



Journal of the
Papua New Guinea
Association of
Australia Inc.

2016, No 1 – March

Una Voce

Patrons: Major General the Honourable Michael Jeffery, AC, AO (Mil), CVO, MC (Retd), Mr Fred Kaad OBE



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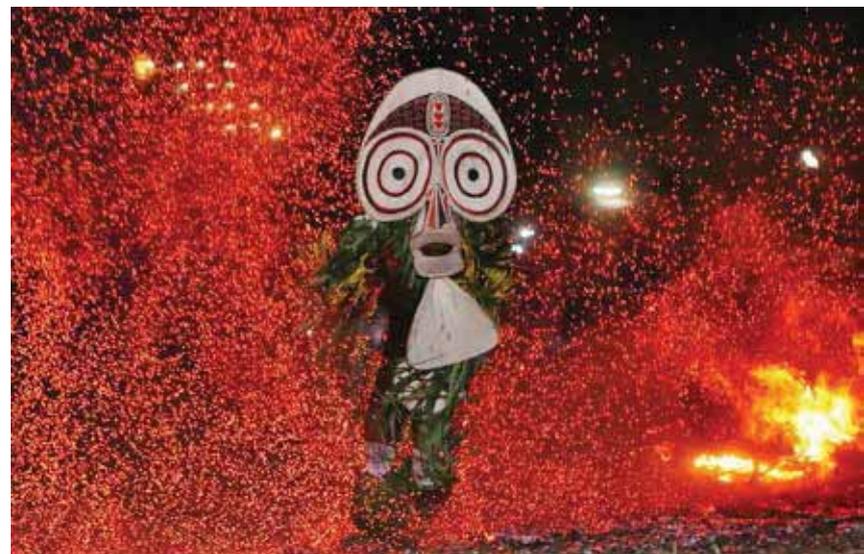
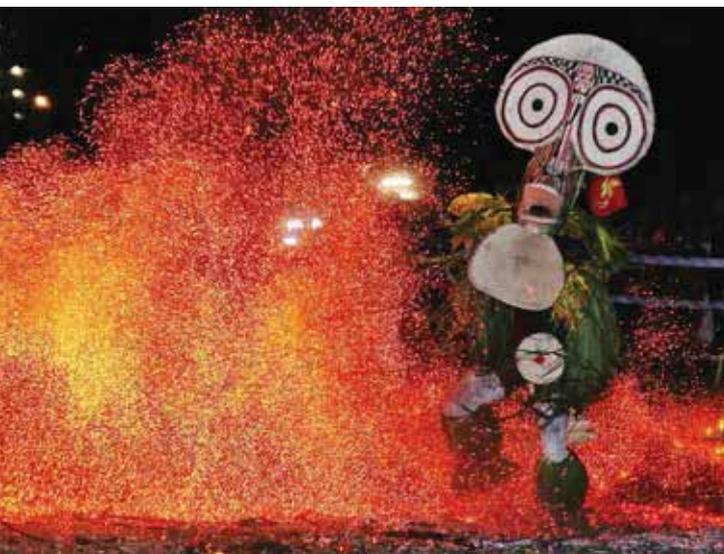
Bainings Fire Dance,
East New Britain Province



1969 Pt Moresby DC4 loaded
with schoolchildren



ASOPA - do you
recognise these people?



Photos by Greg Hillman

Patrons

Major General the Honourable Michael Jeffery, AC, AO(Mil),
CVO, MC (Retd)
Mr Fred Kaad, OBE

Membership

Membership is available to any person with an interest in PNG.
Annual subscription is \$35. The membership year corresponds
with the calendar year. Application forms are available from the
Secretary at the address below or our website, www.pngaa.net
No receipts are sent for subscriptions as it would add to our
postage costs.

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If you do not have access to a computer and would like a hard
copy of anything on the website please contact the Secretary,
PNGAA.

Payments

We encourage members to pay membership fees by direct
deposit to the PNGAA account:

BSB: 062 009 Account No: 0090 7724

Please include your Membership Number.

Please notify the Treasurer by email. Thank you!

Deadline for submissions to the June 2016 issue of Una Voce:
3 May 2016

To access the PNGAA Collection at the Fryer Library go to:
<http://www.library.uq.edu.au/fryer/ms/uqfl387.pdf>

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Disclaimer: Una Voce is produced for the information of members of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc. It is written with care, in good faith, and from sources believed to be accurate. However, readers should not act, nor refrain from acting solely on the basis of information in Una Voce about financial, taxation or any other matter. Having regard for their own particular circumstances, readers should consult the relevant authorities or other advisers with expertise in the particular field. Neither the PNGAA nor the editor accepts any responsibility for actions taken by readers. Also, the views expressed by any of the authors of articles or book reviews included in Una Voce are not necessarily those of the editor or the PNGAA.

President's Report

It's a special day when someone turns 90 and it's even more special when that person is your father! I know some of you know him and will share my delight that we can celebrate this wonderful milestone. So...a very happy 90th birthday to Peter Cooté! I wonder how many 90 year old Australians were born in PNG? My father was born on the tiny island of Samarai in February 1926. During the many years of my editing our journal I have often run a query past him or enjoyed discussing something of interest that was a little before my time – he has probably contributed in more ways than he realises. I have appreciated his wisdom, his dignity, his sense of humour, his humility and his calming example...I could go on! I'm often in awe when I think of my mother joining him from Australia to live on a remote plantation in the Witu Islands when they married. They are now both 90 years old and I congratulate them!

The new year saw devastating fires in various states of Australia. Members were deeply saddened to hear that one of our Western Australian members, Brian Pearce, had his home in Yarloop destroyed by fire.

In Papua New Guinea drought and frost has continued to affect hundreds of thousands of people. Despite rains in some locations, the impact of the drought continues. With a lack of water, crops have failed and will need several months to replenish. In late 2015 schools were shut down and hospitals, homes and businesses, particularly

in the Highlands, had little water. The OkTedi Mine was forced to close due to little water in the Fly River, impacting on employees. This has been a dire situation. Dr Mike Bourke, Dr Bryant Allen and Dr Michael Lowe have been involved in assessing the situation – links to their report are later in this issue.

I recently posted a note on the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc Facebook about the amazing team that is the PNGAA Management Committee. We had just completed the second of two busy meetings in one week, both requiring much preparation.

Face to face gatherings from a vibrant and dedicated group are so inspiring. Two committee members came to Sydney twice from the Central Coast and one from Brisbane, all at their own expense. Everyone participating with refreshing ideas and thoughts about the path forward for the PNGAA and the year ahead. Central is the relationship between Australia and Papua New Guinea – how to acknowledge our joint history whilst working towards a collaborative future that we can all share and enjoy.

We welcomed new committee members – Murrough Benson, Sara Turner, Steven Gagau and Steve Burns and we had additional interested members at the meetings – Ross Johnson, Phil Van der Eyk and Eddie Ryan. Working through two very full agendas meant considerable preparation for both meetings so new committee were thrown in at the deep end!



I thought this year may have been a little quieter than the past couple, but early indications show differently!

The PNGAA Management Committee is working on a proposal for a permanent memorial at the ASOPA site in Mosman, along with a suitable living, interactive, tribute in the form of a Papua New Guinea / Australia 'Centre of Excellence' - a focal point for the PNG/Australia relationship. It's a huge but exciting dream.

Dianne Guy has a full time job again so we are urgently looking for a new Editor! If you are interested, or could suggest someone who might be, please contact me. The Editor's role is varied, requiring contact with members, editing items that come in to the PNGAA - as well as enquiring into contemporary items that may be of interest to our members.

Dianne had the challenge of moving our journal to a colour edition with the resultant change in processes and setting up of new templates. We have appreciated the considerable time and professional expertise Dianne has spent on our journal and she will be missed.

At a recent meeting Roy Ranney showed the committee some interesting membership statistics. We are impressed that three members are over 100 years! I think we need their stories! It appears that the colour journal has encouraged some new members to join and it is also clear that it would help if we could encourage some younger members to take part – the role of the association has broadened and more helpers are always needed.

On the subject of our journal, it's been suggested that members be asked for ideas on a new name for the journal, something that reflect the association's contemporary engagement between Australia and

Papua New Guinea – so please write or email us.

The Committee has agreed to again support the 2016 Crocodile Prize with sponsorship of \$5000. This is a wonderful opportunity for Papua New Guinean writers and we look forward to their contributions again this year.

PNGAA Western Australian Coordinator Linda Manning is organising a WA lunch on 1 April. John McBride, formerly an expat in PNG and now residing in Perth, has set up a business to bring highlands coffee into Perth. He will be speaking at the meeting. Details are further in the journal.

Our Annual General Meeting is on Sunday 15 May 2016 at the Killara Golf Club in Sydney – it should be fairly brief and we can look forward to much socialising. See you there!

New PNGAA website

The new PNGAA website will be launched in May 2016. All members with an email address will be registered with it, so please ensure that your email address is up to date. If you have recently changed your email address please let us know. If you haven't advised us of your email address, it would be helpful if you could. Everyone with email addresses will be required to log in and enter their own password. Keep an eye in the next journal for more information!



Come and join us. We'll show you some Dive sites that are guaranteed to leave you breathless!

The warm, fertile waters that surge through the many passages and channels in the barrier reef around Madang are the ideal environment for a vast array of marine life. Marine Biologists from across the globe make pilgrimages to the waters off Madang to study their wonders.

For sheer colour and diversity of life, the seas around Madang have no rival - they make the Great Barrier Reef look like a Pretty Good Barrier Reef!

Although you can enjoy world-class diving only minutes from the Madang Resort, the best spots are a little more remote and to get there we have 2 first class dive boats and a team with all of the local knowledge.

Discover an underwater wonderland with Niugini Dive Adventures today

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info@mtspng.com

Phone 424 1400 | mtspng.com



New Editor Needed Urgently

We are urgently looking for a new Editor! If you are interested, or could suggest someone who might be, please contact me. The Editor's role is varied, requiring contact with members, including the management committee, editing items that come in to the PNGAA - as well as enquiring into contemporary items that may be of interest to our members. The role was split last year so that production and

layout is now handled externally, with Greg Leech overseeing that. The Editor's role can be fascinating as you are in contact with people from all walks of life - It helps if you have an interest in both historical and contemporary events.

Our Editor this past year, Dianne Guy, has had the challenge of moving our journal to a colour edition with the resultant change in processes. We appreciate

the considerable time and professional expertise Dianne has put in to our journal, however she is working full time and is unable to continue.

Thank you Dianne – you will be missed.

If you are interested in the Editor's role in any way please contact Andrea Williams
Mobile: 0409 031889 / Email: president@pngaa.net

Assistance Required for New Website

In a couple of months we will be moving to the new PNGAA website and we will need someone with appropriate knowledge and skills to manage it. This will also involve updating it with items from the latest journal, *Una Voce*, which is published four times a year. If you can help with this, or know someone who might be able to help our fine association on a voluntary basis, we would greatly appreciate it.

Please contact Roy Ranney - Mobile: 0412 556593 / Email: membership@pngaa.net

or Andrea Williams, Mobile: 0409 031889 / Email: president@pngaa.net

We look forward to hearing from you.

Andrea Williams

CORRECTIONS

PNGAA Art Show

The Director of the Goulburn Regional Gallery is Jane Hopper Cush.

David Montogery's Didiman's Diary

Esma Camps provided this correction to David Montogery's *Didiman's Diary* on page 30 of the December 2015 issue of *Una Voce*.

In relation to the visit to the Mount Hagen wedding of District Ag. Officer, Jim Kingston. It should read:

Mary Camps, sister of Norman Camps, a pioneer coffee planter of Bindon Plantations Mt Hagen.

Keep your details up to date

Please help us by keeping us up to date with your details.

Even if your *Una Voce* is delivered by post we would like your email address so we can contact you at short notice.

Everyone on the committee is a volunteer giving up their personal time. You can add value to their time by ensuring all our communications are delivered and not wasted.

Our database is kept secure and confidential and your details will never be revealed or traded.

Your help will really be appreciated

Letters



Cream cakes at Wanigela

In Part 2 of Diane Bayne's story (Una Voce, December 2015) she describes a radio call by a very pukka voice from Wanigela enquiring about cream cakes.

That would have been the voice of Mrs Cridland, an expat who owned and ran the Guest House at Wanigela. The Americans would have been from Lindblad tours, arriving on the *Lindblad Explorer*. I am surprised that Diane only heard that voice once, as she was frequently on the scheds. Anyone who visited Wanigela would hear about Lindblad tours, I promise you!

Mrs Crid was a very good-hearted and generous person, but was wonderfully eccentric and, inter alia, famous for harassing our DC, David Marsh, about the state of the Wanigela airstrip. On at least one occasion she sent him some pieces of grass in the mail, to show how long it was on the strip. I am not sure who was responsible for the mowing, but I recall David Marsh's amusement.

Another bit of the rich tapestry.

Mike Lean

After the Volcano

After reading Pamela Virtue's *The Volcano's Wife*, I was prompted to send you an article, 'After the Volcano,' from *The Australian Woman's Weekly*, 2 June 1951. I found it in my Father-in-law, Lawrence (Lon) Tomlinson's memoirs. He is 99 years old.

I am also enclosing some photos. Perhaps some of your readers may remember Lon.

Here are some excerpts from the article.

The eruption of Mount Lamington on 21 January was a tragic chapter of Papuan history, but a happy ending is being written by the survivors.

The progress they have made in four months might otherwise have taken 50 years.

The article goes on to describe the relief effort by Peter Kaad (Officer in Charge), Sister Gilbert (Infant Welfare), Lon Tomlinson (Medical Assistant), Percy Jensen (Education Officer) and Bill Conroy (Education Officer).

The medical campaign could not wait for a hospital building. Before the month ended Tomlinson had given 3840 whooping-cough injections and 3150 typhoid.

He started vitamin courses for the hundreds of under-nourished children, distributed malaria preventives, treated thousands of tropical ulcers, and eye infections.

In the first week Tomlinson got a total of 10 hours sleep – but he got the epidemics under control.

Frank Pearce

For the complete article and more photos, go to the website, www.PNGAA.net



Lawrence (Lon) Tomlinson

Elephant at Mt Hagen Show

It is a long time ago but I vividly remember the SP elephant entering the Mount Hagen Show Ground at Kagamuga prior to the actual show days on the weekend. The first Hagen Show I witnessed was in 1967 when living at Minj. As you say the show with the elephant was in the early seventies, it must have been the 1971 Show as they were held every alternative year - in Goroka the other years. I was setting up an exhibition / stand for Malaria Control in the Public Health Department's allotted space. No-one could be blamed for believing it was a hoax. Sure enough, a huge long truck slowly entered the

Show Ground. On it was this huge, mature, adult elephant. How in heavens was this animal weighing tonnes, hauled up the Dauro and Kassam passes, apart from all the other climbs, especially in Chimbu? Our jaws dropped. both expatriates and highlanders. Some old tribesmen started shaking/ trembling with fear, children ran away, women yelled. When this oversized truck finally came to a halt, the back was opened and the giant animal walked out onto the ground. It immediately started to PUSH the truck right across the show ground with its enormous head. No motor going, no driver. It then put its trunk into a 44 gallon drum full of water and emptied it in no time. After that it found its

way to a pyramid of raw sweet potatoes and started to eat them, one by one. I overheard some highlanders exclaim; *'THIS MUST BE A REAL BIK-BIKPELA PIK'*.

During the Show itself it was just a curiosity, not moving around. The Mount Hagen Fire Brigade frequently hosed down the poor animal as it did not have its natural cooling methods. Even Mount Hagen can get pretty hot during the day.

I regret not taking any photos.

I have always wondered if SP sales went up after that show. I certainly had my share of the amber ale, regardless.

Jim VanderKamp

Membership

PNGAA members receive four issues of *Una Voce* per year and have access to all parts of the website. They have the opportunity to search and access all archival issues of *Una Voce* and receive timely email notice of upcoming events.

To become a member follow the link:

<http://www.pngaa.net/Pages/about-m.htm>

OR

contact the Membership Officer, Roy Ranney at membership@pngaa.net

OR

refer to the yellow Treasurer's Corner insert.

Annual membership is \$35



How does *Una Voce* get to you?

Ever wondered how your *Una Voce* gets to you?

After a lot of hard work by our volunteer editorial and production team knocking it all into shape, the copy goes off to the printer.

While waiting for the printer to do their thing, our Membership Officer, Roy Ranney, prints out all the address labels and the envelopes are collected from our storage unit. A willing group of volunteers then gathers at the Chatswood Bowling Club on Sydney's north shore to put the labels on the 1,250 or so envelopes. We are very fortunate, and grateful, that the Club has agreed to make their facilities available to us free of charge.

A couple of days later, the printer delivers between 20 and 25 boxes of magazines and various inserts to the Club. It's then back to work for a second group of willing volunteers (which may or may not include people from the earlier group). They put the necessary inserts in each magazine and seal the envelopes ready for posting. At this stage there are filled envelopes and empty boxes everywhere and the sealed envelopes are put in separate boxes for each State and Territory and different overseas destinations. It's now time for a well-earned morning tea (as happens on the first day too) and a good chat before tidying up all the empty boxes and spare magazines, etc. Then it's off to the nearby Australia Post bulk mailing facility with the 30 boxes of magazines and they do the rest.

The photo shows the cheerful group of volunteers who got together for the 'stuffing' of the December issue.



Before each mail out, Roy Ranney sends an email to all members within striking distance of Chatswood for whom we have email addresses, inviting them to come to one or both of the mail out sessions at Chatswood. Understandably, not everyone can be available all the time so the groups vary in both makeup and number. Generally, we finish up with a dozen or so people and the common thread is that everyone pitches in and has a good time, enjoying the opportunity to have a good chat both during the task and over a delicious morning tea (provided by our willing workers) at the end.

If you aren't on Roy's email list but would like to join us for any of the mail outs, please give him a call on 0412 556593 or, if you can't get onto him, try Murrough Benson on 0448 216049. The next scheduled sessions are on 24 and 26 May.

FROM THE TREASURER - Subscription Rate Increases

PNGAA costs have increased over the years, especially since moving to the new format for *Una Voce* which all members will have noticed. And postage costs have increased. We try to keep our fees as low as possible to provide value to members and our rates have not increased for three years but we must be able to cover our costs if we are to be sustainable.

As from January 2016 the annual subscription rate for PNGAA membership is:

\$A35 per annum

This includes delivery of the quarterly *Una Voce* to addresses within Australia.

For delivery to addresses outside of Australia the an additional cost for postage is:

Asia Pacific Region \$A15 per annum

Rest of World \$A25 per annum

Meet your Committee Members

Steven Gagau

Steven Gagau is 55 years old, originally from Rabaul, East New Britain Province, Papua New Guinea and now residing on the NSW Central Coast, Australia. He is a professional engineer and practicing manager who worked in the telecommunications and construction industries for over 20 years and for nearly 10 years in the education and training sector in Papua New Guinea and Australia. He has also been involved with industry boards and management committees, professional and educational institutions and voluntary and charitable and other social community-based groups.

His family moved to Australia in 2001 for work, education, lifestyle and better opportunities. Being involved and supporting the objects of PNGAA is a privilege -- part of the special relationship and close bonds between Australia and Papua New Guinea and its people, past and present. There are historical and contemporary issues and matters of interest, significance and relevance which, through PNGAA, can be strengthened or introduced for a better future in this evolving and ever changing modern landscape in our societies. I believe PNGAA can be a vehicle for collaboration and affiliation for pockets of PNG groups around Australia. By making some difference



Steven Gagau

through its objects and future directions we serve to fulfil and accomplish what it stands for as an organisation.

Sara Turner

*Oi namu
Upinun wantok*

My Father, John Turner, had been to PNG during the war and fell in love with the country. After the war he returned to work there as a 'Lilik docta'.

On returning to Australia on leave, he fell in love with my mother, June Opie, and they went to PNG for one term to see how it went! Guess what, 30 years and three daughters later (Jane and I were born in Port Moresby and Lisa was born at Bulolo), they went 'finis'.

As all government kids, we went to different parts of PNG dependant upon Dad's postings. However, Mum put her foot down in Rabaul and we spent the most time there. After the Primary 'A' schools and Rabaul High School for one year, I went to Marist sisters' college, Woolwich as a boarder. I have many great memories of my school life at the various schools. I am in absolute wonderment that my children have attended the same school for primary and the local high school for their entire education.

After successfully completing my HSC, I did an Advanced Secretarial Course at Ultimo TAFE. Then returned home to work for Government Housing in Rabaul and Port Moresby.

When I went to Australia after some

travels overseas I took up a traineeship with Department of Corrections Services for Youth. At the same time I studied a Diploma in Special Education at Kuring-gai University, followed by a further Degree at Western Sydney University in Multicultural Studies.

I believe that my life in PNG has given me a strong interest in different cultures; the strengths, vulnerabilities, difficulties and advantages that people experience when in another culture, visiting or living. Most of my career has been geared to this and some aspect of it has been threaded through my years in High Schools, TAFE NSW Correctional Complex, Cessnock and other community projects in which I have been involved.

In the prison system I started a course for the Islanders, 'Moanna Nui', which looked at these issues and I am pleased to say that the course idea was adopted at Long Bay as a Special Course which Islanders could attend and benefit from.

I have (Aunty) Vere O'Malley to thank for 'marrying the boy next door', Roger Carroll. His parents, Jock and May (Education, PNG), were friends of the O'Malley's too. Roger and his brothers lived in PNG too. Roger has developed a career in hospitality, which brought us to the Hunter Valley about 35 years ago. We live on a small property and built a mud brick house. We have three creative, hard working children, Nigel,



Sara Turner

Lija and Shan. Plus the most wonderful bonus of Lija's son, Zion (nearly 12), who's just become a school leader and Nigel's daughter, Ruby (5 ½) who's about to start school. She is so excited, the school will never be the same! She lost her first tooth to add to the joy of this year.

I have enjoyed coming to the lunches, reading Una Voce, seeing and meeting the people and felt that I had time to offer the Committee. I look forward to serving you all and would be happy to hear any suggestions you may have re events that you believe would benefit the Association.

*bamahuta
ba mauri
ba goda
Lukim u bihain*

Sara Turner
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NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 65th Annual General Meeting of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Incorporated, will be held in Sydney on:

Sunday 15 May 2016 at the Killara Golf Club

556 Pacific Highway, Killara, NSW

Commencing at 11:30 am

A light luncheon has been arranged starting at approximately 1:00 pm.

AGENDA

1. Members present and apologies.
2. Confirmation of the Minutes of the 64th AGM (circulated as a supplement included with the June 2015 Una Voce)
3. Business arising from the Minutes
 - Nomination of Marie Clifton-Bassett as Honorary Life member of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc pursuant to Rule 4.5.
 - Nomination of Andrea Williams as Honorary Life member of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc pursuant to Rule 4.5
4. President's Report
5. Treasurer's Report
6. Receipt and Adoption of the Audited Financial Statements for the year ended 31st December 2015
7. Correspondence
8. Appointment of Honorary Auditor (Refer Rule 37 of the Constitution). Mr. Phil Williams, offers himself for re-election
9. General discussion

AGM Luncheon

The AGM should not take long and there will be plenty of time for mingling. Please note that alcoholic beverages will be available from a cash-only bar.

Members, their families and friends are all welcome – but please let us know if you wish to come to the luncheon by completing the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow insert and returning it as soon as possible.

