



# 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 President and Committee wish all members a very Merry Christmas And a happy 2013



**CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON,**  
with DAME CAROL KIDU  
Sunday 02 December  
At the Killara Golf Club  
556 Pacific Hwy Killara (Sydney) NSW  
**RSVP:** 15 November 2012

See p3 and booking form on yellow insert

\* \* \* \*

**30JAN13 PNGAA DINNER IN BRISBANE WITH JUSTICE LOGAN**  
see p5 and separate booking form

\* \* \* \*

**MEMBERSHIP FEES** are now due for 2013. They can be paid for a maximum period of three years. Please think about a Xmas Gift Subscription to members of your family - email: [admin@pngaa.net](mailto:admin@pngaa.net)

**DATE of 2013 AGM and LUNCHEON**

**Sunday 28 April 2013**

**Please return NOMINATION FORMS by 31 January 2013**

**PNGAA WEBSITE**

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## In This Issue

<b>CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON – 2 Dec 2012</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Congratulations to SEAN DORNEY</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>NOTES FROM THE N T</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>CHRISTMAS EVE 1932 AT TEGEMALA</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>PNG IN THE NEWS</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>LETTERS TO THE EDITOR</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>THE 2012 CROCODILE PRIZE LITERARY AWARDS</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>IT'S A HARD LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>SIXTY YEARS ON...</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>PNG HISTORICAL SITES</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>EGAN QC</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>MAROONED IN THE MORTLOCK ISLANDS</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>GOROKA REVISITED</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>LANDING OF THE FIRST PLANE AT TARI</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>GUINEA GOLD – NEWS FROM THE SKY</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK</b>	<b>33</b>
<b>HELP WANTED</b>	<b>37</b>
<b>BOOK NEWS and REVIEWS</b>	<b>37</b>
<b>PNGAA Collection, Fryer Library Dec 2012</b>	<b>44</b>
<b>PORT MORESBY CIRCA 1930s</b>	<b>48</b>
<b>RICHARD 'DICKIE' SQUIRES</b>	<b>49</b>
<b>HOMO FLORESIENSIS &amp; NEW IRELAND?</b>	<b>52</b>
<b>WHERE MY HAT HAS BEEN</b>	<b>54</b>
<b>THE OKAPA PINE FOREST</b>	<b>57</b>
<b>First White Women at Embessa</b>	<b>59</b>
<b>MORESBY SCHOOL SPORT REPORTED IN NEWSPAPER</b>	<b>62</b>
<b>FLY RIVER</b>	<b>64</b>
<b>VALES</b>	<b>69</b>
<b>WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS</b>	<b>72</b>
<b>CHANGE OF ADDRESS</b>	<b>72</b>

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Items for *Una Voce*

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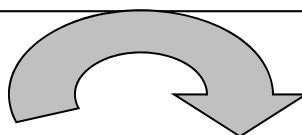
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In selecting articles and stories for *Una Voce*  
we aim to publish a wide range of topics  
from different times and places.  
Unfortunately due to postage we do have a  
page restriction and we therefore encourage  
both short articles (200-500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

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



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for Xmas?

Our DVD – Walk Into Paradise

Please use order form on separate yellow insert  
For further information please contact:  
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necessarily those of the editor or the PNGAA.

**The Management Committee joins me in wishing you all a safe and happy festive season over Christmas and the New Year.**

We hope that as many as possible will join us for the annual Christmas Luncheon in Sydney on 2 December 2012 – already we have several coming from interstate and seats are filling fast. We look forward to having **Dame Carol Kidu** join us. There will still be plenty of time to meet her and also to chat with friends. Speaking of friends, if you know someone who isn't a member, please feel free to ask them along to share this special day.

**30 January 2013 – Justice Logan has kindly agreed to speak at a PNGAA dinner in Brisbane at the United Services Club.** See page 5 and enclosed flyer. Come along and hear an authoritative account of how the first deployment of serving Australian judges to PNG since independence came about their experiences, and the nature and importance of the roles and independence of the PNG judiciary for both PNG and Australia.

A flyer is included with this issue of *Una Voce* – *there are limited places and replies are needed by 15 January 2013. Further information from E: [admin@pngaa.net](mailto:admin@pngaa.net) or Mob: 0409 031 889*

**Included with this *Una Voce* is a nomination form for the 2013 AGM.** Having an interested membership is vital to a vibrant organization and we look forward to receiving your nominations no later than 31 January 2013.

Andrea Williams

## **CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON – Sunday, 2 December 2012**

**Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara NSW  
11.30am onwards**

**RSVP 15 November 2012 – see yellow 'Treasurer's Corner'**

The Christmas Lunch will be held on Sunday December 2<sup>nd</sup> at the **Killara Golf Club in Sydney**. Members, together with family and friends, are all welcome.



We are delighted that Dame Carol Kidu will be joining us and speaking on the topic: **Looking back – Looking Forward**.

Popular and vocal, Dame Carol Kidu has lived in PNG for forty years, 15 of which were served as the Member for Moresby South and as Minister for Community Development under the Somare Government from 2002 to 2 August 2011. As leader of the Melanesian Alliance Party she became Opposition Leader, the first woman to occupy that position, from 15 February 2012 until her retirement from politics in July 2012.

Dame Carol was forced into politics by the death of her late husband and PNG's first local Chief Justice Sir Buri Kidu who she had met in Grade 11 at a school fitness camp in Queensland. Against social mores of the time Carol and Buri married and, in 1971, the young couple moved permanently to PNG. At Pari village, Carol had to quickly adjust to the Motuan lifestyle raising her family according to her husband's tribal tradition. Upon Sir Buri's appointment as Chief Justice, the by then then Lady Kidu, a trained high school teacher, moved into writing school textbooks for PNG.

Her impact on PNG politics 'includes a raft of social development policy, from provisions recognising the rights of the street traders who make up the informal economy; to laws protecting vulnerable children; to a determined and ultimately

thwarted campaign to introduce special measures to usher more women into the Parliament.' (<http://www.smh.com.au/opinion/political-news/png-farewells-a-great-dame-20120516-1yqii.html>)

Rarely accused of failing to speak her mind, Dame Carol's passion and influence have permeated PNG politics. Her fearlessness and commitment are legendary. Hopes for the future of her adopted nation rest on its great resilience. For her it has been an amazing journey.

**Please get your bookings in quickly! RSVPs by 15 November 2012. The cost is \$60 per person and needs to be paid in advance.** 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. 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. 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.**

An exciting Christmas raffle/silent auction is planned - please contact Juli Allcorn on (m) 0405 625 912 or email: [juliallcorn@gmail.com](mailto:juliallcorn@gmail.com) to make a donation or for any further information. Keep a check on the forum (website) for updates.

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 15 November 2012.**

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### **An Annual General Meeting will be held on Sunday 28 April 2012**

Enclosed with this issue of *Una Voce* is a **nomination form** which, if you intend nominating a member to the Management Committee, needs to be received by our Secretary **by Thursday 31 January 2013**. Each position requires a nominator, a seconder, and the agreement of the person being nominated. It is preferable that a short bio, of no more than 200 words, reflecting the person's background and interests accompanies the nomination.

It is the responsibility of the person nominating to find all signatories and ensure the form is returned on time. Please also refer to the 'Notes' on the back of the nomination form. If you wish to nominate more than one person, please photocopy the form before filling out. Only current members can nominate and be nominated.

If the number of nominations received exceeds the number of vacancies to be filled, a postal ballot will be forwarded with the March *Una Voce*. If you have any questions please email: [admin@pngaa.net](mailto:admin@pngaa.net) or contact our Secretary on: 02-9958 3408

**Please remember: Nomination forms can be received no later than 5pm Thursday 31 January 2013.**



**PNGAA DINNER IN BRISBANE with JUSTICE LOGAN**, Federal Court of Australia; Supreme and National Courts of Justice of Papua New Guinea

**Date and Time: Wednesday 30 January 2013, 7pm**

**Venue: Moreton Room, United Services Club**

**RSVP: 15 January 2013** – see enclosed flyer

Enquiries to E: [admin@pngaa.net](mailto:admin@pngaa.net) M: 0409 031 889

Please come along to a Brisbane gathering for PNGAA members. Hear an authoritative account of how the first deployment of serving Australian judges to PNG since independence came about, some of their experiences, and the nature and importance of the roles and independence of the PNG judiciary for both PNG and Australia.

**Congratulations to SEAN DORNEY, ABC Australia Network's Pacific Correspondent**, who recently received the Australian Council for International Development's inaugural ACFID Media Award for his lifetime commitment to reporting on Papua New Guinea and the Pacific.

For the past 38 years, Sean's work has involved covering news and events in the Pacific. He spent 20 years living in Papua New Guinea, 17 of those as the ABC's PNG Correspondent. Dorney returned to Australia in 1999 to become the ABC's Pacific Correspondent based in Brisbane, reporting for ABC News, Australia Network and Radio Australia.

"I'm delighted to receive this award because I don't think we as Australians really appreciate the crucial role that so many of our own people play in trying to help foster positive development in our own neighbourhood. The stories need to be told," Dorney said.

ABC Director of News Kate Torney said, "The magnificent contribution that Sean has made and continues to make with his reporting of stories in the Pacific is unmatched. His commitment to the region and his tireless enthusiasm and work ethic as a video journalist for Australia Network and his reporting for Radio Australia, makes him very deserving of such an award. It is wonderful that Sean has been recognised for his work by the Australian Council for International Development."

The first of Dorney's three postings to Papua New Guinea began in 1974, just before PNG independence. In 1979 he returned to Port Moresby as the ABC correspondent, but was expelled in 1984 by the then Foreign Minister, Rabbie Namaliu following a dispute between the PNG government and the ABC over the screening of an interview with Irian Jayan rebel leader, James Nyaro, by the *Four Corners* program.

Sean returned to Port Moresby as the ABC's correspondent in 1987 and in 1991 the government of Prime Minister Sir Rabbie Namaliu awarded him an MBE for "Services to Broadcasting and Sport". For 18 months in 1991/92 Sean was seconded to the PNG National Broadcasting Commission, as an in-country project manager for an AusAid/ABC assistance project.

In 1997 Sean led the ABC's radio and television coverage of the Sandline mercenary crisis and in 1998 was awarded the Walkley Award for Radio News reporting for his coverage of the tsunami that struck PNG in July 1998.

Cont over...

Sean returned to Australia in 1999 to take up the job of Pacific Correspondent based in Brisbane. In 2000 he completed a two-part television documentary marking the 25th anniversary of PNG independence and spanning his own quarter of a century involvement with the country.

Sean has covered seven PNG elections, the most recent one this year. As he said at the time, “No matter how much time you spend in Papua New Guinea you can still be baffled by the next development”.

Sean has also written two books on Papua New Guinea affairs.

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

PNG Independence Day in Darwin has become, in terms of venue, something of a moveable feast. Last year it was celebrated at the Filipino Community Centre; in the previous year in the Strangers Lounge at Parliament House; and before that at the Portuguese-Timorese Club. This year the PNG-Australia Social & Cultural Group set up a marquee and other shade on an oval at the Charles Darwin University. This provided more playing space for the many lively children of the Group and visitors who numbered almost 200 at the coolest part of the afternoon. Conveniently the bar of the Uni Rugby Club was close by and open for business.

The recent reopening of a detention camp at Lombrom recalled for me an item in the Post-Courier in 2001 when it held 215 ‘refugees’ mostly Iraqis. It said “Between 20 to 30 inmates continued a hunger strike which they began three days ago. Whereas most of the other campers sat down to a breakfast of eggs, bacon and toast yesterday morning.” Bacon!!

There is much to be done in PNG – a lot it by the National Court.... After the 2007 general election there were 55 challenges against winning Members, a mere 50% of the Parliament. This year of the 111 seats recently filled no less than 105 are being contested by losers. This will certainly present a problem in the Western Highlands where during September a storage unit in Banz containing 100,000 ballot papers suffered a mysterious fire.

Apparently there are still opportunities for ex-kiaps to accrue a little spending money by returning to PNG and giving global companies the benefit of their local knowledge. Frank LEIBFRIED has just returned to Hobart following a consultancy at Tabubil where he worked in the past.

One of his close colleagues when serving in the Southern Highlands, Mike PRESS, is currently back in Darwin after spending some of his similarly acquired wealth escorting daughters on holidays to Timor, Turkey and Thailand.

I first met Harry COEHN, then a high stepping three-quarter back in Rabaul’s rugby league, fifty years ago. He went on to become Headmaster of Bavaro School, Moresby and later an administrator at the NT Supreme Court. I have seen a lot of him in Darwin and last year was not completely surprised to learn that we were sharing the same cardiologist. However this year discovering him patronising my urologist might be considered as taking *wantok-ship* a little too far.

### **Visit to the Blue Mountains**

Thank you to George and Edna Oakes who again warmly welcomed a group to their home at Woodford in the Blue Mountains on Thursday 4 October.

## **MEMBERS ONLY: SEARCH every issue of *Una Voce* online!**

Did you know that you can now access every past issue of *Una Voce* through the web site? This may be of particular interest to our overseas members – if they elect to view the journal this way, it will save them paying the airmail surcharge as part of their subscription.

Your username and password were in the June 2012 *Una Voce*.

You can also search for a particular article or a particular author. Don't forget you can also search each individual issue (or all issues) by keyword.

If you are interested in accessing the journal by this method and no longer need to receive your hard copy of *Una Voce*, please let us know!

Email: [editor@pngaa.net](mailto:editor@pngaa.net)

### **CHRISTMAS EVE 1932 AT TEGEMALA, NAKANAI, WEST NEW BRITAIN**

**by Rev A E Brawn (father of Edna Oakes)**

We left Malalia (near Cape Hoskins) on the 20th December for Walo - a five hour boat trip - and met the carriers to take our goods including food and medical supplies, which was the first box opened on arriving at a village, and salt and trade goods to pay the carriers. We started off early the next morning travelling through sacsac swamps, crossing streams again and again and a gradual climb up. Four days later we reached Tegemala.

I was the first white missionary to cross the mountain ranges and visit these mountain villages. (Pita Teu had contacted these people first.) After settling in, setting up camp, giving gifts to the people who had been carriers for the day and having our evening meal, we held THE FIRST CHRISTIAN SERVICEin the MAGIGI VALLEY at TEGEMALA. It was an unforgettable experience.

With the light of a couple of lanterns, and by the side of the fire - it was a bitterly cold night in the mountains - the Rabaul teachers who were with me and I sang Christmas hymns in Kuanua, read the scripture story, which Pita Teu translated into their language, and also my message, to people who had not heard before, the Christmas message. I can never forget that night, the stars were shining brightly, the teachers sang lustily, and I thought of the shepherds outside Bethlehem as they sat around their fire, listening to the angelic chorus.

The next day CHRISTMAS DAY, we set out for Kaiko, across the other side of the Magigi River, really a rushing mountain stream, which we crossed and recrossed a dozen times, the track on the mountain side was the roughest of all the areas.

We reached Kaiko at lunchtime, and settled the teacher in with a short service. Again a first for this village.

In the late evening we arrived at Ti, where after paying off the carriers, and having our evening meal, a service was held, the scene being similiar to the one at Tegemala. We rested another day at Ti and as we had done at the other villages, selected a spot for the erection of a church, and house for the teacher, also seeing the land which the people were willing for the teacher to have his garden.

Our return home took us direct from Ti to Malutu, crossing the range at another spot, then to Malusi, resting a night at each spot, then down to the coast to Walo, where the launch was waiting to take us back to Malalia.

## PNG IN THE NEWS

### ► Oro Community Development Project

As part of the last visit to Oro by the OCDP team, we were joined in our medical work by three eye nurses from The Fred Hollows Foundation. We liaised with their PNG Manager and successful clinics were held at Hohorita, Sarogi and Popondetta.

An ophthalmologist and his team spent four days at the end of this intervention operating at Popondetta General Hospital. It is planned that this joint activity between OCDP and the FHF will become a regular feature of our PNG visits.

Excerpt from OCDP Newsletter No 9 September 2012

For further information about OCDP visit: <http://www.oropng.org/>

### ► A new estimate of the ore reserve at the Golpu deposit

In Papua New Guinea's Morobe Province has mining industry figures enthusing that it could become one of the world's biggest gold mines.

The Wafi-Golpu Joint Venture participants, Harmony and Newcrest, have announced a significant upgrade to the estimate for the Golpu copper gold deposit following a technical pre-feasibility study.

The study proposes that the Golpu deposit be developed via an underground mine two kilometres deep, using the block caving method.

The joint venture's General Manager of Sustainability & External Relations, David Wissink, says the study's conclusions show that Golpu is even more of a world class deposit than previously estimated.

"Harmony did a pre-feasibility study in 2007 and what it showed was 1.3 million ounces of gold and just below a million tonnes of copper. So what this has done now is increase that almost ten-fold to almost to 12.4 million ounces of gold and 5.4 million tonnes of copper. So it's quite a significant increase. It's a better grade of gold and copper than you'd find at Ok Tedi or Porgera."

Information from Radio New Zealand International 30 August 2012  
<http://www.rnzi.com/pages/news.php?op=read&id=70588>

### ► Port Moresby Nature Park Opens

The Port Moresby Nature Park formerly known as the National Capital District Botanical Gardens was formerly launched on the 15<sup>th</sup> of June, 2012 with a vision: *To strengthen visitors understanding and connection to the superb uniqueness of Papua New Guinea's flora and fauna through engaging experiences.*

Also launched on the day was the 'Rainforest Retreat' partly funded by PNG Sustainable Development Program Ltd (PNGSDP) and the National Capital District Commission (NCDC). The retreat's features include a Cassowary Boardwalk and a Cassowary Viewing Hut. One interesting fact was that the Park holds all three species of cassowaries found in the world.

Other attractions include the Native orchid garden, Tree kangaroo breeding & research exhibits, Restored bird of paradise walk-through Aviary gardens and in future cultural displays and World War II relic's displays.

The nature park is a combination of a zoo and botanical garden and will highlight the uniqueness of PNG's plants and animals and would showcase the animals found in rainforests around the country.

Nature Park General Manager Michelle McGeorge said the rainforest retreat would serve as an outdoor learning classroom where students could learn about the rainforest and the types of animals that inhabit them.  
The park will open from 8:30 am – 4:00 pm daily

Garamut #6 June 2012

► **Prince Charles** is expected to visit PNG in early November. He is expected to travel to Wewak to open the Prince Charles Stadium.

► **Images from Trobriand Islands Fieldwork**, September 2012 – February 2013, Menzies Library Foyer and Level 3, Australian National University.

An exhibition celebrating the people and culture of the Trobriand Islands of Papua New Guinea, as seen and photographed by ANU student of Pacific history and anthropology Andrew Connolly.

Trobriand art and rare early drawings are also part of the exhibition.

► **Conference on Sustainable Cultural Tourism**

The PNG Tourism Promotion Authority in partnership with the Kokoda Initiative is organizing a Conference on Sustainable Cultural Tourism from 22nd to 26th October in Kokopo East New Britain province. This conference is designed to support local operators to improve their skills in all aspects of managing cultural tourism businesses. The purpose of this conference is to equip communities and groups interested in developing cultural tourism within their own settings with the tools for effective business planning, product development and marketing in a manner which is culturally sensitive and sustainable into the future.

*Information from PNG Tourism Garamut No. 9 September 2012*

► **Louisiades Yacht Rally 2012**

The pristine Louisiades Archipelago in Milne Bay was teeming with 29 luxury yachts that were part of the Louisiades Yacht Rally now in its 5<sup>th</sup> year. The 2012 Louisiades Rally yachts were farewelled from Yorkeys Boating Club in Cairns on 15<sup>th</sup> September- consisting of 16 yachts and some 50 people including 6 young children with their parents. They were met in the Louisiades by another 13 yachts from New Zealand to cruise the Calvados and Louisiade Islands in one of Papua New Guinea's most beautiful tropical paradises. The yachties visited ancient skull caves, took part in singsings (cultural festivals), traditional canoe regattas, handicraft workshops, traditional canoe making, visited local villages on outlying atolls and islands and went swimming in some of the islands amazing waterfalls.

They also visited local schools to donate supplies as well as visit the hospital on Misima Island. Throughout their cruise and island-hopping they also engaged with locals in sporting activities and knuckled down for a tropical island barbecue, with a party or two on the golden sands of some remote tropical island paradise.

► **Voyage almost circumnavigating PNG** - James Collins is planning a voyage commencing Tabubil/Kiunga and ending in Wewak in May 2013. Further details E: [james@collinsshipping.com](mailto:james@collinsshipping.com) PNG Ph: +675 472 3948

► **'Kimmorley Street'**, a street in the new Canberra suburb of 'Casey', has recently been named after 'Kim' Kimmorley. See page 17.

**Visit us on Facebook:** <http://www.facebook.com/#!/PNGAA>

## **LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

► Lois Logan writes: Mike Tuohy's response about aviation in PNG has struck a chord. While at Tabibuga in the Western Highlands from 1970 to 1973 air transport was our supply line. We received a weekly charter flight of goods, mail and other services and it was our primary link to the outside world. (The new road had taken us an arduous 5 hrs enduring 26 miles of mud, sludge, landslides and bridge damages before reaching the Highlands Highway at Banz.) Tabibuga was a one way airstrip, and we mainly received the Cessna 185's 206's or the Pilatus Porter. Over time I became pretty choosy about who I would fly with, and Mike was, I decided, one of the best. Several experiences with other pilots convinced of that. Flying down the Wahgi Valley toward the Jimi Gap with a new pilot who got out his novel and started reading it didn't impress me at all....(he later flew for Air Niugini); nor did the pilot who persisted in entering the Jimi Gap under full cloud. This was an extremely dangerous and foolhardy move and I was beside myself with terror. Things got worse when through the cloud I could see the rugged valleys each side of me. There was a slight break in the cloud to the left and a little dot of a building appeared on a distant hillside. The pilot then turned to me and asked if I knew where it was, and which way should we go??? Luckily I kept my head. I had recognised the building as a village aid post, so I pointed in the direction I thought we should follow. The pilot did what I said – this greatly disturbed me that he actually didn't know where we were – and following my direction it wasn't too long before Tabibuga airstrip did appear through the cloud and we landed safely, with me knowing that things could have been very different and a mountain could have been wearing us. Finally there was the pilot who was supposed to pick up me and kids from Koinambe Mission airstrip and fly us back to Tabibuga. He obviously wasn't aware of this and the aircraft was already fully laden. He agreed to take us. Koinambe was a pretty long airstrip, so that was the best thing going for it. You could even get twin engines in there more readily than into Tabi. We took off using all of the airstrip and – I believe it's because we all sucked our breath in and it made us lighter – (no not really) we narrowly cleared the hillside at the end of the airstrip, then dropped very low. The Koinambe-Tabi flight was a very short one and the pilot obviously felt he couldn't get enough altitude to circle over Tabi station as pilots usually did to announce arrivals. He sneaked into Tabi but forgot to radio arrival, having radioed take-off from Koinambe. Needless to say everyone on the station thought we had crashed!!! After that, I said to my hubby that I only wanted to fly with Mike Tuohy when I want anywhere (which wasn't very often). And that is what I did. He knew the countryside like the back of his hands, didn't take unnecessary risks, and I always felt safe with Mike. Thank you. (Ed – *Apologies for incorrectly spelling Mike Tuohy's name in the September 2012 issue.*)

**Jan Barnes** writes: What an interesting read and what a brave character [John Stokie] was. Our first home in Rabaul in 1955 was on the coast at PilaPila in one of three houses on the beach owned by BernieViggers and this story reminded me of those times. John Stokie's plantation was about an hour's drive from our house and on his weekly trip into Rabaul he would arrive at our house at about 8 a.m. where he would have - in his words – his second rum for the day. He was a charming and gregarious man and we enjoyed his early morning visits and although we knew he had been a coastwatcher were unaware of all the details so splendidly set out by Don Hook. There were so many interesting characters around then – Paul Mason, Matt Foley, Doc O'Rourke, Denis and Jean Mullaney - Jean was particularly kind to young marrieds arriving in a new

country - Gaby and Warner Shand and so many others. In spite of rather primitive living conditions – no electricity, wood stoves and showers from an overhead bucket - the luxury of an indoor dissolvenator toilet - it was a lovely relaxed way of living and a time of forming lasting friendships – lovely memories on which to look back.

