, I would never find my way out of this nightmare. It seemed pointless to continue. It's one of the hardest things I have ever done, fighting my way back to a semblance of sanity and logical thinking. I forced myself to believe the sound I heard came from a wild pig upsetting a native bird and not a man-eating crocodiles meal.

Back home I knew of people who had perished, naked in the sun, having thrown off their clothing for no apparent reason while a vehicle full of food and water was nearby. Tourists confronted with a simple dilemma such as getting bogged in sand, on a hot day, in the loneliness of the outback, can lose all reason when a problem arises in unfamiliar territory and help is not readily to hand

I lay in the mud until my breathing and pulse rates dropped. The locals live here and walk these trails, so I must eventually find a way out to a village I kept telling myself. Just keep going and don't give in to panic or it will kill you. I have no idea of the number of times I was swept down various streams. I just had to keep going. My strength and determination were badly sapped when I reached a fast moving, wide, boulder-strewn stream. A tree had been dropped across the banks, so this crossing should have been easy. Fatigued, I slipped and fell into the turbulent water. I was bounced from one boulder to another while being driven downstream. Battered and winded I gave up. I had no fight left in me and didn't care any more. Thoughts of my fraught drive to the Alice after leaving Pamela flashed through my head. Where would I end up this time – heaven or hell?

Then the staff, somehow still clenched in one fist, jammed between two boulders and the torture stopped. I had just enough strength to climb onto a rock above water level where I lay for a long time recovering. Amazingly, sunshine bathed me. Slowly I became aware of a thundering sound.

Cautiously standing, I saw the torrent of water disappear from view some ten metres downstream. *The raging sound must come from a waterfall.* I shivered with the realisation that my guardian angel was still with me. I would be all right, it was not my judgement day yet! Luckily I had been carried almost to the far bank of

the stream. Fascination compelled me to investigate. Carefully gaining the bank I maneuvered my way downstream. Soon, a picture perfect view greeted me. The waterfall dropped probably eighty metres, before exploding onto solid rock and boiling downstream. The surrounding spray and mist, sparkling with halo like rainbows in the sunshine was lovely to see. I shuddered; it could have been red with my blood. I'd been spared but still had the difficult task of getting upstream to the log bridge.

Eventually I regained the path. The trail seemed all downhill now and was easy going. The jungle thinned and I walked into a semi-cleared area. Hooray, I must be nearing a village. A little further, a vegetable garden appeared. I had definitely made it. A native appeared, jabbering furiously in a strange language. He held a machete in his right hand and wore traditional arse grass. In moments he was joined by a dozen similarly attired adults and naked children of both sexes. They stood before me, chattering and showing excited body language. A command was issued. Silence fell and the whole group bowed to me. I smiled, said 'Hello, Hello' and moved forward with my right arm extended. Shrieks followed and they all rushed to shake my hand. I could not understand a word they said but eventually asked 'Goroka where?'

'Ha, Goroka,' with much furious pointing and follow me gestures. I trailed along with the mob as they danced, sang and chanted around me. We passed other villages and the mob swelled. I couldn't understand the reason for their excitement; I just went with the flow. It seemed no time passed before we reached the outskirts of Goroka where I led the mob to the Talair hanger we used as a base.

Soon, I was surrounded by expats.

'You walked off Mt Otto on your own?'

'Yep, can't say I would do it again though.'

'You're bloody crazy.'

Eventually I was told why the natives made such a fuss of me. An interpreter said they thought I was a God descending from the mountain as no normal white person would consider walking on patrol without a myriad of carriers, servants and police. The natives also strongly believed in a 'Cargo Cult' whereby a 'God or Big Man' would appear and dispense largesse to them. They were sure the whites had a secret that would be passed to them by this 'God' and then aeroplanes full of cargo for natives would arrive. Perhaps they thought I was to be their saviour?

Bad luck for them, after a shower I was off to the pub to celebrate my survival. I could not buy a beer in the hotel that night, everyone wanted to hear my story. It was a boozy, late night and it must have been exhaustion that caused me to stagger home.

John flew in a few days later and said 'You stupid bugger, I was coming to get you. Then the office phoned and said you had walked off. Now you have to go up again anyway to sling up the loads for me to fly out.'

We achieved this early next morning, and I must admit to great relief as my camp and I left on the last trip. It took all of seven minutes to come down the mountain, compared to my eight-hour ordeal. Soon after this episode my tour of duty was completed and I caught a flight to Brisbane to begin my time off.

Read more of Phil's worldwide adventures at www.phillatz.com

KARO ARAUA
Armed Constabulary (Papua),
Police mailman hanged for murder

**Maxwell R. Hayes, Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary,
1959-1974.**

In 1884, the Crown Colony of Queensland annexed a portion of the eastern half of the island of New Guinea and named it British New Guinea. In 1888 it formally became a British possession and was named Papua in 1906 when it became an Australian external territory.

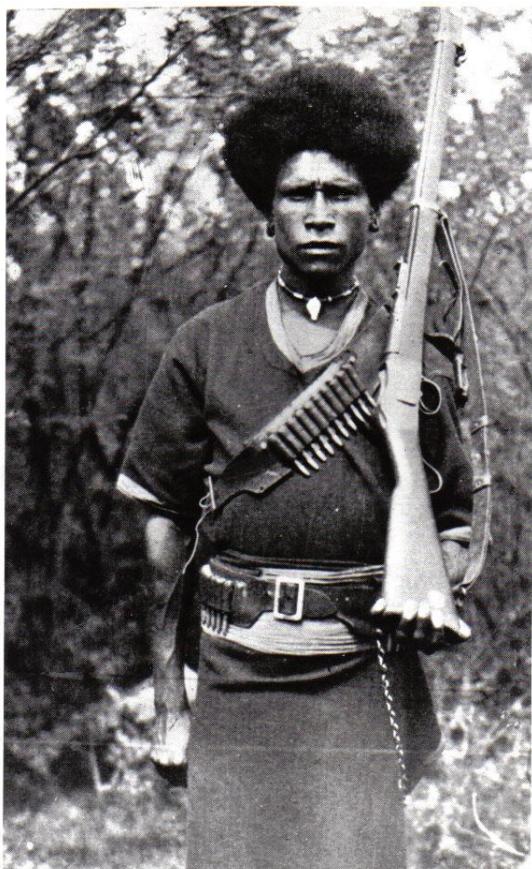
As administrative control was gradually extended along the navigable coastline there was little penetration into the inland regions. It was obvious that there would have to be a mail service. With the creation of the British New Guinea Armed Constabulary (BNGAC) in 1890, a facility existed to service coastal and interior government stations, plantations, trading stores and missions. BNGAC led by white Assistant Resident Magistrates (ARM) participated in many exploratory patrols into the unexplored interior always encountering hostile native head-hunters, treacherous attacks, cannibal rituals and large primitive groups who had never seen white men or native police before.

With the extension of government influence, inland trading posts and missions were established. In the late 1890's, gold miners had established a track leading to the Yodda-Kokoda gold fields which produced a lucrative source of gold. The earliest inland government station was established at Kokoda, some 96 km inland from Port Moresby, around the turn of the century staffed by an ARM and armed native police.