Anyone with special dietary requests? Please let us know.

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. For public transport information Ph: 131500.

The cost is \$30.00 per person – this does not include liquor or soft drinks - those attending need to pay by 28 April please, and not at the door. If you have any seating preferences or to confirm that your payment has been received, please contact Sara Turner: 0401 138246 or Email: sarog@bigpond.com

Cancellations advised by Friday 29 April 2016 will secure a full refund. This is the date we inform the Club of final numbers – after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend.

The objects of the Association are:

1. to strengthen the civil relationship between the peoples of Australia and Papua New Guinea;
2. to foster and encourage contact and friendship with Papua New Guineans and promote friendly association among members;
3. to foster and maintain an interest in contemporary and historical events in Papua New Guinea;
4. to provide appropriate financial, material or intellectual assistance to projects of benefit to Papua New Guinea as an Association individually, or in conjunction with other agencies;
5. to publish journals, magazines, newsletters, websites, books and other media to inform and educate people about Papua New Guinea and to provide a means of communication among members of the Association and others;
6. to encourage the preservation of documents, historical and cultural material related to Papua New Guinea; including the production and recording of oral and written histories;
7. to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services in Papua New Guinea.

In pursuance of these Objects, the association:

1. Will not be involved in, nor engage in partisan politics; however this does not prohibit the association from engaging with members of parliament or public servants in pursuit of its objects.
2. May raise funds for its approved projects.

In so far as the original association was formed to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services, including conditions applicable to their widows and dependants, the association shall continue to represent such members, their widows and dependants in all superannuation matters appropriate to their prior service in the former services.

Please complete the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow Treasurer's Corner insert and return by 5 pm Thursday 28 April 2016.

▶ What's on?

29 July

Ex Kiaps Reunion – Cairns – 29 July 2016

A booking for the reunion has been made at:

Venue Poolside Bar, Cairns Colonial Club, Manunda

Date Friday 29 July starting around 2pm until 8pm when the Poolside bar closes. We can then move on to other bars at CCC.

Poolside is an open air but sheltered venue which has a basic menu. The nearby restaurant has a more extensive menu for a sit down meal.

If close to 100 people attend Poolside will be exclusively for our use and it will cost us \$300. If the numbers are low (less than 50) the general public will also be allowed in to Poolside and CCC will not charge us a venue fee. The venue cost will be a maximum of \$5 per person for venue hire or possibly \$10 with finger food provided. On the Saturday morning there will be a group breakfast in the restaurant.

There is a nominal discount on the cost of rooms for anyone who wants to stay at the Cairns Colonial Club Resort. Refer below for details or email Kate on funcoor@cairnscolonialclub.com.au

There may be a small cover charge to pay for the venue. Please email me if you are interested to attend or want further information. Deryck Thompson (21.02.1972) Email: dandy51@bigpond.net.au M: 0428 550 399.



Function Accommodation Rates 2016

BED & BREAKFAST RATES (includes Full Buffet Breakfast)

ROOM TYPE	SINGLE	TWIN/DOUBLE	TRIPLE	QUAD	BEDDING
<i>Standard</i>	\$115.00	\$115.00	\$145.00	N/A	1 Queen & 1 Single OR 1 King Split
<i>Studio</i>	\$145.00	\$145.00	\$175.00	\$205.00	1 King Split & 2 King Single Sofa Beds Includes limited kitchen facilities
<i>Superior</i>	\$145.00	\$145.00	\$175.00	\$205.00	2 Queen beds

- The above accommodation rates are per room, per night
- Rates are available when booking direct with Cairns Colonial Club Resort and are non-commissionable
- Check-in time is from 2:00pm, check-out time is 10:00am
- Room types are subject to availability at time of booking
- Airport transfers are available at a nominal fee
- Please advise arrival/departure details 72 hours prior to arrival



Standard Room



Studio Room



Superior Room

1 April

PNGAA Perth – 1 April 2016

The next get together for Perth PNGAA people is:

When Friday 1 April, starting at 11.30am

Where Bull Creek RAAF Airforce Association Club
Cnr Leach Hwy and Bull Creek Drive, Bull Creek

It will be a Silly Hats Day for all the girls!

Cost: \$26

RSVP: By Wednesday 23 March 2016
to Linda Cavanaugh
94342628 / lindam121@bigpond.com

PNG IN THE NEWS



Women only bus in Port Moresby

Women only bus in Port Moresby

Female bus commuters in Papua New Guinea's capital city Port Moresby can now catch a free women-only bus funded by Australian Aid and the UN. The only two males allowed on the buses are the driver and a security guard.

Ninety per cent of women living in Port Moresby report experiencing violence at bus stops, travelling to work and while on buses.

ABC News, 4 Jan 2016

David Beckham in Mt Hagen

British soccer star David Beckham played an exhibition soccer match in front of villagers in Mt Hagen in the Western Province of Papua New Guinea on Wednesday 4 November 2015. His visit was part of his role as an ambassador for the United National Children's Fund (UNICEF).

SBS News

PNG Under 20 women's team with David Beckham and PNG Sports Minister Justin Tkatchenko.



Nadzab

The National Airports Corporation Managing Director, Joseph Tupiri, announced that Lae's Nadzab Airport will be redeveloped as an alternative international airport, fulfilling a prophecy by Sir Horace Niall, the pioneer Morobe Administrator.

Niall helped rebuild Nadzab in 1943 to make it one of the busiest airstrips of World War II.

After the war Nadzab fell into disuse until it reopened in 1977 and eventually took over from Lae as the main airport.

In 1978 Sir Horace Niall wrote,

Having had so much to do with Nadzab, I was happy to hear in 1973 that it was to be made operational again. I doubt that it will ever be as busy as it was from late in 1943 ... but I have a feeling ... that one day it will become the main international airport for Papua New Guinea.

National Weekender, 30 October, 2015



Dakoto aircraft at Nadzab, 1943



Nadzab airstrip after completion, 1943



NG drought - water

Drought in PNG – 2015 / 2016

PNG has been suffering one of its worst droughts on record. By September 2015 water sources had dried up and crops and home gardens had been destroyed or failed. A state of emergency was declared in Southern Highlands Province as severe frost and drought destroyed food gardens and water sources.

The Province has been in urgent need of food supplies, water, clean toilets and basic health services since it was hit by frost and drought in mid-2015. Schools were closed while families struggled to survive. Hospitals, homes, families and businesses have had little or no water for drinking, cooking, toilets, showers and washing. Eighty per cent of PNG's 8 million people are rural villagers who produce most of their own food. This makes them vulnerable to extreme weather events.

As of late August 2015, frost had destroyed crops of the staple foods, sweet potato and potato, at many high-altitude locations (above 2200 metres altitude). Tens of thousands of people were reported to have left their villages and migrated to lower altitudes to find food.

Villagers who use sago as a staple food or as an emergency food have experienced considerable difficulty in processing it because of the lack of fresh water. The Ok Tedi mine closed on 22 August 2015 due to low water levels in the Fly River. Low water levels prevent copper ore from being shipped out. Employment and education in the region is affected. The drought prevents supplies, including helicopter fuel, being brought by barge to Kiunga, which affects gas exploration in that region. At this stage it is hoped the mine will resume operations in March 2016.

Incidences of diseases, including diarrhoea, dysentery, malaria, typhoid, skin diseases and respiratory ailments were expected to increase. Foreign Affairs Minister Julie Bishop announced a \$9 million aid package for the Pacific while touring areas affected by severe drought in PNG in November 2015. 'Of the pledged funding, \$5 million will be given to specific programs in PNG, mainly for technical and logistical support. 'Around \$500,000 will go towards seeds for drought-resistant crops, money for church groups, drought mapping and help coordinating relief logistics. 'The other \$4 million will be given to charities in the wider Pacific region helping communities affected by the drought.

In early 2016 the impact of the drought continues despite rain in some locations. There was some

rain across the Highlands from December but whilst the water sources such as rivers and creeks are filling, the water quality is poor due to high levels of sediment washed from exposed areas.

Further articles on the drought in

PNG are: <http://theconversation.com/asapua-new-guinea-faces-worseningdrought-a-past-disaster-could-savelives-46390>

<http://www.lowyinterpreter.org/post/2015/09/03/The-impact-of-the-worst-frost-and-drought-in-Papua->

New-Guinea-since-1997.aspxhttp://devpolicy.org/pngdrought-response-reporting-fromgoroka-20160202/

<http://www.abc.net.au/news/2015-08-29/drought-frost-in-pngcausing-food-crisis-photos/6732740>

Who is most affected by the drought?

Do you want to know who is most affected by PNG's drought, and where they are? Check out the research by Mike Bourke, Bryant Allan and Michael Lowe. During 2015 much of rural PNG was harshly impacted by a severe

drought and, at a number of very high altitude locations, by repeated frosts. The impact is similar, but not identical, to that of the major 1997 drought and frosts. The El Niño associated drought had a major impact on water supply

in very many parts of PNG, with negative impacts on school operations, women's labour and villagers' health. Wildfires have caused considerable damage to buildings, forest and grasslands in some locations. In many locations, subsistence food supply is affected and rural villagers are short of food. There are strong indications of an increase in the crude death rate in several remote locations, as well as claims for a higher than normal death rate in other locations.

Read more at: <http://devpolicy.org/the-ongoingimpact-of-the-el-nino-droughtand-frosts-in-papua-newguinea-20160115/>

and http://devpolicy.org/publications/policy_briefs/PB11PNGdrought.pdf



frost burnt food in PNG

Air Niugini

For those into aviation, the November 2015 issue of *Airliner World* has a profile article on Air Niugini, covering its history from inception through to the present day.

Robin Mead

Kokoda Trail Incident

For a very interesting commentary from Charlie Lynn go to:

<http://blog.kokodatreks.com/2016/01/21/a-review-of-the-kokoda-trail-attack-on-11-january-2016/>

Roy Ranney

PNG Flag and Crest

For more about the flag and crest go to:

http://asopa.typepad.com/asopa_people/2015/08/the-true-inside-story-of-the-saga-of-the-png-flag.html

An Ounce of Gold and a Model Aeroplane

Three intriguing artefacts tell the story of New Guinea gold-mining pioneer Cecil Levien.

In September 1954, three unusual items were left to the Mitchell Library in the will of a Mrs MM Levien: the first miner's right issued in New Guinea (to her husband Cecil Levien), the first ounce of gold obtained from the Bulolo mine, and a model aeroplane presented to Levien in 1927. No explanation was provided for the bequest, nor any information about its significance.

The extraordinary story that links these three items was the inspiration for Ion Idriess' highly popular 1933 novel *Gold Dust and Ashes*. Historical accuracy was not his great strength, but Idriess was a superb communicator and the book went through 26 editions over the following 30 years.

Following years as a largely unsuccessful gold miner and farmer in Australia, and a stint training at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, Cecil Levien joined the military administration in New Guinea in 1919, transferring to the new Australian civilian administration in 1921. He was tough, wiry and resourceful and in July 1922 was appointed Acting District Officer, Morobe.

Some distance inland, though the area was still closed to mining, Shark-Eye Park and his mate Jack Nettleton were illegally extracting gold from Koranga Creek, a small tributary of the Bulolo River, using crudely fashioned sluice boxes. And they were doing well. But after they experienced trouble from marauding Kukukuku villagers, a patrol officer went in to settle things down. In their camp, he saw six bags of gold that Park and Nettleton had already accumulated and reported this to Levien.

In mid-December 1922, Levien visited Koranga Creek. What he saw made him realise his future didn't lie with the Territory's administration. A fortnight later, the new mining warden, Jack Lukin, issued the first miner's right to Levien. While it gave him the right to apply for a claim, Lukin's annotation suggests he thought Levien had taken it up merely as a curiosity.

Levien certainly intended to resign from the Administration and become a miner, but he also had a bigger scheme in mind: to peg leases on and around the Bulolo River and on-sell these to a



First ounce of gold from the Bulolo mine, C.1923

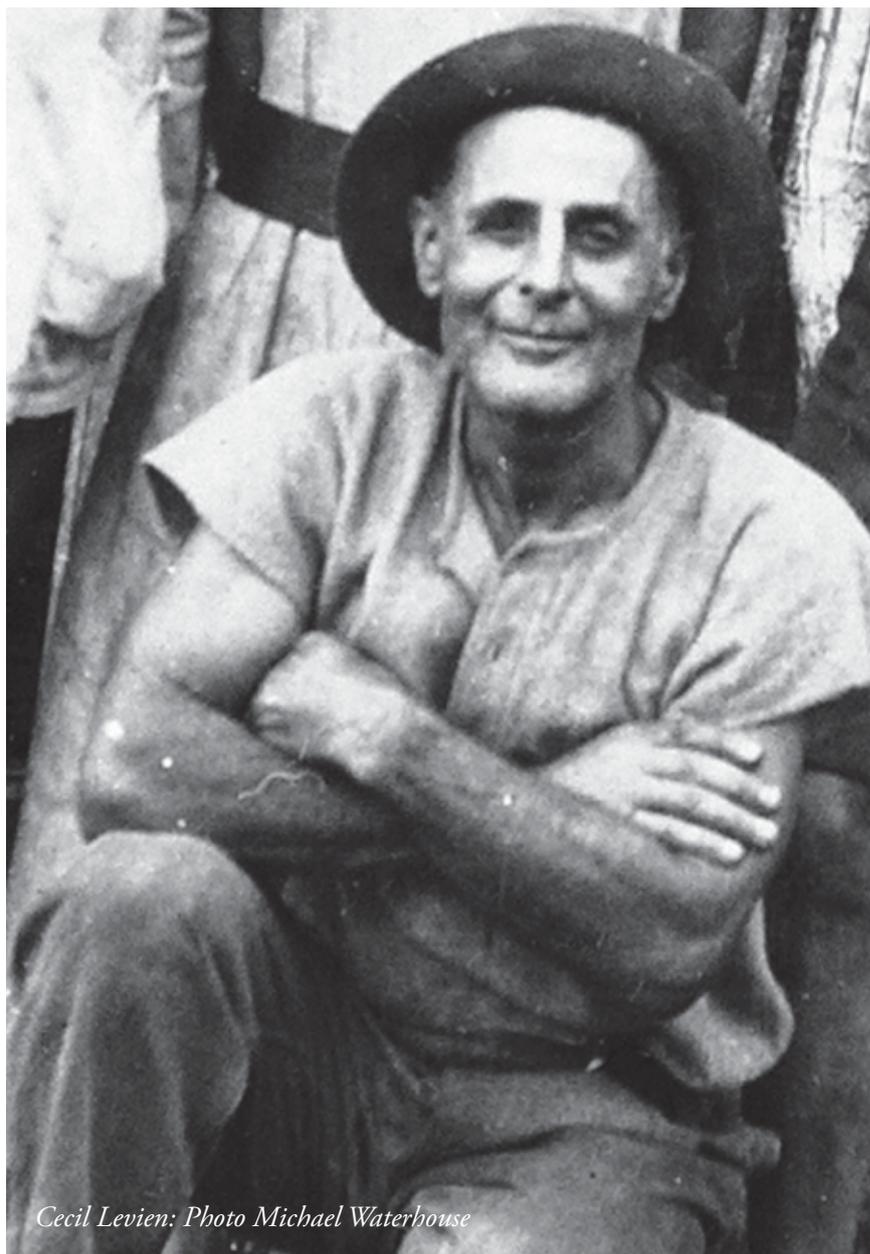
syndicate in which he would retain a share.

Mining became legal on 1 April 1923, and a fortnight later applications were made for four leases, Kaili 1, 2, 3 and 4. The applicants were all apparently dummies for Levien himself. The leases were pegged by Shark-Eye Park, for whom Levien had been quietly providing supplies since his visit four months earlier. Over the next few months, using a mining engineer as an intermediary, Levien offered a group of potential investors an option over the leases, and in August 1923 Kaili Gold Options NL was formed.

Under the terms of the deal, Levien was to contribute £1000 towards the cost of testing the leases. If the results were good and the option was exercised Levien would receive £10,000 cash and 25% of a new company to work the leases. However, events were conspiring to force Levien's hand. His efforts to discourage another experienced prospector from reaching the Bulolo aroused Lukin's suspicion, who reported his concerns to the Administrator. In September, the Administrator asked Levien to respond to Lukin's allegations. Unconvinced by Levien's account, the Administrator asked him to resign.

Within days, Levien was on a ship to Melbourne, carrying 250 ounces of gold from Koranga Creek. In an effort to generate enthusiasm among investors, the gold was put on public display in October 1923 at the offices of the Secretary of Kaili Gold Options. The small sample of gold bequeathed to the Mitchell Library is believed to be from that display, probably retained by Levien for sentimental reasons.

The next 18 months proved the old adage 'When one door closes, another opens'. Testing demonstrated that large-scale mining of the Kaili leases was unlikely to be economic and the option was allowed to lapse. Downstream from the leases, however, the Bulolo River opened out into a broad valley. Levien had come to the view that, over the ages, gold would have been carried downstream and distributed across the valley as the river slowed. He envisaged a major dredging operation powered by hydro-electricity, with planes flying in all the machinery required from the coast over otherwise impassable country.



Cecil Levien: Photo Michael Waterhouse

Australian investors showed little interest in Levien's vision until early in 1926 when news reached Australia of a rich gold discovery at upper Edie Creek, a tributary upstream from the Bulolo valley. Levien adroitly used the discovery to promote his scheme, and gained sufficient interest from investors to form Guinea Gold NL, in which he had a 25% interest.

As the company's field superintendent, Levien pegged six leases covering 1050 acres (425 hectares) in the Bulolo valley. Labourers carved an aerodrome out

of the jungle on the Lae waterfront and constructed another on a steep gradient at Wau. Under pressure from Levien, Guinea Gold acquired a De Havilland 37 biplane, which arrived at Lae in March 1927 — the first aeroplane to fly in New Guinea.

While Levien's obsession with air transport was driven by his vision for the leases in the Bulolo valley, he soon realised it was highly profitable in its own right. He exerted pressure on the Guinea Gold Board to establish a new company, Guinea Airways, and acquire a Junkers

W34, with a payload of 2000 lbs (900 kg), three times that of the DH37. The model held by the Library commemorates Levien's role in purchasing the first of six W34s acquired by Guinea Airways.

Meanwhile, Guinea Gold was fast running out of money. In April 1928 it was saved from collapse when a small Canadian-based mining company, Placer Development, purchased an option over the Bulolo leases. Within 12 months, testing revealed values similar to Levien's earlier estimates, justifying the construction of two dredges and a hydro-electric power plant. But it would be several more months before the final piece of Levien's vision fell in to place, with a decision to acquire two of the world's largest planes — Junkers G31s — to fly dredge parts from Lae to Bulolo. A seminal event in the country's history, the launch of the first dredge in March 1932

attracted Europeans from all over the Territory.

One person was missing, however. Cecil Levien had died suddenly of meningitis two months earlier while on a visit to Melbourne. Two days later, his ashes were taken up in one of the G31s and scattered over the Bulolo valley — his were the ashes in the title of Ion Idriess' book.

The years that followed proved the validity of Levien's vision in a spectacular way. Placer Development's operating company Bulolo Gold Dredging constructed eight dredges, flying in everything required on the two G31s. Up to the Japanese invasion in January 1942, the dredges produced 1.3 million ounces (36,850 kg) of gold and 600,000 ounces (17,000 kg) of silver.

Throughout the 1930s, New Guinea led the world in commercial aviation. Its planes flew more than
 half as much
 freight as
 those in

the US, Canada, Germany, France and the UK combined. In no year did any other country's planes carry more.

The three items bequeathed to the Mitchell Library are all 'firsts'. Levien was a proud man and doubtless regarded them as historically important. It's likely that, before his sudden death, he talked to his wife about their significance and that her donation was, in effect, carrying out his intentions. Whatever the reason, they remain symbols of a remarkable man, whose vision and persistence transformed New Guinea between the wars.

Michael Waterhouse

First published in SL Magazine, the magazine for Friends of the State Library of NSW, November 2015.

Historian Michael Waterhouse is the author of Not a Poor Man's Field: The New Guinea Goldfields to 1942 — An Australian Colonial History (Halstead Press, 2010).

Levien's gold and model aeroplane are on display in the Amaze Gallery.



Model given to Cecil Levien of the first Junkers W34 acquired by Guinea Airways, LR 42



Proposal to preserve PNG links at ASOPA site

The Australian School of Pacific Administration, ASOPA, holds a special place in the memories of many PNGAA members. From 1947 to 1975 ASOPA had its campus at Middle Head overlooking Sydney Harbour. It was there that at first kiaps and later education officers were trained. ASOPA's 'Short' and 'Long' courses were also opportunities from which emerged many marriages leading to long term family postings across Papua and New Guinea.

The deaths in 2015 of Harry West OAM and David Marsh OBE, two distinguished graduates from ASOPA, refreshed memories of the formidable contribution that institution made to the policies and personnel that guided Papua and New Guinea to nationhood.

For that reason alone, a positive response from the Commonwealth Government to representations we and others made about the preservation of heritage values at the old ASOPA sites was welcome. In September 2015, the Hon. Bob Baldwin MP, as Parliamentary Secretary responsible for The Sydney Harbour Federation Trust which manages the site, responded on behalf of the then Prime Minister.

Mr Baldwin acknowledged a PNGAA proposal for a memorial and centre of at the former ASOPA and 10 Terminal Buildings stating:

'The suggestions you make are worthy ones, given the profound contribution that many Australians made toward Papua New Guinea's preparation for independence and the significant role that ASOPA played in this nation-building task.

The Harbour Trust is committed to protecting and interpreting the heritage values of the sites under its care as is evident in the recent conservation of the Buildings. Interpretive signage would be a welcome addition to the site as this would recognise the achievements of ASOPA and those involved. It would also deepen the public's understanding of this important phase in Australia and Papua New Guinea's shared history.'

On 4 December 2015 PNGAA President Andrea Williams wrote to the SHFT with an outline proposal for some permanent memorial at ASOPA together with a suitable living tribute in the form of a Papua New Guinea / Australia Centre of Excellence and / or provision of accommodation for voluntary organisations which have as their

objectives the furtherance of relationships between the peoples of Australia and PNG.

As at mid-January PNGAA has not received a formal response. However at a public meeting held by the SHFT on 9 December 2015, in response to a question from the audience, SHFT Chairman Mr H Kevin McCann AM and Executive Director Mr Geoff Bailey each went on record with remarks indicating qualified support for additional signage and interest in exploring further consultation about an adaptive reuse of 10 Terminal along lines to be further developed by the PNGAA.

The PNGAA Committee is working up a more detailed proposal for presentation in early 2016. Committee member Paul Munro, a Mosman resident who attended the SHFT meeting, has applied to be a member of the SHFT's recently reconstituted Community Consultative Group with a view to ensuring PNGAA's concerns are not forgotten.

Note: The PNGAA is looking for photos of ASOPA for a special photographic exhibition. If you have any, please contact Andrea Williams or Paul Munro at admin@pngaa.net

PNGAA is again sponsoring the Crocodile Prize this year.
Further information is at: www.crocodileprize.org

The song of the turtle

By Joycelin Leahy

Winner of the 2015 Crocodile Prize Paga Hill Development Company Award for Writing for Children, Joycelin, 50, was born in Wau and raised in Wagang Village, Lae. She holds a Diploma in Journalism from UPNG and a Masters in Museum Studies from the University of Queensland. Now Brisbane-based, Joycelin wants to assist in getting more Papua New Guineans reading, writing and getting published. Her passion has been in preserving and upholding the rich and unique culture of her people and other PNG art, culture and heritage

The night was still and dark. Dogs did not bark. The wind blew gently. Children and babies had stopped crying and laid their heads to rest. Even the night birds were silent around the coastal Morobe village. Below the whistle of the gentle breeze, Kalem heard a song. It was soft, beautiful and so sad it almost made her cry. It sounded very familiar.