► **Dave Tarrant** writes - The following is an extract from *Pathways to Independence – Story of Official and Family Life in PNG from 1951 to 1975* by the late Dame Rachel Cleland, which I have just re-read after many years – “Parliament was a completely new experience for everyone, so that first session in 1952 meant a lot of learning. Some members stood out quickly as good debaters or as characters and eloquent speakers...

...Simogun was a natural orator, speaking always in Pidgin, the point he wanted to make was never lost, even on non-Pidgin speakers and no one could equal him in style. He extracted drama from his new glasses by sweeping them off his handsome Roman nose with a gesture, thrusting them towards the Chair or another member to make a point and pausing with the distinction of a Disraeli, just long enough for effect. A policeman from near Wewak Simogun had a distinguished war record with the Army and was awarded the British Empire Medal for single handedly annihilating a Japanese machine-gun post killing all seventeen. He retired to his village after the war, giving vigorous and notable leadership in the modernising and development of his people.”

I knew about Simogun’s feats when I was in PNG but I just thought, for the sake of posterity, that the knowledge of his heroic actions and service to his country should be passed on to later generations.

I am sure that the author of the words would agree.

► **Gary Faulks** writes - The letter in the last issue from Ron Hayman mentioned Herbert Kienzle and his work with the Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels and the need for him to be given a real ‘wrap up’ for his work. Maybe Ron isn’t aware of the excellent account of Bert Kienzle in the book titled –The Architect of Kokoda-Bert Kienzle- The Man Who Made The Kokoda Trail. The book was published by Hachette Sydney Australia in 2011 and was written by Robyn Kienzle and is definitely worth a read. It is also available as an ebook.

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## WEBSITE WALKABOUT

### **Origins of the Cadet Patrol Officer by Philip Selth - [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)**

If any readers can assist with their personal knowledge of these men, and access to unpublished papers, letters and the like - please contact Philip Selth at Email: [pselth@nswbar.asn.au](mailto:pselth@nswbar.asn.au) Note – this list is on the PNGAA website.

### **Memories of Port Moresby:**

<http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=MPoek3JEoS4>

### **Brisbane Independence Day celebrations:**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JFrLobz8tTQ&feature=youtu.be>

### **May River Patrol Post and The Mianmin – Two Vignettes**

#### **by Bill Brown**

Ex Kiaps Website: [www.exkiap.net](http://www.exkiap.net)

**Special Agricultural Leases** – Radio National report Sunday 14 October 2012 - <http://www.abc.net.au/radionational/programs/backgroundbriefing/2012-10-14/4303012#transcript>

## **THE 2012 CROCODILE PRIZE LITERARY AWARDS**

**by Phil Fitzpatrick**

The Crocodile Prize is named after Vincent Eri's pioneering 1970 novel *The Crocodile*. The competition was first run in 2011 when an anthology of the best work was also published. This year the entries have quadrupled and the anthology runs to over 380 pages.

The competition was initiated by PNGAA members Keith Jackson and Phil Fitzpatrick.

As a result of the competition the Papua New Guinea Society of Writers, Editors and Publishers (SWEP) was formed. Part of the role of the society will be to take the competition into 2013 and the years beyond.

The first Annual General Meeting of the society was held in Port Moresby on 10 September. A Writer's Forum was run the following day and an awards ceremony and reception were held in the evening at the Australian High Commission.

The guest speaker at the Writer's Forum was Drusilla Modjeska, the author of the recent novel *The Mountain*, which is set in 1970s Papua New Guinea. Another guest was Bob Cleland, the author of *The Big Road* about the building of the Highlands Highway and sponsor of the heritage category of the awards.

The awards night was opened and concluded by the Australian High Commissioner, Ian Kemish. The keynote speaker at the awards ceremony was the Hon. Boka Kondra, the Minister for Tourism, Arts and Culture. The Minister of Education, the Hon. Paru Aihi, also delivered a speech on the night. Among the other distinguished guests was Dame Carol Kidu.

The inaugural President of the society is Amanda Donigi, with Jimmy Drekore as Vice-president, Ruth Moiam as Secretary, Gina Samar as Treasurer and Committee Members David Gonol, Regina Dorum, Steve Ilave and David Kitchnoge.

Award winners received a Crocodile Trophy and a cheque for K5,000. The winners of this year's awards are as follows.

The winner of the Steamships Prize for Short Stories (Russell Soaba Award) was C V Vada for her story *The Fan*.

The winner of the PNG Society of Writers, Editors and Publishers Prize for Poetry (John Kasaipwalova Award) was Michael Dom for his sonnet *I Met a Pig Farmer the Other Day*.

The winner of the PNG Chamber of Mines and Petroleum Prize for Essays and Journalism (Sean Dorney Award) was Emma Wakpi for her essay *The Haunting*.

The winner of the Cleland Family Prize for Heritage Writing was Lorraine Basse for her story *Barasi- the Manam Way*.

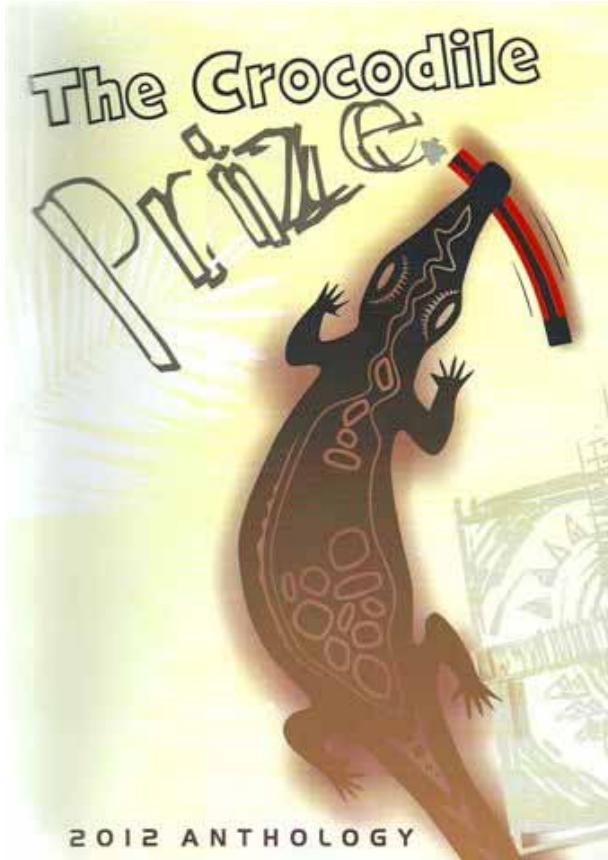
The winner of the Ex PNG Chalkies Yokomo Prize for Student Writing was Angeline Low for her short story *Going Through the Unimaginable*. Student encouragement awards sponsored by AustAsia Pacific Health Services, which also sponsored the Writer's Forum, were given to Axel Rice, Jeremiah Toni and Kayla Reimann.

The winner of the Ok Tedi Mining Prize for Women's Literature (Dame Carol Kidu Award) was Imelda Yabara for her short story *My Name is Sandy* and her poems *In Bed with Me* and *Way Out of Reach*.

The British American Tobacco (PNG) Prize for Lifetime Contribution to Literature (Sir Paulias Matane Award) went to Russell Soaba.

Copies of the anthology can be ordered from the SWEP secretary Ruth Moiam at the Australian High Commission in Port Moresby ([Ruth.Moiam@dfat.gov.au](mailto:Ruth.Moiam@dfat.gov.au)). The anthology costs AUS25.00 plus \$6.50 postage.

For anyone interested in Papua New Guinean literature and supporting it into the future the anthology is a very good buy. You will be impressed by the high standard of writing and the uniquely Papua New Guinean flavour that it conveys.



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### **IT'S A HARD LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS: STUCK IN SIMBAI IN 2012 By D Lornie**

I've been waiting, bored and restless, since 8am at the remote Simbai airstrip for a plane to take me back to Mt Hagen. It is now late afternoon. There's not a lot to do – no electricity, no mobile phone service, no beer – so time passes slowly.

I am to repeat this futile daily trip to the airport four days in a row. Same routine – the airline assures me a plane will come so I wait for eight hours and no plane arrives. I then trudge back to the guesthouse with the same promise relayed through the local agent: "We'll send a plane tomorrow..." They don't tell me till later the airstrip has been shut down by the authorities and may remain closed for three weeks. I notice a lady at the airstrip, much taller than the local villagers, more elegantly dressed and with finer features. Now and then her eyes wearily scan the sky. She tells me she is a teacher originally from Manus and is waiting on a package from Mt Hagen to arrive. Store produce, she says, is too expensive in Simbai. She's right. A kilogram of rice sells for K8, almost twice the cost in major centres. Other goods are similarly priced.

Simbai is in the Highlands region of Madang Province, the air is mountain fresh, the people small and the lifestyle basic. The area is one of the remotest parts of Papua New Guinea in regards to both geography and access to modern services.

A government station, servicing around 50,000 village-dwelling locals, Simbai is situated many kilometres inland from Madang town and is closer to Jiwaka

and Western Highlands provinces. Accordingly, the people have much in common with their Highlands neighbours.

The only way in or out of the area is by air or on foot. If you're fit, Jiwaka can be reached in a day but the locals are reluctant to take that option – the terrain is steep and vicious gangs of thugs are said to roam the area. The other route is a two-day hike to Usino Bundi and then a 24-hour trip by river. The airstrip, built in the 'fifties, is a strip of grass which becomes ruined in heavy rains. In the wet season it rains daily and the cloud cover makes air approach risky. Simbai Station and the outlying villages rely heavily on the airstrip for store goods, health supplies and transport to and from the region. There is a small health centre that caters for minor cases and routine childbirths. Anyone with a serious medical condition must be airlifted to either Mt Hagen or Madang.

A local man proudly introduces me to his five-year-old daughter who was born at the health centre. She looks shy to meet a white man but is, like all children her age, a sweetheart. Ronald tells me her twin did not survive a difficult birth. There is no mobile phone service in Simbai and, apart from UHF radio, the only other method of communication is a VSAT telephone system. The phone only works when the weather is cool and as soon as the sun heats the solar panel the phone switches off. Compounding the problem when I visit is the fact that there are no Telikad phone cards on sale. Locals say they have approached Digicel to install a tower but are unsure of the progress.

There is talk of money having been put aside by the Government for a road into the area though the locals are not confident this will happen. And now, as happens every few months, the airstrip is closed. It's hard times for the people when this happens.

"Sometimes there is no store food, no salt, rice, tinfish, soap," says Local Level Government Sub-District Administrator Barnabas Miukmang. He tells me money has been earmarked by the Provincial Government for the strip's maintenance but "the funds are not released in time. We are still waiting".

He says machinery such as a tractor and grader is needed to maintain the strip. Rob Wagner, a Baptist Missionary from Pennsylvania, US, lives with his wife and daughter at the Station. I meet him on my first day waiting for the plane. Rob is driving a small RTV utility cart pulling a trailer of river stones to help patch up the airstrip.

It's not Rob's job to maintain the strip but, as he says, if he doesn't do it then no-one will. He is usually helped by one or two of his flock whilst a large audience of locals stands and watches. Over the next few days Rob proves to be extremely helpful to me – a Godsend, you might say.

The American is a smiling forty-six-year-old with much to chat about. I'm guessing he's just happy to see another white man but admiring locals tell me "he's talkative".

The missionary is a genuinely nice man, true Christians usually are, and without his help I might still be in the mountains. He has a UHF radio connected to a modem and, using this, I am able to email the Post-Courier

Moresby office to ask them to somehow get me out of this place. Please send a chopper, I beg.

I receive a call from our Mt Hagen office through the VSAT phone which just happens to be working. They say they will hire a helicopter to get me out. I'm lucky, but it comes at a cost of several thousand kina. The people of Simbai are not so fortunate.

*With thanks to Dave Lornie and the Post Courier (first published Post Courier 11th October, 2012)*

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## SIXTY YEARS ON...By Bill Brown

1952 was not an easy year for Harry West, transferred from Goroka to take over the Kainantu Sub-district, and thrust into responsibility for the road from the Highlands down to Markham valley floor. Highlanders, wielding picks and shovels, were carving out that track. They were led, inspired and jockeyed by "Young Rupe" Haviland, Patrol Officer, but he feared a critical section of the route was unstable.

West set the police to finding an alternative track. DC Ian Downs was adamant that there would be no change to Toogood's original route, but he was eventually worn down by West's persistence. West's diversion, located by Lance Corporal Pokia, was vindicated; the 11-mile all-weather Kassam section, built by the Commonwealth Department of Works at a cost of more than half a million Pounds, in 1965, closely followed their route.

1953 should have been a quieter year. The Coronations Day celebration, on 2<sup>nd</sup> June was a huge event. Kassam Pass was officially opened in July, and John Gunther (Director of Health) drove the first vehicle from Lae to Kainantu, and on to Goroka – a Willy's Jeep Ambulance. (DC Horrie Niall was his passenger.)

But then came disaster; West, on daily road inspection, soared over the handlebars of his BSA Bantam motorbike and landed on his shoulder. Ouch! Weeks in Lae hospital were followed by an arm immobilized in plaster, and, shades of 'Downton Abbey,' I became the valet.

Then came Ralph Ormsby, on Liquor Licensing business, all 32 stone (205 kgm) of him. On the first morning of his stay, he turned up to breakfast swathed in a blanket, and the domestic, waiting on the table, fled to his village. He thought that Ormsby was going to explode, and he was not going to be blamed.

When Ormsby departed, West recalled another meal – a dinner at Angoram in 1950. It started with pre-dinner drinks with host, Ralph Ormsby, seated in a director's-style chair, summoning the house staff to bring additional drinks with a large rubber bulb klaxon. The time passed . First sunset, and then nightfall. It was dark before Ormsby enquired if his guests all ate duck, and, when he was assured that they did, he sounded the klaxon with vigour. The cook appeared, and Ormsby gave his instructions: "KILL THE DUCK!"

Sixty years down the track, 2012, and Harry West has had another challenging year. What began as a visit to hospital for day surgery, and a simple procedure, turned into 71 days in hospital, with a spell in intensive care. He managed to turn 90 during convalescence, and, as well, tried pneumonia and shingles. We are all delighted that Harry is switched back on – and happy and smiling.▪

## **PNG HISTORICAL SITES, CEMETERIES and MEMORIALS**

### **Andrea Williams**

On 15<sup>th</sup> June 2012 a letter was sent, on behalf of the PNGAA, to Sen the Hon Bob Carr, Minister for Foreign Affairs, concerning the need to stimulate projects for maintenance and upkeep of the Memorial Park in Popondetta and similar cemetery sites of historical and touristic significance in Papua New Guinea.

This letter acknowledged: "...that there are cultural and other sensitivities that must be respected when raising such concerns affecting a matter singularly within the purview of Papua New Guinea as a sovereign state. Plainly, maintenance standards and expenditure priorities for the National and Regional governments are matters peculiarly within their respective responsibilities. The scope of those responsibilities requires also, though, a broader perspective within which concerns raised about deterioration of memorial sites might be assessed. Such sites can be an important focus for pilgrimages..."

We believe that a responsibility exists for all of those who have a place in the decisional chain to sustain an active respect for the achievements and sacrifices of those who have helped build a nation. ... Such attention could prove beneficial not only to small local enterprise level activity but to fostering and maintaining tourist interest in selected locations.

Our purpose in writing to you is to seek a pathway to securing support from the current generations of political leadership in Australia and Papua New Guinea for a project oriented process for ensuring adequate maintenance of significant historical sites and memorials."

### ***The following response from the Dept Foreign Affairs and Trade was received in August:***

14 August 2012

Dear Ms Williams

Thank you for your letter to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Sen the Hon Bob Carr, dated 15 June 2012 concerning memorial sites in Papua New Guinea, in particular the Popondetta Memorial.

It is regrettable that memorial cemeteries and similar sites across Papua New Guinea, include the Memorial Park at Popondetta, are overgrown and in need of maintenance. Many of these sites reflect events in Australia and Papua New Guinea's common heritage and were built in memory of those who worked together in PNG.

Maintenance of parks, cemeteries and similar sites is, as you note in your letter, the responsibility of Papua New Guinea's national and provincial governments. Apart from the Commonwealth War Grave Commission's care of war graves and memorials for Commonwealth servicemen and women who died in the two world wars, the Australian Government has no mechanism to support the maintenance of such sites in Papua New Guinea or elsewhere.

Accordingly, it is essential to gain the cooperation of the Papua New Guinea authorities and relevant communities in preserving these sites. In such situations private groups with strong links to Papua New Guinea such as your

own organisation can be at least as effective as, if not more effective than, the Government in soliciting local goodwill and action.

The Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade could support you, through advocacy with Papua New Guinea Government representatives, in putting any workable measures in to place. Given the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia's membership and current links with Papua New Guinea, we would welcome any specific ideas you may have on sustainable approaches to maintaining the memorials developed in conjunction with local representatives.

I am comfortable with this reply being shared with your members and wish you well in your efforts.

Thank you for bringing your concerns to the attention of the Minister.

Yours sincerely

Daniel Sloper (signed)

Assistant Secretary

Papua New Guinea and Fiji Branch

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### **KIMMORLEY STREET - RECENTLY NAMED IN CASEY, ACT**

A street in the new Canberra suburb of Casey has been named Kimmorley Street to honour Australian patrol officers ('kiaps') who served in Papua New Guinea.

After wartime service with the AIF in PNG, Corbett William 'Kim' Kimmorley joined the Department of Administrative Services and Native Affairs as a patrol officer. His career spanned three decades until independence in 1975 when he retired as a commissioner in the Land Titles Commission. He is particularly remembered for his work on Bougainville. He died in September 1995 aged 76.

A spokesman for the ACT Government said a lot of thought had gone into selecting 'Kim' Kimmorley to represent the hundreds of patrol officers who had helped in the early development of PNG.

In his eulogy to Kim, Ted Hicks said:

'With approaching Independence, the urgency attaching to the settlement of land ownership disputes throughout the length and breadth of Papua New Guinea increased markedly. Many such disputes were of long standing and bitterly disputed between the parties, so that the judgements of the small complement of Land Titles Commissioners almost invariably called for the patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon, in much the same way as did the decision of the Judges of the High Court of Australia in the now famous *Mabo Case* relating to Aboriginal land ownership here in Australia.'

Undeterred by such difficulties, however, Kim applied himself to the task of adjudicating disputed titles with commendable skill and diligence; indeed many of the decisions handed down by Corbett William Kimmorley during the decade or so before Papua New Guinea attained Independence would have done much towards the stabilisation of traditional land ownership patterns in many and diverse areas of that country where, since time immemorial, no such stability had ever existed.

Kim served in a number of Papua New Guinea's many administrative Districts, commencing with the Morobe District in 1946, followed by postings in New Ireland, Manus, Bougainville and New Britain.'

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## ‘EGAN QC’

### By Graham Egan

Of course I am not a QC or even a lawyer, but I did win my first case in court, in 1978, before a worshipful magistrate in the PNG Local Court at Goroka, so I felt like a QC.

My *hausboi*, Ati, came to me one day with a look of great distress on his face. ‘*Sori masta, mi no wok tude, mi go long cot*’, or words to that effect in my half forgotten *tok pisin*. He had to appear before the local court on a charge of adultery. Adultery! A crime? Surely not. But it was and it was punishable by time in the *kalabus* (gaol). Ati was an excellent *hausboi* and he was a strict Seven Day (Seventh Day Adventist), so of course he had to be as innocent as he strongly maintained.

A lawyer friend in the Public Solicitor’s office in Port Moresby told me that I could, by leave of the magistrate, represent Ati in court. I had seen court cases being conducted and had watched Perry Mason on TV in the 1960s, so I knew it all. What could possibly go wrong? No self interest of course, but how could I cope for even a day without my *hausboi*?

I told Ati to wear his best clothes and we set off to court. The magistrate’s eyebrows nearly hit the ceiling, when I stood up and sought his leave to represent Ati. Following the secret instructions of my Public Solicitor friend, I was able to refer the magistrate to the section of the Local Court Act that allowed me, a layman, to represent Ati.

The magistrate gave leave and the case was on its way. I had all sorts of wonderful questions planned and I was going to reduce the victim to tears and expose her lies and malign intent with my brilliant forensic cross examination. My client, as I now began to think of him, would soon be on the steps of the court, an innocent man brilliantly defended by ‘Egan QC’.

My imaginary silk gown billowing, my non-existent wig sitting slightly askew, I arose to address the court and destroy the prosecution. The magistrate stopped me, ever so politely, as I was about to open my case, to inform me that the prosecution would go first. Oh. I sat down, deflated and we waited. Of course, no-one from the other side turned up, there was no evidence to be given, there was to be no trial. The magistrate said that he would discharge the accused. My Port Moresby friend’s advice did come to my aid here. He had told me that if the magistrate moved to discharge, that I should ask that he dismiss the charges, so they could not be raised again, using the same events. So, with great nervousness, I did make that request and he did dismiss them. Victory! I won!

I must admit to feeling a little pleased with myself as I stood on the steps of the court with my now proven to be innocent client. I basked in his praise but was brought firmly back to earth when he told me, with that sense of outrage only aroused by certain guilt, that he would never sleep with that woman again.

Oh well, I suppose not all Perry Mason’s clients were innocent either. ▀

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](mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.net)

## **MAROONED IN THE MORTLOCK ISLANDS**

### **By Mike Bourke**

In September-October 2002, I spent six weeks in Bougainville Province, now the Autonomous Region of Bougainville, doing field work for a study of village agriculture. The first indication of the transport troubles that lay in store for me came soon after I arrived in Buka. My contacts had assured me that all should be OK with a trip to the atolls, so I went along to the shipping office to confirm this. Buka is a tiny urban area and I walked to the office, only to discover that it had been moved some months ago. This did nothing to increase my confidence that transport arrangements were in hand and, as it turned out, the MV *Sankamap* had departed Buka on the previous day and was already en route to Kieta and the atolls. ‘Did the vessel depart early?’ I enquired. No, this was the July trip but it was running two months late! However, if I dashed overland to Kieta (on Bougainville Island) the following day, I would be able to catch her there, but I must arrive by 4 pm.

I quickly rearranged my schedule and packed for the 5-6 day trip to the atolls. Early next morning, in a crowded banana boat, I crossed the narrow strait between Buka Island and the northern tip of Bougainville Island, where a new township, Kokopau, has sprung up. It was nothing more than a collection of tin sheds and small stores, but was the northern-most end of the road transport route from Central and South Bougainville.

I picked up a Public Motor Vehicle and we set off for Kieta. I was squeezed into the front of the Landcruiser with the driver and one other man, in a smoke-filled cabin, reverberating with loud pop music. Incessant rain ensured that the windows stayed up. Dropping through a series of narrow gorges along the way, we crossed rivers whose bridges had all been destroyed during the Crisis. By mid-afternoon we passed through Arawa, but after all the fighting and looting in the area it was a shadow of its former self.

I was becoming increasing impatient to cover the few remaining kilometres to Kieta. Finally after dropping off an assortment of passengers, we got to the wharf, where with much relief I saw that the MV *Sankamap* lay waiting for us. An hour later, we departed for her first destination, the Mortlock group.

After an unforgettable meal of rice and greasy meat, I retired for the night to my ‘First Class’ Cabin. This contained four bunks, with a TV set in the narrow aisle between them. Throughout the night there was a constant rotation of passengers although, as far as I could tell, there was only one passenger at a time in any one bunk. It was a rough voyage, with strong SE winds and a following swell. The ship rolled like a cork. I couldn’t go up on deck, which was my usual antidote to sea sickness, as empty 200 litre drums careered across it, threatening to demolish anyone foolish enough to venture there. I’m usually a good sailor, but that night I was sea sick for the first time in my life.