In December 1904, a regular weekly overland police mail-runner service commenced to Kokoda government station. Travelling in pairs, the armed native police carrying the mail in a strong leather satchel proceeded bare-footed foot from Port Moresby at sea level in arduous tropical conditions with rain falling on most days through the lowest point at about 3,750m in the Owen Stanley ranges down to Kokoda station situated at about 950m on a plateau. High altitudes in the tropics can be near freezing at night.

Outside Port Moresby the track, later to be known as the Kokoda track, was not one continuous pathway but a series of ill-defined lesser tortuous paths often of single-file width. They were largely for contact with various villages along the route and had existed since time immemorial mainly for inter village trading, internecine warring and headhunting raids.

There were rudimentary rest huts spaced a day's walk apart. The journey to Kokoda usually took five to six days, with the return trip taking a little less. Some time later the mail run was extended from Kokoda and continued down to the north coast government station of Buna, a distance of some 160km from Port Moresby, a very arduous journey of some nine to ten days in total. There they would be relieved and another team would make the return journey. Over the years several policemen making this journey were murdered when carrying the mail and punitive government patrols retaliated.



Moresby to Buna.

Enter a tall Police Motu (the lingua franca of Papua) and village language speaking Papuan from the Gulf region named Karo Araua, born about 1902/03. Government officials in the course of patrols in this area noted that Karo, as he grew older, was rebellious and resented authority, particularly from his parents and traditional tribal elders. None the less at some stage around the early 1920's he was appointed as an unarmed Village Constable (a prominent village native having limited authority in matters of law and order). This seemed to appeal to Karo and around 1926 he used tribal influence to be appointed to the Armed Constabulary (variously known as the Papuan Armed Constabulary and Armed Native Constabulary). He signed an indenture for three years and performed patrol duties in the Central District and in 1928 was appointed to the prestigious position of carrying and escorting the overland mail from Port

On 5th September 1929. Constable Karo in company with Constable Bili set out from Port Moresby. Their equipment consisted of a Martini-Enfield rifle, bayonet in scabbard, a cartridge belt, ammunition, a long brass chain (which served as a primitive handcuff until 1964), spare uniform, a carrying bag with biscuits, rice, tins of meat, coconut meal and sticks of native tobacco for trading for fresh meat and fruit obtained along the track. They would space a day's travel to camp overnight at a government rest hut, if possible.

At one such rest hut an argument ensued between Karo and the older Bili. He accused Bili of not carrying his fair share of the heavy leather mail satchel. Bili refused; Karo shot him in the back and rolled his body off the track. He then proceeded alone to Kokoda. On arrival he informed the ARM of what had occurred, a search was made for the body, Karo was arrested and returned to Port Moresby

in handcuffs. Here the murder was investigated by the European Constable, Tom Gough¹ who had only arrived a few months earlier. Believing that he had a just reason, Karo made full admissions of the murder and was confined in the Badili (also known as Koki) native prison. He was committed for trial and appeared in the Central Court in November. He was charged with wilful murder under the provisions of Section 302 of the Queensland Criminal Code 1899². Owing to leniency shown to natives due to tribal customs by the administering Australian Government the charge was reduced to manslaughter under Section 303. He was sentenced to 5 years in hard labour and after serving about four years and nine months he was returned to his Gulf village.

In September 1935, Karo and some fellow villagers were questioned on suspicion of breaking into a trade store east of Port Moresby and taken to the coastal government station of Rigo. Here he was charged with some minor offences and fined in late October. On the 12th November the safe in the office at the government station was stolen. No other government safe had ever been stolen in the history of this territory; such a crime was unthinkable. The safe was later found, broken open in a creek bed with a large sum of money in notes and coin missing. Suspicion centered on Karo and other villagers.

Right: Bagita wearing the pre-war 4 stripes with coat of arms Port Moresby 1960. Photo:MR Hayes
When news of this crime reached Port Moresby, Sergeant Bagita³, the constabulary's ablest



¹ Thomas Patrick Gough, b 15.6.1893 Rosevale, Qld, Served in the Queensland Police between 12.3.1914-154.9.1920, and was appointed to Papua 4.5.1929 and served until 14.2.1942 (suspension of civil administration in Papua WW2). He was the second European Constable appointed in Papua. He was reappointed post-war on 8.10.1945 to RPC&NGPF, and retired as Superintendent on 26.11.1951.

² The Queensland Criminal Code 1899, (as amended) remained the principal statute law of Papua until 1942, and subsequently post-war for both jointly administered territories of Papua and New Guinea until 1975.

³ Bagita Aromau B.E.M. , Q.P.L.S.& G.C. Medal, of Ferguson Island, born about 1900, joined the Armed Constabulary in 1916, and retired at a full dress parade at Bomana Police College at the rank of Sergeant (First Class) [though he was always entitled the more prestigious title of Sergeant Major in 1966. He served continuously with three years' war service in the Royal Papuan Constabulary for fifty years. He died in Port Moresby in October 1973. He remains the longest serving native or European police officer of Papua New Guinea. There will never be an equal in Bagita who proudly wore five stars beneath his war medals, one for each ten years of loyal and distinguished service. I am proud to have known and served with him.

investigator was sent to Rigo. He spoke several of the local Papuan languages as well as Police Motu. Meanwhile in the capital, Port Moresby Constable Gough was making extensive and widespread enquiries for local natives in possession of large sums of money. A co-conspirator eventually led Bagita to where some of the money had been hidden, confessed to the crime and named Karo as the principal offender. On 21st January 1936, Karo was brought before a magistrate and sent back by government trawler to Port Moresby where he again faced Constable Gough.

After committal Karo faced the Central Court charged under Sections 398 (stealing) and 421 (burglary) of the QCC and was sentenced to 10 years with hard labour at Koki prison. Proving himself to be a recalcitrant while on a town working party in February he escaped. He was arrested a few days later by Bagita subjected to strict discipline and was transferred to the most distant prison on the island of Samarai.

Feigning blindness (self-inflicted by rubbing a native plant into his eyes), he was returned to Koki prison for treatment. Here, as he was apparently blinded, he did no hard labour but embarked on schemes to make money by gambling, sleight of hand and sorcery.

As with most prisons, there is a hierarchy of prisoners and Karo quickly established his position at the top. He had the virtual run of the whole prison and, being generally believed to have magical powers, had considerable influence over junior warders extending to the senior warder Sergeant Ume Hau. Ume was an inveterate gambler though gambling was strictly prohibited by Papuan law. Amongst the prison staff and the prisoners due to tribal loyalties and languages there was almost always some distant shadowy relationship by way of trading or marriage involved. There also existed an obligation to accommodate others villagers and debts had to be repaid.

Around May 1938 fellow prisoners were well aware that there was considerable tension between senior warder Ume and prisoner Karo. Cell keys were lost and Karo's confinement at night a matter of carelessness. Not being a Motuan language speaker, European Gaoler George Gough⁴ was almost certainly unaware of the undercurrent existing between Ume and Karo and of their close relationship. He would have known little of the widespread belief in the powers of sorcery (*puri puri*) or of the fear under which many Papuans lived.