Lying still on her woven pandanus mat that grandma made for her, she searched through her memories - where has she heard this song? Her grandma had passed away last year. She missed her. After tossing and turning for what seemed like forever, Kalem knew she had to find out.

She picked up her mother's torch. Beside the torch was a piece of hard shell, a turtle shell she found on the beach. She kept it for good luck. Suddenly she remembered - the song! It was the song of the turtles. Their nesting time happens near

Kalem's birthday, but they have not come to her village for a long time. Tonight, something was wrong. Grandma said only the mother turtle sang the turtle song. No one in the village knew that song except her grandmother, mother and now her. Grandma sung and taught the song to Kalem while they were fishing. 'Who is singing it now?' Kalem wondered.

Afraid but excited, Kalem headed to the beach. As she walked, she remembered Grandma's words: 'Our people are connected to the ocean, we fish to survive but we must respect the lives in the ocean. We must never kill for nothing.'

Not many people can connect to the animals and fish, but grandma said their family had a special gift because their ancestors came from the sea and are tied to the ways of the sea. Kalem walked quickly along the beach as she listened for the song.

'If you ever hear the song Kalem, you know, Mother Turtle needs you,' her grandmother told her. When Kalem was born in the turtle season, grandma told her mother, 'this girl would one day meet Mother Turtle'.

Kalem followed the song out of her village and along the shores, further and further away from her house. Her heart beat faster when she arrived at the river where the villagers washed. Where the river met the sea, villagers set fishing nets along the shoreline. Kalem heard a loud splash. She slowly stepped forward, flashing the torch.



Tied to a large driftwood stump on the beach was a long, green fishing net. On the calm water surface, a big red buoy floated just offshore, and at the end of the net.

Something had been caught in the net. The thing splashed again. It rippled and frothed the seawater in a circle. It was large, dark and nearby the shore. It did not look like any fish or crocodile Kalem knew.

When she flashed the torch at the dark shape, she was shocked to find a very large sea turtle tangled in the net. It was so large, Kalem was sure it must have been the mother of all turtles. Kalem flashed the torch on the water.

She could see smaller turtles floating about, their heads bobbing in the water. The turtles circled the net. They were all making strange noises like they were crying too. The mother turtle was bigger than Kalem's ten-year-old body, but Kalem had to try save to her.

Even with no strength left, the mother turtle kept singing her song. Weakly, her tired flippers hit the net and her voice faded to almost a whisper. Kalem's tears flowed down as she waded through the water quickly and tried to set the turtle free. After struggling with the net and the weight of the turtle, Kalem ran back to the village and woke her mother.

'Help, wake up!' Kalem cried. 'It's Mother Turtle - we must help her'.

Kalem's mother was confused. Often she thought her daughter was a daydreamer. After Kalem calmed herself and explained, she grabbed her mother's arm and led her back to the beach. They took a knife and cut the net to set the mother turtle free. The large turtle swam up to Kalem and her mother. She bumped them with her nose before she and the other turtles disappeared into the deep, dark waters.

Kalem remembered grandma telling her about the life of the mother

turtle. Grandma said it took many years before the turtle was ready to make babies. Every two or three years, the mother turtle leads her group to her own nesting beach, where she was born. Sometimes she travelled long distances to get there. Usually she would lay over a hundred eggs, but only a few survived.

Other animals, people and large fish eat the eggs and baby turtles. Kalem's people loved eating turtle eggs and meat. Their village was once a nesting ground for turtles. Lately, less and less turtles have come to lay eggs. Standing silently

in the dark with her mother, Kalem thought of how scared the turtles were tonight.

'They might never return...we must teach our people to protect the turtles', she whispered to her mother.

'I am so proud of you Kalem. The turtles will head to a safe place to lay their eggs. Maybe this was not the right place for them, but they will find a perfect home some day.'

Her mother held Kalem close as they headed back to the village.

Notes from the Northern Territory

The Harp in the South is a well-known novel about the Irish in Australia, specifically in Surry Hills, Sydney. The following mini-memoir is about some Irish in the Territory of Papua New Guinea, specifically Mendi.

In the Southern Highlands a long time ago Barney Madden, the District Education Officer, complained to Des Clancy, DO Mendi, about one of the senior schoolboys sexually interfering with younger pupils. He insisted that the offender should be *courted*.

Mr. Clancy told Pat Dwyer, then a very new cadet patrol officer, to locate and mark the appropriate section of the Criminal Code and leave it on his desk, while he briefly went out. Pat, at a loss, was grateful for the assistance offered by Gordon Smith, a senior patrol officer, who inserted a red marker in the Code.

Only a minute after the ADO returned to his office he was

heard to shout, 'Dwyer, get in here!' On doing so Pat was told, 'You are only a bloody cadet, don't get smart.' The red marker had been placed in the section covering ARSON. This taught Pat to be wary of gratuitous help offered by a brother officer, particularly an English one.

Some nights later a knock on Pat's door turned out to be that of a policeman bearing the blood-stained uniform of a newly appointed Village Constable who had been assassinated on his way home from Mendi. This was taken to the ADO's quarters where he was found entertaining fellow kiap *Stumpy* Corrigan who had just come in to District HQ after sorting out a tribal fight near Lalibu. After a few questions Pat recalls Mr. Clancy turning to him and declaring, 'Prepare for Patrol'.

Pat says he felt like an innocent sightseer at Cape Canaveral being mistaken for an astronaut and

ordered to get ready for blast-off. However the solution was found by good old Sergeant-Major Duba. He knew how to take care of pikinini kiaps, assembled 80 carriers in no time, and the patrol set off next morning. Pat remembers it well because while he was miserably staggering along at the rear 'breaking in' his new heavily studded hiking boots, Des Clancy was cheerfully leading the charge wearing what appeared to be dancing pumps. However he wasn't going to query the choice of footwear by the leader of the recent 130 days patrol gloriously publicised as the discovery of Shangri-La.

Jim Toner,

District Office Kuskus, Mendi and possessor of an Irish great-grandfather (who was a coffin-maker in Downpatrick)

A Didiman's Diary

A continuing story of people, places and patrols in the life of an Agricultural Extension Officer (Didiman) in the Territory of Papua New Guinea from 1956. (See Una Voce, September 2015 for Part 1 and Una Voce December 2015 for Part 2.)

Part 3

For 13 July 1957 my Field Officers Journal notes:

'departed Goroka for Chimbu per Territory Airlines (TAL) DH84 (Dragon) charter'

and in my letter home

'a full charter, 1050lbs to shift myself, native house boy and stores'

Climbing first up and through the Asolaka Gap and then at low level to touch down on the Kundiawa airstrip some 20 minutes or so later. To put the flight time in perspective, it took up to four hours by Land Rover from Goroka on a developmental road up and over Daulo Pass, which eventually became the Highlands Highway, connecting Lae with Mt Hagen.

The Kundiawa airstrip was literally carved out from the side of a mountain and had a grass surface. There was one way in, facing a mountain and one way out, with a precipitous drop of a couple of hundred feet at the southern end. The DH84 was a marvellous little aircraft. Fabric covered with wooden superstructure; twin Fox Moth engines with wooden propellers. With a payload of a little over 1000lbs, an altitude of 5000 to 6000 ft above sea level was just about their limit.

Based at Kundiawa my area of responsibility was bounded by Chuave in the east, Kerowagi in the west, Gumine generally south and the Upper Chimbu valley to Keglsugl in the north. A fascinating area in which to work; the women industrious and intelligent food producers supported, to some degree, by their menfolk – when not fighting with neighbouring clans!

My Beeza Bantam 175cc was an important ancillary to the extension work. Radiating from some of the Administration centres 'bench' roads were constructed, more or less, on the contour. Over nearly 60 years these benches became roads. With some reservations, using the motorbike made life somewhat easier. Watercourses, of varying depths, were negotiated with the bike slung between two poles, carried by local villagers who appeared miraculously as soon as they heard the noise of the motorbike.

On one occasion I arranged for the faithful DH84 to call and went down to meet the plane at the airstrip with houseboy, patrol box and motorbike. The pilot was not expecting a motorbike! Explaining it was essential to do what I had to do at the other end, we did a weight calculation and he agreed to take the load. Lifting into and stabilizing

a motorbike in a DH84 is no mean feat. As an afterthought, the pilot asked if there was petrol in the bike's fuel tank. It was necessary to explain that where I was going there was little likelihood of petrol! We lumbered off the Kundiawa strip gaining height flying up the river below.

Many long motorbike day trips were made to Chuave Patrol Post with an occasional overnight stay. The native coffee industry was fast developing on the back of the European settlements either side of Goroka.

Orm Mathieson was the Assistant District Officer at the time of my posting to Kundiawa. On one occasion he and the station Patrol Officers, Liebfeldt and Alder, were away. As the only Administration officer present I was responsible for making the early morning radio 'sked' – principally a weather report to assist aircraft entering or leaving the Whagi Valley. On the first morning I walked up to the Sub-District office and there, at the foot of the steps, was a semi clad female Chimbu woman with her head partly cleaved open and very deceased! I called for the Police Sergeant and asked him to arrange to remove the body and advise the woman's clan members that the matter would be dealt with on the return of Magistrate Mathieson.

I reported the murder by radio to Goroka and the weather report followed.

In September an extensive patrol was undertaken into the Upper Chimbu Valley. The full report, *Patrol of Upper Chimbu Census Division Eastern Highlands*, was published in the Papua New Guinea Agricultural Journal Vol 13 No.1 June 1960 and can be viewed on the Association website – www.pngaa.net

24 September: As reported in my Field Officers Journal the patrol in the company of Patrol Officers Liebfeldt and Alder departed 1pm from Kundiawa - 4800 ft - arriving at the village of Kou - 6250 ft - at 3pm. This was the pattern over several weeks as we moved through altitudes varying as much as 2000ft each day travelling up the valley and on the return down the valley.

8 October: Arrived Waimambuno rest house – 7400ft - at 1130am and that afternoon visited the Catholic Mission Station.

9 October: From a letter home: ‘We left the Mission at 9am to make our base camp at Lake PIUNDE, at 11,400ft, the lower of two lakes at the base of Mt Wilhelm. These lakes, each about 2 miles in circumference, seemingly bottomless, with a magnificent waterfall, cascading from the top lake, AUNDE, to the lower lake. By 3pm the temperature had dropped to 42 deg.F – 10 above freezing! We tried to keep warm but did not light a fire for the fear of setting the 4ft grass hut alight.

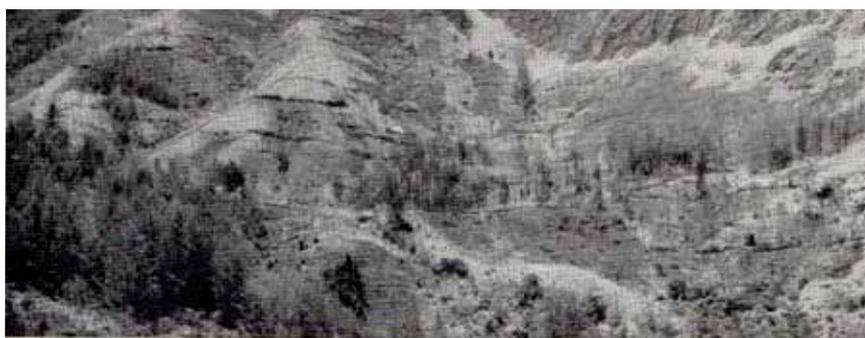


PLATE 1.—*Casuarinas and native gardens on steep Chimbu hillside.*

PATROL OF UPPER CHIMBU CENSUS DIVISION EASTERN HIGHLANDS

D. E. MONTGOMERY.

In September-October, 1957, Mr. D. Montgomery made a long patrol of the Upper Chimbu Census Division, in the Chimbu Subdistrict of the Eastern Highlands. The patrol was designed to compile a village agricultural census, but a number of observations as to apparent pressure of population on the land in the area were also made. These observations should be read in conjunction with an earlier Journal article "A Special Report on the Pagaku sub-clan" (Vol. 11: 4) by J. W. Barrie. Since both these surveys were made, a more intensive investigation of the Chimbu area has begun. Mr. D. Montgomery, an Assistant Agricultural Officer when this paper was written, is at present Agricultural Officer at Baiyik, in the Sepik District.

THE object of the patrol was to collect data to compile an Agricultural Village Census and, from this, together with general observations, to make a reconnaissance of the extent of land population pressure. This pressure was recognized as a future problem in the area shortly after the Chimbu Census Division came under Government control. Later, following Government and mission influence, and the introduction of health services and improved subsistence crops, the ratio of births over deaths began to rise.

On the patrol, the writer accompanied two Native Affairs officers, who were conducting an annual census. Other members of the patrol were two agricultural field workers, four native agricultural trainees, five members of the Royal Papuan and New Guinea Constabulary, one interpreter and one native medical orderly.

As the patrol took place during the annual census check, the villagers in the area gathered to await the patrol. Many treated it as an occasion for celebration.

The agricultural census was made using a question and answer technique, using an interpreter where necessary. Later, the writer, accompanied by agricultural fieldworkers, trainees and village members, inspected crop gardens and held discussions on economic crops and other matters pertaining to agriculture and land use.

GEOGRAPHY AND RELIEF

The Upper Chimbu Census Division has a land area of approximately 190 square miles and forms part of the Chimbu Subdistrict. The Subdistrict Headquarters are centrally located at Kundiawa. The census division comprises a series of high ridges and young river valleys,

VOL. 13, NO. 1.—JUNE, 1960

[Extract from the *Papua and New Guinea Agricultural Journal*, Vol. 13, No. 1 of June, 1960.]

Upper Chimbu Patrol Report

At 5.30am we woke to a beautiful cloudless day; the rising sun; the valley stretching out below and stark Mt Wilhelm registering the dawn above us. The scene was almost beyond description. We left camp at 6.30 for the summit. Sadly at 8.30 cloud drifted in and we were surrounded by a murky whiteness with zero visibility. We pressed on. About 14,300ft it started to rain which quickly turned to icy sleet – temperature 2 degrees above freezing. The native guides at this point briefly lost their way.

Momentarily the sky cleared and there, 200ft above us, was the peak. I was in no condition to continue, learning something about oxygen starvation and altitude sickness. Alder made it to the peak to record the adventure!

At about 12,000ft, on the descent we stopped for a short while to examine the wreckage of an American bomber which hit the face of the mountain. A wooden cross, in memory of the 16 airmen who died, has been erected above the top lake. We arrived back at our

LOCAL RULES

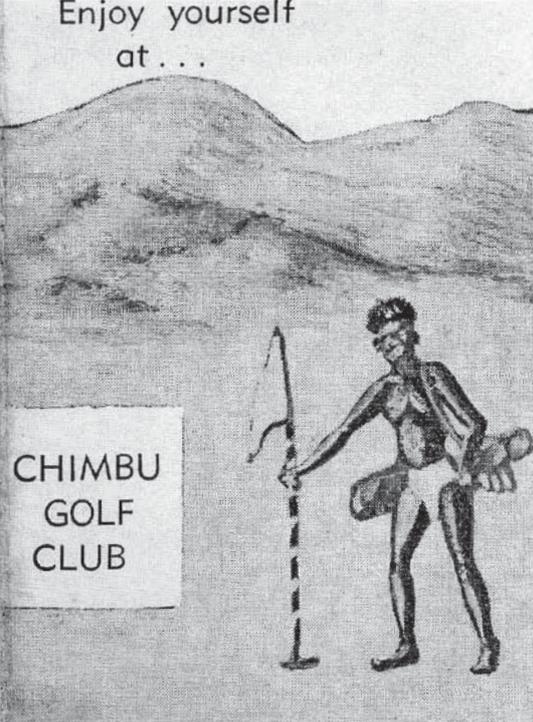
1. Out of Bounds.—Outside of markers and fence.
2. A ball may be lifted without penalty (a) from road No. 2 fairway; (b) from embedded stones.
3. Hazards.—All drains and roadway No. 4 fairway.

HANDICAPS—

Stroke	S.S.S.	S'ford	Stroke	S.S.S.	S'ford
1	1	1	14	11	12
2	2	2	15	11	13
3	2	3	16	12	14
4	3	4	17	13	15
5	4	4	18	14	16
6	5	5	19	14	17
7	5	6	20	15	18
8	6	7	21	16	18
9	7	8	22	17	18 add 1
10	8	9	23	17	18 " 2
11	8	10	24	18	18 " 3
12	9	11	25	18	18 " 4
13	10	11	26	18	18 " 5

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SCORING CARD

We marked out 6 greens and the airstrip was the fairway

rest house at 6.30pm, exhausted.'

11 October: I had to return briefly to Goroka. There were no aircraft movements from nearby Keglsugl airstrip, necessitating a walk across the range to Kwongi rest house, leaving at 12 midday arriving just before midnight! Next morning at 6.30am I walked to Miruma and was met by Judy Downs, wife of the former District Commissioner Ian. The Downs' coffee plantation *Korfena* was some miles from Goroka.

14 October: A Cessna 172 was chartered to fly to Kekl Sugl airstrip from Goroka. A memorable experience. The flight was a terrific one. Gaining the necessary height in the little Cessna took a couple of hours as well as losing our way and finding ourselves over the Ramu River. Backtracking west of Mt Wilhelm we located the strip, on a ridge, at the base of the mountain, 8400 ft above sea level;

just 800 yards long, not much wider than a road and an 8 deg. slope The sensation of approaching and landing was an exhilarating experience. It was reported, at the time, that Kekl Sugl was the highest operational airstrip in the world.

I rejoined the patrol at Gondamakane after a three hour walk which was completed on 26 October on returning to Kundiawa.

I was advised in early November of an immediate transfer to Finschhafen in the Morobe District which was to be another interesting and exciting phase of my career.

There is another aircraft story from Kundiawa which I promised Bobby Gibbes' daughter I would relate. Bobby had arranged to pick me up in the Norseman enroute to Goroka from Minj. We climbed into the cockpit, the aircraft hard up against the mountainous end of the airstrip. Power on,

headphones on (as mentioned before conversation was impossible sitting behind and very close to a re-birther Douglas DC3 radial engine at full revs), brakes off, we charged down the grassy strip for take-off. Around the halfway mark there was a loss of power and take off was aborted. We taxied back to the start and a second attempt with the same result. We climbed out of the cockpit and Bobby, armed with a sizeable screwdriver, opened the port engine cowling saying, 'sometimes the carby float valve sticks'. He rapped the carburettor several times with the screwdriver handle, closed the cowling and said 'third time lucky!' Taxi back and after a minute or so of ear shattering engine 'run up' we took off and arrived Goroka soon after.

To view more photos go to www.pngaa.net

David Montgomery

My Expatriate Life

This is Part 3 of Diane Bayne's story. Part 1 was published in the September 2015 issue of *Una Voce* and Part 2 was published in the December 2015 issue.

Part 3 - Kabwum

We were barely settled in Lae again when we were transferred to Kabwum in the Morobe Province in May 1976. It was an outpost they were re-opening in the mountains. It was isolated and primitive. There was a house there, left vacant for several years by the previous pilot who was killed when he crashed his aeroplane. My husband's company employed about 70 pilots and the tragedy was that between two and five were killed every year, along with their passengers. Such were/are the flying conditions in PNG. The weather is unpredictable and ever changing and the isolated, short take-off and landing (STOL) airstrips are often inclined at angles and on the edge of mountain tops. I stopped to think once, only once, about the precarious nature of flying small aeroplanes in PNG. (I was very young.) Yes, this could happen to us. It was when a close pilot friend, the South African, was killed. He had a young wife and a small child like us. It was awful.

The expat pilots in PNG at that time were a unique breed, mostly single, many with a 'cowboy' approach to flying and very out to prove their 'alpha male-ism' (as it would now be known). I remember one particular senior pilot in Lae. He was rugged and good hearted and drank a lot. He wore cowboy boots and wore his pilot 'wings' as

a buckle on his belt. He was one of the race callers at the Nadzab Races. Another pilot rode bulls on his days off. A pilot who lived close by told us he was really fed up with seeing the same dog on one particular runway he flew into. 'It's a safety risk,' he said. 'Next time I'll fix it.'

So he did. Soon after we heard he was taxiing out on that runway, saw the dog, leaned over the passenger next to him (who happened to be a Catholic nun), said 'Excuse me,' and promptly shot the dog with the gun he carried. He lost his job for that.

We were at high altitude in Kabwum. It was cooler, slightly humid and very sunny in the mornings but thick cloud would close in in the afternoons. We lived next to a fast running, bubbling stream with an overgrown rose garden and tall trees at the front of the house. Eric resurrected and improved upon a water wheel set up by the previous pilot which gave us all the electricity we needed, including the running of a big freezer in which we stored our food. There were no other expatriates. The locals lived some distance away, mostly in basic houses or grass houses and huts. We had a tiny little Suzuki 4WD, which the engineers in Lae disassembled and loaded into the Twin Otter aeroplane and sent up for us, to drive on the rough tracks. We shopped once a month in Lae.

I enjoyed this fascinating new life, away from civilisation and wasn't lonely. I was in awe of this experience. I loved that it was so unique, in a different climate, completely isolated and beautiful. Eric was home every night and I'd hear his STOL Porter aeroplane coming and going throughout the day on the airstrip below. It had a unique roar to its engine. I made my own bread and set up my daughter with paints and sand to play every morning outside in the garden. I was sure she had a very artistic bent to her personality and I was right! As a grown woman, she just oozes artistry and creativity with everything she does (and she too now works in aviation, as a flight supervisor for Virgin Australia).

I had a two way radio if needed when Eric was away flying each day. In the afternoons it would cloud over and rain. I'd hear the Porter he flew circling overhead above the cloud, 'waiting for a hole' (as he put it) to land. The locals were very primitive and scary looking to me at first. They had bones in their noses and ears and they wore leaves and bark as decoration. Most spoke Pidgin as well as their own language and they were helpful and very respectful.

The first time we got the electricity going, Eric invited some local men in to watch the lights go on. I'll never forget their faces; these proud men in such awe and fear

as they recoiled and ‘ahhed’ and ‘ohhed’ at the magic of a light bulb! I couldn’t believe their reactions. And that was in 1976. At night the jungle around us shrieked with life, animals, insects and frogs and the stream next to the house seemed louder. I soaked it all up. I really enjoyed it and Eric enjoyed flying the Porter. I flew in it with him sometimes to go down to Lae. I remember one time he said, ‘Do you want to see a World War Two crashed Japanese aeroplane?’

He dove down. (I loved that Porter too. It felt like a racing car). There it was crashed into bits on the side of the mountain. Amazing. I can still see it. Our daughter was so accustomed to flying in aeroplanes. To her it was just like travelling in a car.

One day we were flying in an Islander aircraft with Eric and about to land at Satwag, not far from Kabwum. It was a short strip on the side of a mountain and it had an abrupt start and end so there was only a small space to land. It had been raining and the grass was slippery. We landed but rather than stopping, we slid and kept sliding on and on! I knew it was a short strip and there was nowhere to go at the end but we kept going! I hugged my daughter. I couldn’t believe what was happening! I knew Eric was a good pilot but what could he do? I saw the end coming up and just felt, ‘This is it’.