We arrived at the Mortlock atoll group next morning. The Captain announced that he would have to return to Buka to get more fuel as the ship did not have enough to complete the onward trip to the Tasman Group. He would, we were assured, be back in three days. At this stage, I was so battered and bruised from wrestling to stay in my rolling bunk and dodging the highly mobile TV set

as I made obligatory visits to the unmentionable toilet, that all I wanted to do was to get onto dry land. To get ashore, I took a canoe to the islet of Takuu. There, the family of a fellow traveller, Sione Paasia, very kindly took me in, gave me a dry place to sleep and fed me. This was the first time that I had lived with villagers in PNG whose ancestry was Polynesian, rather than Melanesian, so there was much that was new for me. I surveyed the swamp taro gardens, assessed the villagers' diet and listened to stories from my host's seafaring days. Fortunately, I was not short of reading matter as I had a large box of papers with me. It was to be 12 days before the ship returned but I had a very pleasant stay, only made difficult by my anxiety that my colleague, Tom Betitis, would be waiting in vain for me in Buka.

Finally, the MV *Sankamap* returned. By then I knew the name by which the islanders referred to the vessel—MV *Tomoro*, as in ‘Tomorrow never comes!’

It was late afternoon as we set off for Kieta. With my new-found Mortlock friends, I enjoyed an evening meal of swamp taro in coconut cream, before I retired to my bunk in the First Class cabin. I had discovered that the Captain was again concerned about the amount of fuel we had on board and so had decided to run only one engine. I awoke with a start at 4 am, (just before dawn at this longitude), to realize that the engine had stopped and the vessel was stationary. I hurried up on deck. We were anchored in the lagoon of a small atoll. We had indeed had insufficient fuel to make the return journey from the Mortlock group, so we had diverted overnight to the Carteret Group. The vessel was now adrift and it seemed only a matter of time before the wind pushed us onto a nearby reef. It was no thanks to the Captain that within the hour there was a wind change which happily blew us clear of the reef.

As well as fuel, the ship had also run out of water and food. The islanders, who were used to this, had brought both drinking water and plenty of baked swamp taro. I managed to wash in rain water collected by an awning. Lack of fuel meant that, not only could the captain not power the vessel but, since there was no electricity he could not use the radio. It was with much relief that we learned of a functioning Health radio on the atoll, so we managed to get a message out that we needed fuel to get the *Sankamap* back to Buka.

While we waited, I spent the day inspecting the atoll's food supply. This was the only place I had ever been to where payment for small services was requested in food. Unfortunately, since I didn't have any I had to pay with cash instead. Next morning, a police speed boat turned up with several hundred litres of diesel on board, sufficient to get the *Sankamap* back to Buka. We finally arrived at about 2 am. Most other passengers left the vessel immediately, but I remained on board until dawn. Then I went in search of accommodation that did not include a mobile TV set and a breakfast that did not include taro. Not long after that I found my colleague, Tom Betitis, who had heard of our ship's misadventures and so had not given up on me after all.▪

## **GOROKA REVISITED by Bob Cleland**

In my article ‘Cruise to Rabaul’, reported in *Una Voce #3/2012*, I ended saying how I had found, among the people I met, ‘...an eagerness for the upcoming elections and the hope that a new government could set PNG on a better, fairer path for the future.’

Following that April cruise and Anzac day in Rabaul, I enjoyed a two day visit to Goroka. I had previously advised my friend Thomas Soles that I was coming ‘for a quick look.’ Thomas is of the next generation of the people I knew and worked with in the mid 1970s. He’s a quiet, intelligent, behind-the-scenes political mover and shaker who knows his history. He told me he would meet me on arrival and arrange for others to be there too.

Imagine my complete surprise when, stepping down from the plane, we were escorted towards a small Asaro singsing group, complete with mudmen, for a traditional highland welcome. My companion and I were introduced to members of the Goroka Show Committee, the Chamber of Commerce and the Provincial Government. An instrumental group and singers, all blind, sang us a modern song of welcome. I was stunned.

That night I found myself guest of honour at a function to launch the major sponsor for the up-coming Goroka Show. At least I expected that – I’d been involved with the first Goroka Show in 1956 and had described it to the new show committee last year. Many of the business elite of Goroka were present and I was introduced to several of them, all PNG nationals.

That visit was far too short to get any real feel for the way things are in Goroka and the province, but I was impressed by the intelligent outlook of most people I spoke with. Beyond the hopes and aspirations for the elections, there was a discernable positive atmosphere and confidence. Crime rates are down and a civic awareness is emerging. We felt quite comfortable walking the streets: streets cleaner and tidier than reports I’d heard. Goroka is a drab town these days, needing a coat of paint, needing road maintenance and needing infrastructure repair. It’s apparent that the Provincial Government has done the best it could with limited national funds.

The elections have come and gone with some promising newcomers elected nation-wide. Most Australian and PNG commentators have a cautious optimism for the future. And now, after five days in Goroka in the Eastern Highlands Province from 13 to 18 September 2012, I share that optimism. I was accompanied by my two daughters, Susan, born in Goroka and Kathryn, born in Balimo, WP. They hadn’t been back since 1976.

After three days in Port Moresby where I was involved with the Crocodile Prize Awards, Air Niugini left on time (hurrah!) and whisked us to Goroka in one of its new Q400 twin turboprop aircraft. It was a relief this time to disembark as mere passengers. The day had that Goroka-only, special sparkling, clean air,

blue skied quality with a lingering smell of overnight rain. It augured well for our visit.

The Air Niugini Goroka Manager, Gideon Samuel, who is also President of the Goroka Show Society, showed us to our Land Cruiser, with driver James, ours for the duration of our visit.

Gideon told us about an invitation he'd been asked to pass to us - an invitation from the newly elected member for Chuave, Wera Mori, to visit Chuave to attend an undisclosed function. We were happy to accept. My daughters, 'the girls', had been particularly keen to see Chuave again – our home in 1971-72 when I was Assistant District Commissioner there. They had happy memories of coming home each holidays from secondary school in Brisbane, usually bringing a school friend with them. The young, single kiaps and didimen from miles around usually found reasons to visit Chuave during these few weeks.

Mostly, the Highlands Highway wasn't too bad, but many parts enforced a crawling pace to negotiate slumps and huge potholes. The spectacular distant views across the Asaro valley to the mighty Bismarck Range were unchanged. But the close and middle distance views were no longer dotted with picturesque grass-thatched villages strung along ridges. No longer necessary for strategic defense, they were replaced by tin-roofed family-house clusters scattered on garden land or clinging on any available space on the road's edge. The latter, with their attendant roadside mini produce markets, gave the road a tattiness which often spoiled the view. The numerous children still provided the squealing, laughing, waving roadside entertainment.

As we approached Chuave it was obvious that something was on. We were escorted to an area in front of the office by a singsing group, and were serenaded by a choir singing a freshly composed welcome to 'Bob, Susan and Kathryn.' The local council president spoke in welcome, as did The Honorable Wera Mori, our host. He'd been in grade five at the local school and humorously took me down a peg in saying he and his school mates were more afraid of my dog than me, the kiap!

And he knew his history, mentioning several local events of the past and kiaps who'd made their mark, like Tony Keogh and Bob Mellor. Very emotional stuff. The girls mopped up happy tears and many of the elders in the crowd were in tears too because a former kiap had come back to see them. Wera, I should add, went from the Chuave primary school to a secondary and tertiary education to become the consultant geologist he was when he made his successful bid for parliament.

It was a wonderful day of welcome, warmth and reminiscence for us. But beyond that, it illustrates once again how these people hanker for the '*taim bilong kiap*.' I hope Wera and his colleagues can turn around this rearward view to one of optimism and realistic hope. The auguries are good.

The next two days kept us busy with the Goroka Show. Busy in walking around the large showground, packed with thousands of singing, dancing, drumming, fluting, strumming groups, painted in shades of red, yellow, white, green, brown, black and blue, wearing beaten bark, woven thread, plain, plaited and crinkled grass, cotton material, paper and even sheet metal. Everywhere, bird-of-paradise, cockatoo, crow, eagle and chook feathers swayed, jigged, bounced and bobbed in spectacular head-dresses, on tall frames and on long poles. Within the high level cacophony of sound could be heard deep male voices, screeching female voices, whistles, bamboo and wooden gongs, bamboo flutes, pan pipes, and drums, drums, drums of many shapes, sizes and pitches.

Busy too in pointing and clicking digital cameras, at a rate of scores, hundreds even, per hour, at groups and individuals from all of the six (I think) highland provinces, Madang, Manam, Karkar, Lae, Manus, Sepik and other areas I may not have recognised.

On the final day, Sunday, a closing ceremony was scheduled. Among other VIPs in the small grandstand was the newly elected Premier of the Eastern Highlands Province, Julie Soso. She had the Eastern Highlands Provincial seat against formidable male opposition and would close the Show. I'd previously told my contacts that I would like to meet her as I knew her father, Soso, from my Goroka days. I took the opportunity of a slow spot in proceedings to introduce myself.



Bob Cleland presenting Premier Julie Soso with a copy of his book and a copy of a photobook of the 1953-1956 photos of Goroka and area to present to the Provincial Government.

'Ah, *Bob*,' she said as she jumped to her feet, '*I heard you were in town and I wanted to meet you. I have a little story to tell you.*' Taken aback, I muttered something. She continued, '*When I was growing up, my father told me he had called me Julie after the wife of Bob Cleland.*' That really threw me and brought a wave of emotion I struggled to contain.

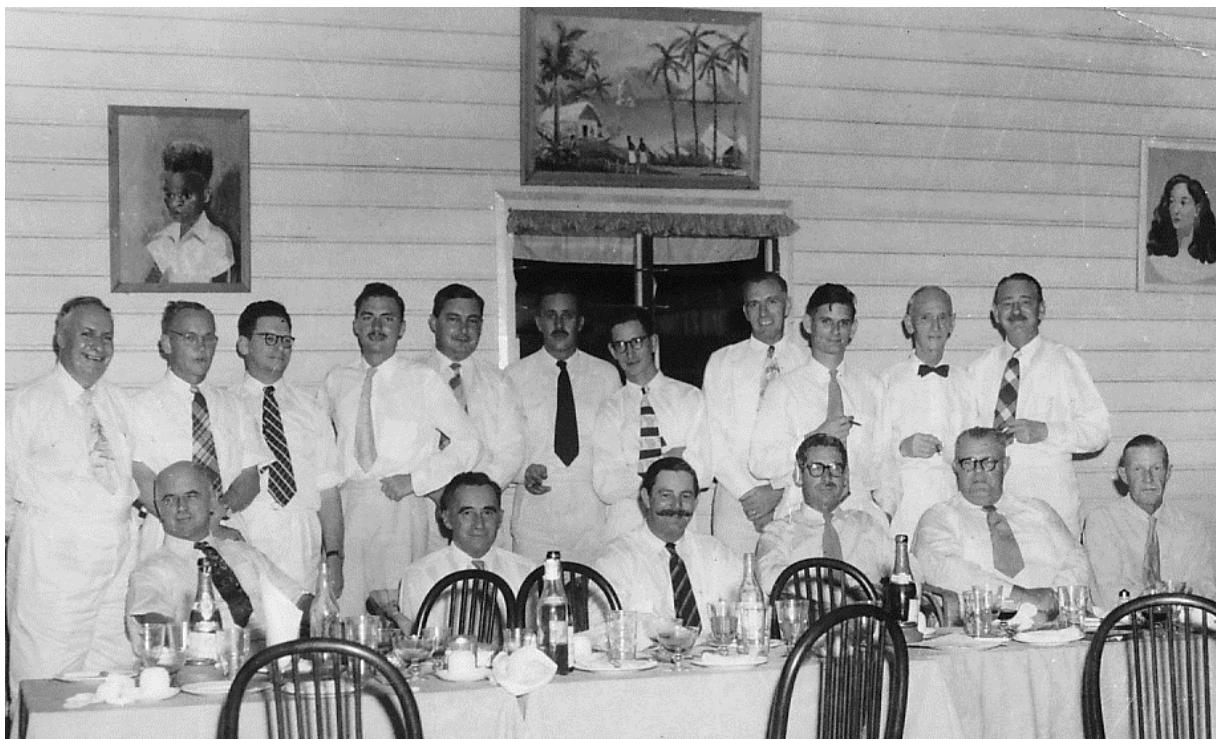
I introduced her to my two daughters and they were happily tearful as we chatted. She is a confident, warm and motherly person with a well-known interest in social matters and as an advocate for women. I was very impressed when she gave her closing address. She has a strong, well modulated voice and her speech was about everyone pulling together to build a strong Province in several critical fields. Without notes and speaking in *tok pisin*, she chose words which seemed to me to be unifying and acceptable to all ages, all political or social groups and both genders. Applause for her was strong and long.

Throughout the show weekend, there were no clashes, only a few short-lived squabbles. An alcohol ban for the duration took care of that. Everyone seemed relieved that the elections were behind them and were waiting to see what the political year would bring.

The girls and I returned to Australia impressed and happy from an amazing, nostalgic visit. We had all experienced the relaxation, positivity and friendliness everywhere we went.

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**Can you identify anyone? - Please contact the Editor**



**Delegates at the Planters Association concluding dinner after an annual meeting held in the mid 50s.** Names known are: Dick Paul (Exec Officer); Frank Wilson (NB), Don Barret (NB), Jim Grose (NI), Jim O'Brien (Madang), Robin McKay (Bougainville), John Middleton (Madang).

## **THE LANDING OF THE FIRST PLANE AT TARI**

### **By Quentin Anthony**

In 1951 a decision was made to open a new patrol post in the Tari valley of the Southern Highlands of Papua. A suitable site for an airstrip had earlier been located by Sid Smith and Des Clancy during a patrol from Lake Kutubu to the north-west, and in an area of heavy population first reported by Hides and O'Malley in the 1930s.

In early 1952, ADO Arthur (Shorty) Carey and Patrol Officer Ron Neville took a large patrol from Kutubu to the airstrip site at Rumurumu and started construction of a strip which would accommodate aircraft up to the size of a Norseman. In July of that year I was despatched from Kutubu by ADO David Wren with a 50-man patrol to re-supply Carey and Neville at Tari who were running desperately short of essential food and medical supplies. In those days there were no helicopters available and it was nine days of quite hard slog.

I arrived to find the new airstrip nearing completion, despite several interruptions due to outbreaks of tribal fighting in various parts of the Huri Basin which required intervention by the Tari officers. Shortly after my arrival a serious stoush erupted between the Tani and Tigo clans to the west of the camp. Carey, Neville and myself, with 15 police and 40 carriers departed immediately for the area, and after a couple of days of high tension and a "stand-off" between the warring groups, a ceasefire was effected, due largely to a courageous one-on-one negotiation instigated by Shorty Carey. At one point he literally "stared down" a gathering of 700-800 armed men who were clearly of hostile intent.

After two hours of talk and explanation of the Government's peaceful intentions, a pig was purchased and shot by the police, as a demonstration of the Government's "firepower." The initial alarm and consternation was followed by amazement at the damage the rifle shot had inflicted on the deceased pig. To reinforce the magic of the patrol's weapons, Carey had the police fire a volley at a limestone cliff some 400 yards distant, the shattering noise of the rifles and the cloud of white dust and stones issuing from the cliff providing more than enough evidence that these strangers were not to be trifled with.

A number of arrests of Tani warriors were made without incident, as a result of deaths caused by the fighting, with the assurance being given that a similar number of men from the Tigo clan would also be taken.

Some 20 or 30 men were taken back to Rumurumu where they were put to work on the airstrip. This put a temporary stop to the fighting, but unfortunately some time later another serious outbreak occurred, during which a young Constable Agau was shot through the throat at close range when the patrol was ambushed in long kunai grass. With little available in the way of medical assistance, Constable Agau died in great pain during a forced march back to Tari.

The work proceeded on the new airstrip, with at times 4 to 5 thousand men, women and children making it a sort of extraordinary social occasion. Many times we were asked through the interpreters what it was all about. We gave

up on the real function of an airstrip. These people had never seen or heard a plane and had no conception of such a thing, so we took the line that it was to be a big "sing-sing" ground for a huge bird that was coming from Lake Kutubu. It would be the greatest celebration they had ever seen. This story generated great enthusiasm and the work continued apace.

The airstrip site was crossed by three large fighting trenches, six feet deep and six feet wide. They formed a defensive network during tribal fighting, in much the same way as the trenches in World War 1. With no equipment or tools apart from a few spades, these trenches had to be filled with earth taken from the other end of the strip, using primitive digging sticks, and carrying the earth in bags, baskets and on sheets of bark.

Carey then decided, with a stroke of genius, that we organise a practice sing-sing to take place over the newly-filled trenches, when thousands of stamping feet would compact the earth down to the required firmness. Many pigs were purchased and slaughtered, the workers decked themselves out in their best finery and the practice sing-sing was a great success. Or so we thought.

The days slipped by, and the strip was nearing completion. However our A510 radio transceiver, which had been a repetitive failure from the day it had arrived, had given up the ghost months ago, and the replacement I had brought in from Kutubu proved to be no better, defying even the practical skills of Ron Neville. We were totally incomunicado, with no way of advising Port Moresby of a projected completion date for the strip. Arthur Carey decided that I would have to make the long trek back to Lake Kutubu with news of our situation and that I should leave the following week.

Monday the 18<sup>th</sup> of August 1952 dawned bright and clear, and the usual 6 a.m. start of work on the airstrip got under way. Just after 10 a.m., to our great astonishment, an aircraft engine was heard approaching, and shortly a tiny speck over the distant mountains resolved itself into a Gibbes Sepik Airways single engine Norseman. Obviously, having had no word from the Tari camp, the District Commissioner at Mendi had decided to send an aircraft to investigate.

The Norseman circled over the strip, clearly hoping to land, but there was one small problem. At that moment there were probably 5000 awestruck Huris on the strip, gazing up in wonderment at this enormous, noisy bird. The three officers, together with police, medical orderlies, cooks and all available camp followers, immediately set about the daunting task of trying to clear the people off the strip. But there were too many of them and too few of us. As fast as we cleared people off one side of the strip, another battalion would swarm in from the other.

The pilot, seeing our problem, and with the best of intentions, decided to "buzz" the strip at an altitude of about 30 feet. The net result of this manoeuvre was that 5000 people threw themselves flat on their faces in terror and refused to move.

The day was saved with the arrival of Punga, the fight leader of the Huri people. Punga was a man of impressive physique, bearing and demeanour, rumoured to have killed more than 30 enemies in combat, and, most importantly, had proved to be very supportive of the Government and its stated intentions. We had accorded him VIP status and Carey was quick to

recruit him into the situation, to good effect, as he strode down the strip, roaring like a bull, and clearing his terrified followers off the runway.

At last the Norseman was able to make its final approach and touch down at the end of the strip, amid scenes of wild excitement. It turned to taxi back to where our camp was located, but the morning's dramas were not yet all played out.

As the Norseman taxied slowly back past thousands of amazed onlookers, it came to the first of the newly-filled trenches. Recent rain has apparently caused subterranean subsidence, despite all the sing-sing stamping, and although the surface looked firm, the wheels of the aircraft broke through the crust and the Norseman performed a spectacular sixty degree headstand, with the propeller ploughing into the ground. The passengers and cargo shot forward into the cockpit, and my lasting impression was of several anguished but unharmed faces squashed against the windows, interspersed with sundry boxes and bags of cargo.

We quickly threw a rope over the skyward-pointing tailplane and a score of strong rescuers hauled the aircraft back into a horizontal position. The shaken passengers disembarked. They were: John Wells pilot, District Commissioner Jock McLeod, Frank Galliano airport inspector, Gordon Young Methodist missionary, and one police constable. The much anticipated cargo of mail, a replacement radio transceiver, medical supplies and some essential stores included a small quantity of alcoholic beverages.

We escorted our visitors back to our camp, with the slightly wounded aircraft in tow, as Jock McLeod's vocabulary of expletives slowly exhausted itself. The three of us were crestfallen at the prospect of Galliano ever issuing a permit for Tari airstrip to be opened, to say nothing of what the D.C.'s reaction was likely to be when he had us alone.

The good news was that John Wells examination of the propeller showed there was no substantial damage, thanks to the soft earth.

The bad news was that I was to be busy all that day and all the following night with a labour line of about 500, digging out the three filled-in trenches and re-packing them with river stones from the nearby Rumurumu Creek, to enable the aircraft to take off the next day.

A couple of weeks earlier, we had graduated from our tent accommodation to a larger bush materials hut with a dirt floor, and it was here that our four visitors spent an uncomfortable night in makeshift sleeping arrangements. My sympathy for them was imperceptible. I spent a very cold night (the altitude was over 5000 feet), organising the digging out and re-filling of the trenches by the light of fires and hurricane lamps, fortunately fortified by a good meal from the newly-arrived stores, and a couple of nips of Rhum Negrita.

It was a spectacular sight. Long lines of Huris carrying stones up from the creek past the fires. Women and children bringing food and water for the men, and the twenty or so police under the admirable Corporal Arthur Igarobai providing the urgency to finish the job by daybreak. Every so often the deep, rumbling chant of the Huri echoed through the darkness as they cheerfully went about their work. They must have wondered what on earth these strange white people were up to.

By daylight the job was finished to the satisfaction of pilot John Wells. The previous day he had been able to raise D.C.A. on the Norseman's radio to advise them of the situation. On this Tuesday morning he contacted them again to report on the rectification work and to obtain permission to take off.

By now, the news of this wondrous bird had spread far and wide across the Huri basin, and the airstrip and camp was awash with a human tide of thousands of people. The police were keeping the crowd away from the aircraft which by now was surrounded by piles of food which the women had brought to feed the great bird. Others were attempting to look under it to ascertain its gender. One old man asked me through the interpreter whether this bird lived in a huge tree at Lake Kutubu or did it make its nest on the ground? And how were men able to get in and out of it? I attempted plausible explanations of these phenomena, but it was all too much for them. The magical powers of these pale skinned people defied explanation!

By mid-morning on Tuesday 19 August, the Norseman's passengers had climbed aboard the now much lightened aircraft. Galliano had assured Shorty Carey that the operational permit for the airstrip would be issued once the final 300 feet of the runway had been completed in two or three weeks. Rev. Young had led a short prayer for the safe take-off of the aircraft, and a calmer and more rested D.C. had congratulated us for our work.

Wells wanted to generate as much ground speed as possible before the Norseman reached the first of the filled trenches, despite his expression of confidence in the rectification, so the aircraft was towed to the extreme end of the strip for take-off.

But there was still one small problem. By this time we estimated there were 8 to 10 thousand Huri on the strip, fascinated by the drama, and showing no sign of moving off. They weren't going to miss it for quids!

Enter the redoubtable Punga again. "Clear off the sing-sing ground or the great bird will eat you!" His orders lent added emphasis when the radial Pratt & Whitney engine bellowed into life, and thousands of people fled in all directions. Wells gunned the motor to maximum revs, slipped the brakes and the Norseman surged forward down the runway. Our apprehension dissipated as she negotiated the repaired ground without difficulty and climbed into the blue yonder, in the direction of distant Mendi.

It was 1030 hours, and getting the workers back on the job was difficult. People were standing in small groups, chattering excitedly. After all, it had been the event of a lifetime for all of them.

I had been instructed to recruit 30 labourers to take back to Lake Kutubu for orientation in the ways of the government, and, following the excitement of recent days, I was swamped with volunteers.

I wonder what the grandchildren of those men will think if they read this story. I hope it makes them smile. The 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the landing of the first plane at Tari has just passed. It is now a small part of the history of Papua New Guinea.

## **Guinea Gold - final issue - Sunday June 30 1946.**

Journey's End. This issue of Guinea Gold, published in Rabaul, ends the career of a newspaper which was born at Port Moresby in November 1942. For 1320 days, despite bombings, breakdowns and blackouts, it has appeared daily with the faultless unfaltering regularity of the dawn. Distributed by air, over an area stretching from Morotai across to the Solomons, it was read by Australians, Americans and New Zealanders; by white men, red men, black men, brown men and yellow men. To all of them it brought each day their daily news. And perhaps that is Guinea Gold's true significance. When today's top air speeds become the cruising speeds of long-distance airliners, Melbourne will be within 20 hours flying time of London and no one will live more than a day from anyone else.

Then, maybe, there will be a World Daily, for all men, everywhere. And perhaps it will recall that it was predicted in a newspaper named Guinea Gold, which also did something to show "The Shape of Things to Come," back in the yesterdays of World War II.