⁴ George Andrew Gough, b 9.4.1907, Rosevale. Originally came to Papua as an agricultural worker on a coffee plantation leading to becoming the manager of the prison gardens and the appointment of European Gaoler on 8.10.1936, He served until 14.2.1942 and was reappointed to RPC&NGPF 2.1.1946. He retired as Superintendent, Corrective Institutions on 30.6.1962.

The last time Sergeant Warden Ume was seen alive was after the evening meal on Monday 6th June. At the Tuesday morning prisoner inspection line-up Ume was absent. Believing that Ume may have absented himself from duty and together with his wife Boio and their adopted daughter Igua, aged about twelve years, left the prison for family, gambling or trading reasons, Gaoler Gough had a search made of the native prison area and environs without success. Constable Gough extended the search to Ume's village and beyond also without success.

The search continued until late on the afternoon of Wednesday the 8th, when the humid tropical climate revealed the decomposing presence under the rarely used European section of the prison of three bodies all with their throats cut. Suspicion quickly centered on Karo and after extensive questioning of other Papuan prisoners who implicated Karo and the finding of blood stained clothing and knives by Constable Gough and Sergeant Bagita, Karo and a co-conspirator named Goave Oae were arrested.

Other prisoners had implicated Goave (who was serving life for a 1931 murder) in handing Karo a knife during the evening of the Monday night murders. Karo made an admission of guilt to Bagita and both offenders were charged with wilful murder. They were committed for trial in July and sent for trial before a Judge alone, as was the law for Papuans.

After the trial, which concluded in the Central Court on July 18th, Karo was found guilty of wilful murder and sentenced to death. The lesser conspirator, Goave, was acquitted and returned to prison to continue his life sentence. Neither was charged with the murder of Ume's wife and child.

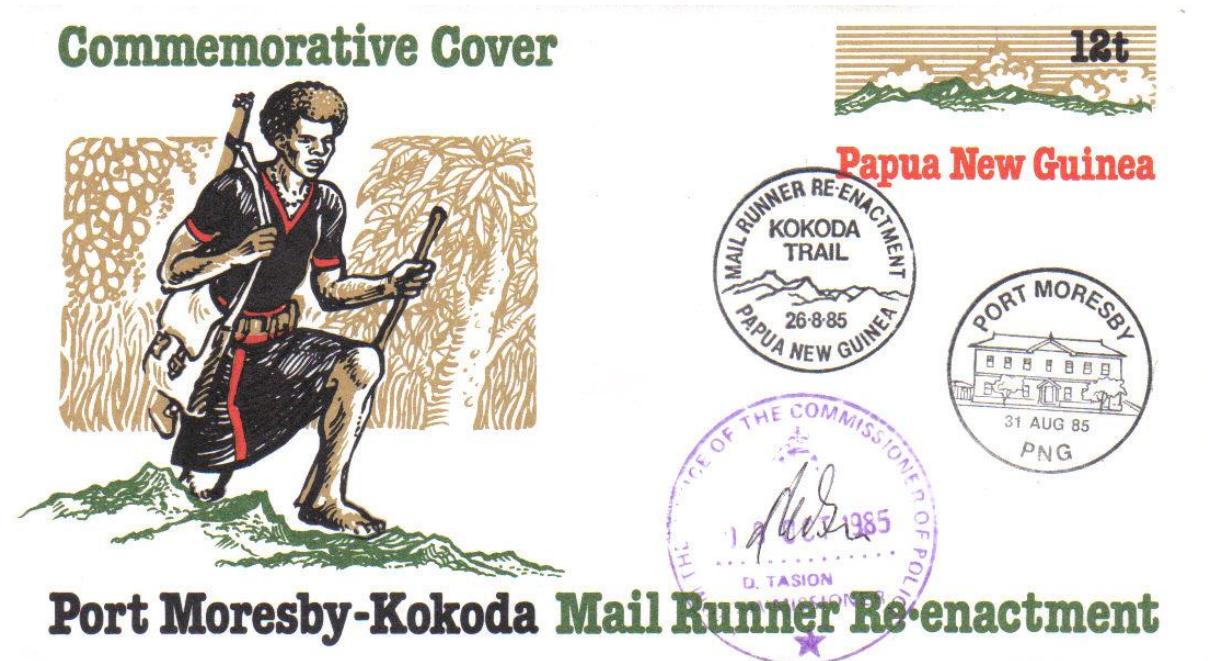
Since Karo's earlier murder when a police mailman and his earlier imprisonment on a lesser charge, there had been a change of



This photo was published in 'People' in 1950 and wrongly entitled 'Karo and co-accused Goave on their way to execution'. This is incorrect. Karo was hanged and Goave continued to serve his life sentence. The correct title would be 'Karo and Goave on their way to trial in Port Moresby Central Court.' The detail is obviously of Karo. Photo from Rita Gough (Tom Gough's daughter).

Australian government and Karo's fate was sealed. The death penalty was confirmed by the Papuan Executive Council and five days later on August 8th, Karo, also suspected of several other village murders, was executed outside the Koki prison behind a high hessian structure of the enclosed gallows before a large crowd of Europeans and Papuans, an armed guard of the constabulary, the brothers Gough, a Catholic priest, a medical officer, Sergeant Bagita and the acting Sheriff to whom the duty as executioner fell.

From the early years, police were extensively involved in the carriage of mails throughout the then separate territories of Papua and New Guinea until early 1942. Police runners carried mail from Port Moresby to Kokoda, with the exception of the war years, until October 1949 when Qantas commenced weekly air services. Post-war extensive routes were traversed elsewhere in most parts of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea and continued in Bougainville until at least 1956. These 'police runner' catcheted covers are now very scarce philatelic items.



Mail re-enactment cover depicting a police mail runner
Photo: Hayes Collection

On August 26th, 1985, the centenary of postal services in Papua was commemorated by the re-enactment of a police mail run from Kokoda. At the top of the Kokoda track, a specially issued pre-stamped commemorative cover was cancelled on that date. Covers were conveyed on foot back to Port Moresby by a party of seven Papuan New Guineans under the command of Sergeant Peter Baiagau of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary. After the five day trek the covers were again cancelled at the Port Moresby post office on August 31st.

Karo's execution was only the second in Papua since 1916 and was the last in Papua before the acts of World War 2 were dealt with in later war crimes trials. On January 15th, 1934, former Sergeant Stephen Mamademi Gorumbaru of the Armed Constabulary, with fifteen years' service and serving at police headquarters, was convicted of the rape of a European female child. He was hanged at Badili prison, Port Moresby on Monday January 29th.



Compiled from personal conversations with Sgt Major Bagita, recollections from other long serving native police, notes from Rita O'Neil (daughter of TP Gough), assistance from Rick Giddings, a former long serving district officer and magistrate, and from 'Karo the life and fate of a Papuan', Amirah Inglis, ANU, 1982, to whom I extend my thanks.

Left: Bagita, wearing his newly presented BEM on his retirement parade at Bomana Police College. 1966 (Hayes collection).