We went right over the edge with an extra roar of the engines and the aircraft dropped really fast over the valley below. As we dropped it seemed so quiet. I didn’t say anything. I felt a sense of inevitability as we went down, down, down and I hugged my

‘Don’t worry. We’re quite safe. There’s a 2,000 ft drop at the end of the runway,’ he said. ‘But I think we’ll give Satwag a miss for today.’ ‘Thank God!’ I said.

daughter closely and closed my eyes. We were just dropping. Then there was another roar of the engines and we were spearing up into the sky again. I looked at Eric. He was fine but I was suddenly terrified and shaking.

‘We’ll give it another go,’ he said. ‘No!’ I said.

But he did. Back we went and inevitably slid off the landing strip again! We fell down over the edge as before and roared up again like before. I couldn’t believe it!

‘Don’t worry. We’re quite safe. There’s a 2,000 ft drop at the end of the runway,’ he said. ‘But I think we’ll give Satwag a miss for today.’ ‘Thank God!’ I said.

We were only in Kabwum for three months and maybe that’s why I didn’t have time to get bored or lonely. Once again, we went back to our life in Lae. I played tennis again, took up yoga classes and found a play group where other young mums took their toddlers. It was here that we decided to have another baby which we did. Our son was born on 7/7/77, a sweet natured, blue eyed, fair headed little boy who loved balls of all kinds. He’d try to kick and catch when he could barely walk and now as an adult, is a true altruist and an amazing tennis player.

In all, we spent six years in PNG. I was keen to return to Australia to be with family again and have our two children start school there but flying jobs were not so easy to come

by, especially in Adelaide. Eric was convinced the UK was the place for him to get work and I conceded. I didn’t feel I had the ultimate choice as I wasn’t the bread winner. I was a mother. In the 70s it was generally not usual for young mums to work and if they did, it was part time. My husband had a British passport. He was sure he could get the licences needed to fly in Britain.

He did but it wasn’t in the UK. Bristow Helicopters needed fixed wing pilots to fly in Nigeria, two months on, one month off back in England where I would be living with our children. It was difficult as my expectations were not realistic. I thought the culture and attitudes would be very similar to Australia’s. In many ways they were but there were differences too.

It was not an outdoor lifestyle like in Australia and PNG. To start with we went from the tropics to a British winter and the contrast was from furnace to freezer! The children got sick and so did I even though I bought warm clothes and had central heating in our rented house. I found it hard to make friends although I’d happily introduce myself to other mums at my children’s school and kindergarten. I’d have their friends around to play. I joined an aerobics class and went to parent meetings at the kindergarten and school. People were polite and pleasant when I spoke to them but I felt at odds, an outsider more than I expected. Their ways of communicating were quite

different from the accepted ways in Australia. In England there seemed to be a natural reserve, a certain politeness. Australians can appear brash and over-familiar perhaps, when our intention is friendliness.

Here, as in PNG, I was an expatriate, but I didn't live amongst other expatriates. Here I looked like everyone else and I spoke the same language, but I didn't belong. My husband didn't feel quite as I did, after all he had been to boarding school in Scotland. He was away for long periods and I became very lonely. Weekends were the worst. I'd take the children to parks and playgrounds which they loved but I'd see mums, dads, grand-parents and kids everywhere, reminding me of my aloneness. I tried to keep positive but I wasn't a very happy mother for my children at that time and they likely missed out on the more carefree times which other children enjoyed.

When Eric came home from Nigeria on his time off, he was obviously suffering from the culture shock of living in Lagos in Nigeria. Going by his stories, it was very different and quite a difficult and sometimes scary place to work as a foreigner. I was keen to return to Australia but as he had a job, he didn't want to leave it, knowing it was harder to get one in Australia. I accepted our situation. I became friendly with a neighbour but she had her own life, her own family. The children adapted more easily than I did. The rain and cold seemed to close in on me. It was such a contrast to the tropics and the open air life I'd become accustomed to in Australia and PNG.

The rain was incessant. English people seemed to ignore it.

They would stop and chat under umbrellas with it pouring all around them and there were certain outdoor events, like fairs, that went ahead no matter what! I remember going to a fair one rainy, cold night with my neighbour and her children. It was soaking wet but the 'loop the prize' stand, ice-cream stand, hurdy gurdy and all the others were doing a roaring trade with mums, dads and kids seemingly loving it all. My children joined in too, ignoring the rain just like all the rest. I thought it was utterly miserable. Were they actually enjoying all this? I was told, 'If we waited for good weather, we'd never do anything.'

I tried hard. I wanted to provide a good life for my children and I soaked up every opportunity to learn about the fabulous history of this country and visit the buildings, monasteries, towers and castles when my husband was home and especially when my mother came to visit us from Australia. That was a wonderful time having mother and nana with us and having her to talk to, as part of the family for a while. The children adored having their nana stay.

We became tourists together with our home as a base. We'd also take the children to parks and have picnics on summer days. I'll never forget that time and it was sad when she returned home. I did love the warm, long days of those short English summers. It intrigued me how the bright green grass grew to the very edge of the roads in the countryside and then there was the blackberry picking. And there's nothing like waking up to the shrill tweeting of those English birds and the perfect cuteness of countryside England with its brilliant greens. It was such a contrast to the Australia

I knew, the mostly dry, brown earth and the green brown of most trees, especially the gum trees. There was something special about the English autumn too as it felt more extreme than the Australian autumn. We'd take the children for country walks amongst the tall trees and they'd kick up thick layers of brown and red leaves with their boots and roll around laughing. It was all quite different from Australia.

But it was, 'have suitcase, will travel' and by now, with a 737 endorsement, Eric had been offered a job in Sri Lanka. Did I want to go? For me, all this moving around wasn't easy. However, we didn't have many possessions to pack and I really wanted my 'bread winner' husband to be happy in his work. I was torn though. I was very concerned for my children, especially my daughter at that time, who had started school in PNG and then attended two different schools in England, one in Surrey and then one in Hampshire when we'd moved house. On the other hand, we would be escaping the dreary weather and Eric would not be away for weeks on end. It wouldn't be so lonely. I have to admit too, that part of me enjoyed that sense of the intrepid, the excitement of new places. I also rationalised that living in different countries was an education in itself, for our children and for us. We were assured that there were suitable schools in Sri Lanka with accommodation provided. So Sri Lanka was to be our next expatriate experience.

Diane Bayne

A Kinavai

It is half past five, on a chilly tropical dawn. Outside, the rising July sun begins to shine over the distant central New Ireland mountains into St George's Channel as you wake to the faint sound of singing and kundu drums in the distance, and the constant yelling of men as if possessed. *'Quak! Quak! Quak...'* followed by an ancient name...

Struggling to the beach front, you make out the silent, waiting crowd. Men on the water's edge, closer to the action, women and children way back, away from the beach. You feel the excitement, the anticipation in the air, it frightens you. The men have a white or red powder smeared across their forehead. A 'babat'. Everyone needs protection. Malice, evil intent. This is a 'Kinavai'. It is a show of strength. Men and evil spirits will test you. Weakness will leave you exposed and vulnerable. Couples will elope. Men will die, limbs will be paralysed. Women will lose their minds, girls their virtue. That's why you need the 'babat'.

The canoes, their cargo of singing men and dancing Tubuans a dark moving picture, framed against the early rising sun are slowly paddled to the beach, the 'Matonoi'. Are they dancing in a canoe? Are they dancing out of the canoe, on the water? The excitement builds, the Tubuans, animated, swish and thrash to the drum beat and the singers monologue draws the crowd closer to the cold flat waters of Blanche Bay. The beachfront atmosphere is electric, you can see it, you can feel it, you can hear it and you can smell it. Pure adrenaline. The drums and the singing get louder as the canoe beaches. The Tubuans jump off, red,

white, brown powder fills the air. The beach a smelly, eclectic mix of spirits and throbbing, thunderous, pulsating humanity. Long feather covered spears are thrust into the sand. Tabu, shell money, waving in the air, leaping in the air, a flash of red, a flash of black, swishing of 'Tubuan' leaves, the singing, deafening. Rotating cones, black, white, green, red, 'amelem', 'Ha! ha! Ha!', 'iau', 'iau', 'iau', me, me, me.. Calling for attention, to no one and everyone. Way back from the crowd an old woman whispers to her granddaughter, '...the 'Tubuans' float into the shore, yes? On coconuts?' The women afraid, the children cry hysterically as the beach front explodes.

Tubuans and men everywhere, rolling on the shore, on the water, 'Quak', 'Quak', 'Amelem', 'Atumarang', the decorated spears uprooted and replanted, the kundu drums are deafening, singing, more red smoke and then, *'aaaaahhhhh'* a collective sigh of relief. Silence. The delivery canoe takes off with the *'Tarai na kudu'*, the singers and drummers, its purpose served. The Tubuans walk and skip away, to the 'Taraiu' (secret men's place), crackling and swishing of its leafy covering, you can hear the occasional 'Quak', 'Quak', in the distance, but it is drowned by the

ripple of the small waves as they lap up the brown sand on the shore, as they have always done for thousands of years.

Further back on the beach, near the well, Matupit women are selling cooked wild fowl eggs. It is business as usual. Seven o'clock in the morning. Another day in Paradise....a Kinavai.

The 'Kinavai' ceremony is the fifth step in a series of cultural activities that the 'Gunantuna', who live on the Gazelle Peninsula of New Britain Island, perform in order to honour and thank their dead ancestors for having colonised and secured land on New Britain in the distant past. During this process called 'Matamatam', clan relationships are strengthened, transactions involving real assets are concluded, family ties are sealed and a new generation of male clan members are initiated and picked out by girls and brokers for marriage.

The 'Gunantuna' society is matrilineal, because a child will always know who their mother is, but may not always be aware of their father's identity. The land therefore is held by the women of the clan, however, in terms of land allocation and issues requiring

demarcation, the uncles usually make the decisions.

In a process that may take several years, the clan that is to hold a 'matamatam' will begin preparations by having a series of meetings to identify the clan members that are to be honoured. Members of the clan who were previously honoured will not be included in the 'Matamatam'. It is usual that the time span between a clan's 'Matamatam's' can be up to 30 years. In addition to identifying the members to be honoured, dates are selected and agreed on. Workers are also carefully selected from other clans. This is important because it is an acknowledgment of the value and importance of the other clans in the district. Planning regarding the participation of the 'Dukduk' and / or 'Tubuan', is conducted in a men only meeting that may involve men of knowledge from other clans ('a umana Lele').

Once the planning is complete, the second step is taken. Clan graves are cemented and names are written on the headstones. If a clan monument already exists from a previous 'Matamatam' cycle, the names are updated otherwise a brand new monument is erected. Because of the Christian influence, a dedication ceremony is held and a 'Vapuak' or payment is made to the men who worked on the cement monuments.

After the Christian dedication ceremony, the third step called a 'Paluka' is held. Sometimes called a 'Pakutu', the 'Paluka' may involve dancing by both men and women, however, the aim of the 'Paluka' is to celebrate the erection of the cement monuments with food. The

KUANUA WORDS

Kinavai	Tubuan dancing in canoes on the water.
Tubuan	Female object in a secret men only society usually belonging to a clan.
Gunan	Place or ground.
Gunantuna	The proper name of the Tolai tribe. Gunantuna is composed of two words, Gunan - place, land, village and Tuna - true. Gunantuna means true people or real people.
Babat	A specially prepared powder that has been consecrated. When used it offers protection against malice or evil intent.
Papal	Segment. In the context of a Kinavai it is a canoe full of Tubuan and singers that will beach and perform a dance in opposition to the other segments or groups. A Kinavai normally consists of two groups or papals.
Melem	The initiated and thus champions.
Quak	The noise that men make as a sign that a Tubuan is present.
Tumarang	A command yelled at a Tubuan warning it to be careful. A Tubuan never speaks.
Taraiu	A place where only the initiated men go. It is the resting place of the Tubuan
Matamatam	To remember by conducting a special ceremony.
Vapuak	A payment in kind or in shell money for a completed cultural task.
Paluka	A Matamatam ceremony involving cooked food - taro, fish and ku.
Ku	Coconut oil which has been heated and the coagulated components collected and spread on cooked taro. It is only eaten on special occasions.
GitGit Vudu	A Matamatam ceremony involving dancing and sharing pork and a special type of banana called 'tukuru' - a short fat banana with a grey colouring. It is a cooking banana with a dry texture. Its skin turns bright orange when it is ripe. It is not normally eaten raw.
Ura Bitina	Two sources. The male and female dances that are initially performed during a GitGit Vudu. They are named 'Bitina' because they carry the clan's genealogical information.
Madapai	The clan's land, where they settled on arrival from their migration across the sea.
Matanoi	Where the Kinavai ends. It is where the clan beached at the end of their migratory journey across the sea.
Kulakulatiding	A special garamut pattern that the clan recognises as their call to gather. The call is a copy of the call made by the clan's totem animal.

food consumed in this instance is specifically cooked taro and cooked fish that is sweetened by a cooked coconut oil concentrate called a 'ku'.

The 'Paluka' is followed by the fourth step called a 'Gitgit Vudu'. As the events progress, the activities in each event become more complicated as it is with the 'Gitgit Vudu'. Bamboo beds resembling an Indian tepee are constructed and the entire contraption is covered in whole bunches of bananas. Special care is taken to ensure that the banana is of the 'tukuru' variety. Any other variety will indicate a mark of disrespect and indifference to the ancestors. Raw pork is also prepared for distribution to visitors.

Two main dances are practiced and performed on the day. A dance for women and men called 'a ura Bitina' or the two sources. These dances tie the clan to the cement monument honouring the ancestors and thus to the land and the 'madapai'. How this is achieved is a masterpiece in deception. In the words of these two dances a complete genealogy, sometimes jokingly referred to as a 'roll call',

is made. The dance master has studied the members in the clan and included all their names in their proper genealogical sequence in the song. The song is the family tree preserved in dance music. Persons who do not listen carefully to the words that are being sung can miss this reference completely.

Following the dancing, the pork and banana are distributed. Old obligations to other clans are wiped out and new obligations are made. The fifth step is the 'Kinavai' and this is the step that introduces the 'Tubuan' and 'Dukduk' into the equation. The imagery of the Kinavai is self-evident. It is a re-enactment of the clan's arrival from across the sea. The canoe delivers the Tubuan to the beach, at the 'matanoi', which is where the clan would have beached upon their arrival on the Gazelle Peninsula. Often you see women holding a piece of white cloth on these occasions. This signifies the welcoming of the child to the new land or 'Kalamana Gunan'. After the 'Kinavai', the 'Tubuans' rest and then they perform a series of minor activities called 'midamida' in preparation for the sixth step which is the 'Matamatam', the

main activity being that the 'Tubuans' dance and are paid shell money. The details of this shell money payment is the business of the clans male members.

At the 'Matamatam', several other subtle messages are put on display, the most interesting of which is the 'kulakulatiding'. A 'kulakulatiding' is a specific pattern sounded on the drum or garamut. Each clan has a garamut call and this is one of the occasions when this call is made. The other occasion is at the death of a clan member. The call is a copy of the cry of the clan's totem or animal representing the spirit of the clan.

The final activity is the 'nidok'. The 'nidok' is the highest level of initiation for the men of the clan. The initiated are the next generation of clan members who will then perform these activities to honour the current crop of initiated men, thereby ensuring the survival of the clan's legacy, including land ownership and cultural identity.

Gideon Kakabin



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Donations to the PNGAA Collection at the Fryer Library

If you would like to donate material to the PNGAA Collection, please express your interest initially to Andrea Williams or Roy Ranney at the PNGAA by describing the proposed donation. While the Fryer Library is mainly interested in pre 1975 items, the PNGAA is interested in all items and may wish to use some material.

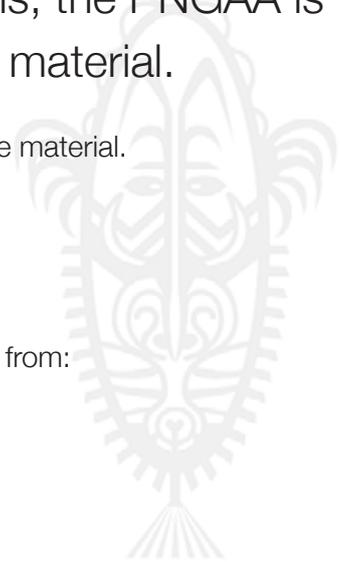
The PNGAA will assist the donor to liaise with the Fryer Library regarding the material. Fryer Library has established strict criteria for the acceptance of material.

Andrea Williams

Donations to Fryer Library

Donations to the PNGAA Collection at the Fryer Library have been received from:

- Dr Peter Cahill
- Robyn Watters
- Bob Fayle
- The Jim Perry 35 mm Film Collection - Circa early 1960s to 1975



The Jim Perry 35 mm Film Collection - Circa early 1960s to 1975

The Jim Perry Family, through daughter Janet, have donated Jim's beloved photographic library for the pleasure of the golfing fraternity in PNG Circa 1960s to 1975. Jim was a pilot with Ansett MAL, Ansett and Air Nuigini and the family lived in Lae. Jim was an avid photographer recording much scenery on his flights, as well as, the wonderful DC3 golfing charters from Lae to Bulolo, Wau, Goroka, Madang, Rabaul for the annual Easter Golfing Championships.

The collection will eventually be donated to the *PNGAA Collection* at the Fryer Library after the 35 mm films have been converted to DVD, catalogued and a suitable history of people's memories is written.

Volunteers and donations are required to make this happen and to develop a DVD for interested ex-PNG golfers and others to purchase. To be part of this exciting project, please contact:

Ismay Selby (Trevana 1970-90)
Sunshine Coast QLD

Mobile: 0427 002 242 /
Email: ismay.selby@icloud.com

For a complete list of the donations see the PNGAA website at:
pngaa.net/Fryer/March2016.htm

Best Ever Kiap Reunion

The 2015 Kiap Reunion was the largest ever gathering of Kiaps in one place at the same time.

The 2015 Kiap Reunion was held in Mooloolaba on the Sunshine Coast on Sunday 8 November 2015. At least 329 kiaps, wives and offspring attended, surpassing the attendance of the 2013 reunion. Even in PNG there were never so many kiaps gathered together at the same place at the same time. In those days we were scattered across the country and could not do it. But now, 30 years later, in Australia we can do it, and this year we did.

As with previous reunions, kiaps came from everywhere. The largest contingent of course was from southern Queensland, but many came from NSW, Victoria and the ACT. Dave Ekins and Lloyd Warr came from Tasmania, Peter Kraehenbuhl and Dave Agg from South Australia and Kieran Taylor from the Northern Territory. There were also friendly faces from overseas: Dan Claasen from Kenya, Roger and Judy Fairhall from Hong Kong, and Peter and Nikki Turner from PNG.

Peter Turner was particularly popular at the Kiap Reunion because he was dispensing application forms for the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary Centenary Medal. Refer to **Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary Centenary Medal** for details.

The endearing feature of these Kawana Waters reunions is the informality: there are no boring speeches, no official announcements, no set seating arrangements, no fixed menu, no

Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary Centenary Medal

Peter Turner explained that all kiaps are eligible to receive this medal upon application.

Don't complain about having to apply for it. We went through this drama before, with the Police Overseas Service Medal. Application is required, as it was then, because not all kiaps want the medal. When the Police Overseas Service Medal was discussed at the 2013 reunion, some kiaps said we should have been awarded our own kiap medal. Others said we shouldn't have any medal at all. Some who spent all their service in PNG performing Local Government functions or clerical duties never did any police work and resented any connection with

a police medal.

But for those of us with fond memories of the police we served with and the law and order functions we performed in remote regions of PNG, the Police Overseas Service Medal is a lasting reminder of the work we did. And so will it be with the RPNGC Centenary Medal. The Police Overseas Service Medal is an Australian award while the RPNGC Centenary medal is a PNG award. We should feel honoured that 30 years after Independence, the PNG Government still remembers us and we should be thankful

for this award.

As we thanked Chris Viner-Smith OAM for the work he did in helping us to obtain the Police Overseas Service Medal, so we should now thank Peter Turner for the work he is doing helping kiaps apply for the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary Centenary Medal. If you wish to apply for it and have not done so, contact Peter by email:

peterturner2004@hotmail.com

Chips Mackellar

set cost, no starting time and no finishing time. People just come and go as they want to. Some stay longer than others, even up to a day longer, the whole emphasis being informality. The Hotel reserved some dining room tables for the Kiap Reunion, but people sat wherever they wanted to and ate what they ordered from the excellent menu. These are the preferred arrangements for our kind of gatherings.

Another interesting feature of these reunions is the book stall set up and operated by Bill McGrath, featuring the latest PNG publications, together with some oldies of fame and renown. Bill has a superb collection of PNG literature memorabilia and he brings as much of this as he can to these reunions.

The ravages of time have scarred most of us so that without the name tags most of us would not have recognised each other. Yet some kiaps never seem to age. Maurie Brown looks the same as he did 40 years ago, although his hair is now white. Ross Johnson, now somewhat weather beaten, is still slim and trim as he always was, and Bob Cleland is easily recognised as he looks just like his father Sir Donald did, when

Administrator of TPNG. David Hook and I were at school together and we joined the kiap service on the same day in 1953. He has not changed much since then. And so it is with other kiaps for whom time has not taken its toll. Long may they continue to live like this.

Even though this year's reunion was advertised for 8 November, some kiaps began their reunion the previous evening when they booked into the hotel and met by chance in the dining room that night. They were easily distinguished from the other hotel patrons by their peals of laughter and loud guffaws as they told each other tall tales and funny stories of PNG. Reminiscences continued the following day with the full gathering of kiaps assembled, and again on Monday morning when left-over kiaps met for breakfast at the Bellissimo café on the waterfront at Mooloolaba. The reunion ended at 10.30 Monday morning when the last of these kiaps departed.

Although the 2015 reunion is over, its camaraderie will linger. Kiaps share a bond not found elsewhere outside of similar associations of expats. Our reunions are forums for sharing our experiences of

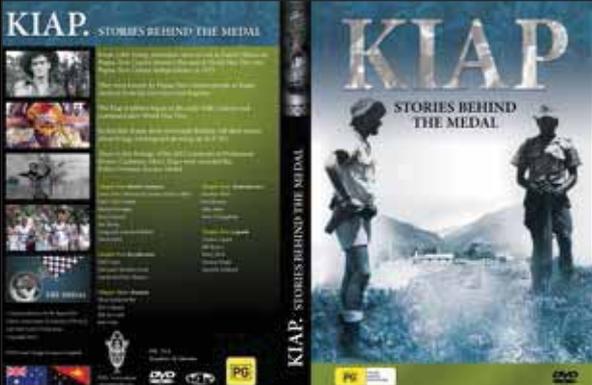
serving together in a far away country, in a lifestyle we all loved then, and which now no longer exists. But we will remember it all for the rest of our lives, and this is what unites us all together. Now in the twilight of our years, some of us will not make it to our next reunion, but those who don't will be remembered by those who do, for we are a unique fraternity, bound together by our memories of PNG and of the time when we all lived there.