Guinea Gold Vol 4 No. 230 Sunday Jun 30 1946

*Note: This was sent in by John Oberdorf*

Vol. 4, No. 230. Sunday, June 30, 1946.

# **GUINEA GOLD**

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## **GUINEA GOLD – NEWS FROM THE SKY IN PNG'S**

### **DARK DAYS By Terence J Davidson**

*Recompiled with additional new material*

In 1942, amid the jungles and coasts of Papua New Guinea, where Allied troops fought the Japanese invaders, intent on exploiting PNG as a stepping stone to Australia, a humble newspaper, Guinea Gold, joined the action.

Produced daily and flown into the war zone for Allied troops by RAAF pilots, who flew Dakota DC3's almost daily over the Japanese lines, small bundles of Guinea Gold appeared heaven sent

The day after American forces landed at Cape Gloucester, New Britain, the US' Flying Fortresses also dropped "Guinea Gold" -- a tangible example of Allied co-operation .

The US Supreme Commander General Douglas Macarthur, had given Guinea Gold permission to publish his communiqués 20 hours before the news was released for the rest of the world's media:



*"Giant air transports dropped food, tobacco and copies of "Guinea Gold", If anything this little newspaper was more eagerly sought than rations. To troops practically marooned in the thick jungle swamps this link with news of the outside world came almost as tidings from another planet. "From the book, "Jungle Warfare" (1944).*

This was the only warzone where the US armed forces did not produce a local edition of their own newspaper, "Stars and Stripes".

Earlier, the same year, a war correspondent at the Melbourne Herald, Reg. Leonard, suggested that Australian Army should have its own daily. Leonard was promptly promoted to the rank of major, and became foundation editor.

The newspaper headquarters were established at a secret location, almost certainly Lae. Soldiers with newspaper experience operated a second-hand Miller high-speed flatbed press for 20 hours a day, printing an awesome 34 million copies(??) in little more than two years.

Front and back pages concentrated on late-breaking world news, including a sporting back page. Page two was devoted to extracts from Australian and US, not forgetting "musts" such as Ginger Meggs comic strip, in two colours, courtesy of the Sunday Mail Brisbane and Sydney Sunday Sun.

Neither Al Jazeera, nor CNN, were on tap.

Other soldiers from "the print" had been transferred from various units when Guinea Gold was born. They operated a linotype or wrote news stories by taking shorthand notes of shortwave radio bulletins from Australia, the US Armed Forces station in San Francisco, the BBC, All-India Radio, and other sources.

Overcoming formidable production hassles, the schedule was a not negotiable 24/7 -- without missing a single day, from November 1942 to June 1946. Some 1,320 days' continuous publication was easily a world record for service publications.

At its peak in 1944, it produced 64,000 copies (US edition 37,000, Australian 27,000). Maximum readership was put at 800,000. Some 237 Australian soldiers worked on Guinea Gold for varying periods.

One of the 237 was Private, No. Q2656084, Thomas Anthony McCarthy, of Kedron, a linotype compositor, who had enlisted at Kedron, Queensland, on 9 June, 1942. Having served his apprenticeship, he was employed at Lamson Paragon Printers, Fortitude Valley, Brisbane. McCarthy was drafted to the New Guinea Press Corps, and served until he was discharged in January 1946. My wife's uncle, McCarthy posted her copies of Guinea Gold.

Other gifts, of coins and a necklace made of Cowrie shells fashioned with fuse wire, shown below as "Trench Art", were also dispatched.



Before "Guinea Gold" started, news to the troops came from a newsheet called Moresby Army News Sheet. This was a single sheet printed on two sides letterpress and was produced by the Army Educational Unit.

When The Miller press was retired after the war, it contained 50 joints, and is now an exhibit at the National War Museum in Canberra.

#### **A Photograph of the flatbed press in action, in 1944.**



*At left is Staff Sergeant John Eyre of Canberra, ACT, taking papers from the press. Stacking papers is native boy Seri Eno. In the background oiling machine is Corporal M. Nicholas of Sydney, NSW. The serviceman oiling the machine has also been identified as Private J W Dormer and Corporal Nicholas is feeding the paper into the press (rear).*

A centrefold double spread of Comics and Competitions and other news was also included in the little newspaper, making it very readable news from home. Much effort was put into the production, as will be noted, even using two colour ink printing, which was a luxury at that time!

A very special item in a collection of those hard dark days of World War II.

Some readers may remember Reg Leonard OBE, Born (1907, died March 1986), best known as the chairman of the TV hit "Meet The Press" which was seen on some channels in the 1960/70's. He was also managing director of the "Brisbane Telegraph". Born 1907, he later collected an MBE. (Info SLQ courtesy Jeff Gray).

## *Major Reg Leonard at his editor's desk.*



*Guinea  
Golds* being distributed to air crew on a transport plane.



## **References & Photos used :-**

Wikipedia "The Army Newspaper That Scooped The World",  
"The Whisperer", Newsletter -of the Beaufighter & Boston Assn. Of Qld. #  
Courtesy member Bill Masson (Yeulba)

Australian War Museum photo file Photo Number O17121.

Two copies of Guinea Gold -held in my Collection & Information from the daughter of Serviceman No. Q2656084, Thomas McCarthy, Mrs Desley Ryan, of Blackbutt Qld.

Australian army Service Records 1939 -1946. Other war related Information from Various sources..

Guinea Gold – News from PNG's Dark Days *has been reproduced with permission from Terry Davidson and the Queensland Numismatic Society.*

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## **ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK**

**By Roger Wilson**

It is 1950, the Second World War in which I flew as a pilot has been over for five years. I am now in Lae, capital of New Guinea, one of Qantas's two bases, the other being at Port Moresby, capital of Papua. Based at Lae are some half dozen C'47s (the military version of DC3) and about a dozen De Havilland Dragons, and a couple of Puss Moths. I am based here for two years with the rank of First Officer, crewing the C-47 when required and as pilot-in-command of a Dragon - a small twin engine bi-plane.

Today I am to fly the 'Highlands Mail', a twice-weekly service which supplies the needs of residents in the highland valleys. It's 5 am, still dark. I arose shortly after 4 am, showered, dressed, breakfasted and now await transport to the Flight Operations office. It is a warm, muggy morning and will be hotter. Once at the office I fight the paper war. I make out my flight plan, inspect and sign the technical log (showing the aeroplane is serviceable to fly), collect the ticket book, the cargo manifests and sign for the mail bags. It is 5:45 am, daylight, time to go. I walk around the aeroplane checking that, as far as I can tell, it is flyable. Inside, I check the positioning of the cargo, the lashings, and welcome my first passenger who is coming with me on the first leg. We are ready to go.

In the cockpit I do my check, prepare for engine start. The ground engineer calls, 'ignition on', I reply in the affirmative, he swings the propellers, one at a time (Gipsy Moth engines are not equipped with self-starters), the engines start, I wave away the chocks and taxi to the end of the strip. A green light from the control tower and I accelerate along the runway. It is 6:02 am. I fly up the Ramu Valley, a wide grassy valley with a river meandering down it. We pass Nadzab, about five minutes out, and after about 20 minutes, climbing all the time, I enter the highlands (average altitude of the valley floor is about 5,000 feet) through a gap in the mountains known as the Arona Gap. We are going first this morning to Goroka, administrative HQ of the New Guinea Highlands. A District Officer is based there and has a number of Patrol Officers under his command. It must be appreciated that at this time the greater proportion of New Guinea is largely unexplored and is not subject to control by the Australian Government. Hence the District and Patrol Officers whose job it is to rectify the situation by entering unexplored territory, making contact with the local people, and bringing the benefits (!) of civilization to the local people.

At Goroka I unload the mail and cargo (mainly meat and bread). The only way then for Europeans living in the Highlands to obtain them was to have a standing order with Burns Philp and Morobe Bakery to send supplies up by the Highlands Mail service. There is also a quantity of trade goods (tobacco, razorblades, rolls of coloured cloth, etc.) for those Europeans who run trade stores at various points in the highlands.

After doing the paper work (filling out the manifest, writing out tickets, collecting the fares, etc) and refuelling the aircraft with the aid of a '*boi*' and the local agent, I start the engines by swinging the propellers myself, (after setting the throttle and mixture and switching on the ignition). I take off (downhill) and make my way into the Wahgi Valley. This beautiful valley was discovered by the Leahy brothers on their famous safari on the 30's. It is fertile, at an elevation of some 5,000 feet and the Wahgi River snakes its way roughly down the centre of the valley. There are a number of airstrips in the valley which is reached by flying across some very uninviting rocky country keeping a huge mountainous rock formation on my left. I land first at Chimbu, a 400 yard long strip which runs uphill to end near a pawpaw plantation. The bottom end of the strip ends abruptly at the very edge of a cliff 300 feet above the Wahgi River. Once committed to take-off there is no stopping. The aircraft races downhill and flies off the end of the strip. On one occasion my DH84 suffered a partial engine failure on take-off. The aeroplane fell off the end of the strip lacking flying speed. The 300 feet of air between me and the river saved the day. After a few heart-stopping seconds we reached flying speed and with  $I \frac{1}{2}$  engines operating we flew to Kerowagi three minutes away. This day, however, nothing untoward happens. I complete my work. There is a passenger (an Australian government employee) who wishes to be taken to Kerowagi. It would take him 2-3 days hiking to cross the up and down intervening terrain. He asks me:

*'How much is the fare?'* I have no fare schedule for the 5-6 miles to Kerowagi, so I make a guess and quote him 10 shillings. He pays, I write him a ticket and off we go.

At Kerowagi there is a native hospital run by a '*tik lik dokta*'. This man is employed by the Australian Government Medical service. He, although not a qualified physician, has adequate knowledge sufficient to run a native hospital. He and his wife are old friends. They give me morning tea on the verandah of their house, after I have unloaded their medical supplies. So the day continues. I fly next to Banz, a few miles further up the valley, where two young unmarried Aussies run a coffee plantation. Next I cross the valley to Minj, where there is an agricultural experiment going on. Back across the valley to Nondugl, Sir Edward Hallstrom's (he of Silent Knight refrigerator fame) property. Finally, passing Bobby Gibbs's coffee plantation, I turn left and land at Mt Hagen.

This is quite a settlement, and is at the end of the Waghi Valley. There are a couple of trade stores here, an engineering shop selling tractors, machinery (generators, truck spares, etc.), a small general store, and some coffee plantations, one being run by Mick Leahy, one of the famous brothers. From here I fly over the ridge on the side of the valley, descend into the Baiyer Valley (altitude 4000 ft.) and land at Baiyer River, another agricultural station. The strip here is the longest one in the highlands. I never did find out why. In the Baiyer Valley a number of varieties of Birds of Paradise make their home.

Leaving there I head up the valley to Wabag, my final destination today, where the airstrip lies at an altitude of 6000 ft. This is a demanding airstrip from a pilot's

point of view, subject to a variety of winds. On the left side there is high ground. On the right, over a rocky ridge, is a fearsome rocky declivity. The strip itself presents problems, or at least requires very careful attention. It is flat for only about 200 yards, then it rises abruptly for another 200 yards, before continuing to rise at a lesser angle. Once committed to landing, there is no turning back, no chance of aborting the landing and having another go. The high ground on the left and the ridge on the right prevent it. You cannot have a second bite at the cherry, although on a memorable occasion a friend of mine in a C-47 did abort and got away with it. How he did it I will never know. At Wabag there is a medical centre and a patrol outpost. This is the end of known territory. This year or next a patrol with a line of bearers carrying the food, tents, etc., an interpreter, and a number of armed native police will bring some of the territory to the west and south under government control.

At Wabag, the government orderly gives me a cup of tea while I eat my box lunch of a sandwich, a boiled egg and a piece of fruit provided by the company at Lae this morning.

After lunch I take off, fly down past Wapenamunda and begin flying up a narrow ascending valley. This valley leads to the top of the ridge above Mt Hagen and is a shortcut to that outpost. It avoids having to fly back through the Baiyer Valley. One must not fly up this valley unless the gap at the top is clear of cloud, because there is no turning back, the valley is too narrow to allow turning around. One of our pilots erred in flying up this valley when the gap at the top was choked with cloud. He tried to turn back. He failed and killed himself.

At Mt Hagen I load vegetables for Lae and pick up two or three passengers for tomorrow morning's flight to Sydney on the DC3 Bird of Paradise flight. (This service is reputed to be the longest DC3 scheduled flight in one day (2,000 miles) in the world. It leaves Lae at 6 am and travels via Port Moresby, Cooktown, Cairns, Townsville, Mackay, Rockhampton and Brisbane, arriving at Sydney at 10 pm.

I call at various strips on the return flight down the Waghi Valley, collecting vegetables and fruit (bananas, pawpaws, etc) and the odd passenger. Some of these are natives going to another outpost to visit friends (*wantoks*) or relatives. At Goroka there are passengers for Lae, and some cargo for Kainantu, some 10-12 minutes towards Lae. The aeroplane is refuelled, I swing the props for the umpteenth time and set off for home.

Kainantu is my last stop in the Highlands, although two other strips, Arona and Aiyura are nearby and may sometimes warrant a stop. After leaving Kainantu I fly out over the Arona Gap and descend into the Ramu Valley which leads to Lae. My penultimate stop today is Kaiapit. On final approach to that strip I notice a number of fowls wandering on the runway. I am not about to abort my approach for fowls and land amongst them. There is much squawking (from the fowls) and yelling (from the native owner). One rooster and one hen have been run over and killed. I get an assurance, (honoured in the breach) from the resident at this government outpost that he will endeavour to see that fowls are kept off the aerodrome. My day is ending. Fifteen minutes after leaving Kaiapit I land in Lae. It is 5:40 pm I am not permitted to fly in New Guinea after 6 pm so there wasn't much flying time left. I leave the aircraft in the hands of the engineers and report to the operations office. There I hand over the fare money I have collected plus the one penny per pound for the 'back loading' freight of fruit and vegetables, the cargo manifests, unused tickets, etc. I then check the roster to see what flying I am

to do tomorrow. I am to fly to Madang and back in the morning as Flying Officer in a C47 with one of the resident Captains. In the afternoon I am again flying a Dragon to Bulolo, where there is gold to be collected, and to Wau. It will be another long day. Today I have flown for seven hours, started the engines at each stop, made 16 take-offs and landings, uplifted to their various destinations 18 passengers, been on duty for 12 hours plus, loaded and unloaded the aeroplane at every stop and done much paper work.

I return to the tiny tar-paper shack, located on the south side of Lae airstrip where I live with my new wife. Having earned it, I drink two or three cans of beer (the nights are hot), have my dinner, watch the geckos and praying mantissas in the roof rafters (the shack has no ceilings) and shortly retire as I am tired from having been up since shortly after 4 am this morning.

There is short-wave radio to be listened to if one should so wish, or a visit to the pub or the company mess. Some other evening. TV is yet non-existent. I earn £12 per week (decimal currency still resides in Malcolm Frazer's head), therefore my salary for today's work amounts to £1.14.3 (about \$3.50). The labourer is worthy of his hire.

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## **PNGVR BUSH DINNER – Jimboomba – Sat 13 October 2012**

### **Phil Ainsworth**

Thirty five members and friends of the NGVR & PNGVR Association enjoyed the Association's six monthly formal mixed dining night on the terrace of Heather and Ted McAllen's home at Jimboomba, a rural community situated about an hour and half's drive south of Brisbane. Previously this function was held a couple of doors away at a bush camp setting in Pam and Barry Wright's (ex-Kainantu) acreage but the advancing years of the organizers and Heather's and Ted's kind offer changed the location last year.

It was a cool evening with all well wrapped but the company was fine and a great time was had. Barry Wright's 80th Birthday was also celebrated. Phil Ainsworth, President of the Association substituted for Patron, Major General John Pearn, who is overseas, and gave a short address about the Association's recent activities. Many of the attendees took advantage of the opportunity and camped the night at Wright's. Although the number who can attend is limited due to the size of the

facilities, if you do get the chance to attend one do so - and enjoy a memorable night in a formal military setting in the bush. ▪

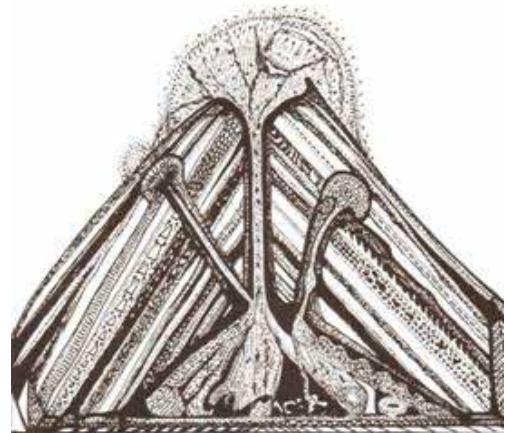


Above: Barry and Pam Wright.



## HELP WANTED

**I am trying to locate Mr Cecil King Wungi,** a Papua New Guinea artist who produced the following picture of a volcano in the early to mid-1970s. I would be most grateful to hear from anyone who knows how I might contact Mr Wungi. Please telephone or write to me at the following address: Dr Wally Johnson, 45 Alroy Circuit, Hawker, ACT 2614 T: 02-62545125 E: [wallyjohnson@grapevine.com.au](mailto:wallyjohnson@grapevine.com.au)



### **Dan Leahy (1912-1991) and WJ (Jack) Read (1904-1992)**

I am writing the *Australian Dictionary of Biography* entries for Dan Leahy ('explorer and pioneer') and Jack Read ('coastwatcher and government officer'). These men well deserve their entries in the *ADB*, Australia's pre-eminent dictionary of national biography.

There is a fair bit of published material about Dan Leahy and Jack Read... However, I would appreciate any help readers of *Una Voce* may be able to give me with their personal knowledge of these men, and access to unpublished papers, letters and the like. Many thanks. Philip Selth Please contact Philip Selth at: E: [pselth@nswbar.asn.au](mailto:pselth@nswbar.asn.au); PO Box 1682, Lane Cove, NSW, 1595.

## BOOK NEWS and REVIEWS

### **Society Educates Educators**

**PARI HANUA by Ian Maddocks.** ISBN 978-9980-945-79-2, Soft cover quarto, 220 pages, contains many old photographs, 4 appendices. Published by UPNG Press. An appreciation of the Traditional, Colonial and Modern Life of a Papuan Village, Inspired by 50 years of Contact and 6 Years of Residence. Available on line from Amazon or The Book Depository: \$34.08

**SINGSINGS, SUTURES & SORCERY by Anthony J Radford**, 400 pages, octavo paperback; 150 coloured photos; 4 maps and 4 illustrations and index. Published by Challenge Books, Melbourne. After a stint in the Territory, Anthony returned for a decade in the sixties and then visited on and off as a consultant for the next 40 years. An extraordinary number of adventures over fifty years. For further information, email [anthony@radford.id.au](mailto:anthony@radford.id.au)

Medical curriculums in the 1950s included no sociology or anthropology and the medical conditions taught matched the Australian urban environment. Sociology was learnt by osmosis first as an apprentice then over the years from understanding the roots of those who sought medical advice. From the early 1950s, a trickle of interested medical students and later cadets came to PNG as students and were blooded into the foreign society and exposed to the sociology of the people of our nearest neighbour. These young men and women imbibed the culture of the country in their formative years and forever had a different outlook

from the majority who had their first contact when they had had five years of professional maturation.

In 2011, Dr Clive Auricht and Dr Ken Clezy put on record their experiences and their contribution to a healthy planet. The months spent by Dr Ian Maddocks as a student at Malahang near Lae in 1953 and 1954 then Fiji as a graduate after 1956 and Dr Anthony Radford as a student in India in 1958 and the Highlands in 1959 opened their minds to the many differences between PNG and Australian society. Later they and their families associated with the people in the manner common to missionaries. This experience was shared by eighteen year old Eric Wright from a different background who, as a medical assistant, intimately associating with the community before studying medicine. As young men they learnt quickly and returned to serve the communities.

As a 24 year old graduate in 1948 in the isolated Sohano settlement with a handful of Europeans, I shared part of this experience for nine months. I still remember the names of the young Buka men who filled the key roles in the hospital but my friendships were broken when I was posted to New Ireland. Many in the hierarchy in the stultifying Moresby environment had never ever been inside the alien village world or shared a meal and conversation in a village home. This disjunct was often obvious.

Starting in 1958, Eric, Ian and Anthony were the heart of the Papuan Medical College as it metamorphosed over the decade into the University Medical Faculty. They had a clear image of their objective and understood the role of the health profession in PNG and the best way to educate young people to effectively fill that role. They made a significant contribution to the establishment of the health service that was handed over at independence. Their stories explain in part why the health services led the field in replacing the colonial workers.

Dr Ian Maddocks has written the history of the Motuan village that accepted and entranced him for six years. In **Pari Hanua**, he has described the history of Pari and the Motu people based on oral history, postcolonial records and his personal observations. He has consolidated the findings of the many disciplines that have studied these people and includes historic and geographic material. The book allows us to read and see where the Pari people came from, their relation with the Koita and the important stories of the coming of the white man. He has recorded the impact of western society on every aspect of community life over the past 130 years and illustrated it from photographic records. It is a story that every village near a centre in PNG could replicate but few if any will. It is not a memoir as only the preface, a personal note and an epilogue are used to fit the Maddocks family into the picture.

Dr Anthony Radford with the help of his wife Robin has produced a massive memoir. **Singsings, Sutures and Sorcery** starts with his initiation and isolation at Chuave in 1959 followed by the years they spent first in Kainantu then Saiho and back to Kainantu. As a scion of the Kent Hughes medical family, Anthony had an advantage over those who were the first doctor in a family. He had family models and guidance when he chose to devote his life to the people of PNG. I remember my interviews in Adelaide in 1958 and the outstanding academic record of Anthony and others who sought appointed as cadets. Anthony recalls the planning behind his post graduate education to achieve his personal objective. The memoirs emphasize the relationships they developed with the staff and students in the Papuan Medical College and the University. The last section

covers his involvement in PNG and elsewhere as an international consultant and his distress at the effect of corruption on the health of the people of PNG.

I commend both books for their interesting historical content and the galaxy of photographs of an historic era.

Dr Roy Scragg

***The Kokoda Campaign 1942—Myth and Reality by Dr Peter Williams***

ISBN-13: 9781107015944, Hardback, 322pp, published 2012 by Cambridge University Press 30 b/w illus. 8 colour illus. 10 maps, bibliography, index Cost: \$59.95 Available from your local book-seller or

<http://www.cambridge.org/aus/catalogue/catalogue.asp?isbn=9781107015944&s=fro>

I think it is fair to say that in recent years Kokoda has come to have the same emotive effect on the Australian national psyche as Gallipoli. It defines Australians as individuals and as a nation. However, after having read *The Kokoda Campaign 1942—Myth and Reality*, by Dr. Peter Williams, one has to ask how much of that definition is based on myth and how much is based on fact.

I have read any number of books and articles on the desperate early days of the Pacific War, when Australians feared their survival as a people and as a nation might fall to the overwhelming force of an upstart Asian nation less than a hundred years on the world stage. It seems almost every year of late another book about Kokoda comes out. Almost all of them retell the story of how Australian citizen soldiers, poorly trained, underequipped and overwhelmed managed an almost textbook-like fighting retreat over the Owen Stanley Range in Papua New Guinea, slowing and then eventually stopping a Japanese force estimated at—depending on the book—two-to-one to six-to-one, thus saving Port Moresby and alas Australia.

Dr. Peter Williams, in his five-year research on Kokoda has done what all historians should do when researching and writing on any topic of historic significance. He wiped the slate clean and started almost from scratch, questioning every aspect of the campaign that others have repeatedly expounded upon as if it were part of some holy grail.

To begin with, enlisting both Australian and Japanese documents, Dr. Williams dispels the reader of the notion that the Diggers saved Port Moresby. He then sights numerous sources pointing to the fact that contrary to most books and articles written on the subject, the Japanese knew that Kokoda was a track and not a road, and that it led over a high mountain range. The Australians fighting against the Japanese troops of Nankai Shitai (South Sea Force) were not pushed back because they were outnumbered. Meticulously consulting Japanese sources, Dr. Williams, doing the math, shows again and again that during each stage of the retreat Australian forces were up against numbers equal to what they had.