Bernadette Whitlock is trying to track down details of her great uncle who was apparently stationed at Rabaul. She thinks that the man standing at the back on the far right is Edward Timmons but she would like confirmation. If anyone knows the names of any of the men in the group, or approximately what date the photo might have been taken, could they contact the Editor or Bernadette at E: be.whit@virgin.net



SOME BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON PRE WAR PAPUA AND NEW GUINEA IDENTITIES: By Philip Selth *

Robert Dorrien Kirby, a Papua Patrol Officer of Armed Constabulary, was appointed an Inspector under the *Native Labour Ordinances* as of 15 July 1915 and a Magistrate for Native Matters as of 18 November 1915. He had been posted to Kikori, under the supervision of the experienced Acting Resident Magistrate Henry Cardew. Natives of three villages had reportedly invited some natives from the coastal area of Morari to a feast, and had then murdered, cooked and eaten 12 of their guests. On 27 April 1916 Kirby and Cardew had set off by different routes to apprehend the murderers. The alleged murderers, found by Kirby holding a dance at Siaki's village on the Kikori River, resisted arrest. Kirby and two police constables were injured; Kirby was struck in the breastbone by an arrow that broke off.

As James Sinclair wrote in *To find a path*, there 'is no doubt that the Constabulary ran wild when they saw their officer shot'. As Sir Hubert Murray circumspectly wrote in his *1915-1916 Annual report*, 'The man who discharged the arrow was immediately shot dead by the police, and, in the fighting that ensued, a number of natives, estimated at from ten to twelve, were shot; two of the police were wounded. The death of this very capable officer was a real loss to the service; but arrests must be made, and the risk must be disregarded as inseparable from the life of a police officer in an unsettled district. Mr Kirby died bravely in the discharge of a dangerous duty'. Cardew, who arrived the next day, was unable to remove the arrowhead because of its barbs. Kirby died at the Roman Catholic Mission on Yule Island on 29 April 1916. At the time of his death Kirby was 34 years of age. He was buried in the Port Moresby cemetery on 30 April, his body having arrived that morning on the steamer *Vialala*. The Lieutenant Governor (Sir Hubert Murray) and 'a large number of officers of the public service' attended the funeral of the man 'recognised as a good officer'. Sir Hubert Murray recorded in his *1915-1916 Annual report* that the 'death of this very capable officer was a real loss to the service; but arrests must be made, and the risk must be disregarded as inseparable from the life of a police officer in an unsettled district. Mr Kirby died bravely in the discharge of a dangerous duty'. Siaki later surrendered to a patrol led by Ernest Chinnery

Ian McCallum Mack was born at Jan Juc, Victoria on 18 August 1900. Mack went to England in 1905, where he attended a preparatory school. He returned to Geelong 1914 and attended the Geelong Grammar school. Leaving school in 1917, Mack worked on his father Joseph's property 'Rosecroft' at Lismore in the Western District. He enlisted in the AIF on the day after his 18th birthday, but did not enter camp due to the signing of the Armistice. In 1922 he moved to a sheep station near Roma, Qld. In 1925 he worked on a station near Tailem Bend, SA. In his December 1925 application for appointment as a Patrol Officer, Mack stated that he was 'accustomed to living quite alone for long periods and have had experience in handling natives and Chinamen'. The interviewing officer noted that Mack appeared 'to be of the class that makes good patrol officers' – and that he could drive a car and do repairs. Interviewed in May 1926, Mack left for New Guinea in June 1926. He was stationed on New Britain until the end of 1931, firstly at Kokopo and then Talasea. Mack was then transferred to the Morobe District. Mack was wounded while leading a dawn raid in the Upper Ramu to 'capture a few native boys and endeavour to find out from them the identity of the murderers' of a native woman. Mack's police killed at least fifteen of the attackers with bayonets and their

.303 rifles. Mack was cared for by Mona Peadon until an aircraft arrived two days later. Mack died in the Salamaua Hospital on 18 June 1933. (It had been intended to put floats on a Junkers and fly Mack and Dr BA Sinclair to Rabaul where Mack could be X-rayed, as there was an arrow splinter they could not locate. It was not possible to get floats to the plane and Mack died in Salamaua Hospital.)

Alexander J. (Lex / Les) Peadon and his older brother **Lance** had claims near Kainantu on the Ramu goldfield. Mrs Mona Peadon was the first white woman on the goldfield, and the second in the Highlands. (The first white woman to live in the Highlands was Louise Bergmann, the Lutheran missionary Wilhelm Bergmann's wife, who had made a home in 1931 on the edge of the mountains of the Morobe District.) In 1932 Peadon had staked a claim on the Upper Watut. Two years later he and his new bride, the former **Mona Bell** of Vaucluse, Sydney, had walked in across the mountains and rivers from Madang, taking with them cattle and horses. ADO Jim Taylor insisted they move from their initial chosen spot, which had been too close to a native village. They established a 'palatial camp' on Onapinka Creek. Sarah Chinnery recorded in her 1933 diary the Peadons milking about 26 head of cattle, and sending fresh milk on the plane to Salamaua, about 60 miles away. This was the first fresh milk Salamaua had seen. In 1943 Mona Peadon was President of the New Guinea Centre of the Country Women's Association of NSW, whose members hoped to return to New Guinea after the war and establish a CWA group there. Mona Peadon died in Lewisham Private Hospital in Sydney in February 1946 after a long illness.

The prospector Captain **Bernard (Mac) McGrath**, a one-time master mariner in sail, the first prospector to be killed in the Highlands, was killed at the village of Finintegu on the Karmanuntina River on 16 February 1934; his body was found by Mick and Dan Leahy 'about an hour' after his death. The Administration sent in officers and police to arrest McGrath's killers. At least 19 natives were killed and 17 wounded. James Sinclair has noted that it is 'probable' that McGrath would not have been killed had not the German prospector Ludwig Schmidt been in the Finintegu-Dunantina country beforehand, for his behaviour there left the tribes in ferment'. As a boy of 15 McGrath had been apprenticed on a sailing ship that traded between Australia and Mauritius. In 1911 he joined the Mawson expedition to the Antarctic, and was away until 1914. He described himself as one of 'Mawson's cubs'. McGrath served as an officer on the Adelaide Steamship Company's *Warilda* and *St Albans*. During WW 1 McGrath was an officer in the Royal Navy Reserve, sailing on hospital and troop ships to Russia, Egypt, France, England and America. He then commanded a ship on the Californian run. He won 'the great racing event in the Santa Barbara regatta'. McGrath then chartered a boat of his own, the *Robert Hind*, and explored the South Sea Islands. He traded for copra around the Solomon Island. After copra prices fell heavily he parted with his ship and then spent 15 years exploring and pioneering in New Guinea. On his death Sir Douglas Mawson spoke of McGrath's 'adventurous spirit'; Sir John Macfarland, Chancellor of the University of Melbourne, referred to him as 'a gallant pioneer'.

I would be grateful for any assistance readers of *Una Voce* can give me to improve these biographical notes. Please contact me at: P.O. 1682, Lane Cove, NSW, 1595; Ph: 02 9229 1735; E-mail: pselth@nswbar.asn.au

* Philip Selth is writing a biography of John Joseph (Mangrove) Murphy (1914-1997), New Guinea Patrol Officer, Coastwatcher, POW, District Commissioner.