Our sincere thanks go to our tireless organisers, Bob and Heather Fayle and Denis and Helen Faithful. Also to Peter Salmon who helped with the mail-outs and maintains the ex-kiap website. We also thank the management and staff of the Kawana Waters Hotel for providing the excellent venue and good service at these reunions.

Our thanks also go to the kiaps who came from far away places, especially those from overseas. Thank you for being with us.

And to everyone who came, stay hale and healthy till we meet again at Kawana Waters.

Chips Mackellar



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Save the Date!
 Sunday 3 July 2016
 Annual commemoration
 Canberra – further
 information coming soon
 on Facebook and June
 Memorial News

MEMORIAL NEWS

RABAUL and MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL NEWS

The Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc (PNGAA) and the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group congratulate Norm Furness OAM on his award in the 2016 Australia Day honours ‘For Service to Veterans and their families’.

Norm has been President of 2/22nd Battalion / Lark Force for 12 years but on the committee for 30 years. He generously supported the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial, both personally and on behalf of 2/22nd Lark Force. Congratulating him by phone on Australia Day, and speaking about the Rabaul and



Montevideo Maru Memorial and his long service to the families involved, Norm referred to the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra and, as is typical of this fine gentleman, very kindly said ‘we couldn’t have done it without the [Rabaul and Montevideo Maru] Society’.

At time of writing 1478 people had viewed this announcement posted on Australia Day on the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Facebook page: <https://www.facebook.com/RabaulAndMontevideoMaruSociety/>

Further information is available at: <http://memorial.org.au/Assets/NormFurness.pdf>

AND, David Morrison – Australian of the Year! General Morrison was the keynote speaker at the 70th Anniversary Commemorative Luncheon, just before the dedication of the RMvM Memorial. 640 people attended that lunch in Canberra and every one of the relatives was grateful for his empathy when he said:

‘It was folly to send token forces to Rabaul to wave the flag and far too many brave young Australians paid the ultimate price for it. The dead of the Montevideo Maru silently rebuke Australia and remind us some 70 years later of the consequences of neglect of the nation’s Defence - that paramount obligation of the state to its people.’

To everyone present it was what they wanted to hear. The History Teachers’ Association of Australia (HTAA) National Conference will be held at Sydney Grammar from 28-30 September 2016. Applications close 18 March 2016. The Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group is hoping to attend with a booth and with Natalie Baker presenting the RMvM curriculum project (see: <http://memorial.org.au/Education/index.htm>). Please ask at your schools if any teachers are attending and encourage them to register for Natalie’s presentation and to come and visit the booth!

Personal contact with history teachers by members of the PNGAA/R & MvM group can be very effective. For instance, a widow of a man from the 2/22nd Battalion contacted her local high school and the history teacher there became quite interested in teaching this Australian history in her classroom.



At the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru 70th anniversary commemorative luncheon in 2012, Norm highlights the benefits of the Lark Force wine from Traawool Valley Vineyard to General Morrison. The site of the vineyard is on a WWII training camp.

The 2/22 Infantry Battalion was formed on the site of the current vineyard in July 1940, where they undertook their initial training before being sent to Rabaul. The Traawool Vineyard regularly supports the 2/22nd Battalion.

Channel 7 - Documentary series on Rabaul and the tragedies that occurred after the Japanese invasion of WWII

Congratulations to Max Uechtritz, Mark Donaldson VC (narrator), and their team from Channel 7 who screened this documentary series in 2015. If you missed out, you can see them at:

<https://au.news.yahoo.com/world/a/29210280/returning-to-the-australian-graves-of-wwii-tol-massacre/>

<https://au.news.yahoo.com/thewest/video/watch/29274397/yamamoto-the-assassination-that-changed-the-course-of-history/?cmp=st>

<https://au.news.yahoo.com/a/29329006/montevideo-maru-australias-forgotten-maritime-disaster/>

TOL...Remembered...

A new primary school, named "The Lark Force 2/22nd Primary School", has been built at Tol. It comprises three class rooms and three homes for the staff scheduled to open early 2016. This is a wonderful tribute by the PNG Government of the sacrifice of the Australian troops in the Tol Massacre of 4 February 1942.

The following is an excerpt from 'Rabaul Diary' by Gunner David Bloomfield (ISBN 1-876439-07-6):

'The morning was spent foraging for food...After about an hour we came to the area where the pig had been cooked. There, lying on the ground was the body of a soldier. Considering the possibility of a trap, we remained under cover a short distance away. The soldier was lying on his back and after observing him for a minute or so, we could see that he was breathing. Approaching

cautiously, I was surprised to see that it was Smacker Hazelgrove. I knelt beside him to rouse him. He opened his eyes and said: 'Quick, you've got to get out of here, the Japs are in the plantation.' I said 'Yes, I know. It's all right, you're safe.' I asked him what he was doing back here. He said, 'I've been shot. Laurie Robinson and the others are all dead and I've come back to warn you'. He was still lying on his back and there was no sign of any wounds. Thinking he may be delirious with malaria, I asked 'Where are you shot?' He said 'In the back.' With some effort he rolled onto his side.

The back of his shirt had several jagged holes and was caked with dried blood. Through the largest hole, in the right shoulder of his shirt, I could see a very large wound and on closer examination, I counted four other small wounds. I asked whether he thought he could walk and, assisted by Les [Fawcett], got him upright. He was very pale and very shaky on his feet...he told me what had happened.

'After crossing the river with me and Hutch, he and his party had found a suitable spot in the plantation to light a fire and cook the pig. They heard rifle fire in the distance... and were sitting around the fire eating when they were surrounded by Jap soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets. They were prodded to their feet and motioned to form a line. Before being led away, all their equipment was thrown onto the fire. Soon after, they heard what they thought was rifle fire but realised it was ammunition in one of the haversacks thrown on the fire that was exploding. This was probably what Hutch and I heard.

'They were taken to a house with a red roof near the beach and led into a room where a white man in

the uniform of an Australian Army captain was sitting at a table. He told them to put down their hands, empty their pockets and place all their possessions on the table, including identity discs, paybooks, watches etc. He then told them to write on a sheet of paper their name, rank, Army number and unit. When this was completed each had his hands tied behind him with fishing cord and a main rope joined each to the other.

'Marching out of the house and seeing the landing craft, they presumed they would be put aboard for return to Rabaul. They had not gone very far into the plantation when they were motioned to stop. It was then that they saw, in the bushes, about 20 Jap soldiers with rifles and automatic weapons and realised what was going to happen. The guards forced them to turn their backs to the armed soldiers. They barely had time to say goodbye to each other when the Japs opened fire.

'Smacker said he did not lose consciousness straight away but was pulled to the ground by the others as they fell. He closed his eyes and lay very still. Those who were moaning or struggling were shot again. The last he remembered before passing out was palm branches being thrown over him. He had no idea how long he was unconscious, but when he came to it was very quiet with no sign of any Japs. Laurie Robinson was dead beside him, as were the five other members of his party. With great difficulty he managed to free his bonds, tearing the skin from his thumbs in the process. Making his way to the beach, he lay in the water to bathe his wounds. Reaching the spot where Mr Moody gave him some pig and finding it deserted, the last he remembered was lying down until I awoke him.'

2016 – Commemorating the 75th Anniversary – Montevideo Maru and the New Guinea Islands

We need your stories! Stories about the 'lost battalion' of Lark Force; stories about civilians who remained behind and were never seen again; stories about escape from the New Guinea islands, about evacuation, about those who later returned to New Guinea islands, and stories about how WWII in the New Guinea islands affected your family and lives during and after WWII.

Stories by the families of the men from the 2/22nd Battalion/Lark Force and 1 Independent Company - and Rabaul and New Guinea islands civilians.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

To acknowledge the 75th Commemorative Anniversary of the sinking of the Montevideo Maru, we are putting together a book about the soldiers of the 2/22nd Battalion - Lark Force and the Civilians at Rabaul and New Guinea islands during WW2. We are looking for engaging and well-researched stories using a creative non-fiction technique rather than a 'facts and figures' story that links to the soldiers and civilians to their home communities, including their family life prior.

We want to get a picture about these men that were essentially deemed 'lost' by our Government for more than three years; we want to know how their families survived during this unknown time - did they go to the marches in the capital cities? Did they receive help from Legacy? Did the family visit the camps at Trawool or Bonegilla before they departed? Did they knit socks for the Red Cross? Did they attend the Christmas parties or Fete arranged by 2/22nd Welfare Auxiliary? Were any of your family members part

of the 2/22nd Welfare Auxiliary and what was their role? Or did they just not talk about the missing family members? Do you have any special items at home that were sent back from Rabaul? Did your family member escape and how? What happened after the War if they were one of the few that escaped? Did they befriend any special Papua New Guineans whilst escaping? Were they a POW in Japan and how did they survive that? With civilians – what happened when they were evacuated? Did they have a home to go to? How did they manage for food and winter clothing? What support did they receive? How did losing their homes and nearly all they knew - affect them and their children? How did they find out what happened to their men? The variables are endless.

The book is to give families the opportunity to tell their story and to let others know the tragic loss that both Australia and the New Guinea Islands suffered by the disappearance of these special men onboard the Montevideo Maru as well as those that never left the New Guinea islands, and those that managed to make extraordinary escapes home.

SUBMISSION CONDITIONS

Email entry is preferred. E: stories@memorial.org.au M: 0477 000 771

Stay up to date with the project via Facebook at:

www.facebook.com/RabaulandMontevideoMaruSociety

Post: 75th Anniversary RMvM, PO Box 453, Roseville NSW 2069

- Please register your subject interest and Soldier's /Rabaul Civilian name with our Project Manager - Gayle Thwaites: Email – stories@memorial.org.au
- Stories due 30 July, 2016 @ 5.00pm; they must include a

Submission Form and Release Forms (photos) if applicable

- There is no entry fee
- Submission is not a guarantee of publication
- Open to age 14 and over
- Limit of two stories per person
- Stories must be the author's own work
- Stories must not exceed the word limit of 3000 words
- You are encouraged to include photographs with your story. These must be in JPG format and scanned at least to 300 dpi. A release form will be required for each individual photograph
- Photos should not be embedded in the text file. Please submit images as separate files from the written work
- Hard copies of photos can be scanned and returned to you by arrangement
- Stories should include a list of sources at the end
- Entries must be typed on A4 paper, single sided in 12pt font double-spaced, with page numbers; no other formatting please
- By submitting a story, the author grants the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Group/Papua New Guinea Association of Australia (PNGAA) the rights to publish the story in print and online
- Once published, the rights revert back to the author
- Stories will NOT be returned
- Publication is scheduled for Mid - 2017

FURTHER ENQUIRIES

Project Team Manager – Gayle Thwaites: stories@memorial.org or PNGAA President – Andrea Williams: president@pngaa.net <http://memorial.org.au/About/Activities/75Anniversary.htm>



DVD For Sale: 70TH ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATIVE EVENTS OF THE MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL

This DVD is a moving tribute featuring all the significant aspects of these two historic commemorative events – the informative speeches, the flypast, the beautiful anthem from Ramale especially composed for the Salvation Army Band for this occasion from the original score – all professionally filmed in high definition format. This is a historic item and will be treasured by families of all generations. Support the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group by buying for family, for donating to school libraries and for associated groups now.

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Electronic payment to PNGAA: BSB 062 009 Account No: 0090 7724, CBA Wynyard or post to PO Box 453, Roseville NSW 2069

Please ensure you email: treasurer@pngaa.net and membership@pngaa.net to advise what it is for and your contact details.

If anyone could help with the mailing out of these DVDs from Victoria, and be the RMvM liaison person in that state, could you contact me please? Andrea Williams M: 0409 031 889

Tributes flowed into the Facebook page on 23 January 2016 in memory of relatives killed either in Rabaul, New Ireland, Tol or on the Montevideo Maru.

Australian Curriculum: History

Patrick Bourke, Chair of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Education Committee, wrote to The Hon Christopher Pyne MP, Federal Minister for Education and Training, following a letter received from him of 24 August 2015 regarding the teaching of World War II in the Pacific under the Australian Curriculum: History.

An excerpt follows:

As you know the new national history curriculum is overcrowded. History teachers have informed our committee that due to this extra content in the new national history curriculum the teaching time for the teaching of the War in the Pacific (WWII) has been

considerably reduced. In particular, in the history of the New Guinea Campaign of the Pacific War which lasted from January 1942 until the end of the war in August 1945 only Kokoda can be covered. (In fact, Kokoda is only mentioned as a teaching option in the new national WWII history curriculum though many teachers still teach Kokoda). Of course, Kokoda is very important but it has to be taught in the context of the New Guinea Campaign. The New Guinea Campaign between Allied and Japanese forces commenced with the Japanese assault on Rabaul on 23 January 1942. Rabaul became the forward base for the Japanese offences on the New Guinea mainland and the bombing of towns on the

Australian mainland during 1942 & 1943. Fighting in some parts of New Guinea continued until 13 September 1945. Rabaul was only captured by the Allies after the Japanese surrendered on 15 August 1945 though Australian troops invaded the New Guinea Island of New Britain towards the end of the war. War trials were held in Rabaul after the world war ended. What happened to the 1,500 or more Australians in the New Guinea Islands when Rabaul fell on 23 January 1942?

We trust that in the future years history teachers will have time to properly teach the history of the New Guinea Campaign.

The Rabaul and Montevideo Maru has both a Facebook Page: <https://www.facebook.com/RabaulAndMontevideoMaruSociety/> and a Facebook Group: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/346716678830891/>

PNGAA Perth Christmas lunch

The PNGAA Perth Christmas lunch was held at the Airforce Association Club at Bull Creek on Friday 27th November 2015. The speaker was Margaret Dwyer from Kanosea where she received her primary schooling. She attended high school at Bomana, Port Moresby. We are fortunate that a couple of residents at the Airforce Association are also members of PNGAA. We have a room to ourselves all set up for the correct number and a choice of a fish dish or roast. It is a wonderful location and the large air force museum is in the same complex.

Linda Manning



(L-R) Ann Clipstone, Wendy Heart, Robyne Petricevic (nee Stewart), Jeff Hardman, Romantha Barron, Dawn North and Stuart North



(L-R) Michael Lowe, Rose Lowe, Kevin Lock, Greg Leech, Daryl Binning and Trevor Muller



(L-R) Paul Linnane, Theo Bredmeyer, Murray Day and Ray Bray



Margaret Dwyer speaker

Photos for PNGAA Sydney Christmas Lunch



Ian Noakes, Gail Noakes, Stephen Chalker, Frederick Chalker



Jan Steinfurth, Janice Steinfurth, Graham Hillier, Liz Thurston, Richard Dunbar-Reid



?, Rob Connor?, Judith Conner, Roddy Johnson, Roger Carroll, Sara Turner, John Kleinig



Jessica Dykgraaff, Patrick Bourke, George Oakes, Kyran Lynch, Edna Oakes, Winsome Sharp, Fred Kaad, Gaynor Kaad, Jeremy Dykgraaff

Vudal and the Mataungans - 1970

Here are the next two instalments of Gordon Dick’s recollections of his time as Principal of Vudal Agricultural College in 1970 – a year made difficult by the Mataungan’s land claims and the militaristic response of the Australian administration. Previous instalments were published in the September and December 2015 issues of Una Voce.

John Kaputin and the Mataungan Leadership

My acquaintance with John Kaputin went back to rugby league matches in Port Moresby. No one who saw it would forget the try John scored in the Papua versus New Guinea match of 1961 to snatch victory for his team. And those who have listened to the tapes or read the books of ‘Taim Bilong Masta’ will remember the outrageous racism directed at him from the stands. Somehow he was too big to be hurt by that - he simply ignored it.

John was a fine figure of a man and a splendid athlete from an athletic people. He was educated and articulate and by 1970 was already a Member of Papua New Guinea’s House of Assembly.

It was quite a relief for me when John, as acknowledged spokesman for the Mataungans, and several others of their leadership called on me at Vudal to discuss their aims and to give an assurance that they respected the neutrality of the College. They also gave an assurance that College land, some of which was caught up in the current conflict, would remain with the College.

This first visit came after the shape of the conflict was becoming clearer. The Mataungans were making moves to physically occupy more of the Trans-Vudal area, and the Administration was building up its forces and looking to constrain entry and to eventually clear the area. There was only one road into the area. It ran through the College with staff housing on both sides of it.

There was an unwillingness on the part of the Administration to reconsider what had been proposed and the press and colonial opinion was mostly stridently anti-Mataungan. Kaputin made a number of visits to Australia during 1970, where he was baited by an ignorant press and on occasion responded with venom.

Kaputin was well aware that he could increase local tension by moving out of Rabaul. But he chose to remain at his unit in the Methodist Mission

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compound. He walked to the newsagency each day and collected the papers and was always calm and courteous. One touch I liked was a large Australian flag displayed upside down on the wall of his living room - a signal of distress. The flag had been given to him by the Australian Prime Minister (Harold Holt) when he was a student at the East-West Centre in Hawaii. (John also told me that Archbishop Mannix in Melbourne had his rooms painted in the Queen's racing colours.)

About mid-1970 John Gorton (as Prime Minister) visited Papua New Guinea. A crowd met him at Matupit airport. He made a speech and bewailed the divided state of the Tolai people. But he went on to say that he had not come just to speak but to listen and if the people had things to say he would hear them. Kaputin walked onto the stage and took the microphone and proceeded to give what *Pacific Islands Monthly* described as 'The best speech of John Gorton's PNG tour - John Kaputin at the airport.'

To my amazement soon after Gorton's visit I found that I was being named as the author of Kaputin's speech! I did not have the concepts, the wit or the words! But the unwillingness to acknowledge talent among the local people was enlightening.

John has continued on in a long career in politics. He has held many ministerial positions. From 2005 to 2010 he served as a Secretary General of the African-Caribbean-Pacific group of states. He was knighted in 1997.

Attempts to Clear the Tolai People from the Trans-Vudal Area

With a force of over 1,000 armed police and adequate trucks to move them, the 'Authorities' began a series of excursions to remove the Tolai people from the disputed area. The first of these took the College by surprise - about 6am more than 40 trucks loaded with Police with rifles drove in convoy through the College and towards the Trans-Vudal area. They were followed by several ambulances.

As it happened, the Tolai 'squatters' were not surprised - they had their own information sources. Moreover they had been building up their numbers and the 'Authorities' were beginning to restrict road movements by use of road blocks.

The Tolais had also had briefings on how to respond to tear gas and they scattered in small groups over large semi-cleared areas.

This first attempt was brought into perspective when the local 'Mr. Whippy' drove up the road - 'Green-Sleeves' playing - and sold ice creams to both sides.

The effects on the College were not good. Student motivation and concentration were very disturbed. The noise of the trucks and the clatter of helicopters and not knowing what was intended nor what was going on was disturbing.

I met with the student body - a fairly frequent thing that year - and hosed down the ardour of several firebrands who wanted to march into Rabaul. I reminded them that the same 'Administration' dealing with the Tolai land problem was funding their scholarships and supplying the whole College, its staff and facilities.

I also resolved to seek a meeting with the Secretary of the Administrator's Department - Tom Ellis.

Gordon Dick

Return to Nuku 2015

In September 2014, I saw a recent photo of Nuku on a Sepik group Facebook page and commented on the number of permanent buildings there were. I built the airstrip there in 1957.

My comment was seen by one of the Nuku leaders, John Soweï, who told the Honourable Joseph Sungi, MP for Nuku, that he had found the old man who built the Nuku airstrip nearly 58 years ago. Joseph eventually contacted me and asked if he could visit me here in the Blue Mountains as he was coming to Sydney for Gough Whitlam's Memorial Service.

He had a video camera and interviewed us here. After he returned to PNG he invited me to Nuku for the 40th Anniversary of Independence on 16 September 2015.

Dr. David Tierney and his mother, Margaret, whose late husband was kiap at Nuku in 1962/63, and Tony Try who was kiap at Nuku in 1964/65 accompanied me. My wife, Edna, could not go for health reasons so our daughter, Denise Tilly, came instead to keep an eye on me!

I warned John Soweï that at 81 I doubted that I could handle the high humidity in the Sepik. It was agreed that we would not stay overnight at Nuku but at Wewak where there are air conditioned hotels. We would fly into Nuku in the morning and return to Wewak late afternoon on Independence Day. David, Tony and I sent John photos of our time at Nuku many years ago.

We were met at Port Moresby airport by Joseph and John. I was very impressed with these two Nuku men. Joe has two University degrees and John is finishing his PhD at ANU.

Early in the morning of Independence Day, Denise, David and Margaret flew to Nuku by helicopter. The helicopter later picked up Hon. Joe Sungi, MP, Rod Hilton (from the Australian High Commission), Tony and I from Wewak. We flew to a village near Nuku where the pilot fitted a

long rope with the PNG flag under the helicopter. We then took off and circled Nuku carrying the flag below us and landed in a marked spot near the crowd.

We were met by a singing group who were very good. After shaking many hands, I was handed a nicely folded PNG flag and told to take it to the flagpole where a lady raised it. As the flag went up the bamboo pole the people sang the National Anthem, led by over a thousand school children. The five of us from Australia and the Hon. Joe Sungi then had leis placed around our necks.

The official proceedings commenced with a blessing from a Catholic Father. I spoke about how we built the airstrip with a 120 spades and moved nearly 30,000 cubic yards of ground and compared this with the work they are now doing on the Nuku roads with bulldozers, rollers, and dump trucks.

I gave Hon. Joe a board on which I had marked two angles, one for across the airstrip and one for down the airstrip similar to the one I used in 1957. I also suggested to the people that they should establish a museum to contain all the items the people used traditionally and store all the village books which may be left in the area, before more are lost. I gave Hon. Joe a copy of my patrol report covering the construction of the Nuku Airstrip. Tony and David followed with speeches, then Rod Hilton spoke.



Nuku Airstrip

A PNG kiap from the early 1970s spoke warmly about the role of the expat kiaps and noted that Margaret Tierney had assisted at his wedding in Bougainville. The Hon. Joseph Sungi then gave an impressive biblically referenced speech imploring his constituents to celebrate their history, including the kiap time, and to work towards the further development of the Nuku district.

Following the speeches, our party was presented with gifts - each of us received a plaque and bilums, etc. I just could not get over the fact that since 1957 the population of the current Nuku District has grown from about 20,000 to 70,000. Nearly 15,000 people turned up to this function.

After this official function, Rod Hilton and David Tierney flew by helicopter to Wunali for a *Sorry* ceremony at the graveside of Neil Elliott, a Patrol Officer who was murdered in 1939. A plaque was unveiled.

By this time it was raining heavily. When Rod and David returned and the rain had eased I was asked to unveil a plaque at the top of the Nuku airstrip. I knew nothing

about this plaque until we were at Nuku. This completed the official functions for the day.

I do not know how many hands I shook, most of the time I was in *fairyland*. One thing I did realise was that there were probably no more than 10 people there who were at Nuku when the airstrip was built. Men working on the strip were at least 15, and as it was 58 years ago, they would now be 73. The average life expectancy in PNG is only 59. Words cannot describe what happened to us - you had to be there!

About 5pm we returned to Wewak. Some went in the helicopter while I went with others in a small plane that carries about eight passengers.

About a week after the celebrations I received emails from Hon. Joe Sungi and John Sowe. Here is part of what they said.

From John Sowe,

'We are privileged to have established contact with you and to bring you back to Nuku. I will propose to Tony to visit us again soon. Once we finish gravelling the road to Vei and Yimut, I want to drive Tony along the road he once surveyed, fell ill and was carried on a stretcher by the local

people back to Nuku.'