Dr. Williams also points out that the Japanese on Kokoda did not eventually retreat because they had run out of supplies and were starving. They were ordered back, at least temporarily, due to the turn of events on Guadalcanal that required the full attention of the Japanese military before they could focus their attentions once again on earlier objectives.

Without making this too long, briefly, Dr. Williams also dissuades the reader of other myths such as the use of airpower in defeating Japanese forces on the trail and the supposed better medical care received by Australians. *Cont over...*

None of the above should be seen as a denigration of the Australians of that generation who saw their fight at Kokoda as a do or die situation that would decide the fate of Australia. General MacArthur and Blamey may have known

from intelligence that the Diggers were not fighting against overwhelming odds, but the bloke at the front didn't know that. Most thought, like Brigadier Potts, that they were hundreds up against perhaps thousands.

Also, as a result of having read Dr. Williams' book, I have a whole new appreciation for both Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Gen. Thomas Blamey, two rather enigmatic yet controversial individuals.

Dr. Williams also reminds the reader that Kokoda was not a battle of and within itself, as if it was something organic. Everything at Kokoda, as Dr. Williams points out, had to do with other events—the Battle of the Coral Sea, Milne Bay, and most importantly the large force of U.S. Marines that landed on Guadalcanal on 7 August 1942, and their subsequent defeat of all Japanese attempts to remove them.

At a recent symposium on Kokoda at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra, someone commented that *Guadalcanal*, by Richard Frank is the definitive book on that Pacific War battle. I am tempted to say the same thing about *The Kokoda Campaign 1942—Myth and Reality*.

Bruce M Petty

## **HELL'S BATTLEFIELD: The Australians in New Guinea in World War II. By Phillip Bradley.**

ISBN 9781742372709 Hard Cover Published by Allen & Unwin. 528pp. Cost: \$49.99. Order through:

<https://www.allenandunwin.com/default.aspx?page=94&book=9781742372709>  
or purchase from your local bookseller.

Many of us, I'm sure, have taken the opportunity of walking in the cloisters of the Australian War Memorial's Roll of Honour. There are 40,000 names, or thereabouts, of the Australian dead of the Second World War. As I've often lamented, it is impossible for each of us to know the details of even more than a handful of these men and women. Phillip Bradley has done that work for those Australians who fought in New Guinea from 1942 to 1945. His research and work on the ground is inspiring and impressive. There have been many books about the fighting in New Guinea over the past few years and those of Peter Brune stand out. Gritty, informative, angry even.

In 'War Horrors for diggers in New Guinea' Phillip Bradley set himself an important task. What about, he wondered, putting all the battles in which the Australians fought in New Guinea into the one book. Why separate Kokoda from Wau or Shaggy Ridge? Why not tell of the last Australian fighting on Bougainville or Wewak as the war came to an end, as well as the very first of the fighting on New Britain and New Ireland? For the New Guinea battlefields were the same place essentially. Soldiers faced the same awful conditions in which to fight, they faced the same fanatical enemy. Taking all the battles together, Bradley is able to show the "generational change" in the three years of the fighting, as few, either leaders or soldiers, would last long in the appalling conditions. Bradley gives you the feel, from the very start of his book, for just what a hellish place this was to fight a war.

It was a neat idea, the first single book to tell the whole story of the Australian fighting in New Guinea across the whole war. And it works, up to a point. There is a sense of rush, or of urgency, in the writing which is a bit breathtaking. There is almost an encyclopaedic feel to this book.

Each episode of the war is dominated by those who were killed or were wounded, and there is little opportunity for pause and reflection. There is plenty of time, though, for a few key themes to emerge. The first is the astonishing bravery of the Australians and their extraordinary capacity to endure and to keep on giving.

Readers of this book will share, I believe, Bradley's intense pride in the qualities of the Australian soldiers of the Second World War. They will be infuriated, though, by elements of the leadership the Australians had to endure. I can't say I'm always in agreement with Bradley's judgments, and I'm more than surprised by his distaste for Brigadier Arnold Potts, whom I'd thought to be one of the genuine performers. The third theme to emerge is of the variety of ways to be killed in this hellish place. Death stalks every page of this narrative. Men are shot, obviously, they drown, are swept out to sea, waiting in trucks men are incinerated by a crashing aircraft, other men plunge to their deaths as they struggle up precipitous ridges, and men die of exhaustion.

This is a very human book, written with a deep empathy for all this suffering humanity, Allied and enemy alike. The research is astonishing; readers will be awed by the extent and range of the materials uncovered. This is a book to treasure, to be read slowly and thoughtfully, and to return to frequently. An encyclopaedic approach to the fighting in New Guinea, comprehensive, complete, dear and deeply moving. I'd like to go back to the War Memorial and look at the Roll of Honour for the names of some of the many men in Bradley's sympathetic narrative. These men live again through Phillip Bradley's eyes and we are all in his debt for that.

Michael McKernan, Canberra historian.

**The Flight of the Galkope by Kela Kapkora Sil Bolkin, (2012),  
Crawford House Publishing, ISBN:978-978 186 3333, 288 pages.**

Contact [www.crawfordhouse.com.au](http://www.crawfordhouse.com.au) to order a copy. Ph: 08 8370 3555 E:  
frontdesk@crawfordhouse.com.au

The tribes and clans of the Galkope have occupied the steep mountain slopes and valleys of the southern part of the Simbu Province in Papua New Guinea for countless generations.

Kela Kapkora Sil Bolkin, spent several years trekking through his traditional homeland talking to people about their origins. The primary foci of his enquiries were the traditional men's huts, where the elders and sages of the Galkope recounted, interpreted and handed down their stories from the past.

Through these old men it has been possible to delve back several hundred years into the mists of time to the very moments of the inception of the Galkope as a distinct people.

From that time when mythical beings and legendary warriors touched shoulders in the high mountainous interior the story is brought slowly and carefully forward to the near present when the Galkope began their flight to the four corners of Papua New Guinea in a great diaspora.

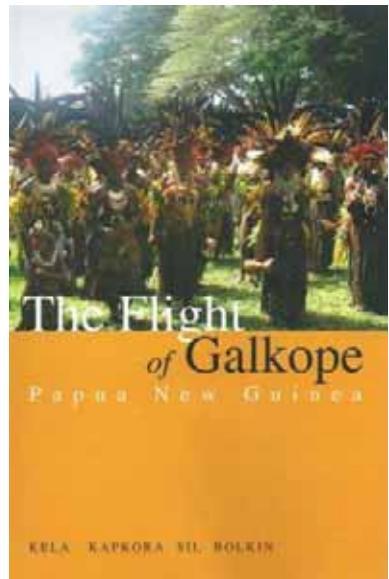
The journey includes the exploits of the legendary explorer and founder, Alai Bia, and his quest for new lands, the story of Warmil and his spirit-wife and Sipa, the munificent half-man, half-raptor, through to the arrival of the first Christian missionaries and the eventual disintegration of the Galkope under the incessant plague of inter-tribal warfare and the bane of the new politics and economic imperatives of an independent Papua New Guinea.

Today over half of the Galkope live outside the Simbu. The importance of the men's huts and their sages has diminished. The magnificent valleys and mountains now sit in the aura of a silent sun and the rivers and streams flow over the pebbles of a lost time.

The *Flight of Galkope* is an attempt to salvage those memories and render them in a form for the modern age so that the Galkope will be able to understand where they come from and what made them. Kela Kapkora Sil Bolkin's book is meticulously researched and is a distinctly Papua New Guinean historical account.

Sil was encouraged in the early stages of his research by PNGAA member Barry Creedy, while Phil Fitzpatrick helped with the editing.

Sil was born in the Galkope of the Simbu Province of Papua New Guinea. He studied to become a Catholic priest but quit soon after completing his philosophical studies and attended the University of Papua New Guinea. He has a Bachelor of Arts degree majoring in Social Development and Anthropology. Added to his credentials is a certificate of Leadership in Strategic Health Communication from the Johns Hopkins University (USA). He is now the Senior Policy Analyst at the National AIDS Council Secretariat.



*The Flight of Galkope* is a significant contribution to both Papua New Guinean literature and history.

Contact [www.crawfordhouse.com.au](http://www.crawfordhouse.com.au) to order a copy.

Phil Fitzpatrick

**My Brother Vivian ...and the Christian Martyrs of Papua New Guinea by Patrick Redlich** ISBN 9780987319906( pbk ) published 2012 Patrick Redlich Cost \$25 plus \$5 p&p within Australia and \$10 p&p international Available through: [www.mybrothervivian.com](http://www.mybrothervivian.com) or by mail to: 2/114 Castle Hill Road, West Pennant Hills, NSW 2125 Australia

Japanese troops in Papua New Guinea during World War II murdered a group of Christians who became known as 'The New Guinea Martyrs'. The Reverend Vivian Redlich, an English missionary priest, was believed to have been in this particular group, but following new evidence, his brother Patrick has painstakingly pieced together Vivian's life and the known details of his death. With the truth acknowledged, reconciliation between descendants of the perpetrators and the Redlich family took place in 2009. Among the martyrs were Vivian's fiancée May Hayman, a nurse and Mavis Parkinson, a teacher.

*"This is an epic story engagingly told, of a down-to-earth priest, fun to be with, trapped in a nightmare world of invasion and betrayal when he was at his happiest, just engaged to be married. His long mysterious death was an inspiration for many and a cause of deep shame for a few. Now his brother has recreated for us his colourful life and times." Rowan Callick, Asia-Pacific Editor, The Australian*

Proceeds from the sale of this book will go to the Vivian Redlich Trust Fund for the training of teachers and clergy for the Anglican Church in PNG.

## DVD NEWS

### 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Commemorative Events of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Tragedy

This presentation covers the Rabaul & Montevideo Maru 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary luncheon of 30 June 2012 and the dedication of the Memorial on the 1st of July 2012 at the Australian War Memorial, Canberra. The entire presentation has been filmed in high definition format by a professional crew and includes the Salvation Army's rendition of *Sons of Australia*, the RamaLe Anthem, and fly past of wartime aircraft.

Copies are available from the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society

Cost: **\$30** includes postage within Australia

Payments to: Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society

**Electronically:** Transfer funds to the Society's bank account

BSB 082-401 Account No 16-083-2367.

*Please notify your deposit to the treasurer E: Richard@isaunders.com.au  
and E: admin@memorial.org.au*

### LIGHT HORSE SHOOT FASSIFERN VALLEY 26 August 2012 Phil Ainsworth

Paul Oates and his Boonah mates once again organised the annual Light Horse verses PNGVR 0.303 over open sights rifle shoot for Sunday 26th August 2012.

The shoot held at the Fassifern Valley Rifle Range is next door to Paul Oates farm ( which probably accounts for the few beasts he has) and is situated about 10 km south of Boonah which is about an hour and half drive south west of Brisbane. It was a warm , sunny, perfect Queensland day with a light breeze blowing down range. The grass had been cut and everything was in fine order.



L-R: Ian Thompson ( ex-kiap who now lives near Armidale NSW), his brother Geoff Thompson visiting from Adelaide who has not lived in PNG, Mal Zimmermann, Phil Ainsworth and Paul Oates.

PNGVR was represented by Ian Thompson and his visiting brother Geoff, Mal Zimmermann and Phil Ainsworth. Unfortunately, the Light Horse out shot PNGVR again - our excuse being ageing eyes, insufficient range practice and the need to share rifles. Others may participate in this event and other practice shoots which Paul and his mates arrange from time to time. It is a wonderful day out and celebrations may be made at the Club House or just down the road at the quaint Dugandan Hotel. Boonah also has luncheon and coffee houses, all worth a visit.

A keen competition shoot for women using .22 calibre rifles with peep sights is also arranged on the day. If you have the chance to participate in one of these, please take the opportunity as it is a wonderful day out in the beautiful South East Queensland country side.

## **DONATIONS TO PNGAA COLLECTION, FRYER LIBRARY**

**Note Change Of Email Address to petercahill7@bigpond.com**

**Marjorie Head:** Tropical Recipes, United Church, Port Moresby, 2d ed. 1964; "Invasion of Papua New Guinea – 100 Historical Photographs" 1942-1952 50th anniversary compiled by Mike Coutts (*South Pacific Post*); invitation to Commodore Night at Papua Yacht Club 140957; letter 210975 describing Independence cele-brations, Port Moresby; photographs (all dated) in and around Port Moresby 1949-1956 (Anzac Day, Iawarere rubber estate, Mekeo headdresses, Moresby waterfront 1949, Macdhui wreck, Bomana War Cemetery, Rouna Falls, etc. etc. Mt Hagen/ Wabag/Mendi; Wau 1954; Samarai 1955/1957; Rabaul 1955; Bitapaka 1955; Paga Hill (Comworks) mess and accommodation 1950s; visits of assorted Royals; Police College Bomana graduation 1974; visit Kavieng/Madang 1975; scouting/ guides activities; South Pacific Games Guam 1975; Independence celebrations 1975; album of PNG Scouts 1950s plus opening of 1st Port Moresby Rover Scout Crew's Den 1954; PNG scouting 1950s; 1st Port Moresby Rover Crew 1953 (all named); Works Dept (later Public Works), staff Newtown 1953; National Works Authority Field Staff Conference (named) 1976; Dept Public Works Staff Conference (named) 1975; Paga ?Hockey team (some named); Independence ceremonies 15/160975; Gemo Island Leprosy Centre ?1970; South Pacific Games opening ceremony Port Moresby 1969; Comworks Paga Hill interior of mess, single quarters (interior and exterior); waterfront mill and works; local workers; visit of Duke of Edinburgh to Port Moresby 1956; Samarai/ Rabaul/Bitapaka/Wau 1954/55/57; Port Moresby 1959/1964 So-geri/Gemo/ Kokoda; signs at Rouna; Anzac Day parade; expatriate picnics etc; Guid-ing at Hanuabada 1955/56; Wau 1957; Wariarata 1970; Jacksons airstrip 1965; visit Duke of Kent 1969; Sogeri Show1970; Madang, Kavieng 1975; Uniting Church camp at Sirinumu Dam 1974; Bomana Police College graduation 1974; Boroko East Primary School visit to the Makara Vocational School 1975; South Pacific Games Port Moresby and Guam 1975; South Pacific Games team leaving Port Moresby and in Guam 1975; United Church 'Bau Bau' annual giving ceremony Vabukori 1975; Hagen/Wabag/ Mendi 1976. **MaryLou Uechtritz:** photo of 1st Rabaul Girl Guide Company 1952. **Don Green:** Photocopies: Rabaul cricket team ca. 1930s; Sherman family with whaleboat and crew ca.1930s; (Rabaul) Chinese Daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; half-caste children with two nuns at Vunapope ca.1910; partial (incomplete) group of primary school boys and girls pre-1942; teachers, students, staff; and clergy of Sacred Heart (Catholic) School ca.1950/1960; group of Japanese officers (identified) in Rabaul 1945/1946; seven photos of Pondo plantation (New Britain) 1933 views of manager's garden; Albert & Lillian Evensen and office staff; dessicated coconut factory and product packed for shipment; photo of Joe Rocca and three children; hand-drawn map showing location of temporary POW camps at Kempei Tei HQs (Chinatown), Tunnel Hill and Death Valley; 2 sketches of entrance to Death Valley camp, Rabaul area 1945/1946; list of executions February 1944; letter from Father George Lepping of 27 Feb 2001 telling of experiences with Japan-ese; copy of letter 250999 from Marjorie Hawley enclosing 'A few facts on the evac-uation of Pondo December 1941' written by Mrs L.M. Evensen; European and Java-nese POWs with Japanese guards Rabaul, possibly 1944; 'Summary of events lead-ing up to the death of John Patrick Beaumont at Matupi, Rabaul, on 12th April 1944 dated 221203 **Anonymous\*1:** *The Papua and New Guinea Stamp Catalogue*, First edition 1966; TPNG Postal Note for 4/- (four shillings); PNG stamps commemorating

centenary of Royal PNG Constabulary: 1x35 toea with old-style serge uniform, cap badge and face of Sir William McGregor, Governor of British New Guinea (Papua after 1906); 1x70t German New Guinea uniform with cap badge and face of Dr Albert Hahl (Governor); 1x45t with Bird of Paradise badge; 1x17t featuring pre-independence and modern police uniforms. Three German period photographs: 1. Evening storm (with technical details; 2. Kudu Kudu (New Ireland) group of cook, houseboy and schoolboy holding horse; 3. masks of "Raininger" dance in partially-cleared jungle. **Wally Johnson:** 2 copies of *Volcanic Systems of the Northeastern Gazelle Peninsula, Papua New Guinea: Synopsis, Evaluation, and a Model for Rabaul Volcano*. Australian Government/AusAID, 2010. **Pat Boys:** folder of letters, photographs and articles concerning the life and times of Heinrich Rudolph Wahlen of "Wahlenburg", Maron, in the Hermit Islands, purchaser of Queen Emma's (Emma Eliza Forsayth) plantations and businesses on the Gazelle Peninsula of New Britain. **Col Parry:** Photos of Tavurvur and Vulcan erupting 1937; damage to streets and buildings, Rabaul; damage to M.V. Durour; native with a scrub turkey (megapode species); natives collecting and husking *drais* (mature coconuts) and spreading copra to dry. **Anonymous\*2:** European woman and two native constables, Linden-hafen plantation; parade of constables, Lindenhaven; three constables in German period uniforms. **Peter Cahill:** Rabaul Memorial to Chinese Nationalist POWs; Mrs Phebe Parkinson (sister of Queen Emma); view from Gunantambu (Queen Emma's residence, Ralum); front verandah of Gunantambu ca.late 1930s; front steps of Gunantambu – all that survived the war. Photographic panorama of Rabaul ca.1904 (*large roll*) stretching from Matupi Island/Greet Harbour showing partly-settled township; main wharf; shipyards of Ah Tam and Isokine Komine; to Ratavul Pass (later Tunnel Hill); (*small roll*) continues from Ah Tam's area (*ples Atam*) showing Beehives (Dawapia Rocks) in Simpsonhafen, through Malaguna and Raluana past the future junction of Barawon Road to Herbertshohe (later Kokopo), and separately Tunnel Hill Road to north coast. Postcard: First Flight Regular Air Mail Australia – Papua – New Guinea 4th June 1938 with Port Moresby and Townsville post office stamps (none for Rabaul) and one five pence Papua stamp: "Masked Dancer". **Anonymous\*3:** young kapok trees, path in Botanic Garden; native boy in canoe; German-built house, Rabaul; house with temporary pergola; plantation house and labour quarters Gazelle Peninsula; car bogged In plantation mud; native women and children; sing-sing at Kokopo (2); Bitapaka wireless station; Madang ca.1920/1930: general view of Madang; German-built residences and (?Church); European Hospital, copra and bulk storage sheds, playing tennis, coastal trawler at wharf; oil prospecting Sepik area: Chinese carpenter pit-sawing timber, Chinese cook, miner/prospector Reg Beasley and Chinese cook at (?Sepik) oil driller's camp. **Barry Smith:** CD of Anzac Day and Montevideo Maru, Rabaul, 70th anniversary visit, 23rd – 27th April 2012; CD Rabaul Centenary 1910-2010; Rabaul in 1940s (including prewar Chinatown and Dragon dance); 1994 eruptions of Vulcan and Tavurvur volcanoes; NASA photos of eruptions; ruined Rabaul; scenes of armed looters and enormous quantities of Aus-tralian aid. **L. Le Fevre:** Mt Hagen tally room pass for the 1964 House of Assembly Election; copy of *The Members of the House of Assembly* 1964 with brief biographical details. **(Rev.) Lo Shui Kwong** (Chinese Methodist Minister, Rabaul, 1948-1952, 1956-1962): typed and written text "Rabaul, a pleasant place to serve the Lord" tells of conditions in Matupi Farm Chinatown 1945/1950. **B.L. Perkins:** report by S/Sgt B.L. Perkins, 2/22nd InfBn (Lark Force) Rabaul of experiences of 3 Chinese Medical Orderlies\*\* of NGVR in first days of Japanese invasion (sworn in as fulltime soldiers of the Australian Army

Jan 22nd 1942.) **Margot Clarke:** yellow folder: a proposition concerning Australian agricultural land ownership after self-government in PNG; paper on the Mataungan Association and the need for political organisation for greater indigenous economic development by John R. Kaputin, May 10, 1970; P.J. Quinlivan, report of coronial inquest 31st December 1969 into the death of Horst Brandt, 18th November 1969 Rabaul. Geological Survey of Papua New Guinea Report 81/5 by C.O. McKee: *Recent eruptive history of the Rabaul volcanoes, present volcanic conditions, and potential hazards from future eruptions*. TAIRU – special ceremonies from the twenty Districts of PNG as retold in story, verse and design, Sogeri Senior High School (with signatures of contributors) compiled and edited by Barry Ison, 1975; general interest/tourist booklets: *Australian Territories today; Papua New Guinea – where the past meets the present; Discover Papua New Guinea; Papua New Guinea: a thousand destinations in one; Loloata Island Resort; Paradise Live Papua New Guinea: On a Budget, Fishing, Diving, special interests*. None dated. Photos: Masonic Temple Rabaul, 1941; fifteen colour photos of opening ceremony Japanese War Memorial, Rabaul, October 1980; three colour photos and one black and white of rioters in Rabaul 1961; gallows in police compound area used to execute Japanese war criminals; Rabaul Club prewar; Yara (Casuarina) Avenue pre-war; two German period photographs: unknown ship at wharf with Dawapia Rocks (Beehives) in background; Neu Guinea Kompagnie bungalow in Rapindik/ Sulphur Creek area; Rabaul European swimming pool completed 1939; severely damaged in war and restored 1952 with celebratory carnival; some comments on the Baining fire dance; photo of the Rabaul Orchid Park plaque and its typed wording; booklet Extract from the Lloyd Guide to Australia 1906 with notes on British New Guinea (Papua), and German possessions in the Western Pacific (German New Guinea); program Rabaul Horticultural Society annual flower show and garden competition 1970; Steve G. Simpson's *The Town that Would Not Die!* a record of the 1937 eruptions of Tavurvur and Vulcan; program for the Rabaul Art Society's seven-teenth annual exhibition 1974; English and Pidgin words for disk of *Liklik Retpela Hat* (Little Red Riding Hood) as told by Mike Thomas; handout for Japanese under-ground bunker and museum Mango Avenue/Clark Street, Rabaul; copy of *Low Blow* Unofficial Organ of No.2 (BR) Squadron, August 1945; *Low Blowers* Victory Issue Sept 1945; New Britain Turf Club Kiwi Cup August 24th '45 18 AAOD Recreation Hut (specially conducted for personnel of the RNZAF); official card (stencilled sheet) for Coconut Grove Racing Club, 2nd October 1945; 2 printed pamphlets "Ol Boi Harim Tok" warning natives to be careful of just-surrendered Japanese; 1 handwritten ditto; 2 single sheets in Hiragana characters "dropped over enemy territory after peace was declared"; 2 single sheets with "The Japanese with this message has ceased resistance ... " urging him be taken to the nearest Commanding Officer" – other side has lengthy message in Hiragana; five sheets (one with Commonwealth of Australia emblem) of Hiragana; program Kiwi up Race Meeting New Britain Turf Club Aug. 24th '45; RNZAF Jacquinot Bay Official Card Victory [Race] Meeting August 23rd 1945; aerial map of Rabaul and area including Lakunai to Vulcan crater with ack-ack positions marked; RNZAF Victory Day Service Jacquinot Bay 1945; "KORE WERA" news sheet published daily by RNZAF Air Intelligence (for 19th, 17th and 28th July 1945); small aerial photos of Lakunai, Praed Pt. (2 copies), Rabaul Town, then Tobera (2), Rapopo, Vunakanau (2), Keravat, Vunapope plantation areas, Ballale [island], Borpop [New Ireland], 1 unidentified; Buka Passage, Bougainville (2); Kahili [plantation] (2). Approach Map M-106, 31 January 1944, North New Britain Island Rabaul and vicinity; N.A.C.I. Comsopac Map no.198

Momote airfield (Admiralty Is.); N.A.C.I. Comsopac Map no.45A Emira Island (St Matthias Group); N.A.C.I. Map no.17A Kavieng Airfield (New Ireland). Mosaic Map Gilalum Plantation to Tobera A/F (Gazelle Peninsula), 24 Aug 44. New Zealand in the Second World War *Official History – The Assault on Rabaul* – photocopies of Ventura (aircraft) approaching Rabaul, township 1945; train of bombs for loading aircraft; target Rabaul; bombing Rabaul; returning to Torokina; servicing Bougainville. Provenance of following photos (all pre-war) unknown: Put Put Harbour looking east; S.S. "James Cook" in Put Put Harbour; Matata landing on south side of Put Put harbour entrance; S.S. "Island Trader" entering Put Put Harbour; road round SW side of Put Put Harbor; Londip Beach looking north; Kabanga beach and reef looking south from front of bungalow; Kabanga beach looking north; fringing reef at Kabanga Bay at low tide; Kabanga jetty 1939; Road from Kokopo to Rabaul vicinity of Malapau; Kokopo-Rabaul road-Kuradui Hill; Kokopo-Rabaul road turn off to Kuradui bungalow; coastline vicinity of Lesson Pt – oblique looking south, 18 Oct 43; cutting on Bita Paka road; Kokopo sea frontage showing bluff behind narrow flat; Ralum beach with jetty in background looking WNW; "Beehives" [Dawapia] Rocks; typical washout Vulcan area; Rabaul-Kokopo road, along SE shore of Karavia Bay looking NE; beach vicinity Uraputput Pt. looking SE; Mioko I[sland] Plantation build-ings and jetty, looking S; Mioko bun-galow from Harbour looking S. **Rita Albiez:** photos of Rabaul late 1950s/ early 1960s – part of the harbour and Rabaul township; view of harbour with Matupi, Mother and Daughter volcanoes in background; excell-ent map of the harbour show-ing volcanoes with New Ireland coast in background; Vulcan volcano; Beehives (Dawapia Rocks) in harbour; native materials Methodist church before collapse and replacement; Native Hospital (the former Japanese prisoner of war compound) on Kombiu Avenue; nursing sisters' quarters built by Japanese; wreck on the foreshore of Barawon road to Kokopo; three photographs of the Rabaul *bung* showing the range of fruit and vegetables sold. **Leslie Russell:** approximately 150 invaluable photographs ca.1926: Port Moresby and Samarai street scenes, Elevala, Pari and Hanuabada village scenes, lakatois (canoes) racing and moving produce, carvings, natives (including one *merau maragi* (small boy) in *singsing* costumes (full list to be prepared and placed in the Fryer Library). **Mike Lean:** silver (plate) tray presented to Neil Thomson, retiring Public Service Commissioner by the Public Service Association of TPNG (no date).