ELEVEN NEW FIRETRUCKS FOR PNG

Seven PNG airports will be able to respond immediately and effectively to emergency situations after 11 aviation and rescue fire fighting vehicles arrived in Lae last March to be distributed to various airports around the country. Two trucks each will be stationed in Lae, Madang, Rabaul, and Mt Hagen, while Goroka, Wewak and Alotau will have one each. This was done in partnership with the Australian Government through Airservices Australia and AusAID who donated the firetrucks.

National Airport Corporation managing director, Joseph Kintau said that the management and board have been focused on restructuring the organization, particularly on developing the capacity that would ensure a higher level of safety compliance.

"Safety is an important factor in the industry and having the fire trucks based in all our airports is one of the many safety aspects of our airports that NAC is dealing with to improve emergency response capabilities in Papua New Guinea," Mr Kintau said.

NAC chairman Peter Neville said the launching of the fire trucks was one of the achievements that reflected that the NAC had achieved satisfactory levels in compliance with the International Civil Aviation Organisation and PNG rules and standards. Australian High Commissioner Ian Kemish said the project showed that Australia was again delivering immediate benefits and tangible outcomes to PNG where, if the worst case scenario occurred, as in any other part of the world; the seven airports would be able to respond immediately and effectively to emergency situations.

Sister M. Colomba, then an Irish missionary with the sisters of our lady of the sacred heart, in Rabaul, sends a letter home to friends with a moving account of life under the Japanese 1942-45. It has been edited for space reasons. Part two of two.

With thanks to Gillian Nikakis

SISTER M COLOMBA (Cont from June 2011)

RAMALIE CAMP 13 November, 1945

The most terrible of our experiences was still in store for us. On Feb 29th at 9 am the siren blew. We were scarcely in our trench when huge water torpedo bombs were crashing everywhere. The lights were extinguished by the blast of the first ones so that we were there in pitch darkness, the trench itself rocking and big clumps of soil falling everywhere. We expected to be killed this time. General absolution was given and we prayed as never we had prayed in our lives before. My word, it takes bombs to teach one to pray. No Treatise of St. Alphonsus Ligouri was ever more effective than those crashing monsters. Once again Our Blessed Mother and our good Angels had protected us. Blazing sun, hot, weary and tired - but we consoled ourselves with the thought of the great meal that we would have on the morrow. The morrow came but with it no respite. Quite early the bombers were over again giving us an even worse doing than on the previous day. First raid over we were about to emerge when a second group was heard. We crushed in as deep into the trench as we could; we clung to each other terror-stricken- the thundering

of the crashing bombs had us nearly petrified. Again we received general absolution. Then a lapse. We listened, all was quiet - we could come out. But no! A third group was heard, our hearts sank, our nerves were all on edge - we were almost panicky. It seemed as if they were determined not to leave us alive this time. We crushed in, in, and still further in, so far as we could possibly go. By this time we were soaked in perspiration, our tongues parched with thirst. Down the bombs came again, in front, on and behind the trench. We prayed even more fervently than before if that were possible. We cried from the depths of our hearts, with all the strength of our souls "sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee". At last 'twas over. We tried to light the lamps but could not owing to atmospheric conditions. We groped our way out and found but a desert before us – not a tree, not a blade of grass left, only twisted hideous iron and charred remains of our once beautiful mission. It was a sad, sad, sight but in spite of it all, our hopes ran high, surely this was but a prelude to the arrival of our liberators. Little did we think that almost eighteen months of anxiety suspense and privation were yet ahead of us.

It was afternoon when we emerged from our dark holes. The Japs had all gone to the bush, we felt free - now was our time to provide ourselves with some of their stores. At night, the boys went over to our former houses and managed to get quite a supply of food. We got some every night whilst the Japs were away - a period of at least four weeks, so we lived high on cocoa and biscuits for breakfast each morning. For four months we lived in these trenches - we had to remain in them almost all day as well as all night, as planes would shoot out from the blue at any and every minute of the day, machine-gunning as they went. When there were not planes we were driven in by the hot sun or else the rain - we had no other shelter. It was the privation of water that we suffered most from during this time. For the days immediately following this bombing we had very little water, not even enough for drinking... For five days no one was able to have a wash. Just imagine this in such a climate and under those conditions. For our first wash we had one dish of water, not too big either, for forty Sisters. Each Sister washed her face in turn and then washed her feet. Yes, the water was mud when it was finished. After this we got about a pint and a half of water per person every night. In this we had to first wash ourselves and then our clothes. Naturally we all got a horrible skin disease from the filth and dirt.

In the dugouts opposite ours, were most of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart; together with the old and sick Fathers and Brothers. It was a terrible hole for all these sick and ailing people. Every few days we had a death, fifteen alone died within a few weeks. Some of our pioneers especially had a sad end to their mission life. Old Br Deen, aged 84, got a fracture of his arm. There was no accommodation for sick people, not even sufficient space for all who were seeking shelter. In a small corner the suffering Brother lay patiently awaiting the end of his long and fruitful life. Several times when the raids were on, his bed and he himself were covered with mud and soil which fell from the shaking walls. He only smiled and it was with a smile that he gave us his childlike soul to God on the 25th February. Immediately after his death, Father Halt was placed in his bed. He was very ill too, and four days later he followed the Brother to his grave. His burial took place under the most miserable conditions. The passage in the dugout was almost closed by a mud slide and it was very, very difficult to remove the body. It was a sad sight to see the venerable remains of one of God's Priests wrapped only in the blanket which had covered him in his last hours, dragged through this mud and hastily buried a few yards from the mouth of the trench. It had to be hurried, for

another missionary was dying and there were planes around. Rev. Br Buescher, an old Brother of 73 years, died a few hours later. He had passed peacefully away, quiet and silent as had been his whole life. He was buried beside Father Halt, only a few of his confreres stood beside the open grave. The Bishop had told the others to remain in the trench as the planes were machine-gunning the vicinity and might suddenly swoop over us before there was a chance to get back in again.

On the nights of the 9th and 10th of March we had two deaths within four hours of each other. Brother Ignatius had suffered long from diabetes, whilst Brother Leonard had been wounded by a machine-gun bullet and had also contracted dysentery. Of the twelve who were wounded, the eight Fathers and Brothers died, but the two Sisters recovered. We had lots of cases of typhus, dysentery and pneumonia. It was always a problem to find a place to put those suffering ones - in fact it was an impossibility. A Sister who was dying of pneumonia had only a board 20 inches wide on which to lie. The weary patient had nowhere to rest her tired arms, so the Sisters would take it in turns to support their dying companion. She too was buried as she died - no religious habit, no coffin - she wore only a simple cotton dress made after our clothing was bombed, and was wrapped in an old blanket. Two new cemeteries were commenced during those dreadful days, one close to the entrance to each trench, as many times it was not safe to go even from one trench to another.

About May 20th 1944 the Japanese told us that we would have to move to another locality. We feared going out in to the unknown. We came here to Ramale in the beginning of June. It is a very deep gully through which flows a fine creek. The area allotted us was very small and all communication with outsiders was strictly forbidden. On our arrival a Jap officer read out the rules and regulations of the camp, ending up with the usual "Doxology" anyone who infringes these rules will be shot to death. We have to be self-supporting, the Japs told us and they saw to it that we were, for they gave us nothing whatever after the first three months. We have had plenty of water here which is a great boon but the food is very poor. They gave us rice for this period because we could produce nothing from our gardens in that time. From then on we lived entirely on vegetables, Many times we thought we would eventually die of starvation, nevertheless we lived on in spite of all, and indeed are very much alive today.