From Joe's email,

'After reading through the copies of your emails, I must admit that never in my entire civil service life had I felt so satisfied and confident like this moment in time. Needless to say, there is confirmation after confirmation by the entire population of Nuku District that those celebrations were never experienced in the past and will be remembered by this generation. People came to see me from all corners of Nuku just to say thank you for making PNG's 40th Independence Anniversary in Nuku so meaningful and memorable.....

While the people of Nuku have celebrated in the true spirit of Independence and Unity, we all owe it to you for making the real difference. It was your attendance and presence on Wednesday that vibrated a joyful sense of realisation and appreciation of how Nuku is what it is today. In view of this I join my people to SALUTE you! Having said that, I convey my sincere appreciation to Denise for taking very good care of George and my heartfelt gratitude to Margaret for having the energy and courage to come back to Nuku with David. You all have had your parts to play towards the Nuku Celebrations which words cannot express.'

I would like to conclude with these words from John Sowe:

'It was a fulfilling experience to be able to connect with our past and bring Margaret and David, Tony and Denise and yourself to a Patrol Post, you established and called Nuku.

On Wednesday afternoon, I stood at Nuku Airstrip with teary eyes, watching you lift off on the airstrip you built 58 years ago on a fixed wing aircraft, with a local Papua New Guinea pilot in the controls.'

George Oakes



George with PNG Flag

Help Wanted

Monty and Margaret Brown - Institute of Technology, Lae

I am seeking information about Montague (Monty) Brown who was married to my great aunt, Thelma Margaret Charlton (known as Margaret). They lived in Lae in PNG from about 1972 to about 1976 where they taught at the Institute of Technology, Lae.

I am researching the Charlton Family and hoping to make contact with someone who can help me uncover something of their life in PNG, including photographs, as I have none of Monty.

I understand that Monty was there in a reasonably senior role, teaching English / Literature and Margaret may have taught there as well; Drama was her speciality.

Philip Charlton

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Kumusi, Northern District

I am looking for information on an Admin establishment in the Northern District (Oro Province) pre WWII.

On pre WWII Papuan postage stamps there is a postmark for 'Kumusi'. To have a cancellation date stamp suggests that it was a substantial establishment, but I have no knowledge of where or what this might have been. There were also postmarks for Buna Bay, Ioma, Tamate and Cape Nelson, all of which make sense, but I can't place the location or size of Kumusi. Can anyone help?

Mike Lean

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The Queen in PNG

Aida Sutherland brought this photo of the Queen and Prince Phillip in Papua New Guinea to the PNGAA Perth Christmas lunch. Does anyone know what year this photo of was taken?

A number of us think it was the February 1974 royal tour when they visited Port Moresby, Goroka (Teachers College) and Lae and cruised around Milne Bay. Aida, her husband and daughters are in the crowd behind the royal couple.

Linda Manning

Email: lindam121@bigpond.com

Frieda River Copper and Gold

With reference to an article in Una Voce; 2014, No 4 December.

This article by Malum Nalu referred to John Pasquarelli and Frank and Norm Martin, (circa 1963). I am interested in the construction of the airstrip, which I understand was mainly the work of Frank and Norm Martin.

Can anyone give me any further information in relation to the families of Frank and Norm Martin?

I understand Laura Martin (originally a school teacher in Wewak) later returned to Wewak and was over a lifetime one of the patrons and a hard worker in her involvement in looking after the Mission School and Church established by Bishop Leo Arkfeld from the Divine Word Missionary Organisation.

Laura, I am led to believe, died in Wewak. I am not sure of the date. I would like to make contact with any of her surviving relatives.

Leo Butler

10 Dickson Street, Echuca, Vic 3564

BOOK NEWS & REVIEWS

The Flying Kangaroo

The Flying Kangaroo - Great untold stories of Qantas... the heroic, the hilarious and the sometimes just plain strange.

This is a book about the people who made Qantas such an icon during the years between the Second World War and the privatisation of the airline in the 1990s.

It's a story of a dedication to safety which would win the airline worldwide renown, along with the characters who made it a very Australian airline.

Much of that reputation was forged in Papua New Guinea in the late 1940s, 50s and 60s when Qantas played a major role in re-establishing the country's air services after the devastation of the war. It was a time of dangerous skies, long hours in the air flying repeated trips into the Highlands before the clouds closed in over the vital gaps in the mountains. It was a tale of primitive living conditions when, due to an almost complete absence of roads, just about everything went by air.

A chapter of this book is devoted to the Qantas New Guinea story, identifying some of the aircrew and support staff, many of whom would go on to play vital roles in the airline as Qantas continued to spread its wings worldwide.

It captures their humour amid the hardships, the necessity for the occasional calculated risk and the dangers that lay beyond dead end valleys, where a simple error of judgement could have fatal consequences.

But the main message from the chapter--- perhaps fittingly titled Taim Bilong Balus -- is the critical part such flying and operations contributed to the development of an airline which would go on to hold a unique place in the hearts of many Australians.

Beyond the PNG experience the book reveals other facts about the airline's operations in subsequent years, many told for the first time – from the top secret smuggling of a future Princess Diana back to London under the eyes of the media to frightening stories of near misses in the air. A must read for anyone interested in aviation in Australia and PNG.

The Flying Kangaroo by Jim Eames published in November 2015 by Allen and Unwin. ISBN: 978 1 76011 355 1, Softback and eBook, 344 pages, Black and White Photographs.

Category: Australiana

Description: The Flying Kangaroo celebrates the extraordinary characters, events and challenges that have made Qantas and Australian icon.

Available in stores, \$29.99

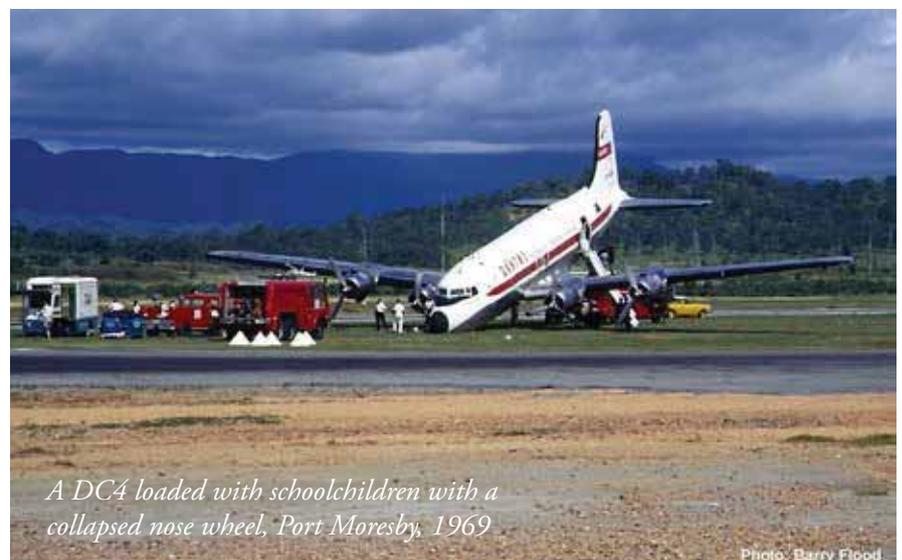
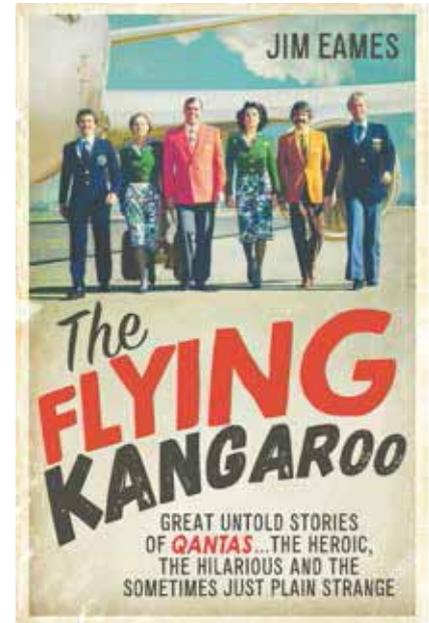


Photo: Barry Flood

Calling Sharks

When I was Assistant District Commissioner Trobriand Islands, I received a letter from The National Geographic Magazine. The letter was addressed to 'His Excellency, the Governor of the Trobriand Islands.' I suppose I should have sent the letter on to the Administrator, who in those days was the PNG equivalent of Governor. However, as the Administrator was 300 miles away in Port Moresby, and I was already in the Trobriand Islands, I decided to open the letter myself.

It was a request for information about Trobriand Island shark calling. *National Geographic* was in the process of studying peaceful interaction between sharks and people and they wanted to study this kind of peaceful interaction in the Trobriands.

Elsewhere in the Pacific there were various forms of peaceful interaction between people and sharks, and they wanted to know if it was true that Trobriand people could call sharks. I had never heard of this before so I asked the Paramount Chief. 'Yes', he said, 'we call sharks when we have a surplus fish catch and we feed the surplus to the sharks.' I could hardly believe it, so I asked how it was done.

The Chief called over one of the village men who produced for my inspection what looked like an oversized baby rattle. It was about two metres long and consisted of a length of rattan cane doubled over, with the ends fastened together. There were other fastenings for

most of the length, so as to produce a long handle. The elasticity of the cane and the manner in which it had been fastened produced a bulbous bend in the middle of its length, and into this bend a collection of coconut shells were loosely threaded.

'How does it work?' I asked the Chief.

'Shake it,' he said. So I shook it. The coconut shells all rattled together, just like a baby's rattle, only a lot louder.

The Chief explained that when fishermen have a surplus catch, they insert the rattle into the sea over the side of a canoe. With the coconut shells under the water, they shake the rattle. Sharks arrive

and they are fed the surplus fish.

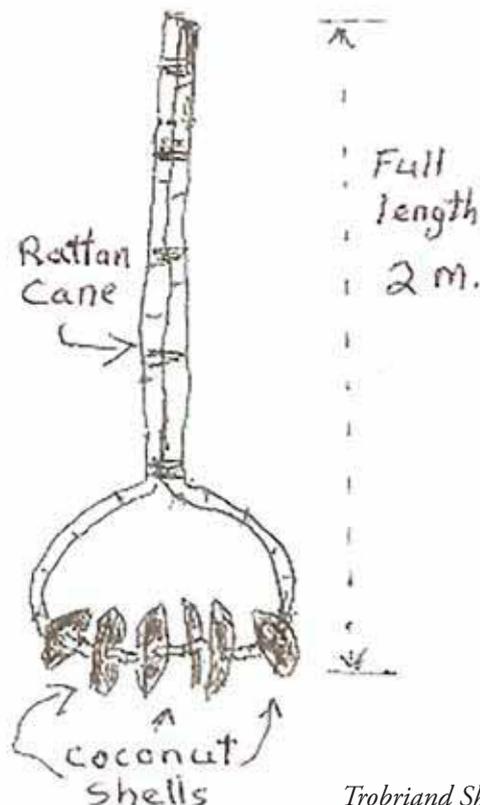
'How do the sharks hear the rattle when it is under the water,' I asked, 'I doubt if I could hear it.'

'You can't hear it' said the Paramount Chief, 'but a shark can, and when a shark does hear it, he knows it is feeding time, and he will surface beside the canoe and the fishermen will feed him.'

And he went on to explain that the system only works when the sea is dead flat calm and there are no other extraneous noises to deflect the sound of the rattle.

'What is the purpose of all this,' I asked.

'So the sharks will think of us as feeders and not as food,' the



Trobriand Shark Rattle

Paramount Chief explained, 'that is why they never attack us.'

Whether or not the shark rattle worked as a shark attack deterrent, I will never know. But in all the years I lived in and around the Trobriands, I never heard of anyone having been taken or attacked by a shark. I can't say the same about crocodiles. When I lived in the Fly River area of Papua, crocodile attacks were frequent and I never heard of anyone who survived one. The crocs killed and ate people frequently.

In my reply to the letter from National Geographic, I included a sketch of the shark rattle and in due course a team of photographers and wild life scientists arrived hoping to film a shark rattle in action.

However, it never happened. When the team arrived we were in the midst of the South-East storm season. High winds and rough seas lashed the Trobriands and the islanders said the shark rattle would not work under these conditions. The team hung around for a week waiting for the winds and the seas to abate but they never did, and bound by a tight filming schedule the team had to move on.

And would you believe it, as soon as the team had gone there was a lull in the weather and for a few days the seas were flat calm again, ideal for their purpose. But by then the team had moved on to Indonesia on some other wild life expedition, and their opportunity to film the shark rattle in action was lost and gone forever.

While the team was waiting in the Trobriands, they told me several other stories of friendly interaction between sharks and people. For example, they said they had recently been filming in the Tuamotu Archipelago, that scattering of tiny islands east of Tahiti. There, they said, the island people live in daily close contact with the sea, much the same as in the small islands of Eastern Papua. There in the Tuamotus they said, they saw kids with pet sharks.

And they explained that if and when fishermen caught a baby shark, they did not kill it or eat it. They took it home to the village and gave it to a little boy to rear. The baby shark would be kept in a small rock pool, and the boy would feed it there every day, getting into the pool with the baby shark to play with it. When the shark grew too big for the pool, they would transfer it into a bigger pool, and so on until the shark got too big for them to hand feed every day, when they would release it back into the sea again. But by then the shark and the boy had grown up together. The shark had bonded with the boy, and by extension, the other people in the village, and thereafter, when the boy went swimming or snorkelling in the sea and the shark was nearby, it would come close for a friendly meeting.

Other sharks in the sea had been reared in the same way, and, so the people said, sharks who had not been reared by people nevertheless copied the behaviour of those that had, and the sum total of all this interaction meant that people and

sharks lived together in the same sea in a friendly manner and no one was ever attacked by a shark.

Whether this is true or not I don't know but I can't imagine that the National Geographic team came all the way to the Trobriand Islands just to tell me fibs. This, together with my own experience in the Trobriands, suggests that there are ways in which people and sharks can live in the sea together in a friendly manner.

The reason I am telling you all this is because this summer in Australia we can expect, as usual, thousands of swimmers and surfers thronging our beaches, and we can also expect the usual incidence of shark attacks. So far this year there have been eight fatalities from shark attacks, and many more injuries. But sharks are unlike crocodiles which attack us to eat us. According to marine ecologist Jann Gilbert* 'Sharks don't eat humans. They spit us out.'

If this is true, then sharks have already come half way towards making friendly encounters with surfers. It therefore cannot be beyond the realms of human understanding for us to go the other half and make our beaches safe.

If the Trobrianders and the Tuamotuans can live in peace with their sharks, how come we are too dumb to do the same here in Australia with our sharks?

Chips Mackellar

* Lollback, Rebecca, *The Northern Star*, 27 July 2015.

Bad Day at Slate Creek

Hector and Baden Wales belong to that select band of prospectors who opened up the goldfields in the 1930s. The brothers worked at Edie Creek, Watut River and the Bulolo River. They were pioneers in the use of high pressure hoses to bring down the alluvial banks along the streams. They also diverted streams so that they could get at sand and gravel in deep sections of the river.

Hector reputedly held the record of 1000 ounces of gold in a calendar month. It's a pity the going price was only two pounds ten shillings an ounce. Ever the prospector, Baden was still prospecting for gold on the upper Lakekamu River 30 years later. At periodic intervals he would retreat to Kukipi and Kerema (DHQ). Here he would recuperate from his emaciated state with the Murphys and the Ryans.

Frank Ryan DAO would employ Baden as a casual to build copra smoke houses for local village cooperatives. The author met Baden while he was on one of these tasks at the station. The writer hopes that the subsequent story does not diverge too greatly from the facts and times but 1933 is 83 years ago and there is no one left to confirm the details (or deny them!).

I thought I was happy selling tickets at Roma Street Station. That was before my cousin Hector tapped on my glass window.

'Hector Wales - your aunty Edna's boy - down from New Guinea - like to say g'day - see you after work - Canberra hotel, Anne Street.'

Hector always spoke in telegrams. Saved time. I found my two cousins Hector and Baden in the front lounge, two gaunt young men, old for their age. They looked ill at ease

in this Edwardian tearoom. The Canberra was a Temperance Hotel where dainty waitresses in black and white uniforms bustled about serving tea and buns.

We repaired upstairs to their room where we exchanged formalities and familiarities with Bundaberg Rum Negrita. Now I felt uncomfortable, especially with that large sign on the door:

'Alcohol is strictly forbidden on the premises.

Entertainment of female visitors after 6pm is prohibited.'

The wild thought flashed through my mind. I wonder if anything goes on earlier in the afternoon. Probably not. Hector got to the point. On Leave - prospectors - done good at Edie Creek - need a man - going back soon. Baden chimed in by producing three woollen socks full of gold dust.

'Our takings from Edie Creek. Not bad eh.'

Hector almost waxed lyrical but soon slipped back into his staccato style.

'Don't trust banks - been assayed 2-15-0 an ounce.'

Between Hector and Baden, who almost spoke English, they laid out the deal. They were going back to the upper Watut River to try a new area even more remote than Edie Creek. They needed a reliable man to shuttle gold, rations and labourers to their working claim. The deal was 33 percent of net takings. Hector finished the proposition off with the sting.

'Remember - don't strike it - 33 per cent of bugger all.'

The vision of New Guinea, palm trees, natives, sea voyages and gold

was too much for me. I chucked in my job and hung my star on the Wales brothers. The next month was a blur of hotels, race meetings and pictures. *King Kong* was one of them and *King Richard* was another. One of them was a horse. Baden bought a new Ford roadster which he promptly crashed into a tram in Queen Street. 'Bit rusty, let's go.' was Hector's response.

We left the crowd arguing and went back to the car dealer in Leichardt Street. Baden paid another £320 and off we went again. The gold dust ran out and the Commonwealth Bank stopped smiling so we shipped out on a Burns Philp fuel ship from Hamilton Reach. Baden actually left the car on the wharf!

I carried an entry permit to New Guinea which cost £100.

The surety guaranteed to return passage to Brisbane should George Wilson become a vagrant with no visible means of support. The surety also covers the cost of burial should the permit holder die a pauper whilst a resident of the Territory of New Guinea.

Fully guaranteed and insured I reached Salamaua, the entry port for the gold fields. There was no customs official to stamp my papers. The drums of benzine were dumped overboard and floated into the beach. The heavy cargo was ferried ashore on a platform on top of three canoes. The passengers got ashore as best they could.

Baden and Hector immediately subcontracted 25 carriers and labourers from Sid Campbell, a registered recruiter. Terms were £1 per month, rations, wet weather



Caption: Kukukus in holiday mode, Ihu Sub District Office. (Authors own photo)

gear and return fare to their home district. In return the workers were bound for two years with penalties for desertion. Baden set out up the track with his labour line while Hector and I organised another 25 Sepiks to carry more rations, tools and camping gear.

Ten days later we set off on an eight day trek up into the mountains. Nothing prepared me for the ordeal ahead. Heart breaking climbs, desperate descents, scorching days, torrential rain and freezing nights. The fortitude and endurance of the Sepik carriers was remarkable. I carried a shotgun while each carrier lugged 40 pounds of rations or tools. Hector was up front, boring on like a homing beagle while I acted as 'arse end Charlie'. It was my job to make sure no stragglers ended up in a pot. Not that there were any stragglers or possible deserters. The Sepiks were a long way from home and in hostile territory; consequently they stuck really close. On the eighth day we were at 7000 feet in moss forest when we hit Slate Creek.

We broke out of the dim forest into a clearing, Baden and his team were flat out shovelling and washing the gravel and with the noise of the tumbling water they didn't notice our approach even with a 'cockatoo' billy boy who was stoking the fire. Hector was none too pleased. 'What the bloody hell are you doing

letting someone come up on you like that. That's how poor old Helmuth Baum went off.' Baden just laughed and slapped his brother on the back, '...you worry too much. Did you bring the rum and smokes, that's the important thing.'

It was almost knock off time so Baden's boys piled their shovels and came over to talk with our new line of workers. They were all Sepik men so they had plenty to talk about. After kai kai, the boys wrapped themselves in army blankets and crawled under the tarpaulins that lined their tent floor. We slept in kangaroo rugs up on a low bamboo table that protected us from the night deluges that coursed through under our tent. The two boss boys took turns at the night watch and kept the fire stoked up.

I noticed that both my cousins slept with shotguns beside them. Baden had his line up early. He sent one team under Kumeri, his boss boy, upstream to work on a rivulet off Slate Creek. He gave Kumeri his Purdy shotgun and gave him his final instructions were:

'Kumeri, yu workim strong. Yu lukim out good bush kanaka callim Kukukuku. Dis pella Kuku all same puk puk. Yu no lookim, yu no hearim. Dis pella i makim yu dai pinis.' With that warning, the 10 workers splashed off upstream with their tools and rations for the day.

We worked on three sluice boxes. On the floor of each box were five coir door mats that collected the heavy gold dust as it coursed through. Each of us was stationed beside a box and fished out any promising quartz for later work. Every hour we washed the mats in a shallow bath to collect

the gold dust which would be treated with mercury at the end of the day. Just on lunch, Hector called out, 'Keep working, visitors,' to Baden, reassuring him that they were the regular trade contacts and moved across the creek to conduct the day's trade.

Everyone stopped work to watch the negotiations. There were at least 20 Kukukukus in bark hoods standing motionless among the trees. These were the legendary forest men, feared alike by highlanders and coastal people. Baden picked up his shotgun and motioned the Kukus to stay where they were. He walked towards them as three of them came forward with bilums of sweet potato. They laid them on the ground and stepped back. Baden laid out sticks of tobacco and a small heap of salt on a banana leaf. The Kukus pulled back one bilum of kau kau and said something. The bartering continued with additions and subtractions to find mutual agreement. The other Kukus continually put in their threepence worth and began edging forward for a closer view of the dealings. Hector noticed this and waved his gun at them.

'Back up you mob! Go on! Raus! Raus!'

Hector could sniff their mood. They were now holding their bows in front of them. The Sepik labourers sensed something too and sidled behind their sluice boxes still grasping their long handled shovels.

'Yu pella lookim good. Suppose mi pella shootim, Yu pella get ready pight.'

Baden finished trading and dragged two bilums back. The Kukus carefully slipped the tobacco and salt into their carry purses. There was no move to disengage.

'Watch this lot Baden, something's on.'

The scene remained frozen for several minutes, then two shots from upstream. Arrows flew towards us. Baden and Hector fired together. One shot blasted a log next to a forward trader. Another sprayed the bank between two bowmen. Then two more shots up into the trees. No one was hit but the shock did the trick. The Kukus melted into the bush. 'Stay close! nobody move!' We didn't have to wait too long. Kumeri's upstream team almost over-ran the camp as they charged along the stream with the devil on their tails. They huddled up behind our workers. They were no longer men but terrified children. Kumeri was clearly shaken but more coherent than the rest.

'Masta yu talk true. One pella belong u mi, i die pinis. Mi shootim one pella bush kanaka.'

Two of Kumeri's team were wounded so Baden got out his medicine box which was an Arnotts biscuit tin. Hector got into gear.

'George, Kumeri, come with me. Baden, sit tight. Any trouble, fire two shots. Hear any shots, sit tight, we'll get back.'