\*Material on NG Highlands and Papuan coastal centres would be welcome

\*left in my letterbox

\*\*more correctly members of the Chinese Auxiliary Ambulance Brigade (CAAD)

**NOTE CHANGE OF EMAIL ADDRESS TO [petercahill7@bigpond.com](mailto:petercahill7@bigpond.com)**

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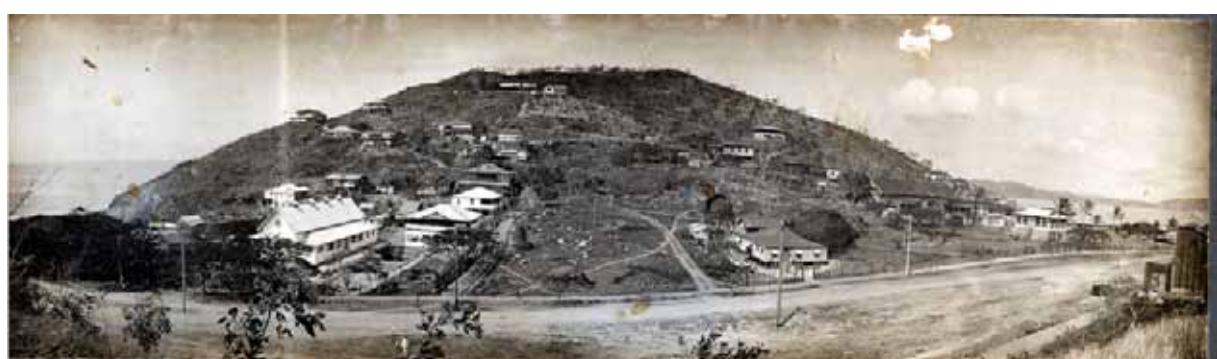
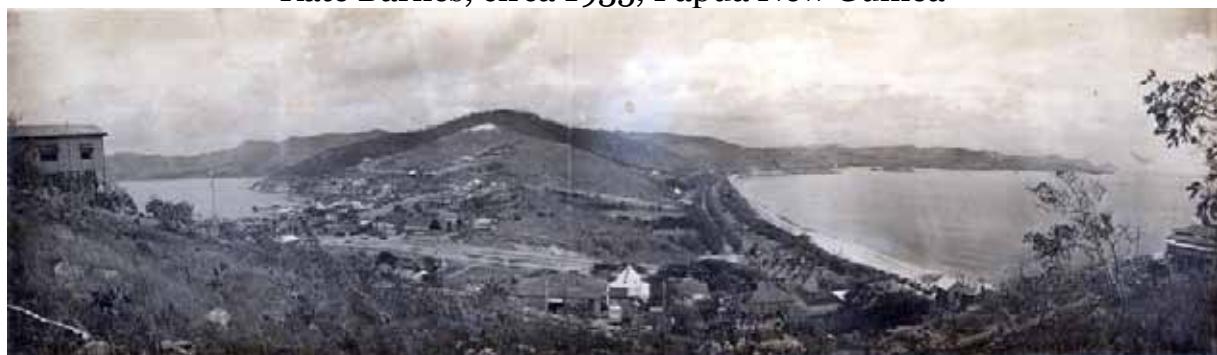
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## **POR T MORESBY CIRCA 1930s**

**The following photos were taken by Kate Barnes who was employed  
in the Port Moresby Hotel in the 1930s.  
Photos are courtesy of Terry and Theresa Davidson**



Kate Barnes, circa 1935, Papua New Guinea





## RICHARD 'DICKIE' SQUIRES By Philip Selth

**Richard (Dickie) Thomas Squires** was born in London on 10 February 1893. He was educated at the Elementary County School, London until fourteen years of age.

On 7 January 1910 Squires enlisted in the Royal Army Medical Corps, serving at the Cambridge Hospital until 1912, when he went to Africa, serving at the Bloemfontein, Potchefstroom and Pretoria Hospitals, 'dealing with both Europeans & Natives'. He was Scout Master of the 1<sup>st</sup> Pretoria Scout troop. In 1914 he 'went to the war as a stretcher bearer'. (Squires is said to have served as a Corporal in the Medical Corps when he took part in the retreat from Mons in August 1914.) Squires served in various military hospitals until he 'went back to the trenches in 1917'. Wounded, he was sent to England where again he worked in a military hospital. He was demobilised in January 1919. He worked at the London Hospital as a dresser, and undertook venereal disease and post-mortem work until he went back to Africa in January 1920. Here he worked with the Pretoria Health Department as 'Assistant Superintendent, Meat & Food Inspectors'. He left the Department in March 1923 and came to Australia, where he initially obtained work as an orderly with the Perth Hospital.

In August 1925 Squires wrote to the Commonwealth Public Service Inspector in Perth from the Fremantle Public Hospital, responding to an advertisement in the Western Mail for 'Medical Assistants' in New Guinea. He had had '15 1/2 years on practical nursing & dealing with the health of the population in various countries'.

In September 1925 the Acting Public Service Inspector interviewed Squires. He noted that Squires had:

no physical disabilities and can drive a car. He is practically a teetotaller and claims to be a good swimmer. He engages in boxing as a pass time [sic], but on account of long hours of duty does not take part in ordinary sports.

Squires was appointed a Medical Assistant with the New Guinea Department of Public Health with effect from 19 November 1925. Squires was posted to Ambunti under 'Kassa' Townsend. In his memoirs Townsend tells how the Army had taught Squires to make himself at home under all manner of unpromising conditions. Townsend had the only house with a wire-gauze mosquito room. Townsend went away on patrol, and on his return was met at the riverbank by Squires, who invited him to dinner that night. '*Ordinary tie*', he said with a completely serious face. '*There will be only the two of us*'. Townsend and Squires were the only Europeans within a hundred miles. Squires told Townsend dinner would be as soon as it was dark. When the time seemed right, Townsend sent his orderly to tell Squires that he was on his way. Squires met Townsend at the steps wearing a coat. As

Townsend did not have a coat, Squires put him at his ease by taking his off, remarking on the heat.

Squires had made himself a mosquito-proof room. The walls were made out of hospital gauze- dozens of rolls, each 12" wide. Food was passed in at floor level by the cook-boy at a point where the gauze had not been fastened to the reed floor. After dinner (which included two whiskeys and hot tomato soup), dripping with sweat in the airless room, Townsend was seated in front of a piece of canvas affixed to one wall. Townsend 'could not believe' his ears when Squires said to his servant, 'Andimeri, light the fire'.

Andimeri, with the precision of one well-drilled, unfastened the canvas and disclosed a fireplace! It was a sheet of tin painted a brick red, with the 'bricks' picked out with white paint. There was a recess in it to represent the grate and this had been painted black and stuffed with balls of gauze which had been painted also. To complete the illusion, the cook then emerged from his kitchen with a lighted, kerosene hurricane-lamp which he placed on the floor outside the room, and behind the painted gauze which appeared red and black.

They then had 'coffee beside the fire'. The 'crowning touch' to the evening was the playing of Squires' favourite record, 'The Prisoner's Song', a pop-song of the period. Because the spring was weak, the machine had to be continually wound as the record revolved. 'As the music meant nothing to the native who turned the handle, he was blissfully unaware of the variations in tempo which he produced. Squires, meantime, with his eyes closed, was listening more with his mind than his ear.'

Squires, Medical Assistant Grade 1, Department of Public Health, was promoted Medical Assistant Grade 2 on 16 December 1936.

In late 1938 John Murphy, recently promoted Patrol Officer, was posted to the Gasmata sub-district to establish a Police Post at Arung Bay in Passimanua on the south-west coast of New Britain, 'where the Kowlongs inland were causing a bit of trouble'.

The Assistant District Officer running the Gasmata Sub-district was Ted Sansom. Dickie Squires was the Medical Assistant. In his memoirs Murphy recalled that Squires:

retained his English heritage out in the colonies by putting on his white suit every night and sitting before a cozy fire after dinner. The fire was in a fireplace he had constructed against the wall and consisted of a lit light bulb covered in light folds of red cloth in a neat heap of firewood. There Dick would sit ruminating, in a white suit and a walking stick between his knees, of the days that were gone, after a sedately served dinner.

Sansom and Squires 'kept a civilised Saturday'. In the morning Sansom:

held a formal inspection of the Police Detachment with his war medals up, and Dickie Squires as the Medical Officer, with his white suit and War medals up, did the medical inspection which consisted, in part, of inspecting the soles of the police feet. They then adjourned for a regimental snort or two...

Squires was the medical assistant for the prison at Gasmata. One of his duties was to attend executions, and then certify that the prisoner, in pursuance to an

order of the Supreme Court, had been ‘hanged by the neck until they were dead’. On 2 February 1937 he witnessed the deaths of Piaru, Piplagi and Alukaldi, who had murdered a couple clearing their garden. The murdered man was said to have ‘made poison’ against a member of their own village.

At the beginning of 1942 Eric Mitchell was the Patrol Officer at Gasmata. With him was Assistant District Officer Jack Daymond and Medical Assistant Dickie Squires. At Talasea on the north coast was Assistant District Officer Keith McCarthy. Both McCarthy and Daymond had made contact with Port Moresby when Rabaul ceased to answer their signals after the Japanese landed on the morning of 23 January 1942. The Japanese had not landed at Gasmata but Mitchell had reported to Australia the presence of their ships offshore. The Australian radio service broadcast the message to the world. This tragic stupidity caused the Japanese to promptly land at Gasmata and on 9 February 1942 captured Daymond and Squires, and a few days later Mitchell. The three government officers were taken to Rabaul; they are believed to have died on the *Montevideo Maru* on 1 July 1942.

After Squires’ death it became known that he had a de facto wife, with whom he had lived in Sydney when on leave August 1941-March 1942. After a lot of chasing by the Department of External Territories, Squires’ family in England and his ‘wife’, Mrs Jean Amaranthus Green/Squires, a nurse, were traced. Mrs Green (nee Patterson) had married Frank Green in Sydney in April 1937, but he had deserted her without explanation in September 1937. She met Squires in 1939. Now living in Kalgoorlie, Mrs Green (who wished to be known as ‘Mrs Squires’) claimed she was Squires’ de facto widow. She claimed to have begun an association with Squires in 1939, and lived with Squires when he was in Sydney on leave in August 1941-January 1942. Squires had established a credit account for her at Anthony Hordens’ and had, she said, promised to regularly send her money while he was away. ‘Mrs Squires’ was unsuccessful in her attempt to claim a New Guinea Civilian War Pension.

New Guinea Gazette, 31 December 1925, p. 833; New Guinea Gazette, 15 January 1937, p. 3674; New Guinea Gazette, 15 February 1937, p. 3693.

‘New Guinea - Squires RT’, NAA A518, 852/1/351: 3278152; ‘RT Squires’, NAA SP423/5, Squires RT: 3525947.

G.W.L. Townsend, District Officer: From untamed New Guinea to Lake Success, 1921-46, Sydney, 1968, pp. 155-156.

John J Murphy, unpublished memoirs, p. 29 (copy in author’s possession).

Rabaul Times, 20 November 1936.

*If you have any further information about those mentioned in this article please contact Philip Selth at: E: [pselth@nswbar.asn.au](mailto:pselth@nswbar.asn.au);*

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## **In this issue of Una Voce!**

Included are pieces from: Ambunti, Goroka, Gasmata, Nakanai, Simbai, Mortlock Is, Tari, Port Moresby, Nondugl, Jimi Valley, Embessa/Musa River/Tufi, the Highlands and the Fly River – there are stories about aviation and the sea, patrolling and agriculture – and information about a range of books. If we haven’t something that appeals – please assist by sending something in! Articles up to 1000 words length are ideal – if they are longer, please understand they may take longer to appear. Email: [editor@pngaa.net](mailto:editor@pngaa.net)

## **HOMO FLORESIENSIS AND NEW IRELAND?** **DEBBIE ARGUE**

In 2003 a tiny skeleton was discovered during an archaeological excavation in Liang Bua cave, on the island of Flores in Indonesia by Professor Mike Morwood and Dr Tony Djibiantono and a team of Indonesian and Australian archeologists. It was revealed to an unsuspecting world in October 2004 – the bones of a new kind of human that, because it was so small, was nick-named “the hobbit.” The excavation had aimed to find insights into the origins of the first Australians. No-one could have imagined that it would throw the scientific world into a frenzy of excitement and controversy.

The most spectacular find was at a depth of six meters. It was an 18,000-year-old skeleton of a person just over one meter tall. The skeleton was first named LB1, in reference to the cave in which it was found. The remains included the skull, leg bones, parts of the pelvis, hands, feet, and some other fragments. Judging by the pelvis, LB1 was probably female. Although it is not known how she died, archaeological evidence shows that she had not been deliberately buried but, rather, after death, had sunk into mud in a shallow pool of water where she was slowly covered by silt.

LB1 was not alone. There were 30 other human bones from a number of individuals found throughout the 13-meter excavation. These remains were in stratigraphic levels that have been dated to between approximately 10.2 and 100 thousand years before present. They were all from small individuals. At these levels of the archaeological site there were no bones from individuals with the stature of modern humans.

When the bones of the diminutive human were first discovered, no one was sure what species they belonged to. It was necessary to compare them with bones of *Homo sapiens* and archaic hominin species. Peter Brown and his co-workers compared the Liang Bua remains with those of *Homo erectus*, *Homo ergaster*, *Homo georgicus*, *Homo sapiens*, and *Australopithecus africanus*. They concluded that LB1 showed a mix of archaic and modern characteristics. In this, LB1 was unlike any other species of human. It was declared to be a new species of *Homo* and given the name *Homo floresiensis*.

LB1 and her kind were tiny – only one meter tall but LB1’s jaw had a full complement of adult teeth, which suggested that, relative to modern humans, she was the equivalent of about a 30-year-old. As well, *Homo floresiensis* had relatively long arms and long feet. Their wrists and shoulder joints were quite unlike those of *Homo sapiens*. The wrists were more like those of African apes and the hands could not open as expansively as ours. They lacked a chin and had a short forehead that sloped backwards. A mound of bone framed the upper and side regions of the orbits. In all these ways, many researchers who examined the bones found at Liang Bua cave depicted *Homo floresiensis* as strikingly distinct from modern humans.

Though they were small and, in many features, unlike modern humans, *Homo floresiensis* walked upright. The opening where the spine enters the skull – the foramen magnum – is positioned in the same place as seen in *Homo sapiens*. If *Homo floresiensis* had walked on all fours the foramen magnum would have been positioned towards the back of the skull. It is unlikely, however, that this diminutive human walked in the way that we do. Her feet are 70 percent the length of her shins; in *Homo sapiens* the ratio is 55 percent. And LB1’s feet are not

arched. Bill Jungers and his colleagues of Stony Brook University concluded that when she walked she had to bend her knees more than modern humans do and would never have won a 100 meter dash, let alone a marathon. And, as she walked, her long arms – shorter relative to leg length than in chimpanzees but, perhaps, proportionately similar to those of very early hominins that lived in Africa two and a half million years ago – lacked the rotational capacity seen in modern humans.

*Sculpture of *Homo floresiensis*. [Created by Dr Carol Lentfer. Image courtesy of the University of New England, Armidale, Australia.]*



So we have a seemingly archaic member of our genus that lived very recently. Where did it fit, then, on our family tree? In 2009, with colleagues, to assess the possible relationships of this new species I analyzed and compared its characters with those of other *Homo* species – including *Homo sapiens*. The analysis showed that *Homo floresiensis* probably branched off our family tree at a very early stage of in the evolution of the genus, *Homo*. But, remarkably, the bone evidence reveals that it lived as recently as 13,000 years ago – 1 to 2 million years after the disappearance of similar hominins from the African continent. Working on the bone evidence only, the Flores Island discoveries are likely to represent a remnant population of a very early hominin on this remote Indonesian island. There are, however, much more recent village stories of actual sightings of small ape-like hominoid creatures on Flores. Descriptions of the physical characteristics of these tally well, but not perfectly, with what we know of *H. floresiensis*.

So why am I asking for information about skeletal remains on New Ireland in particular, when *H. floresiensis* is known from an archaeological excavation in only one cave on one island in Indonesia? Well, about a year ago I had heard of some rather odd stories of ape-like creatures swimming in the ocean off the northern shores of New Ireland. I assumed these reports to be of mis-identified seals, or dugongs, or similar. Nevertheless the images stayed in the back of my mind. When an anthropologist colleague mentioned that societies he was studying in New Ireland had a belief about little human-like creatures in the forests of their region, I did some research and found that descriptions of these included a number of characteristics that reminded me of *H. floresiensis* just as did the reports of sightings of the hominoid forms on Flores. Further, the anthropologist had expressed, tentatively, his impression that these reports *might* represent real people, rather than a mythological image (a more conventional anthropological view). I started to wonder if there had been something similar to *H. floresiensis* in them than New Ireland hills (and oceans), or if I was in la-la land. Talking to my kiap friend Tony Beard about all this, he suggested I ask for any information from kiaps, teachers, planters or others who spent time in New Ireland about (non-*H. sapiens*) skeletal remains people might know of, or have seen, during their period on New Ireland, so here I am, asking just that.

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## **WHERE MY HAT HAS BEEN By Robert Harrison**

*Part 1 of 2 – Part 2 will appear in March 2013 Una Voce.*

My hat is a grey felt Stetson with a three inch (7.6cm.) wide brim. It has been part of my dress ever since I left school and I take it wherever I go. It has now been to over sixty countries and apart from its main roll of protecting me from UV rays, it has been equally effective in rain, sleet and snow. In 1965 in Scotland I received many requests for hats like mine, when the locals saw how the snow shed out over the collar of my coat while their caps let a fair amount drip down the back of their necks. It has witnessed the many strange places and conversations that have so enriched my life and it became my trademark.

Its first adventure outside Australia was in 1954 when I went to New Guinea to undertake three months practical work as part of my Agricultural Science course at the Queensland University. On reaching Port Moresby I was introduced to a Mr Frank Henderson, the Director of the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries (DASF). I did not know that he was one of the world leaders in cocoa production and when he told me that I was to go to Keravat, on New Britain, to work on a cocoa plantation, I told him that my main interests were in pastures and livestock production. He was coolly polite and passed me onto Mr Jim Marley, the head of the livestock section, who said that as I was interested in pastures I could carry out a pasture survey in the Western Highlands. This sounded like the challenge that it turned out to be and I was put under the watchful eye of Mr Barry Osborne, manager of Nondugl, a livestock station set up by Sir Edward Hallstrom to establish a flock of sheep, so that the natives could be taught to spin and weave wool and make their own blankets and garments.

Bronchial problems were a major cause of sickness and death in the Highlands. Sir Edward also established a small zoo for indigenous animals at Nondugl. This was stocked, loved and managed by a kind and knowledgeable gentleman, Fred Shaw Mayer, known as Masta Pijin. He was the world authority on the Bird of Paradise.

En route to Nondugl, I spent three days in Lae, camped at the RAAF barracks, so that I could open a bank account. I also opened accounts with Burns Philp and the Morobe Bakery, so they could send stores up to me by plane every week or two, as there was no road from the coast to the Highlands in 1954. On the third day, I spent all but my last ten shillings on some food to take with me, then caught the plane to Nondugl via Goroka. On reaching Goroka, we were informed that as the magneto on one of the engines of the DC 3 was faulty, Qantas had booked us into Mrs Ellen Pitt's rest house while we waited for a new part to be flown in. With nothing else to do in a strange place, everyone congregated in the bar where the barmaid, Doreen, looked after us. It turned into quite a big "round" and my ten shillings was not enough to honour my second shout, so I arranged to borrow two pounds from a West Australian carpenter who was working at Mt.Hagen. In recompense I gave him a post-dated cheque, which would be no good, until my first salary was paid into the bank in Lae. Doreen wished to retire before our group had had enough, and so in typical New Guinea style, she handed me the keys to the till, and asked me to take over and lock up, when everyone was ready to go to bed. This I did, but left my hat behind the bar and flew off the next day without it. I settled into

Nondugl and used a borrowed hat until the next week's plane was due. Unfortunately our airstrip was too wet for landing, and so the pilot just circled Nondugl and threw my hat out the window. It drifted slowly down, the first of many occasions when it was lost and retrieved.

Barry Osborne was a city boy who had graduated in agriculture from Melbourne University specialising in animal husbandry. His father worked with the Australian Petroleum Company in New Guinea prospecting for oil, and Barry saw the opportunities for livestock development in the newly opened up areas. He started work on Nondugl, under the management of Mr Ned Blood, and in 1953 took over from him. Barry was a perfectionist and strong disciplinarian and as such was highly respected by the natives, as well as the few Europeans in the area. Frank Pemble-Smith was Barry's deputy, and with their good grounding in animal husbandry, they worked hard to reduce worm infestation and the incidence of screwworm fly strike. They had also improved pasture usage and were draining the lower river flats in a new area called Donner. Although Romney Marsh sheep had produced quite good fleeces, and had reasonable lambing, it was obvious that the area was much more suitable for cattle. When I arrived at Nondugl in December 1954 there were 62 head of cattle, 20 horses and 20 donkeys as well as the remainder of the sheep flock.

While Frank Pemble-Smith was away on his normal three months leave after having worked for twenty-one months, Barry Osborne was running the station with a staff of sixty-four natives. Only two of these spoke pidgin and at this stage I had only just started to learn my first few words of this strange language. Another new sensation that I had to get used to was the shock of regular earthquakes. These occurred several times each week and shook dust from the woven cane ceiling, rattled the drink bottles on the tray mobile, and even caused it to move around the room.