On August 19th 1945, the police told us armistice was signed. That was a day! We talked and talked, we went out to the gardens for the first time during our whole imprisonment without guards. And at night nobody could sleep. Three weeks elapsed - these seemed almost the longest of our internment. Then we heard from an Indian that there were boats in the harbour and that we could expect to see our rescuers any day.

We had been so excited all of this time that Mother thought it necessary to give us a little advice. "Sisters" said Mother, "when the soldiers do arrive, there will surely be officers amongst them who will want to make enquiries about everything. You must remember your place and not rush in and talk before you are called for. Then too, you must put on your Sunday dresses when they arrive so as to look a bit respectable." Our shoes were wooden clogs made by the Brothers from bush wood, and our "habits" were cotton dresses of all the colours of the rainbow. We had not been allowed to wear anything white or "We'd be shot to death", if we did. We all understood Mother's warning and all had the best intentions in the world, but when we heard an Australian coo-ee at the top of the hill about nine o'clock on the

13th September we all rushed like mad towards that hill, the good manners and the Sunday dresses forgotten.

What a morning that was! Everyone talking and laughing and crying almost at the same time. What questions we had to ask! How we talked and talked and couldn't hear enough. It seemed as if we had come back from another world - and truly it had been at least another life from which we emerged - four years of silence and isolation from the rest of the world.

Ramalei has changed. From a prison camp it has turned into a quite a famous and pleasant place. We have streams of visitors every day. Cheerio in the meantime, and God Save Ireland!

Sister M. Colomba

The missionaries were “destined to be put in trenches and machine-gunned”

‘It is lucky for us that peace came when it did,’ Sister Colomba said in her November 1945 letter from Ramalei. She continued: It appears that documents were found in Rabaul showing that an attack was to have been made by the Japs on Jacquinot Bay where the Australian soldiers were on the 15th August, and that as soon as the troops had moved off the civilian prisoners were to be killed. Japanese soldiers told us that Japs told them (after peace of course) that we were to be put in the trenches and machine gunned. In July all the half-caste families were taken away from this camp and once out they were told that something dreadful was going to happen to the missionaries. This had been the fate of one whole village of natives. One was suspected of having communication with the Australians so the whole lot, men, women and children were lined up and machine gunned. We have also received news of the tragic deaths of many of our missionaries. The details are uncertain yet, but reports state that Fr. Harris, an Australian, was taken aboard a boat, shot and thrown overboard. Fr. Culhane was shot. Two Fathers in New Ireland were decapitated. Twelve others were supposed to have been put on a small boat, the boat sent a short distance from the shore and then blown up. Father Murphy, who just arrived from Ireland before the war, was shot. In Manus, three of our Sisters and three Fathers were lined up on the beach, shot and their bodies thrown into the sea. Many Fathers on isolated stations were tortured, beaten till their bodies became numb, handcuffed, left without food for days and eventually brought into our camp - and just because they belonged to the white race. We were moved to tears as each victim weary and exhausted was brought in and told his sad story.

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

Terence DWYER (21 Feb 2011 aged 85 years)

Terry was born in Liverpool, England and arrived in Melbourne in October 1949. He went to PNG as a Cadet Patrol Officer in June 1950. His first posting was to the Western Highlands where he patrolled and established the airstrip and first base camp at Laiagam and patrolled around the Wabag area. He then moved to New Britain (Rabaul, Kandrian). He met and married Joan in 1956 and they returned to Sydney (1957) where Terry attended the long course at ASOPA. In 1958/59 he was stationed at Kunduawa, Goroka and Kerowagi. Their first son (David) was born in Goroka in 1959. Stationed at Chuave 1960/61 and Goroka 1962. In 1963 Terry trained local officers at the Finschhafen Training School. Their second son, Colin, was born in Lae 1963. After another term in Goroka (1965/68) Terry transferred to Port Moresby where he rose to be The Director of Bureau of Industrial Organisations.

He and his family left Port Moresby in May 1974 and settled in Queensland. Terry will be sadly missed by his wife Joan, sons David & Colin and his 6 grandchildren.

David Dwyer

Robin Alexander CALCUTT (07 January 2011, Aged 78 years)

Robin was born in Camberwell, Melbourne in 1932. He was educated at Xavier College where he showed a keen and life long interest in sport and academics. Robin went to PNG as a cadet patrol officer in 1953. His first posting to New Ireland always held a special place in his heart and he was thrilled to return in 2002 to revisit the people and outstation of Konos. Robin served for some years in the Sepik River area. In 1961 he was posted to Telefomin, where he met Marie Tierney and they were married in Melbourne the following year. Marie, Robin and their family lived in a number of areas of PNG including Angoram, Kerowagi, Daru and then Port Moresby. They relocated to Brisbane in 1973. Robin held the position of Ceremonies Officer at the University of Queensland until his retirement in 1997. He was very active in various community services including local school committees, Neighbourhood Watch and in his role as a Justice of the Peace. Robin moved to the RSL Fairview Retirement Village at Pinjarra Hills following the death of his wife Marie and he held the community there in very high regard. A devoted and proud family man, Robin immersed himself in the lives of his six children and eleven grandchildren until his death from cancer in January.

Belinda Calcutt

Dr Margaret Spencer, OAM (6 January 2011)

Dora graduated MSc in Entomology in 1939 and lectured in Biology at the New England University College, 1940 to 1945. She then tutored in Zoology at the University of Sydney. Her association with PNG extended for 25 years from 1953. In 1954 she was appointed as entomologist-instructor at the Malaria Control School at Minj in the Western Highlands of New Guinea. During the next two years she and her husband, Dr Terrence Spencer, documented the epidemiology of Highlands malaria, and published the first record of a Highlands malaria epidemic. From 1956 she carried out a detailed study into anopheline fauna of the D'Entrecasteaux Islands and, as part of a Malaria Control Assessment Team, extended that study over a wide range of PNG islands, working closely with her husband in epidemiological studies. She was awarded a WHO research grant to study enlargement of the ovarioles and development of eggs in PNG anopheline. A

further special investigation was her study of the malaria potential for the work force of the Bougainville Copper Project and make recommendations for its control. In addition to published scientific papers and unpublished reports Dr Spencer has written a history of malaria control in the south west Pacific region, a book on the Australian experience of malaria, and three books describing experiences on field patrol and on outstations in PNG. In 1998 she graduated PhD in the Tropical Health Program of the University of Queensland. Her thesis described the development of health services in PNG from 1870 till the outbreak of World War II.

With thanks to: PAMBU Index for PMB 1146

Gwendoline (GWEN) ALICE DYER (12 July 2011 aged 83 years) See pg 42
Gwen was the youngest of 12 children in the Rabjohns family at Wynnum. She married Keith Dyer in 1948 and they sailed to Taskul, Papua New Guinea, where he was a Patrol Officer in Charge. Gwen learned to speak and write Pidgin English fluently and enjoyed the respect of the indigenous people. She excelled in multiple sports and represented PNG in the South Pacific Games. Their children Lynette, John, Peter and Mark, were all born in the PNG and home schooled by Gwen with Correspondence lessons. She entered fully into community life, and made lasting friendships in twelve coastal and highland station employment locations. When the Dyer family returned to Victoria Point, Gwen was active in service for Blue Care, Lifeline, the Victoria Point Uniting Church, Meals on Wheels and Neighbourhood Watch. Gwen's welcoming hugs, good humour and smile will be long remembered. Gwen will be greatly missed by her husband Keith, the extended family and her many friends.