When we reached the number two box the only movement was a dribble of water out of the sluice. The dead Sepik labourer was lying in the stream with his head bashed in. He'd probably made a dash for it and been picked off. Up on the bank was a dead Kukukuku with a shot right through him. Hector followed a trail of blood up the track. Another Kuku had dragged himself home. Two long handled shovels had blood and hair on them so there must have been some close quarters fighting.

Kumeri rehearsed the story again. He was able to get off two shots that made the Kukus hesitate. The Sepik labourers were able to back off into the quarry face with their shovels. The Kukus moved in for the kill with

their stone axes but the Sepiks didn't follow the script. They didn't panic and scatter but used their shovels to good effect. The instant of ambush had gone and the Kukus melted away in the face of resistance. Hector wasn't fully satisfied.

'But what were you doing up on the bank away from the others? Peck peck or what?'

Kumeri had no answer to this but just looked blank. We hurried back to the camp where Baden was weaving his medical magic with iodine, silk thread and sewing needle. Hector recruited the dead Sepik's 'one talks' to recover his body. They refused to touch the dead Kuku so I propped him up against a tree for collection. We bagged up the dead Sepik's head and trussed him onto a pole for carrying. Back at camp, Baden wasted no time in burying him. They dug a hole high up on the bank above flood level. Always the prospector, Baden commented,

'This looks very promising gravel,'

but he didn't persist with it. The deceased's friends paid him the last courtesy of lining the grave with ferns and covering his body with banana leaves before filling him in.

The mourners sat around the grave moaning and tugging their hair.

Hector called a meeting.

'Watch it. Wounded Kuku dies, so score two to one. Payback then applies.'

I now understood why the brothers had fired so wildly. It didn't pay to inflict too many casualties if you didn't want the payback blood feud to continue. If your side was in front, the fight must go on.

'Scared the shitter out of them. Might feel lucky again. No more trading. Raus them. George you'll have to go to Wau for rations. Report the dead Sepik there. Ian Mack's the ADO.'

Hector unwrapped a school exercise book from an oilskin parcel,

'What's the date?'

There was some argument over that but we settled on 13th April 1933. Baden licked a purple indelible pencil and began printing:

'Slate Creek.-- Upper Watut-.. To ADO Wau from Hector Wales. Report murder of carrier Mailala Maui while shitting in bush-- murderer unknown. Carrier contracted from recruiter Sid Campbell Salamaua. Please inform.'

Baden handed the folded page to me with some further advice.

'Now don't mention the attack or shooting. If the Admin. gets a sniff of trouble, they'll close the whole area down.'

Baden was not big on speeches either but while he was at it he was all inclusive.

'By the way Hector, while you were up the creek I quizzed the boys and they put Kumeri in. It was not peck peck that called him away but push push. A couple of meris were seen across the creek giggling and making sign language. Kumeri took the bait but was on the ball enough to save the day when the fight began.'

Hector told Baden not to make a fuss about Kumeri's indiscretion but to warn him.

'He's your boy Baden so tell him strong. He won't see home again if he hum bugs about. If the Kukus don't top him, I'll dong him.'

Hector closed the proceedings by telling the mourners to call it a day and get ready for work.

'Now listen, work these boys hard. No "sorry too much" bit. Business as usual.'

And Hector meant it. The next two days were flat out. Mailalala Maui up on the bank was soon forgotten.

Ralph Sawyer

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mr Ian BATES	PO Box 51, POMONA	QLD 4568
Mrs Diane BAYNE	4 John Fisher Drive, TORRENS PARK	SA 5062
Mrs Gail BECKE	9 Carramar Drive, GOONELLABAH	NSW 2480
Mr Daryl Bruce BINNING	20 Norton Ridge, WINTHROP	WA 6150
Mr James CALDWELL	PO Box 434, LANE COVE	NSW 1595
Mr Geoffrey CAREY	P.O Box 1044, CAMPBELLTOWN	NSW 2560
Mr Robert COLMAN	PO Box 6320, GOLD COAST MAIL CENTRE	QLD 9726
Mrs Audrey Florence DAVIES	15 La Grange Court, SHAILER PARK	QLD 4128
Mr Michael Peter David DAVIES	22 Glynn Place, HUGHES	ACT 2605
Mr Anthony Leonard DAWE	P.O. Box 19, BEACHMERE	QLD 4510
Mr Geoffrey DRAKE	PO Box 5074, TORQUAY	QLD 4655
Mr Steven GAGAU	11 Lone Pine Avenue, UMINA BEACH	NSW 2257
Ms Jemima GARRETT	59 Johnston St, ANNANDALE	NSW 2038
Mrs Meryl Ann HARRY	P.O. Box 357, MILSONS POINT	NSW 1565
Mr Les HARVEY	P.O.Box 453, WAHROONGA	NSW 2076
Mr Graham HILLIER	6 Skyhawk Avenue, RABY	NSW 2566
Mrs Nancy HITCHCOCK	P.O Box 5188, GARRAN	ACT 2605
Mrs Wendy HORLEY	Unit 1 46-48 St Georges Crescent, DRUMMOYNE	NSW 2047
Mr Peter LONG	36 Aquarius Way, PAYNESVILLE	VIC 3880
Ms Althea MARTELL	7 East Street, TOOWOMBA	QLD 4350
Mr Roy MUMU	P.O. Box 7139 Boroko, NCD PORT MORESBY	PNG 111
Mr Mervyn PENNEY	P.O. BOX 633, PORT MORESBY	PNG
Mr Eddie RYAN	3 Tavistock Street, DRUMMOYNE	NSW 2047
Mr Michael SACKETT	31 Pacific View Drive, TINBEERWAH	QLD 4563
Mr Rob SELBY	PO Box 343, ST IVES	NSW 2075
Ms Ismay SELBY	Unit 44 151 Medjimba Beach Road, MEDJIMBA	QLD 4564
Mr Jonathan SHIRE	192 / 99 Spring Street, MELBOURNE	VIC 3000
Mr. Michael Phillip SLOUGH	Unit 40 37 Monaco Street, SURFERS PARADISE	QLD 4217
Mrs Robyn TICKNER	13 Lawrence Rd, STRATHFIELDSAYE	VIC 3551
Mr Brian Kenneth VAIL	PO BOX 200, BENALLA	VIC 3672
Mr Alex WALLENSKY	41 Clarke Street, BROULEE	NSW 2537

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mr Philip HAYNES	P.O.Box 18430, MELBOURNE	VIC 3001
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Mrs Diane McKEOWEN	Unit 135, 57 Minore Road, DUBBO	NSW 2830
Susan & Stella CONROY	93 Combermere Street, GOULBURN	NSW 2580
Mr John MURRAY	5 Colvillea Close, CARSELDINE	QLD 4034
Mr Robin MEAD	Flat 9 92-94 Cambridge St, STANMORE	NSW 2048
Mr Leo BUTLER	Wharparilla Lodge Aged Care, Cunningham Downs, 21 Hartshorn Drive, ECHUCA	VIC 3564
Mrs Jill WILSON	195 Matthew Flinders Drive, LIGHT HOUSE BEACH	VIC 2444
Mrs Flora BOWMAN	Apartment 323, 2 Grose Street, DEAKIN	ACT 2600

If you do not wish your name to appear in the June 2016 PNGAA Membership List, published with the June Una Voce, please let us know.

Obituaries

Bob Oatley OAM, 10 January 2016, aged 87

Bob Oatley was a well-known businessman, winemaker and owner of the 30-metre supermaxi, Wild Oats XI. He spent many years travelling throughout PNG and made many friends. From the 1950s to the 1980s he worked firstly with the trading company, Colyer Watson and then with his own company, ANGCO.

Bob Oatley was born on 11 June 1928 and lived in Mosman. The now-exclusive Sydney suburb was regarded as working class in those days. He was brought up by a maternal aunt after his mother died of melanoma about a year after he was born.

Last year Forbes Magazine ranked Mr Oatley as Australia's 34th richest person, with a net worth of \$910 million. Though he is best known for his yachting exploits, he originally made his money trading in PNG coffee and cocoa, then in wine.

Oatley's business acumen was evident right from the start when,

at the age of 15, he was hired as an office boy by RA Colyer of Colyer Watson Trading in Sydney. Colyer quickly saw his potential and took the teenager under his wing. The pair later launched a very successful coffee and cocoa export business from PNG. In 1958, at the age of 30, Bob became the head of Colyer Watson's New Guinea coffee trading division and in 1963, Mr Colyer offered him the opportunity to be a partner in a new company, ANGCO, to control coffee and cocoa operations in New Guinea. Although Bob never lived in PNG he travelled frequently and extensively throughout the country.

Bob had great success as an exporter of high quality PNG coffee and cocoa beans. The new PNG government saw the potential of the business and moved to take control of the nation's coffee and cocoa production. By independence in 1975 it had bought out ANGCO, retaining him as services manager for the next decade. In 1984 he received the British Empire Medal for his service to PNG's economy.

Bob also got into the wine business in a big way. From its establishment

in the Hunter Valley in 1969, he built up Rosemount Estates to a value of \$1.4 billion before selling it to Southcorp in 2001.

In 2014 he was appointed as an officer of the Order of Australia (AO) for:

'his distinguished service to the Australian wine and tourism industries, to the sport of yacht racing, and to the community as a supporter of medical research and visual arts organisations'.

Bob's philanthropy was low key but extensive. He focused on the fields of sport (sailing and equestrian), medicine and art.

His generous donation to the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial was made on behalf of the late Mr RA Colyer. It was in memory of Bill Spensley who lost his life in the events following the invasion of Rabaul in 1942.

Interview with Bob Oatley, *Ocean 44*, July 2012

'Bob Oatley tribute on behalf of Mr Colyer in memory of Mr Spensley', Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society, *Memorial News*, September 2011



Bob with his wife Valarie



Bob Oatley

Photos: Andrea Francolini

<http://www.abc.net.au/news/2016-01-10/businessman-and-wild-oats-owner-bob-oatley-dies/7079448>

<http://www.theaustralian.com.au/news/inquirer/bob-oatley-farewell-to-the-captain/news-story/f89bae635d336ccfd6a149cccea0a472>

Brian Costello, 13 October 2015, aged 85

When Brian asked Nigel Stingel to read his eulogy he told him not to be silly. After all the stories he had told him, Nigel felt Brian would live for ever.

Brian loved to tell tales of his adventures and I wish I had written them down. From telling employers he was older than he was to earn more, to making batteries in a Sydney factory, to riding the latest motor bikes across town to deliver them to the Police, to borrowing a hand saw and tool belt to help build a hospital in Geraldton even though he wasn't a builder, to putting a whale in the back of a DC3 to fly it to Sydney from PNG. (The whale story may have been a bit of a tall tale.)

Brian was born on 21 June 1930 in Manilla, a small town north west of Tamworth, NSW. After completing his education at St. Joseph's Convent School in Manilla, he joined Stoddard and Hayward, a local merchandising company where he gained considerable experience in various retail departments.

He was interested in Rugby League and boxing. When he left for Sydney in 1948, he was keen to continue boxing but the professional side of the sport lost its appeal after months of rigorous training. He joined the Guildford Rugby League Club, playing 'A' Grade was appointed Captain / Coach in 1952.

Brian went to PNG to work for the Australian Petroleum Company, then joined Steamships Trading Company in Port Moresby. He married Patricia Wood in 1956. They had two children, Peter John and Kim Lianne.

When Qantas withdrew from PNG in 1960, Brian (through Steamships) assisted Ansett Airlines to set up their sales office in Port Moresby. He accepted a position as a Traffic Officer and later became Manager in Lae.

In 1968 Brian returned to Port Moresby as Airport Manager and in 1969 became Ansett Airlines of PNG Manager for Madang. After three years, Brian returned to Port Moresby where he remained as the Manager of Ansett Australia after the formation of the Air Niugini in 1973. Brian also had other company interests and he was appointed as an assistant to Dr. Harold Poulton, Ansett's executive commissioner on the Papua New Guinea National Airline Commission.

In PNG Brian played league Magini's, based in Port Moresby, from 1955-59. He was Vice Captain for three years and was made a life member on retirement.

Brian represented Papua in the Inter-Territory matches against New Guinea eight times, five times in the first representative side and three in the second representative side – twice as Captain. The standard of play and crowd intensity was not far removed from the State of Origin matches of today.

As a member of the Hash House Harriers Club, Brian walked the Kokoda Trail in 1974. The group covered the distance in four days walking up to 12 hours each day.

Brian was also involved on many committees. He played golf and always enjoyed a convivial glass or as some would say a 'jug' or two with his friends.

Brian's passion for Military bands and marches and his collection of WWII history books indicates

his early interest in the Australian Military Forces.

He was also an honorary member of the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, a tribute as he was only the third honorary member. (The Commander of the PNG Defence Force and the Police Commissioner of PNG were the others.)

In 1976 Brian transferred to Ansett head office in Melbourne after 16 years of service and 22 years of residency in PNG.

Bryan Grey, the then general manager of Air Niugini, offered him a position as NSW Manager, on secondment from Ansett, to set up Air Niugini operations in Sydney. At the end of the secondment Brian resigned from Ansett and remained with Air Niugini for 14 years. During this time, Brian met and married Jackie Le Lacheur and his second daughter Candice Carlien was born in Melbourne in 1976.

As an airline delegate to the International Airline Transport Association, Brian attended conferences in New Zealand, Penang, Kuala Lumpur, Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong, Bali, Jakarta and Tokyo. After joining Compass Airlines as sales interline manager during its brief operation, Brian visited Hong Kong, Singapore, Chicago, Los Angeles and Berlin on company promotions. After the demise of Compass, he had several fill-in jobs before becoming Marketing Consultant and later, Manager of Special Projects with Flight West Airlines.

Brian was extremely proud of his association with Ansett in the 1960s and early 70s. He held the then general manager, Frank Pascoe, whom he regarded as the greatest 'Man's man' he had ever known, in very high regard and great respect.

He also had great respect for the Alliance Managing Director, Scott Mcmillan who set a high standard of control management and never failed to recognise the efforts of his staff with whom he was always on a first name basis.

On 30 June 2003 Brian retired and he was given an official Alliance staff party at Breakfast Creek, followed by a farewell in the company's engineering hangar. A generous presentation was made by the managing director. RIP Brian.

Nigel Stingel

Nigel is married to Brian's daughter, Candice

Bruce Reid, 4 October 2015, aged 90

Bruce was born on 23 September 1925. My wife, Barbara, and I visited Bruce after our return from Cairns and Rabaul and had an interesting chat with him. Unfortunately his health had deteriorated and he later spent some time in respite care. Bruce said he would visit us on his return home to see the photos of our trip on our TV screen; but that did not eventuate.

I visited him in my role as Almoner for the Brighton S.A. RSL Sub-branch for just over seven years and he allowed me to read his father's WW1 military memorabilia.

Ken Hayes

Colin Robert Benton, 24 October 2015, aged 70

Col was a Didiman in Papua New Guinea for 50 years. (Didiman is the pidgin term for agricultural

officer, originating from a Herr Dieterman who was the first German botanist in Rabaul in the late 1800s). I only knew Col for the last 15 of the 50 years that he was a Didiman.

Col was a great Didiman, he made a huge difference to the lives of countless thousands of Papua New Guinean smallholder farmers and hundreds of Didimen and plantation managers. An agricultural extension officer's job is to get farmers to change their behaviour and the only way to do this is to influence and encourage and motivate them. He had little or no authority to force change but he was very effective in changing people's behaviour.

When we first met at Higaturu I did not really believe all his stories but over the years I found that they were true, with maybe a few embellishments added over the years. I will try to relate some of Col's achievements in PNG by using some of his stories.

Col and I started together at Higaturu Oil Palms in Popondetta in August 2000.

Col went to PNG straight from Hawkesbury Agriculture College. He had read the then newly published *Patrol into Yesterday* by J.K. McCarthy and attended a lecture given by Syd Saville, the father of Vudal Agriculture College. Syd was recruiting Agriculture graduates for TPNG. The lecture and the Kiap's story inspired Col to try working in the then Territory of PNG.

He was first posted to Gusap in the Ramu Valley in 1966. His job was to plant village coffee to provide the people with a cash income to supplement their subsistence food production.

Working life meant leaving the station at 3am and walking through the kunai in the cool of the night before hitting the first steep climb into the mountains at dawn. Col claimed that he spent 200 days a year on patrol, planting smallholder coffee. For the first four years that meant walking some of the most rugged country in PNG in the Finisterre Ranges, the Sarawageds, and between Mumeng and Menyamya in the Upper Watut. There were not many places those little boots didn't take him.

Col also worked in Madang and he was assigned to find a droving route for cattle from Madang to the Highlands. He walked from Madang to Tabibuia in the Jimi Valley near Mt Hagen. This took six weeks and Col was very glad to get to the government station at Tabibuia and fly home. I am not sure if any cattle used this route. To this day there is no road.

In 1971 Col was transferred to West Sepik as Provincial Rural Development Officer. This was a huge area to cover and much of his time was spent on patrol in a canoe on the Sepik River. Later he became OIC of Sepik Cocoa Growers Cooperative in Wewak where Sean and Fiona were born.

After leaving the government in 1987 Col worked on cocoa plantations in Bougainville and East New Britain for Roger Gillbanks. If Col was the greatest smallholder Didiman then Roger was arguably the greatest plantation management guru.

Col was OIC of Bialla Oil Palm project from 1975-77. On 15 Sep 1975 he lowered the Australian flag for the last time and stood with his team of PNG Didimen the next morning when the PNG flag was

raised. Col had hoped to claim the Australian flag but somehow a kiap got to it first.

Col started the Popondetta smallholder project in 1977 and when he left in 1987 he left over 1500 families each with a 4ha block of oil palm and earning an income. Today there are over 20,000 families earning their livelihood on smallholder oil palm blocks. They represent 32 per cent of the PNG oil palm industry and last year earned over \$200 million in export earnings.

Col and Bev met at the Sambogo river picnic area in Popondetta. Bev was the new teacher in town. She jumped off the cliff into the river and lost her bikini top. No one knew that Col could swim that fast to rescue a damsel in distress. They have been together ever since.

Col joined CDC/Pacific Rim Plantations in 1998 and worked at Poliamba in New Ireland, SIPL in

the Solomons and then was field manager at Higaturu Oil Palms and then General Manager of Milne Bay Estates. He retired again at the end of 2003 but was not really ready to settle down. I became General Manager at Higaturu in 2005 and had lunch with Col and Bev to see if he wanted a job running the Smallholder Dept at Higaturu. He jumped at the chance (and I am pretty sure Bev was glad he got the job too) and over the next three years he took smallholder production from 150,000 tonnes to 187,000 tonnes before cyclone Guba hit and wiped out every road in the province.

Soon after I was recruited by Hargy Oil Palms in Biella but Col decided he had had enough adventure for a while. Col and Bev and I would meet for lunch whenever I was in Brisbane and Bev would implore me to give Col another job as he was still not ready to retire. Eventually I got Col a position as Head of Plantations in 2012. He

quickly turned the plantations around and we will have a record year this year.

Col's method was simple but required a lot of hard work which he was still doing until late July last year when he realised he could not hold a pen to sign his name. In April last year Col and I took four PNG Plantation Managers to Indonesia for a field trip to learn how to make terraces and plant on the contour. I noticed that his hands were

shaking but otherwise he was his usual bundle of fun.

On our return to Hargy however, Col tried to put the training into practice but he could not do it. I had never seen him fail before. The tremor in his hands was becoming worse but he put this down to his blood pressure. He flew back to Australia on 1 August and found that he had four tumours and that there was not long to go.

At Hargy Oil Palms we have 85 white land cruisers in the fleet and from a distance they all look the same. The Papua New Guineans loved to tell that it was easy to pick Col's car from a distance as it appeared that no one was driving. They all loved Col.

I tried to get him an MBE for the 40th Independence celebrations to recognise his services to PNG agriculture but the application was not accepted. If anyone deserved recognition it was Colin Benton. He made a difference to the lives of thousands of Papua New Guineans.

We will remember him always and will retell his stories and exploits for many, many years to come.

To Bev, Sean, Fiona and the grandkids, thanks for letting him be part of our lives.

Farewell Col.

Graham King

Dorrie Allwood, 21 October 2015, aged 84

Born in Townsville, Dorrie was the sixth of seven children. She grew up in the tiny town of Guru in the heart of sugar cane country-Far North Queensland and by all accounts lived an idyllic childhood

COLIN ROBERT BENTON aged 70 years passed away in Bulwer Private Hospital, Queensland Australia on Saturday October 24, 2015 after a short illness.

Col Benton spent 50 years in the service of agriculture in PNG and was one of the prime movers in the development of the oil palm industry in Papua New Guinea.

Col served in many places in his long career in Papua New Guinea, starting as a young dilettant at Gusap in 1966. He came into oil palm with the establishment of the Biella Oil Palms smallholder projects in 1975 and from there moved to Popondetta where he was the Officer in Charge of the Popondetta Oil Palm smallholder establishment. He then went into the private sector, firstly in cocoa and then in oil palm. In July 2015 he celebrated his 70th birthday in Biella. He will be well remembered and much missed by the hundreds of Papua New Guineans who benefited both financially and intellectually from his work.

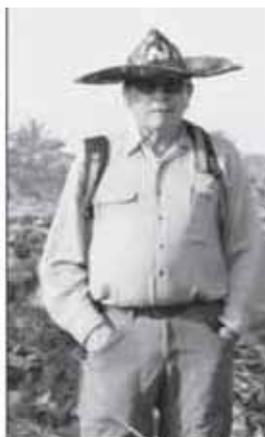
He leaves behind his widow, Mrs Beverley Benton, his son Sean, his daughter Fiona and grandchildren.

Briefly: Sean and Fiona, at this time of loss we share your grief and sorrow at the untimely passing of your father and uncle

The Board of Directors and Management of SPIEF, Belgium and the General Manager of Hargy Oil Palms Limited and staff wish to convey their heartfelt sympathies and sincerest condolences to the family of the late Col Benton. He was a unique man, a respected and committed employee and a dedicated family man. He shall be remembered for his contributions to agriculture and in particular the Oil Palm Industry in PNG.

We will greatly miss and remember him.

MAY HIS SOUL REST IN ETERNAL PEACE



COLIN ROBERT BENTON

Colin Benton Obituary, Post Courier

with a large extended family. Dorrie found attending St Patrick's College fitted well her family and faith. After a brush with office work she opted for a nursing career, trained at Townsville Mater Hospital, with stints in Sydney and Adelaide, graduating in 1956 as a registered nurse with triple certificates in Midwifery, Child Health and Tropical Diseases. In 1957 Dorrie applied for a nursing position in Wewak, Papua New Guinea, solely because her brother Timothy Hayes had served with the RAAF based at Merauke in West Papua during the war. He was reported lost in March 1944, devastating the family. She wanted to find his resting place, but only later found his name on a memorial in Lae.

Whilst working in Wewak, Dorrie's world changed again. During her battle with polio she met Max Allwood at the hospital and they married a year later, in 1958. From 1958 to 1969 they travelled from post to post (Rabaul, Mt Hagen, Goroka, Mendi, Sohano, Port Moresby), had five children, and Max spent much time on patrol. Women needed character to keep a home together in a remote environment, and what does not kill you makes one stronger. She was a rock for Max as he completed his Law studies externally through the University of Queensland and then gained admission to the bar. For a few years in Port Moresby Dorrie juggled family life and work at the Moresby General Hospital, nursing in the maternity ward which she thoroughly enjoyed.