Apart from the livestock, Nondugl had a sawmill, a small coffee plantation, a small John Deere crawler tractor, which had to be flown in as parts and assembled on site, a short wheel base Land Rover and a reasonable work shop.

Everything had to be brought in by air and our only contact with the outside world was by our twice-daily radio sessions. These included weather and air strip reports as we did not have an all weather air strip and quite often our mail, stores and other essentials had to be off-loaded at Banz, fourteen miles further west. This may not sound far, but in wet weather on the native built road, our Land Rover, fitted with four chains and in low ratio, could take up to two hours to complete the journey. Some of the bridges over steep gullies had only two logs with no decking, any passengers had to get out and walk over these bridges leaving the driver to negotiate them on his own. The only other vehicle in our part of the Highlands was with the stock inspector at Banz, so there was not much traffic. The first land vehicle to get through from the coast to the Highlands, was an old army Jeep that passed through Nondugl early in 1955, while I was there. Somehow the party had managed to ford the Markham River and managed to trail blaze their way through to Goroka and on to Mount Hagen.

At Banz, the stock inspector and his wife were Estonians, but spoke both English and Pidgin. The only other Europeans in the area were missionaries. Father Luzbetak, who had a PhD in anthropology, opened the first training

college in the Highlands for native teachers. This, with its attached agricultural school, was opened in early 1955 with a notable house warming. It was so good that I stayed overnight, rather than risk driving on the slippery roads after having been so well entertained. The other two American Roman Catholic missionaries were Father Danny Dunn, stationed at Nondugl, who weighed 19 stone (120 kg.) and Father Ed Mesik, from Banz, who weighed 18 stone . They both rode BSA Bantam motor cycles over the rough highland tracks and it was an extraordinary sight to see these large men bouncing along, as if by magic, because they completely enveloped their small machines. Both men were good hosts and when we called at their missions, or when they visited us, we all enjoyed a drink and a cigarette together. Their Bishop did not agree with these small "vices", but I think they were a necessary form of relaxation in this remote area. The Roman Catholic Church was trying hard to discourage polygamy and contraception amongst the natives and I remember attending Christmas Mass at the Nondugl mission. Knowing the Bishop was flying in for the occasion, the natives, who had a very well developed sense of humour, decorated the whole church with long trailing strands of sphagnum moss which they used for contraception! The service went ahead with full pomp and ceremony and afterwards Danny Dunn let it be known that he had seen the humour of the situation; the Bishop made no comment.

The other mission station run by the Seventh Day Adventists, was at Moruma, some distance east of Nondugl. On one occasion I had to deliver an urgent parcel to them after it had been flown in. On the drive down through the Chimbu area a dog ran out and was hit and killed by my Land Rover. I had been warned not to stop for such occurrences, as tempers could flare and retribution be swift and final. My problem was that there was only one road and I had to go back the same way in the afternoon. I decided to drive as fast as the road would allow and to stop for nothing, as it would be their lives or mine. As it turned out the dog had been eaten by the time I returned, and must have been very tasty because I was greeted with friendly waves and cheers, and all was forgiven. Just one of the lucky escapes experienced by my hat and me!

Two weeks after I had arrived, Barry was asked to accompany the South Pacific Grassland Commission on a two-week inspection tour of Papua and New Guinea and as there was no one else available to look after Nondugl, I was contacted by radio from DASF in Port Moresby and asked if I would take over. Being young and foolish I said yes and started a crash course in pidgin, while Barry showed me what had to be done in his absence. I could not hope to recognise all of the sixty four boys on the books and only two of them spoke pidgin. Natives from outside frequently came onto the station and caused trouble and some of them were still quite warlike. I had to rely on Pondo, the pidgin speaking foreman, to guide me as to whom I was to chastise and who to banish. *Meris* from the surrounding area brought in fruit and vegetables twice a week and I bought these for three pence for twelve pounds, except for English potatoes and very good fruit, which were twice that price. I had to make sure that there was sufficient *kaukau* (sweet potato) bought each week to feed the whole staff. A teaspoon of powdered face paint or salt and a sheet of newspaper were also equivalent to three pence and some *meris* still preferred these to money. The newspaper was used to roll their cigarettes of native twist tobacco.

*Part 2 continues March 2013*

## **Update on Police Overseas Service Medal (POSM)**

Terry Browne, Senior Team Leader in the AFP Recognition and Awards team, was recently approached by a member as to the current status of the POSM.

He said...

*'I can inform you the precise criteria for the medal are under consideration by the Minister for Home Affairs prior to a recommendation being forwarded to the Governor-General. Concurrently an application form is being developed by the Australian Federal Police and it is advisable that you register your contact details either by letter or email with the AFP Recognition and Awards team so that an application form can be sent as soon as it is available.'*

The mailing address is Australian Federal Police, Recognition and Awards, GPO Box 401, Canberra ACT 2601.

The email address is [POSM-capacity@afp.gov.au](mailto:POSM-capacity@afp.gov.au).

## **THE OKAPA PINE FOREST By Alan Ross**

The year I undertook a reconnaissance of the Jimi Valley pine stands in the Western Highlands District (Una Voce, June 2012) saw me as well in the eastern extremities of the Highlands. In the months of June-July 1957 a survey of the Okapa pine forest was carried out. Situated in the Forei (or Fore) area in the still then Kainantu Sub-district of the Eastern Highlands District and some 66 kilometres southeast of the township of Kainantu, the Araucaria pine forest in question was of interest to the Department of Forests as a back-up source of seed supply for the large reforestation program - plantings of Hoop pine and Klinki pine to replace the natural pines that were being harvested for conversion to veneer and plywood at the Bulolo plymill - that was in progress in the Wau-Bulolo Valleys of the Morobe District. My work party numbering about eight from the Bulolo forest station and I carried out a forest inventory and a boundary survey of the forest area as a prelude to a timber rights purchase (TRP) should the local landowners be willing to transfer those rights to the Government.

But first there was a call on the Okapa patrol post located near Moke village on a ridge top some six kilometres above and northwest of the Okapa guest house. I had heard that the patrol officer who established the patrol post was instructed to site the station at Okapa, which was rather a transient centre and less a village site at the time. But deciding that Moke was a better location - the right decision one would think – the sensible but perhaps audacious patrol officer sited the patrol post at Moke and named it Okapa. Neat!

The officer-in-charge of the patrol post at the time of my visit was the affable Jack Baker. The visit coincided with early days into the investigations of a mysterious brain disease locally known as kuru and mortally affecting some five percent of the Forei population. In residence were Vincent Zigas, the district medical officer from Kainantu, Carleton Gajdusek, a virologist and paediatrician from Yonkers, New York State, USA, and Lois Larkin (later to wed Baker) a technician from the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute in Melbourne, Australia. Kuru was called the laughing death - those inflicted had fits of maniacal laughter and giggling - but it was no laughing matter as it brought about a certain, early and unpleasant death. Gajdusek showed me over the

nearby hospital for kuru patients; he pointed out a lad of about nine or ten whose head was constantly shaking, an early symptom of kuru. He said the poor kid would be deceased in about six months.

A story current at the time was that people staying at the patrol post's guest house would dine at one end of the table while parts of deceased kuru patients were being dissected by the doctors at the other end of the same table. I can vouch for the authenticity of the tale. The evening I dined at the guest house Messrs Gajdusek and Zegas shared the same table as they went about their business of carving up brains and other body parts for dispatch to overseas laboratories for examination.

The rest house at Okapa, where the road for four-wheel drive vehicles terminated, was run down, dark inside and in need of repair, so my work party and I set up tents and tarpaulins nearby. It was only a short walk - perhaps up to thirty minutes - along a good walking track atop a grassy ridge from the rest house to the edge of the forest. One early morning as we were setting out to

work, men from the nearly village of Abomatasa popped up near us out of nowhere it seemed holding bows and arrows and other sharp instruments. With hardly a cursory 'good morning' they swept past us: they were in hot pursuit of a wild pig.

There are reasons to believe that the Okapa

Hoop pine forest of some 1,020 hectares is the remnant of a larger pine stand. The forest is surrounded completely by grassland caused by the local people carrying out shifting cultivation and burning off (so-called "slash and burn" agriculture), but looking south towards the Lamari River one could see isolated pockets of pine trees growing in gullies and above the grassline, which suggested the original forest in that region contained significant pine stands before people settled the area and began cultivating the land.

A tree and volume count of the Okapa forest along four strip lines cut diagonally across the main watercourse (Agomati Creek) revealed dense and vigorous pine stands in certain places, with abundant regeneration. The hardwoods on the whole were disappointing, few merchantable species, and mostly small sized trees with boles of pole size.

As stated earlier, a boundary survey was carried out for a possible TRP. When the local landowners were approached on the matter they were not in agreement. So the idea for a TRP lapsed. Some small seed collections took place intermittently on a cash payment basis, while it is understood at a later time some pine trees were harvested and converted to sawn timber and flitches for the local market, again on a cash payment basis.

As pine seed became more readily available in the Bulolo vicinity and other localities, the need for the Okapa forest as a back-up seed source declined.▪



Alan Ross 1957 Basic camping whilst carrying out the Okapa survey

## **FIRST WHITE WOMEN AT EMBESSA (Monckton's Mbese)**

**by Doug Robbins**

At the August 2012 Memories of the South Pacific Islands gathering at Toowong Library Marnie Dunn gave an account of the first complete Census for the New Hebrides (Vanuatu) conducted in 1966. Who said census-taking is boring! In a letter to her parents in 1970 my wife Annette described some experiences of my Village Census at Embessa in the Lower Musa of the Tufi Sub District of PNG as "mad!". As well as estimating ages by various means including reference to some significant past event, at Lake Kutubu in 2009 with my not so very old ABV counterpart we recalled, to his frustration, how prior to the issue in more recent times of Medical Record Cards giving birth dates, the test for PNG children was to put an arm over their head and if able to touch their ear they would be accepted as old enough to start school.

Annette and I experienced a good deal of pleasure (and adventure) working with the Musa people back in the early 1970s. Randolph, our interpreter, a Tufi man, confirmed that Annette was the first white woman to travel across the Agaiambo Swamp of the Lower Musa – the place of web-footed or duck (agai) people (ambo). We walked through the swamp from Karaisa to Embessa then down the Musa River by rafts. Although my first outstation posting as a Patrol Officer was Tufi, a coastal paradise acknowledged as the pick of the Northern District Stations, in total contrast, a lot of my patrols took me inland to Safia in the Middle Musa a distant part of the one-man Afore Patrol Post in the adjoining Popondetta Sub District and a place conveniently avoided by other officers based at Popondetta, apparently being considered to be "the end (or worse!) of the earth". It was a challenge, but I liked the country and its people.

Some of my toughest Patrols were out of Safia in relation to the then proposed Musa Gorge Hydro-Electric Scheme which the "Musa Valley" newspaper reporter in 2006 described as "in a wilderness like an unfinished adventure by the gods of legends and fables era". An unfinished adventure? Yes. So, was all that hard work for nothing? No, and I can assure you that for me it certainly was very real and far from a fable! It was a challenging yet satisfying job to be done. An experience never to be forgotten.

We have fond memories not only of the Patrol Officer days but also five recent return trips through Australian Business Volunteers as well as assignments with Indigenous Community Volunteers in remote Australia including the Torres Strait Islands.

*The following is a typed full copy of a handwritten letter to Annette Robbins' parents September/October 1970 (with no attempt to correct spellings or other errors and discrepancies)*

On Patrol  
Tufi Sub District

Dear Mum & Dad,

Well, here is the start of my long patrol letter. I am resting today in a village called Moiavi and sipping coconut juice. Doug has gone off to a village three hours walk away to do their Census. He will be back this afternoon. Meantime I have been left in the care of John (our houseboy) and Cpl. Janah (a policeman).

Well, I guess I had better start at the beginning. On Saturday we travelled on the Govt. work boat *Ubuna* to Oro Bay (which is the seaport for Popondetta). We took some school children there for a coral festival in Popondetta. We were to

travel back down the coast that same afternoon and then up a river to Karaisa where we were to start our patrol. Anyway the tide was too low so we slept at Oro Bay for the night. We had relative comfort there as we stopped at the Police Barracks there. We left Oro Bay about 1pm Saturday afternoon. The trip up the River to Karaisa was quite exciting. There were sago palms and swamps on both sides and it was rather like pictures you see of the Amazon. Was expecting to see a croc any minute.

Yesterday we did our first walk from Karaisa to here. We walked for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours with a half hour break about half way here. I was a bit tired by the end but not too bad and the walk was all through forest so at least we weren't bothered by the sun. We had quite a few swampy bits to cross on logs but our other policeman, Cpl. Nohoro, elected himself my protector so I had no trouble there. My boots were a bit slippery at first, being new, but they soon got muddied up and were much better.

Well, I guess that's all that's happened so far. A lady from the village took me to the waterhole this morning to wash my hair & apart from that I'm just resting and reading and getting my strength up for our trek back to Karaisa tomorrow.

#### Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> :

I've got a lot to catch up on. I don't seem to have got round to writing for a while. We made our trip back to Karaisa OK and stayed on there for a day or two to do the census there. I had to wash my hair again because it was terrible after the last place. We eventually left Karaisa on the Friday. They told us we could save about 1 hour's walk by going up the river in a canoe. When it came time to go they produced an outboard motor and rigged it to the back of a specially prepared canoe. Rather ingeneous we thought. Anyway it would have been a beaut trip up the river and then through some marshes with water lilies and hundreds of birds except for the fact that it started to rain two minutes after we set out. When we arrived at the place where we were to disembark from the canoe we found it was a swamp – just about. If you stepped in the wrong place you were up to your knees in mud – no exaggeration.

We eventually made it to Kinjaki, after about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hrs walk. – our next stop. There was a beautiful river here with clear running water, not too deep and beaut for swimming. We stayed here Saturday & Sunday. Our only problem this patrol is that we forgot to bring our bathers but we are overcoming that problem by going in in our clothes. Doug spied a small hill not far from the village so we went for a walk there on Saturday afternoon. He said it was a beaut view but  $\frac{1}{4}$  hr walk straight up to get there. About 6 villagers went with him and he took a photo from the top and he wanted to have them just naturally in the foreground (looking at the view) but they insisted in standing in a line so I don't know what the photo will be like. We did the census at Kinjaki the next morning. After we'd finished that Doug had to ask a lot of questions for his area study so I went up to the rest house to do some crocheting. Of course as soon as I started that a crowd of women gathered round to watch. After I'd finished a motif I showed one of the girls how to do it. She seemed to catch on quite quickly. A few of the kids came back in the afternoon and were showing us how to make toys out of coconut fronds.

We left Kinjaki the next day and had a terrible walk to Korola. We had to go over 4 hills – 2 small and 2 large. The only trouble here is that they don't zig-zag their tracks over hills – they just go straight up and down the other side. Boy was it tiring. Took us 5 hrs. We had intended to stay at Koralo for 2 nights but it turned

out that there were only 3 houses there so we decided to push on the next day. When we got up I had a nice case of the trots and an upset stomach, but we went anyway. I never thought I'd make it. Took 5 hrs again – should have been 3 hrs. I was never so glad to get anywhere in all my life. Went straight to bed with a high temp. Don't know whether I had a touch of Malaria or whether it was just exhaustion but anyway I wasn't too bad next morning. Had the day in bed just to make sure. Our "troops" (police, interpreter etc) caught a huge wallaby here. It was nearly the size of a kangaroo so they had plenty to eat for a couple of days.

Thursday morning I was quite recovered so we set off at a brisk pace for Ovessa. We did a census here and then trotted off to Embessa where we are now. Between Ovessa and here our carriers decided to decorate their loads with huge branches and grass and stuff so we made a really spectacular entrance into Embessa. We are just resting at Embessa (yesterday and today) and will do the Census tomorrow and start off Monday. We are at the Musa River now - it is really big. Reminds me of the Brisbane River in that it is the same colour – brown.

Randolph – our interpreter – has been in Tufi since the war and he says I am the first white woman to do this patrol. Probably the first white woman to see this area. He's going to give me a medal.

#### Saturday 9th October 70

Well, here I am again. We've come a long way since I wrote last. We are back on the coast again and only have 4 1/2 days of patrol to go.

I will go back to Embessa and fill you in from there. We did the Census on the morning of Sunday (27th Sept). It was a messy census with people by the dozen after we'd finished saying they were married etc. They also can't remember what their name is in the Census book (they have a different name to what they usually go by). Here they tried to tell us that a girl we had down as 7 years old in the book was the same girl as one down as a 14 year old – mad! Anyway we finally finished and in the afternoon the men started building us rafts to travel down the Musa on the Monday.

We set out by raft on Monday morning for a 3 hr trip to Gugumu. The river was flowing fairly fast thank goodness. I expected a raft to be square but they aren't – they make them with a point from big logs with a platform to sit on. They were quite good rafts and we kept them for about 5 days.

Left Gugumu very early on Tuesday morning (6.30) to go to Dove. There is a log jam between these two places so we expected to hop off the rafts just before the jam and walk for about 1hr to Dove. However when we arrived at the stop-off, the river was flooding and all the track was covered in water. The paddlers said it would be up to our necks in some places so it was impossible to walk. They had just decided to proceed to the log jam and try to drag the rafts over when low and behold – Doug slipped in the water. This may not seem too upsetting but that morning he had decided to take the bag of money (we had been collecting council tax) out of the patrol box and lock it to his belt in case the raft tipped us. While we stopped he was holding it in his hand and when he fell in he let go. It fell into water about 10ft deep, muddy, and fast flowing. There was about \$200 in the bag and we were thinking that was the end of our camping allowance plus about \$50 extra. After about 5 mins diving, a young boy found it lodged against a branch. We honestly never thought we would see it again.

After all that “excitement” we piled back on to the rafts and set off for the log jam. Here all the paddlers set about cutting a path through about 100ft of log jam.  
Tufi. Wednesday 14th.

Well, as you can see we are back at Tufi again. We arrived home yesterday.

The rest of our patrol continued without incident. We rafted all the way down the Musa until about 1hr from the coast when we hopped off and walked overland about 3/4 hr to another river, the Foru, and we got canoes there down to the coast. The coastal part was mainly a repetition of our last patrol except we were doing census of course. I will tell you more about that in my next letter I think because this is getting quite long enough. We haven't got any electricity at the moment because the power plant has broken down. I'm rushing to finish this before it gets too dark. We'll have a lamp but they are no good to read or write by.

I'm very busy now because I'm a full time housekeeper again. We decided to get rid of our houseboy. There wasn't enough work and he was getting extremely slack with what work there was so I'm going to try without one – I think I can manage. Our gas stove has arrived and should be installed on the 29<sup>th</sup> Oct. (we hope).

Well, I guess I'd better go now & cook some dinner for my hungry husband.

Lots of love, Annette & Doug. x x x

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## **MORESBY SCHOOL SPORT REPORTED IN NEWSPAPER**

**By Richard Jones**

REPORTING school sports activities in Port Moresby and from other Central Province locations was well advanced in the late 1960s and early 1970s. The *South Pacific Post* and then the daily *Post-Courier* regularly ran stories and pictures about school competitions in track and field, softball, rugby league, basketball and other disciplines.

I served only a brief period in the education department during my PNG stint, but was quite happy to add the school sports writing duties to my twice-weekly Papuan Rugby League previews and match reports. The primary A schools had regular sports meets and carnivals, I recall.

Posted to Murray Barracks A school in 1969 I was able to file stories about the competitions among the Moresby schools on a semi-regular basis. This drew the ire of the late Jim Tarr who asked in a Letter to the Editor why the achievements of the capital city's Primary T students were being overlooked.

A few years earlier in 1966 I had entered a team from Sogeri in the standard [or grade] six Papuan Junior Rugby League competition. We used the cumbersome big Leyland bus housed at the adjacent secondary school for transportation. A Sogeri Secondary School team also travelled down to Moresby on Wednesday afternoons for competition games.

Running the touch line was par for the course for the teachers. Dropping the touch flag to the deck at half-time, it was time for the teacher-coach's pep talk.

Getting back up the “hill” to Sogeri in the evenings was the highpoint of Wednesday excursions. The rugged old Leyland got past Bomana and the Rouna pub areas okay, but the last steep-ish climb on the dirt road around the corner and onto the Sogeri plateau was the killer. We teachers used to relieve the Papuan driver every now and then. The big boys from the Secondary School were asked to disembark on the curve. Woe betide a chalkie who couldn't engage first gear with

his double-clutching routine to inch the old girl over the last little bit of the climb to make sure everyone got home safely.

And of course the details of the matches played at Boroko were also regularly published in the Moresby paper.

In 1970 I was posted to the Amazon Bay region of far eastern Central Province. Abutting the Milne Bay Province, actually.

That September or October the Marshall Lagoon sub-district was set to stage a large athletics carnival with Primary T schools from right around the region invited to send contingents.

I accepted on behalf of the Magarida Primary School. But how were we going to transport the school athletes, teachers and a handful of parents up the coast to Kupiano? The answer was by sea-going canoe. I vividly remember the huge Motuan lakatois from the Moresby area. But the outboard motor-powered giant which hove into view the day before the competition was set to take place was something else. We made the trip satisfactorily enough, past Abau and then into Marshall Lagoon itself. A treacherous little reach of water where the incoming and outgoing sea tides swirled around and kept everyone's attention firmly focused.

Especially mine, as I'd spent an anxious 10 minutes in the drink a few years earlier. A teenage paddler had tipped a flimsy craft over with me aboard as we tried to negotiate the lagoon across to an adjacent headland. Eventually a vigilant villager from the place to which we were heading spied two bodies bobbing about and came out in a larger canoe to rescue us.

Anyway, we got the boys and girls and everyone else from Amazon Bay up to the athletics track and our group performed remarkably well.

There was somewhat of an eccentric kiap posted to Kupiano at the time. He had an open top British sports car and used to drive it from his residence, down to the patrol post office, across to Jack McGavern's trade store and back up the dirt track to the said residence. I doubt if he ever got the car out of second gear! Certainly he would never have needed to engage top gear.

But what I remember most about the sports day --- the details of which I typed up and posted off to the *Post-Courier*, no e-mails or tweets back then ---- was the trip home. It was a baking, hot day. There wasn't a cloud in the sky and as a single man I knew little or nothing about sunscreen protection.

I cowered in one huge hollowed-out hull, periodically splashing sea water over a bright red face. The face gradually returned to normal over the next few weeks for which I was grateful. Our wedding day in Melbourne was just a few short months away, in mid-January 1971.

The details of the school athletics carnival were dutifully published by the *Post-Courier* and life returned to normal at the Magarida Primary T School and patrol post.

Bob Boardman's technical schoolboys did not compete up at Kupiano, I remember. They were older than their primary school siblings so stayed home at Amazon Bay.

NOTE: Primary T schools used the 'Territory' curriculum. Primary A schools, largely for the offspring of expatriates, used an Australian-based curriculum. •

## **FLY RIVER BY Peter Hay**

When I got married in 1969 the idea was to have a year doing something interesting before settling down to kids and suburbia in Sydney. A shipmate from Jardines, was Master of a coaster in New Guinea and I was going to go as Mate. In the event the job became vacant, and had to be filled, before I could get there. We had already booked tickets so we went up anyway, 'on spec'.

A visit to the Harbourmaster's Office came up with some ideas of where to look for work. The most interesting job, which I applied for and got, was as Master of a small coaster which had just arrived in Port Moresby, and was going to be running from Port Moresby across the Gulf of Papua to Kiunga which was approx 480 miles up the Fly River. Geologists for a big American mining company had found encouraging deposits of gold/copper on the surface but the depth had to be established. The ship was on charter to them to take all the exploration mining equipment, fuel, stores etc up there.

The ship had been built in Singapore, without much input from a naval architect I suspect, and was 300 gross tons. Engines and accommodation aft and two hatches forward with a 5 ton crane between them. The crane was not a marine one but had its own diesel engine and worked on friction drives and clutches. Shortly after I got on board I tried it. It was diabolical. You could try easing the hoisting wire back gently and nothing would happen. Ease it back a tad further and would drop about 18 inches and then stop violently. When the crew came I let them loose on it and fortunately a couple of them became very good at it. Just as well, if you were trying to lower a truck onto a platform built over half a dozen dugouts lashed together this could get interesting.