Dieter Erich Paul IDZIKOWSKI (22 January 2011, aged 72)

Dieter was born in East Germany shortly before the outbreak of WWII. After leaving school he became a toolmaker and motor mechanic. In 1956 he moved to West Germany and in 1963, together with his younger brothers Klaus and Peter, he emigrated to Australia. In 1970 Dieter went to PNG to help Klaus, who had established Pedford Constructions Limited, a civil engineering company engaged in road building and maintenance in the Lumi/Nuku area of the Sepik District. Following the sale of the business, Dieter worked for the Sepik Coffee Producers Association, managing the large workshop at Maprik, and then for Sepik Coffee/Sepik Construction in Wewak. It was Dieter's great desire to become a PNG citizen - to this end he held a glowing reference from Prime Minister, Sir Michael Somare (a friend and golfing partner!) Unfortunately no citizenship committee meetings took place for some years, so Dieter decided most reluctantly that he must leave PNG to meet the residency requirements for Australian citizenship. Dieter married his long-time partner, Priscilla, in Cairns in 2003. Immediately following his naturalisation as an Australian citizen, Dieter volunteered for work as manager of the Bishop of Wewak's mechanical workshop which he brought from chaos to good order. Dieter in his day was a fine sportsman. He not only took part in events, but also took major responsibility for organising and promoting them. He was a founder member and life member of the golf and yacht clubs, vice-president of the former and commodore of the latter for eleven years. He died suddenly and unexpectedly, on the golf course – teeing off number 9.

Peter Johnson

Frank HOERTER (1 August 2011)
Jean HENDERSON (1 July 2011)

Mollie MOODIE (19 May 2011 aged 92 years)

Mollie was born on 28 April 1919 in Bankstown, Sydney. The family lived in Dungog NSW before moving to Corowa down on the Murray River, where she grew up. She met and married Don Moodie on 8th June 1940 and went to live on a farm at Dandongadale, Buffalo River. In December 1953 she travelled up to Port Moresby to join her husband who had gone there previously. She spent many happy years at Laloki Plant Quarantine Station, then Moitaka and finally in Port Moresby proper. During her time in Moresby she worked for BP's on the kitchenware department for about 12 months and then went to Steamships Trading Co. She finished her working career at the local Electricity Commission operating the Check machine.

Mollie and Don left Moresby in November 1965 and retired to Margate in Qld where she worked as a nurse in an Aged Care Facility. After her husband Don died in November 1971 she moved to Ocean Shores the following year to be near her youngest son Jim. Mollie was a valued member of the Ocean Shores Bowling community and won a no less than 10 major championships.

She will be missed by all who knew her - particularly by her family. Mollie is survived by her own three children and their families: Ron - Hervey Bay, Lyn (McGowran) - Ocean Shores, Jim- Brunswick Heads, 10 grandchildren, 10 great grandchildren and 1 great great grandchild. Lyn (McGowran)

JAMES BRYAN MORRISON (21st April 2011, aged 77 years)

Jim was born in Leicester, England and immigrated with his family to Wellington, New Zealand at the age of 18 years.

He married Dianne and had 56 happy years together and 5 children.

His training was in printing and he worked in New Zealand and then Fiji, setting up the School of Printing under the Colombo Plan he later went to Port Moresby and worked as the Assistant Government Printer in Konedobu for 10 years.

During his time in Port Moresby he was involved with the PNG Orchid Society where he was made a Life Member for his wonderful contribution working as treasurer and committee Member. Jim and Dianne were always ready to open their home to hold meetings and they took part in all the various excursions to the outstations to rescue orchids from logging camps.

He was always willing to give of his time for others and joined Choirs, Scottish dancing and The Masonic Lodge and was a member of the Board of Governors of the Port Moresby Technical College.

Jim later went to the Solomon's, Samoa and the Philippines with the Australian Business Volunteers, after returning from Manila in 2004 the first signs of his illness appeared. Jim lived in Whangarei New Zealand. He is survived by Dianne, five children and grandchildren.

Glenda and John Schofield

FRED KOLLMORGEN (24 July 2011, aged 94 years)

It's nearly 70 years since Bandsman Fred Kollmorgen was abruptly separated from his mates in the Band of the 2/22nd Battalion at Rabaul. Fred was the only survivor out of the 25 bandsmen; his indomitable spirit sustained him through a hazardous

four-month trek of some 1,000 kilometres through fetid, disease-ridden, enemy-patrolled jungle to eventual safety at Port Moresby.

After the war, Fred farmed down in Gippsland until retiring, selling up and moving to Ringwood, where he continued his Salvation Army service, particularly as a member of the Ringwood Citadel Band. Frederick William Kollmorgen was born at Oakleigh on 10 May 1915. As a 23-year-old truck-driver and tenor-horn player with the Springvale Salvation Army Band, he enlisted in the AIF at Caulfield on 24th June 1940. He was assigned the number VX29061 and posted to the 10th Training Depot at Bendigo. Private Kollmorgen transferred into the 2/22nd Battalion Band on 6 December 1940 to be part of the Band (of which all but two were Salvation Army Bandsman) under Arthur Gullidge, and sailed for Rabaul aboard the *Zealandier* on 10 April 1941.

On Sunday afternoon, 24 July 2011, within hours of the Ringwood Salvation Army Band visiting and playing some of his favourite music, Fred passed away.

The link remains, for as long as we remember Fred and his mates they are still with us. Fred is survived by his son, Jim. Info from *Memorial News* No 29 August 2011

Frank Donal SCHOFIELD (5 February 2011, 89 years)

Frank Schofield was born in England in 1921 and undertook medical studies there. He was a Regimental Medical Officer with the British Army serving in Greece, Egypt and Palestine, and later as a RAMC Medical Specialist, from 1945-48. He was involved in medical research in East and West Africa, and later joined the staff of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine.

Frank Schofield was one of the most outstanding medical researchers to work in PNG, starting with Robert Koch, discoverer of the Tuberculosis germ at the end of the 19th century. He has left a rare legacy. While he was based at Maprik he demonstrated that by immunizing pregnant women with tetanus toxoid you could prevent their babies developing tetanus of the newborn. This form of tetanus resulted from contamination of the baby's umbilical cord at birth by cutting it with a dirty knife or piece of bamboo or by rubbing dirt or ash onto the cord stump. This immunization measure was rapidly incorporated into the international programme of immunization. As a result, between one and two million children are saved annually and some twenty to forty thousand women are saved from puerperal tetanus. It is estimated that some 40 million children have survived as a result of his discovery.