The engines were two good V8 diesels that were good for 10 knots. The engine room had so much space in it that with a homogeneous cargo and more flotation aft you were always down by the head. The steering wheel and compass had obviously been salvaged from the breakers yard.

As I was the only person in the company with a foreign going ticket they asked me if I would take a crew of teenagers who were going to be the next generation of skippers and give them some instruction and training. As mate I got a skipper from one of the small wooden coasters. The engineer was a Kiwi.

The mate was an older man, without much use for shoes, but a good practical seaman. He gave me some of my first lessons in coastal pilotage of the 'clearing mark for the reef is the V in the hills in transit with the second palm tree from the left' variety. However he could hardly read or write and the teenagers looked down on him because of it. In turn he regarded them as a bunch of jumped up whippersnappers who had not been at sea a dogwatch. 'Crabbed age and youth can not live together' as old Bill from Stratford on Cosmetics once put it. It was not working out so I got him posted back to his old ship and took over the mate's job as well. The crew were good lads, and wanted to learn, but they were too easy going to want to stand over their mates, so I wound up as bosun as well.

Kiunga was pretty small in those days and there were very few villages on the way up the river so I was told to recruit a few men from one of the coastal villages to help discharge the cargo when we got to the top of the river. When they came on board there was a bit of mutual suspicion between them and my crew who came from the other end of the country. It then fell on me, with my pretty inadequate knowledge of pidgin, to give them what would now be called their Induction Course. The galley was very simple, but still more hi tech. than anything they had

seen. We put our hands on the electric hot plate and I switched it on. After a few seconds they got the idea and I switched it off.

After showing them round we weighed anchor and carried on up the river. As the river had not been charted (all I had was a series of aerial photos stuck together) we had to anchor each night. After we had anchored that night the engineer and I were sitting in deck chairs and having a beer when I smelt wood smoke and thought I had better investigate. My deck crew had accepted that there was to be no smoking on deck but nobody had said anything about cooking on deck. Not liking the galley they had got some dunnage and made a cooking fire. As the deck was covered in cargo they made the fire on top of the cargo. The cargo was a few hundred drums of Avgas and Avtur (Aviation gasoline and Aviation turbine fuel).

A defining moment in any navigator's life is the first time he goes aground. The steering gear was hand hydraulic (no motors/pumps) and very low geared-13 turns from hard over to hard over. This was topped off with a steering wheel that looked as if it had spent its younger years rounding the Horn. Worse was to come. There was no self-centering, if you took your hand off the wheel, the wheel stayed there. To really top it off there was no rudder indicator.

Surprisingly, it was passable in the open sea, but going up the river had its moments. I started off the conventional way-'Four turns to port, steady, three turns to starboard' but it was not going to work. Fortunately, again, the sailors were excellent, and got a feel for it. I would give them a mark to steer for, and then say 'more towards the bank' etc. When they wound up with the wheel hard over and still paying off they would tell me and I would try to correct it with the engines. (I would spend a lot of the day never more than five seconds from the controls) The ship was long, narrow and shallow draft so the steering characteristics were strongly reminiscent of a sailing dingy with a broken centerboard.

The first time the inevitable happened, it all seemed to be in slow motion. I felt as if I was a disembodied observer somewhere above the ship. 'We are going to go into the scenery' was the thought. With one engine ahead and the other astern there was nothing more I could do. I had never realized that 20 seconds came in 20 bite sized chunks, as it were. Once we hit I had to keep her slithering/sliding over the thick glutinous mud because if we came to a dead stop there would have been a 'ploping' sound and we would have been there for some time. Fortunately in the times we went aground we never quite lost momentum, and managed to get off without having to get technical and resort to kedge anchors etc. (Mind you my copy of Dantons Seamanship got a lot more thumb marks in it then, than it ever did while I was studying for my "Ticket")

The ship had started running just after Christmas which is the 'wet' season up there and the NW monsoon. We crossed the Gulf in the lee of the land and the weather was pretty benign (no cyclones that year). One trip when we came back down the river everything had changed. To be more precise, the seasons had changed. We now had the 'dry' season and the SE trade winds. The ship only had a small forepeak tank and no ballast tanks, so the lightship draught was about 2 feet. Although the wind was only about 15 to 25 knots it had come a long way over water and coupled with the shallow water it produced a short steep sea. The pounding was severe and I began to worry about the quality of welds on the single skin.

A year previously I had been up for my Masters (majored in mini skirts and beer, minored in shipmasters business and meteorology) and the ship was very close to

the box shaped vessel so beloved of DoT examiners. I worked out that if I flooded the forward hatch I would still have lots of GM (For nonseafarers GM is the amount of leverage that is trying to push the ship upright again after it has been forcibly inclined by waves or shifting weights on board. It is found after a number of complex calculations.) The thing that stopped me was that although I had not, at that stage of the game, sailed with that abomination on the face of the seven seas-the ballast hatch- you did not need much imagination to work out what the 'sloshing' effect, in a half filled hatch in those conditions, would be.

It was just as well. GM is only an approximation for the area under the curve, and only applies to big ships. This came out a few years later when the 'Blyth Star' a small coaster capsized off Tasmania.

A few hours later when I was trying to get some sleep, the man on the wheel called me and said '*Kompass, him no go*' The compass was on the monkey island (Again for non seafarers, this is the deck above the bridge. The magnetic compass was up there to keep it away from the steel structure and a projector goes from inside it through the wheelhouse deckhead and can be read by the man on the wheel. The ship was too small to have a gyro or mechanical compass). When I went onto the monkey island I found that one of gimbals had sheared off with the pounding and the bowl was wedged at about 25 degrees. I lifted the whole thing off and sat it on top of the projector. It worked after a fashion, but neither Grant nor Klinkert\* would have approved.

A few hours later I heard a crash overhead, followed by rumble, rumble, splash. Shortly afterwards I got another call from the man on the wheel. When I got on the monkey island I found that one of Kelvin's balls had disappeared and the whole compass was breaking up. Despite my attempts with wedges, Spanish Windlasses, etc it disintegrated. The uncorrected compass bowl would not work in the steel wheelhouse. Needless to say it was the only one on board.

Ah well, the SE trades caused the problem, the SE trades fixed it. Put a flag up the foremast, shone a cargo cluster on it, and told the man on the wheel to keep the wind 3 points on the bow. Dr David Lewis would have approved.\*\* The following night we raised the loom of Port Moresby on the port bow, more or less where it should be.

It looked as though we were going to have to carry permanent ballast, which apart from cutting out cargo, would have had to be shifted from hatch to hatch depending on whether we were light or loaded.

Another way presented itself. At the airstrip in Kiunga when they had finished with a drum it was rolled into the jungle and left. This was long before the environment had been discovered/invented. Anyway, I borrowed a couple of trucks and got the crew to bring a few loads of the empty ones back. They were then put in the forward hatch, lashed in position, and filled from the deck service line. When we got back to Moresby I told the company and they sold them back to the oil company.

This last move brought strong disapproval in the 'Bottom Pub', which was where the local seafaring community drank. They were all colorful characters and had some excellent small ship sailors among them. In some instances their heroic feats of seamanship were equaled only by their heroic feats with a bottle.

Anyway, apparently what I should have done was had a word with the wharf supervisor, who would have talked to someone else, who would have talked to someone at the oil company. The result would have been that without anything

going through the books formally, there would have been a nice little 'earner' for us all. I still had a lot to learn.

On another occasion a bunch of scientists came into the 'Bottom Pub'. There was a reef marked on the charts as 'Existence Doubtful'. If it existed it was in the right place for one of their studies. They had flown over the area unsuccessfully, and someone had suggested that they try the 'Bottom Pub' as being the repository of most local nautical knowledge.

The debate, fueled by much SP (lager) and 'Bundy' (rum), as to whether this reef did/did not exist was getting quite heated. After half an hour I began to think that if Columbus had paid any attention to the dockside tavernas of Cadiz America still would not have been discovered. Eventually a voice from the back said 'If old so and so has not hit it, it does not exist'. Motion carried. By this stage the boffins had lost interest in the reef and were busy soaking up the local ambience, (or similar.)

One trip when we got to Kiunga there were some men from a different tribe waiting on the bank. True, they were half naked, bearded and tattooed. They were also white. The 'Top Camp' had run out of beer and they had sent some roustabouts down to speed things up. Elbowing my deck crew aside they started cargo work with a vengeance. Once they had got the first couple of dozen cases they headed to the airstrip, where first a light plane and then a chopper would take them to the 'Top Camp' in the mountains. Cargo work then resumed at a more measured pace.

You can learn from all of these things and I took to having the beer, suitable dunnaged, put at the bottom and the ends of the hatch. On the odd occasion thereafter we achieved some remarkable brisk cargo outturn figures.

I was learning fast.

As the known world gets bigger, missionaries get herded into the smaller parts of the unknown world. There were a lot of them in the Fly River. Some of the major religions did a lot of good work, but some of the fringe groups, particularly from the American mid-west, were downright scary. As a goodwill gesture my company used to arrange for us to drop off stores at the various mission stations on the way up. I can remember being out on the after hatch with an earnest young missionary who was saying 'Twelve bottles of HP sauce, one broken and in dispute' while at the same time I could hear a Texan voice on the SW radio asking, not very politely, where his Avgas was, as his choppers were grounded. If he only knew!

Things reached a bit of a head one day when I was told by one mission station, it was Saturday, and their holy day, so the discharge would have to wait till tomorrow. 'Brothers and sisters there is a spirit of ecumenical change in the air. Either you get the cargo off now or you wait till I come back down river.' Given the choice between God and groceries, groceries won.

I was learning fast.

One trip the engineer paid off and they had to find one at short notice. The replacement did not look too prepossessing but we sailed. After a couple of weeks I did not see him for a day or so which did not worry me. Then one of the crew approached me looking worried. The engineer had obviously locked himself in his cabin and gone on a bender. Human waste was a major by product. He had then told the crew to clean his cabin up and they had refused. I told them to leave his cabin. It was a shock to me because I thought that my rapport with the crew was pretty good, but obviously they were worried that as a white man I would

automatically back the other one. I got on the radio and asked for another engineer on arrival. The radio was in the wheelhouse so the helmsman could hear all conversations.

I still had a lot to learn.

Many of the expat administrators, medical staff, teachers, and particularly kiaps (patrol officers) were very hardworking, dedicated people and obviously excellent role models for the future leaders of an emerging country. On the other hand there were people like the engineer who were the exact reverse. I have wondered later how the decisions and policies of the leaders of the newly emerging countries might have been shaped, in part, by their treatment from white people when they were at a young impressionable age.

One morning, after the first night in the river, the crew went forward to heave up the anchor. The windlass was a two stroke diesel (similar to a lifeboat engine) which worked through a gearbox from, (I think) an army 3 tonner. Some horrible sounds came from forward .They had tried the windlass in low gear and when that did not work they tried the other two. It was only when they stopped the motor that my agonized shouts from the bridge were heard. With the pounding, the holes for the holding down bolts had worn oval and the windlass had moved out of line with the gearbox. (The shaft between the two was reasonably long.) Getting the anchor up was a long tedious job involving using the crane wires at some horrible leads.

That night I put the bow into the bank on the deep water side of a bend in the river, and got a couple of the crew to take two headlines ashore and wrap them around a few trees before bringing the ends back on board, and making them fast. That worked all right going upriver and for the first few nights coming down river, but on the last night we were going to have to anchor as there were many mud banks between the channel and the shore. We pulled the cable up on deck and put half a figure of eight round the bitts and flaked it out up and down the deck. At the end of each flake it was tied by a heavy rope snubber to the bulwark supports. A wooden pad was put under each snubber.

To let the first fleet go the snubber was cut with the fire axe. The second one went the same way. Then the ship took a shear and a lot of weight came on. The next snubber parted of its own accord, then the cable jumped the bitts and it was on for one and all. There was cable, rust, and bodies everywhere. Fortunately, the bodies were always slightly higher, wider, faster, but there was not much in it. All the cable ran out but to my surprise, and relief, two things happened.

- The shackle on the bitter end held.
- The bulkhead that the shackle was fixed to also held.

Both were in need of replacement/repair but they had done the job. Getting the anchor up the following day does not bear thinking about.

By now the year was nearly up and it was time to start thinking about going back to Australia and looking for a job with better pay, leave, and prospects, even if it was not going to be so interesting.

If any of the younger generation of seafarers should happen to read this they will be asking 'What about SMS; audits; compliance/non-compliance etc. There is no mention of crew committees on such things as occupational health and safety etc. Silly old bugger should have retired when they invented containers'. (Actually they would be dead right on that one—that's when I should have given it away.)

Still you cannot live in the past and I too have had to change and move with the times. I have renounced the follies of my youth. (Well, not all of them, but that is an entirely different matter.) I have been QA'd; ISM'd; ISO'd; BRM'd; PDC'd and everything else in the alphabet soup. Whereas I did my first circumnavigation on a ship without gyro or radar, now my Bluetooth GPS downloads my position onto the electronic charts on my laptop computer. I can consider myself to be a thoroughly modern pilot.

However there is one very subversive thought that lurks at the back of my mind. Going to sea used to be good fun didn't it?

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\*"The Ships Compass" by Grant and Klinkert. Routledge & Kegan Paul.

\*\*Dr David Lewis. Kiwi yachtsman who navigated across the Pacific the Polynesian way using sea/swell patterns; migratory birds; cloud formations etc. He used everything except a compass.

<b>VALE - With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends</b>
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**Doug FRANKLIN (25 Aug 2012, aged 86 years)**

Doug was born in Hong Kong on 7 October 1925 and after his early schooling there completed his education at Cranbrook School in Sydney. He then trained at Flinders Naval College Melbourne and soon found himself as second-in-command of the Royal Australian naval vessel HMAS ML 427. He remained in service against the Japanese in waters off Papua New Guinea until VP day when he returned to the UK to study agriculture at the Royal Agricultural College in Cirencester. During this time he met Pam who was training steeplechase racehorses in the area and they married in 1952.

Doug then joined the colonial service as an Agricultural Officer and was posted to Nigeria, West Africa, where four of his five children were born. Doug spent 10 years in Nigeria until Independence when the family moved back to Australia and bought a dairy farm at Samford. During eight years at Samford he was heavily involved in the creation of the United Milk Producers Co-op which commenced the first bulk milk tanker pick up in the district.

In 1968 Doug accepted the position of Agricultural Officer in PNG and was posted to Kagua as OIC of the agricultural station. This posting was followed by service with the Department of Agriculture in field and training positions at Mendi, Goroka, Popondetta Agricultural College as principal and ending in Port Moresby agricultural headquarters. After a total of 16 years in PNG Pam and Doug decided to depart PNG and return to "Edenglassie" in Queensland, Australia.

Doug had a great life and anyone who served with him in PNG will agree with me that his contribution to the development of agriculture was always done with great gusto and enthusiasm. This made him a very popular and appreciated *didiman* (ag officer) amongst the people of PNG.

About five years ago Doug and Pam made the decision to sell the farm and say goodbye to Pam's beloved horses. They then purchased a unit in a retirement village in Keppera and it was around this time that Doug's health began to fail. After problems with his hips and some major operations Doug had a slight stroke and things deteriorated quickly from here.

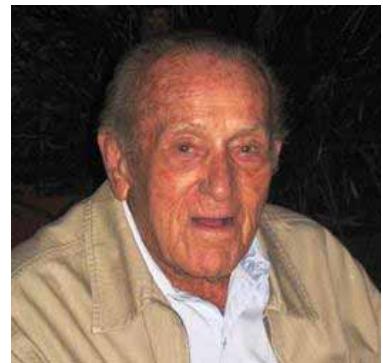
Doug is survived by his wife Pam, his five children Phil, Anne, twins Geoff, Mike and Andrew, fourteen grandchildren and one great grandchild.

Doug was a wonderful gentleman who enjoyed life to the fullest and will be missed by all who knew and loved him. Submitted by ex Papua New Guinea Kiap and friend of Doug Franklin,

Noel Cavanagh

**Alan William ANDERSON** (13<sup>th</sup> April 1919 – 4<sup>th</sup> February 2012, aged 92 years)

Born at Haberfield in Sydney he attended Scots College 1929-1936. At 20 he enlisted in the AIF when war was declared and served in the Middle East, North Africa and what was then New Guinea, until the war ended. His father Alfred had established Anderson's Smallgoods early in the 1920's and Alan returned from the war and worked in the family business while his father in 1947 decided to see what potential there might be in the Territory of P&NG for purchase of war surplus equipment and subsequently meat imports. He established a business selling meat from refrigerated ships first in Pt Moresby then Rabaul, before actually opening a butcher shop there.



When Alfred's ill health necessitated his return to Australia Alan took over and expanded the business into a supermarket which then also expanded into Lae in 1972. His sons Alan Jnr and David eventually managed these stores until their sale to the East New Britain Development Corporation (one of the most successful Provincial Government enterprises in the country).

The Anderson's Foodland jingle became one of the most well known in the country, and Freddy Foodland almost as famous as Ronald McDonald! Alan's foresight built the company into a highly regarded business, and Papua New Guineans queued up to work for the store when it opened in Pt Moresby in 1988.

He also expanded the family interests into the plantation industry on the Gazelle Peninsula. Gela Gela Plantation was acquired in the 1950's and interests expanded with the acquisition of Ramidal and Warana plantations. The group moved from predominately copra to cocoa growing.

In retirement he spent time fishing and travelling, overseas and in Australia. His wife Jenny (Brereton) had predeceased him in 1984 so he did this on his own. He also made frequent visits back to PNG and always had a soft spot for the country. He developed emphysema (he was a 60 a day man) however this did not become a big problem until very late. He was ready to go and told us that he had had a good life. He died peacefully and without pain on the 4<sup>th</sup> February and will be missed by his family.

Alan Anderson (Jnr)

*We hope to have further information on the following people in the next issue:*

**Robert William BLAIKIE** (14 September 2012, aged 84 years )

**John Morley PHILLIPS** OAM ED RFD MPS PhC JP. (4 October 2012, aged 80 years)

**Colin NEWTON** 16 September 2012 – no further information

**Judy CUBITT OAM** 23 September 2012 - no further information

Marilyn Birmingham

**Bernadette HEAP** 11 October 2012 aged 81 years

**Ian HARRIS** (29 August 2012, aged 68 years)

Ian spent 40 years in Papua New Guinea with the majority of the time in Mt Hagen. He was involved in several business enterprises in PNG. He sold B & M Engineering Ltd in Mt Hagen and retired to Australia in 2007.

He avidly read each Una Voce as it arrived and used it to find old friends.

Nora Anne Carlin

'Harro' was an aviation 'character' who resided in Mt Hagen 35 years running numerous sawmilling and engineering businesses and owning several aircraft. Ian anonymously assisted many expats in PNG but always insisted the details be kept silent. I'll have a bundy or two for you old mate. Bob Fulton

**Glen Edward SUTTON**, (23 August 2012 aged 74 years)

After four years' service in the Royal Australian Air Force, he joined the Queensland Police Force in October 1961 resigning on 12.11.1967 being appointed to RP&NGC on 20.11.1967, After service in Port Moresby he was appointed to Kerema Police Station, later served at Boroko before resigning 20.3.1969 to join PNG Corrective Services until February 1976. He is survived by widow Lynell and family.

For meritorious service when at Kerema Sub Inspector Glen Edward SUTTON along with Sub Inspector Alexander Wallace FYFE (died 14.5.1998) were the first European officers to be awarded the Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary Police Valour Medal which was instituted in 1965.

Citation; On Monday 18.12.1967 whilst members of the Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary stationed at Kerema Police Station in the Gulf of Papua Sub Inspectors SUTTON and FYFE were informed by villagers at Siviri Village No 1 that cries for help had been heard coming from the sea. A storm was raging at the time. Heavy rain, driven by a strong wind, reduced visibility to no more than fifteen feet, The water in the bay was extremely rough with waves up to ten feet. In company with Sub Inspector FYFE they unhesitatingly commandeered a seventeen foot flat-bottom punt with a small outboard motor and ventured into the bay despite the fact that the local people were afraid to put to sea. After approximately forty minutes of fruitless search in the open water to the south of the bay, Sub Inspectors SUTTON and FYFE were forced to return to shore to bail the large amount of water taken by the punt as a result of heavy seas. Having tipped the water out they this time directed their search towards the west. At about 10.15pm, by which time the wind had dropped appreciably, they came upon seven native women clinging to a capsized canoe. With the aid of a small torch the attention of a large native canoe was attracted and together the two vessels brought the women safely to shore. Sub Inspectors SUTTON and FYFE displayed conspicuous bravery, initiative and devotion to duty in affecting this successful rescue at great personal risk.

Maxwell Hayes.

**Vincent Alexander Henry NIELSEN** MBE died in Brisbane 5.10.2012, aged 86. After service in Queensland Police from June 1943 until April 1948 he joined the RPC&NGPF on 28.5.1948 as an assistant Sub Inspector. He served at Port Moresby, Lae, Wau and resigned from the constabulary in May 1957 to take up ownership of Ilimo chicken farm at 14

mile, Port Moresby until 23.12.1981. He also served in the PNGVR (s/n 159317) Born Killarney Qld. After leaving PNG, during which time he was awarded the MBE, he became an investment consultant to business.

M R HAYES

### **Terry HEWITT (9 October 2011)**

Terry was a teacher, principal and registrar in the Madang and Central Moresby area from 1963 to approximately 2003. A clever man, Terry matriculated at fifteen from the Marist Brothers who were good teachers of education. He did the ASOPA teachers course in 61/62 and continued to pick up several degrees on his way through life – these were no effort for Terry. He spent many years around Saidor, some on KarKar and some in Madang – the latter in Moresby. Terry spent many of his early PNG years with, a pre war officer, a veteran of the Middle East and the PNG Campaigns, R Ivor McIlwain and his off sider PK Moloney; perhaps not the two easiest people to get on with but Terry did; he liked them and they liked him. Terry could get on with anyone. Apart from his high intellect he was very musical, playing most instruments although he specialised in the guitar. He even made them as a hobby and had his own band. He re wrote a few songs which he played eg '*I've been everywhere man; I've walked the Finisterres man.*' The Finisterres being an extreme mountain range running down what is termed the No 1 and No 2 Rai Coast out of Saidor. The term Finisterres – in Portuguese – means the end of the early. Terry had walked some of that and knew how hard it was. Another favourite was '*Having a beer with Leo*' – Leo was at Lamtub under Terry's auspices – a dedicated but different type of teacher who Terry also got on well with. I recall in 1969 telling Terry about my reluctance to participate in a fifty kilometre organised charity walk from Madang to the Plantation Hotel along a hot coral road. Terry immediately said I will come with you' – and he did – such was the measure of the man.

Warren Read

### **WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS**

Mr Bob ATKINSON	27 Yanna Place WANNEROO WA 6065
Ms Nora Anne CARLIN	270 Thomas Hill Road THE RANGE SA 5172
Mr Norman CLEMENTS	9/17 Mugglestone Place BRUCE ACT 2617
Mrs Rita FENSKE	7 Theresa Close Bayview Heights CAIRNS QLD 4868
Mr Bob FULTON	53 Cottell Street ROMA QLD 4455
Mr Neville TAVENER	1 Dalveen Street COOPERS PLAINS QLD 4108
Mrs Kathryn WALDMANN	41 North Terrace PORT ELLIOT SA 5212

### **CHANGE OF ADDRESS – TO:**

Miss V BIGNOLD	Lyndfield Manor Retirement Village 1-7 Bent Street LINDFIELD NSW 2070
Mrs J A BRADBURY-MOHAMMED	PO Box 2884 CAIRNS QLD 4870
Mr K V COOKE	Villa 165 220 Hansens Road TUMBI UMBI NSW 2261
Mr N G R ETTE	411 Mitchell Road ROSEDALE QLD 4674
Mr B F HARTLEY	10 Belview Street Oasis Village COBRAM VIC 3644
Mrs N R LUMME	4/8 Figtree Drive GOONELLABAHS NSW 2480
Dr V B ROUNSEFELL	13 Battams Road MARDEN SA 5070
Miss R SHIRER	Unit 179, Abervale Village 86 Church Street GROVEDALE VIC 3216