Frank came to the Territory in 1958 to take up an appointment as Assistant Director (Medical Research) in the Public Health Department, one which he held until 1964 when he joined WHO (the World Health Organization) taking up a post as Professor of Public Health in Ethiopia and then Kenya. He moved to Geneva in 1973 where he was the inaugural head of the Expanded Programme on Immunization – the global programme for immunizing children and pregnant women. At the commencement of the program less than five per cent of the world's children were immunized – it is now over 80 per cent with 3-5 million lives saved annually.

Frank Schofield held many consultancies in several developing countries, and with WHO and other international organizations in the areas of immunization and other aspects of Primary Health Care and medical education.

In 1980 he was appointed Professor of Social and Preventive Medicine and later established the Tropical Health Program, the forerunner of the Australian Centre

for International Health and Tropical Medicine - the ACIHTM - at the University of Queensland. On his retirement in 1987, the university bestowed on him the title of Emeritus Professor.

Frank was a naturalist and loved the wildlife of the countries he worked in be they jungles, steppes, savannahs or deserts. He was a humble man who sought neither wealth nor fame. Louis, his son, in his eulogy of his father, summarised his life as : 'he loved nature, he loved his work, he loved his family, and he loved life.'

Professor Schofield died on the 5th February 2011 at St Andrew's Private Hospital in Brisbane and was buried at Pinnaroo Lawn Cemetery. He is survived by his wife Lorna June, their three sons, and five grandchildren. Anthony Radford

COLIN FREEMAN, BSc, MSc, AALIA (28 May 2011 aged 73 years)

Born in Harrogate England, Colin, then aged 15, and his family, migrated to Australia in 1951. They finally settled in Adelaide. He married Marion nee Klemm in Woodville on 7th November 1959.

In 1963, he took up Scuba Diving and was appointed Captain of the University of Adelaide (UoA) Rugby team. Colin graduated UoA in 1965 with a Bachelor of Science degree. In 1966 he became the President of the South Australian Museum of Underwater Research, and was active in the establishment of Marine Reserves on the South Australian Coast. He undertook many dives including ice diving in the Canadian Arctic at age 60.

In 1967, after completing his library training, he took up a position at the newly formed University of Papua New Guinea (UPNG) as the Foundation Librarian, bibliographer of two hundred years of writings known as the "New Guinea Collection". Writers like Jack Hides, and the Leahy and Fox brothers left lasting impressions. He found "*it was almost inevitable...that I would read a fair proportion of the materials that came into the collection and in the reading, fall under the spell of an earlier New Guinea as others have before me...it would be essential for me to enter the high and wild country of the islands and taste something of this exciting world for myself.*"

In March of that year, Colin, and a group of other academics, undertook his first Kokoda Track walk to Imita Ridge the site of the legendary 'Golden Stairs', a track rising 1,200 feet in the first three miles. In September 1968, he walked the Kokoda again crossing thirty kilometres of the section from Efogi to Ower's Corner, Sogeri. In 1969, Colin participated in an expedition led by Professor Rhodes Fairbridge of Columbia University to the Louisiade Archipelago. And in July 1970, he and several other lecturers and librarians from the (UPNG) set out to reach the top (unsuccessfully due to poor conditions) of Mount Albert Edward.

In September 1972, influenced heavily by an account of the area by Osmar White's *Green Armour*, 1945, Colin embarked on a walk from Wau to Bulldog on a project led by the Australian Army Education Corps to survey the road through the Eloa Valley, built by the Royal Australian Engineers during World War Two.

Colin also coached the Territory Papua and New Guinea Rugby Touring side in 1968 and the UPNG Rugby Club from 1967-1969, including a young Sir Anthony Siaguru, a leading PNG statesman and Bart Philemon, former PNG Minister for Finance and Treasury.

During his time in Papua New Guinea he co-authored two books on native arts and crafts and wrote a number of professional Academic Papers. He was also actively

involved in gathering an oral archive for PNG. In later life he also wrote extensively about his time in New Guinea, particularly the crossing from *Wau to Bulldog* (2008), and the Louisiade Archipelago (2011 unfinished).

In 1972, he became a Principle Librarian of the National Library of Australia (NLA). Following this he was posted to Washington DC in 1978 as the Australian Liaison Librarian for North America and First Secretary of the Australian Embassy until 1981. Colin's constant thirst for knowledge and ability to master new techniques led him more and more into the growing field of Information Technology. In 1981, after leaving the NLA, he worked as a Business Analyst, designing various IT systems for major Government Departments including tax evasion tracking systems for the ATO and CLIRS (Computerised Legal Information Retrieval System). Towards the late 1980's he also worked for the United Nations on Development projects in Nepal, Thailand, Vietnam and Tajikistan.

Finally, between 1989 and 2006, Colin began his last career as a University Lecturer in Information Systems positions at various Australian Universities as a Senior Lecturer including: the University of New South Wales, the Australian Defence Force Academy (ADFA) and the Australian National University.

Survived and much missed by his wife of 51 years, Marion, their two daughters, Melissa and Cassandra and his three grandchildren Elena, Dylan and Callum.

Melissa Freeman

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Dr R THISTLETHWAITE	5 Piari Street	KENMORE QLD 4069
Prof J LANGMORE	445 Dryburg St	NTH MELBOURNE VIC 3051
Mr J COLLINS	398 Old Northern Road	GLENHAVEN NSW 2156
Mr A GRAINGE	2/112 Leopold Street	SOUTH YARRA VIC 3141
Ms J QUINLAN	3/33 Sutton Street	REDCLIFFE QLD 4020
Mr M BUCKLEY	95 Wilgarning Street	STAFFORDS HEIGHTS QLD 4053
Mrs K HERBERT	11 Lytham Street	INDOOROOPILLY QLD 4068
Mr I OXFORD	9 Loganvale Place	KENDALL NSW 2439
Mr K WALL	19 Borral Street	WOOMERA SA 5720
Mr P BRODERICK	2/115 Chaleyer Street	ROSE BAY NSW 2029
Mr J CALLACHOR	Unit 26/442 Edgecliff Rd	EDGECLIFF NSW 2027
Mr J PRIOR	12 Nonda Court	KARAMA NT 0812
Mr R SADLO	49/72 Glendower Street	GILEAD NSW 2560

CHANGES TO ADDRESS

Mrs P INGRAM	Happy Valley Townsville	2/26-28 Merimbula St	PAMBULA NSW 2549
Mr A J ADAMS-HANCOCK		3 Waterman Close	KIRWAN QLD 4817
Mrs T M WHITE	Gordon	19 Cameron Ave	ARTARMON NSW 2064
Mr I N WHYTE	Midway Point	51 Reynolds Road	MIDWAY POINT TAS 7171
Dr B CRAIG	Cherry Gardens	56 Lewis Street	CHERRY GARDENS SA 5157
Mr A W MARSH	QLD	1252 Wylie Creek Rd	THE SUMMIT QLD 4377
Mr TN MULLER	Wanneroo	123/7 Harman Rd	SORRENTO WA 6020
Mrs J LUCAS	Kumbia	24 MacDiarmid St	KINGAROY QLD 4610
Mr FE HAVILAND	Bayview	17 Jeddah Place	MONA VALE NSW 2103
Rev Neville THRELFALL	Killarney Vale	Unit 91, Nareen Gardens, 19 Bias Ave	BATEAU BAY NSW 2261