After PNG Independence in 1975, with heavy hearts Max and Dorrie decided to leave PNG and make a new life in Brisbane for their family. Schooling was an issue, and it had become apparent that son Timothy, who had developed severe epilepsy,

required specialist attention in Australia. However, for the first two years Dorrie had to go it alone in Brisbane for the most part, while Max continued as a consultant to the PNG Government.

The years 1976 to 1994 were busy for Dorrie and Max; their full time, seven day a week commitment to meeting the demands of Timothy's care, until his death at 42, was the result of love and giving. They always found time to keep in touch with their treasured PNG friends, and I doubt they missed many Kiap reunions over the years. Max worked in Law at Queensland University and, in later years, at the Brisbane City Council. Dorrie was gifted with anything handmade and while busy at home always kept up with her wide ranging interests in painting, crafts, dressmaking, cake decorating, floral arranging and wood work. She was always keen to learn a new skill and in the last year or two took up spinning Alpaca wool. She had a love of people and told endless stories about the early years, the people and life in remote places. We pleaded to record the *'Doris Hayes Story'* to keep these memories alive, but she dodged and hedged and dived away from that opportunity.

Max and Dorrie retired to Maleny and thoroughly enjoyed their life on their patch of paradise, made many friends and were involved in the local community for many years. Life was going as it should until tragedy struck with the loss of their son Timothy in 2010, son Paul in 2012, and then Max passed away in 2012. This left a big hole in the family.

Dorrie was not ordinary, but extraordinary in so many ways; her family, friends and faith were her passion, she loved politics and competitive sport, particularly

rugby, and her home was open to anyone and everyone. Some would say she had a tough life but with her gutsy determination she always just got on with it. In her life following Max's death she showed remarkable courage, strength and independence and worked through a huge learning curve to take on all the tasks that Max had done previously. They really had been a tight team. She continued being involved in many activities, such as spinning, crocheting and playing Mah-jong with friends weekly.

Dorrie fell ill suddenly in September 2015, fought to 'stick around' but this was not to be and she passed away at Maleny Hospital. Her faith was strength for her. Dorrie will be sadly missed by family and friends far and wide; she leaves three children: Rosemary Collins, John Allwood and Elizabeth Ferguson, two in laws Brett Collins and Mick Ferguson, and six grand children.

Rosemary Collins

**Jim Birrell,
28 November 2015**

Jim was one of two known surviving members who served in New Guinea Volunteer Rifles.

Phil Ainsworth

Peter Gabriel

The Babinda RSL sub branch conducted an RSL funeral for Peter at St Rita's Catholic Church, Babinda. Don Lawie represented the Babinda RSL members and the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles Association.

Peter joined PNGVR in 1970 and afterwards served nine years in the ARA. His mother was an Elevala / Hanuabada lady and his father was a WWII Digger.

Don Lawie

Pat Riddell, 18 January 2016

Pat and her husband Vic regularly attended our monthly Islands Memories in Toowong until mid-2015 when Vic's medical condition interrupted their return travel from Caboolture to Toowong.

Pat was very bright and bubbly and we certainly knew that she was with us at our meetings. She was interested in anything relating to Papua New Guinea where she had been a Missionary School Teacher.

Jim Burton

George Dixey Straughen, 7 August 2015, aged 93

George was born in Melbourne on 16 June 1922. He enlisted in 1941 at age 19 and was posted to the 7th Infantry Battalion where he remained for two years before joining the 1st Australian Parachute Battalion.

He was discharged in 1946 and in 1949 started work as a field assistant with the Australasian Petroleum Company. This was his introduction to PNG. Following the completion of his contract he went on to manage plantations in Kokapo, New Ireland, Kavieng and Ulatana.

In 1956 George married Anita and started working for J.K. Dowling in Rabaul, eventually becoming Manager of the New Guinea Finance Co. In the early 1960s George bought 350 acres of virgin jungle on the island of Bougainville with a loan from the War Service Agricultural Scheme. He developed it into Tanaboia Plantation, located about 20 miles from Kieta, the main town and port of Bougainville.

In 1974 Tanaboia Plantation was sold to an indigenous cooperative

and George and his family moved to Brisbane. In 2000 George's contributions to PNG's development were recognised by Sir Silas Atopare, the then Governor General of PNG.

George is survived by his second wife Patricia, his son Kirk, daughter Gina, stepdaughter Sandra and his granddaughter Amrita.

John Matthijs Theodor Groenewegen, 8 May 2015, aged 78

John was born in the Netherlands on 7 July 1936. He was the eldest of five sons of the late Rev. J.B. and Mrs R. Groenewegen. With his parents and brothers he migrated to Australia in 1952, settling in Corrrimal, NSW where his father was the Minister at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

After completing his Leaving Certificate at Wollongong High School John enrolled at Sydney University to do an Arts Degree. In 1956, after two years at university, John took a holiday job with Mission Relations in the Education Department in Port Moresby. At the end of 1957 he accepted a scholarship to train as a Cadet Education Officer at ASOPA in Mosman, NSW.

During his first year at ASOPA he met Barbara Joyce, a member

of his father's congregation at St. Columba's Presbyterian Church, Lane Cove. At the end of his two years at ASOPA, John took up his first teaching position at the school at HMAS Tarangau, Lombrum, Manus Island. After six months there, he was transferred to the Primary 'T' School at Lorengau, Manus Island.

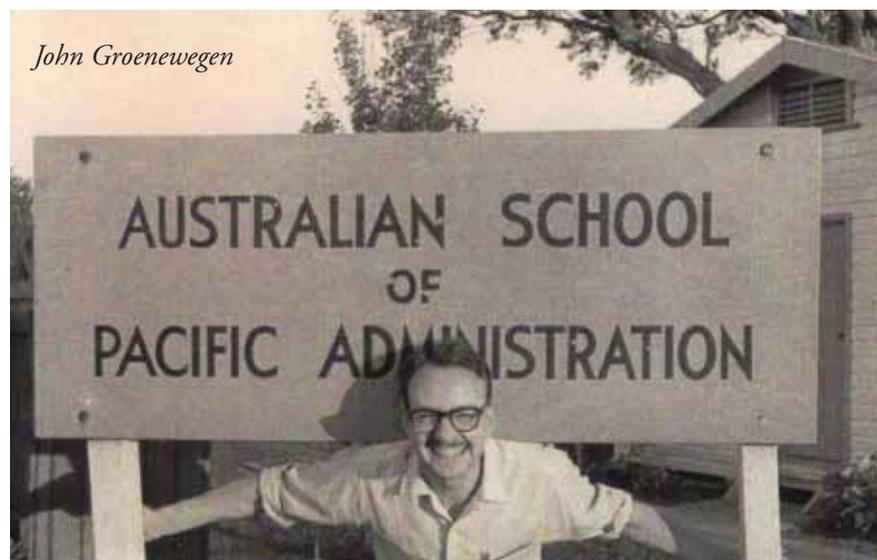
At the beginning of 1961 he was appointed Head Teacher at the Primary 'T' School at Garaina (the experimental tea plantation) in Morobe District. At the end of that year he had six months leave in Sydney and during that time he completed an Anthropology Course at Sydney University.

Just before he returned to New Guinea he and Barbara were engaged and were married 18 months later, on 30 December, 1963 at Lane Cove Presbyterian Church.

During these 18 months John was a Lecturer in English Method at Goroka Teachers College in Eastern Highlands District.

After their marriage John and Barbara returned to Goroka where they stayed until the end of 1966 when John became Assistant Principal of the Teachers College.

Due to family circumstances they returned to Australia, first to Brisbane where John completed



his B.Ed. Degree at Queensland University, then to Sydney where John began teaching at Knox Grammar School, Wahroonga at the beginning of 1968. He taught there for 29 years, mainly teaching English. During that time he completed an M.A. in English Literature at Macquarie University. John retired at the end of 1996.

He is survived by Barbara, his wife of 51 years, and his four brothers and their families. He loved his time in PNG and enjoyed being a member of PNGAA.

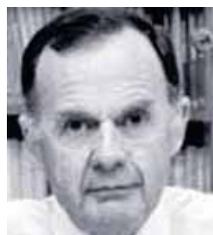
John Roy Hartley Burnell, 17 November 2015, aged 91

John was born in Nottingham in the United Kingdom. He died at the Gold Coast, Queensland following surgery for long standing heart problems. During World War II he served in the Royal Marines and then the British Army 11th Armoured Division. He was one of the first soldiers to go into the German Belsen - Bergen concentration camp where he witnessed hundreds of emaciated survivors and the bodies of those who did not survive the years of German brutality. Post-war, he served in the Nottinghamshire Constabulary from 13 March 1947 to 31 January 1959 when he migrated to Australia. He was appointed to the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary on 12 November 1962 and served at Port Moresby, Mt. Hagen and Bulolo. Unable to withstand the tropics, he resigned on 19 October 1965 and returned to Australia, where he worked in the automotive industry. He is survived by his widow Edith and three adult sons.

M.R. Hayes

Peter Ryan, 13 December 2015, aged 92

Peter Allen Ryan was one of the last of the post-war generation of Melbourne intelligentsia. He was born in Melbourne on 4 September 1923.



Peter Ryan

During WWII he served in an intelligence role behind the lines of Japanese-occupied Papua New Guinea. This became the subject of his first book *Fear Drive My Feet*. Later in the war he taught elementary PNG language to servicemen in Canberra and this led to a place in Alf Conlon's Directorate of Research and Civil Affairs.

After the war he studied at Melbourne University where he was active in the Labor Club but later became more conservative.

He was most famous for the controversy created by his scathing attack on Manning Clarke's *History of Australia* in the conservative magazine Quadrant.

Ryan's books include *Redmond Barry* (1972), *William Macmahon Ball: A Memoir* (1990), *Black Bonanza: A Landslide of Gold* (1991), *Chance Encounters: AD Hope* (1992), *Lines of Fire: Manning Clark and Other Writings* (1997) and *Brief Lives* (2004).

In *Brief Lives* Peter celebrated the lives of 15 of his friends (14 Australians and one Papua New Guinean) from a Prime Minister and a Nobel laureate to a wood-cutter and a doorman.

Peter's book *Fear Drive My Feet* is probably the most well-known book on WWII in PNG. He continued to write for Quadrant until recently and was always a strong supporter of Una Voce.

Peter's long and happy marriage lasted nearly seven decades. He is survived by his wife, Davey, and children Sally and Andrew.

An obituary by Gina Rushton and Ean Higgins was published in *The Australian* on 14 December 2015. The Quadrant obituary is on the PNGAA Facebook page.

Alexander (Sandy) McNab, 24 November 2015, aged in his 90s

Sandy was a fine and brave man. He spent a lot of time behind enemy lines during the Pacific War. We have lost another great Australian. Sandy is with his No1 Independent Company mates again, many of whom were lost on the Montevideo Maru.

Lest we forget.

John Schindler

Alexander (Sandy) McNab was one of the few survivors, perhaps the only survivor, of his WWII commando unit. And now he has died, aged in his nineties.

Sandy was a tough little character of Scottish parents. In early 1941, before the war with Japan, he responded to a call for recruits to 'undertake service in a secret and adventurous unit'.

Eventually he was paraded before a senior officer who sat him down and asked him lots of strange questions.

'Was I good at street fighting? Could I fly a plane? Sail a boat? Ski? And much more.'

As he answered 'no' to most questions, he went back to his AIF Battalion and forgot all about it.

'Eventually several of us were told we'd been accepted but we were



Sandy McNab

given the opportunity to withdraw with no detriment to our military careers. Nobody withdrew. We had still not been told anything about the unit we were joining. We soon found out.'

For several months Sandy and some 350 colleagues of the 1st Independent Company went through strenuous training in the rugged Wilson Promontory area of Victoria. There were few spare moments. Weapons training, booby trapping, explosives and explosive weapons, field training both day and night, swimming, use of radio, and more weapons training.

On 12 July 1941 the unit left Australia by ship, headed for New Guinea. The commandoes established their headquarters at Kavieng on New Ireland and sections were sent to Manus, Namatanai, Buka, Tulagi in then British Solomon Islands, and New Hebrides (now Vanuatu).

Private Sandy McNab was one of 25 members of 3 Section posted to Buka Island in October 1941, just two months before the outbreak of war with Japan. By April 1942 it was obvious that the section should move to nearby Bougainville, a much larger island offering mountainous shelter from the probing Japanese patrols.

The section established radio contact with Australia and received regular supply drops from Allied aircraft. Apart from harassing the Japanese, the main task was to provide support to American forces engaged in the decisive battle for Guadalcanal. Reports were radioed to the Americans giving early warning of Japanese aircraft and shipping heading toward the battle area.

The Americans were loud in their praise of the Australian '*coast watchers*'. Four of the section were awarded US Silver Stars.

At the time, Bougainville was described as 'an island crawling with Japs'.

In April 1943 the members of 3 Section were evacuated by American submarines, ending almost 18 months behind enemy lines.

Alexander 'Sandy' McNab wrote the book, *We Were the First - The unit history of No 1 Independent Company*, first published 1998 by Australian Military History Publications.

Don Hook

Lionel Burton, 20 October 2015, aged 99

Stanley Lionel Burton, Sgt NG2116 and NGX 452, former NGVR and AIF. Stan was one of three known surviving men from the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles.

He was born 18 May 1916 and died just six months short of his century. His wife Daphne died in 2014, aged 103 years. They had been married for 76 years

Vale Summary

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

Dorrie Allwood	21 October 2015, aged 84
Colin Robert Benton	24 October 2015, aged 70
Jim Birrell	28 November 2015
John Roy Hartley Burnell	17 November 2015, aged 91
Stanley Lionel Burton	20 October 2015, aged 99
George Cockram	
Brian Costello	13 October 2015, aged 85
Elizabeth Foulger	18h August 2015
Peter Gabriel	
John Matthijs Theodor Groenewegen	8 May 2015, aged 78
Alexander (Sandy) McNab	24 November 2015, aged in his 90s
Bob Oatley	10 January 2016, aged 87
Bruce Reid	4 October 2015, aged 90
Pat Riddell	18 January 2016
Peter Ryan	13 December 2015, aged 92
George Dixey Straughen	7 August 2015, aged 93



Commemorating the 75th Anniversary 2017 Montevideo Maru and the New Guinea Islands

WE NEED YOUR STORIES! STORIES ABOUT THE 'LOST BATTALION', STORIES ABOUT CIVILIANS WHO REMAINED BEHIND AND WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN. STORIES ABOUT ESCAPE, STORIES ABOUT EVACUATION, STORIES ABOUT THOSE WHO LATER RETURNED TO NEW GUINEA ISLANDS AND STORIES ABOUT HOW WWII IN THE NEW GUINEA ISLANDS AFFECTED YOUR FAMILY AND LIVES DURING AND AFTER WWII.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

To acknowledge the '75th Commemorative Anniversary of the sinking of the Montevideo Maru and the fall of the New Guinea islands', we are collecting short stories including photographs, by the families & friends of the men, which will be published as a book for the 75th Anniversary in 2017. The book will be about both the soldiers of the 2/22nd Battalion - Lark Force & the 1st Independent Company as well as the Civilians at Rabaul and New Guinea islands during WW2. We are looking for engaging and well-researched stories using a creative non-fiction technique rather than a 'facts and figures' story that links to the soldiers and civilians to their home communities, including their family life prior.

We want to get a picture about these men that were essentially deemed 'lost' by our Government for more than three years; we want to know how their families survived during this unknown time - did they go to the marches in the capital cities? Did they receive help from Legacy? Did the family visit the camps at Trawool or Bonegilla before they departed? Did they knit socks for the Red Cross? Did they attend the Christmas parties or Fete arranged by 2/22nd Welfare Auxiliary? Were any of your family members part of the 2/22nd Welfare Auxiliary and what was their role? Or did they just not talk about the missing family members? Do you have any special items at home that were sent back from Rabaul? Did your family member escape and how? Was your family member listed in the massacres at either Tol or Kavieng and how did your family handle this tragic news? What happened after the War if they were one of the few that escaped? Did they befriend any special Papua New Guineans whilst escaping? Were they a POW in Japan and how did they survive that? With civilians - what happened when they were evacuated? Did they have a home to go to? How did they manage for food and winter clothing? What support did they receive? How did losing their homes and nearly all they knew - affect them and their children? How did they find out what happened to their men? The variables are endless.

The book is to give families the opportunity to tell their story and to let others know the tragic loss that both Australia and the New Guinea Islands suffered by the disappearance of these special men onboard the Montevideo Maru as well as those that never left the New Guinea islands, and those that managed to make extraordinary escapes home.

SUBMISSION CONDITIONS

Email entry is preferred. Email: stories@memorial.org.au or Dropbox : Gayle Thwaites Postal Address: Mrs G. Thwaites, PO Box 153, Lilydale, Victoria, 3140

- Please register your subject interest and Soldier's /Rabaul Civilian name with our Project Manager - Gayle Thwaites via email : stories@memorial.org.au
- Submissions are due 30 July, 2016 @ 5.00pm; they must include a Submission Form and Release Forms (photos) if applicable
- There is no entry fee
- Submission is not a guarantee of publication
- Open to age 14 and over
- Limit of two stories per person
- Stories must be the author's own work
- Stories must not exceed the word limit of 3000 words
- You are encouraged to include photographs with your story. These must be in JPG format and scanned at least to 300 dpi. A release form will be required for each individual photograph.
- Photos should not be embedded in the text file. Please submit images as separate files from the written work
- Hard copies of photos can be scanned and returned to you by arrangement
- Stories should include a list of sources at the end
- Entries must be typed on A4 paper, single sided in 12pt font double- spaced, with page numbers; no other formatting please
- By submitting a story, the author grants the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Group/Papua New Guinea Association of Australia (PNGAA) the rights to publish the story in print and online.
- Once published, the rights revert back to the author.
- Stories will NOT be returned
- Publication is scheduled for Mid - 2017

FURTHER ENQUIRIES

Project Team Manager - Gayle Thwaites:

Email - stories@memorial.org.au or Mobile: 0477 000 771

PNGAA President - Andrea Williams: Email - president@pngaa.net

Stay up to date with the project via Facebook at

www.facebook.com/RabaulandMontevideoMaruSociety

PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION of AUSTRALIA Inc

ABN: 35 027 362 171

UNAUDITED



FINANCIAL STATEMENTS

31 DECEMBER 2015

**PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION
OF AUSTRALIA INC.**

**Statement of Income and Expenditure
For the year ended 31 December 2015**

	Note	2015 \$	2014 \$
INCOME			
Donations		415	1,278
DVD sales	2	2,555	5,464
Functions	3	18,059	66,135
Interest		3,236	2,702
Membership	4	38,096	42,641
Raffles		<u>-</u>	<u>6,015</u>
TOTAL INCOME		<u>62,361</u>	<u>124,235</u>
EXPENDITURE			
Administration	5	4,661	7,118
Donations – Croc Prize		5,000	7,000
Functions	3	10,286	66,470
Storage		2,554	2,337
Una Voce	6	36,411	18,431
Website		<u>178</u>	<u>2,482</u>
TOTAL EXPENDITURE		<u>59,090</u>	<u>103,838</u>
SURPLUS for the year		3,271	20,397
Less: Income tax	7	<u>(711)</u>	<u>(1,096)</u>
Operating profit for the year		<u>\$2,560</u>	<u>\$19,301</u>

This statement is to be read in conjunction with the notes attached

**PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION
OF AUSTRALIA INC.**

**Statement of Financial Position
For the year ended 31 December 2015**

	Note	2015 \$	2014 \$
CURRENT ASSETS			
Cash and cash equivalents	8	195,556	190,439
Inventories	9	<u>8,835</u>	<u>12,810</u>
Total Current Assets		<u>204,391</u>	<u>203,249</u>
TOTAL ASSETS		<u>204,391</u>	<u>203,249</u>
CURRENT LIABILITIES			
Provision for audit		550	350
Provision for income tax	7	83	1,096
Subscriptions in advance	10	24,750	24,513
Trade creditors		<u>5,372</u>	<u>730</u>
Total Current Liabilities		<u>30,755</u>	<u>26,689</u>
NON-CURRENT LIABILITIES			
Subscriptions in advance	10	<u>12,068</u>	<u>13,152</u>
Total Non-current Liabilities		<u>12,068</u>	<u>13,152</u>
TOTAL LIABILITIES		<u>42,823</u>	<u>39,841</u>
NET ASSETS		<u>\$161,568</u>	<u>\$163,408</u>
MEMBERS' FUNDS			
General Reserve		27,267	27,267
Historical Preservation Reserve		11,041	11,041
Rabaul & Montevideo Maru Reserve		78,144	77,051
Retained earnings		<u>49,516</u>	<u>48,049</u>
TOTAL MEMBERS' FUNDS		<u>\$165,968</u>	<u>\$163,408</u>

This statement is to be read in conjunction with the notes attached

**PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION
OF AUSTRALIA INC.**

**Statement of Changes in Equity
For the year ended 31 December 2015**

	General Reserve	Historical Pres. Rve	RMvM Reserve	Retained Earnings	Total
Balance - 1 January 2014	27,267	11,041	82,473	23,326	144,107
Operating profit for 2014	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>(5,422)</u>	<u>24,723</u>	<u>19,301</u>
Balance - 31 Dec. 2014	27,267	11,041	77,051	48,049	163,408
Operating profit for 2015	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>1,093</u>	<u>1,467</u>	<u>2,560</u>
Balance - 31 Dec. 2015	<u>27,267</u>	<u>11,041</u>	<u>78,144</u>	<u>49,516</u>	<u>165,968</u>

**PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION
OF AUSTRALIA INC.**

Statement of Cashflows

For the year ended 31 December 2015

	Note	2015 \$	2014 \$
Cash inflows/(outflows) from operating activities			
DVD sales	2	10,818	12,030
Subscriptions		23,666	38,049
Function receipts	3	18,059	66,135
Interest received		840	1,114
Donations received		415	1,278
Donations paid		(5,000)	(7,000)
Function expenses	3	(10,286)	(66,470)
Payments to suppliers		(31,671)	(38,387)
Income tax paid	6	<u>(1,724)</u>	<u>(628)</u>
Net inflow for the year		5,117	6,121
Cash – 1 January 2015		<u>190,439</u>	<u>184,318</u>
Cash – 31 December 2015	8	<u>\$195,556</u>	<u>\$190,439</u>

This statement is to be read in conjunction with the notes attached

**PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION
OF AUSTRALIA INC.**

**Notes to the Financial Statements
for the year ended 31 December 2015**

Note 1 - Statement of Significant Accounting Policies

The financial statements contained in this report have been prepared in accordance with the requirements of the Associations Incorporation Act 2009 and the limited range of accounting standards applicable to a non-reporting entity.

The financial statements contained in this report have been prepared on an accrual basis and are based on historic costs and do not take into account changing money values or, current valuation of non-current assets.

	2015	2014
	\$	\$
Note 2 - Sales of DVDs		
Kiap – Story Behind the Medal	8,678	9,345
Walk Into Paradise/other	<u>2,140</u>	<u>2,685</u>
	10,818	12,030
Less:		
- Royalties WIP	(563)	(284)
- Cost of goods sold	<u>(7,700)</u>	<u>(6,282)</u>
	<u>2,555</u>	<u>5,464</u>
Note 3 - Functions		
Symposium – Income	_____ -	51,486
Symposium – Expenses	_____ -	<u>(54,223)</u>
	_____ -	<u>(2,737)</u>
Art Exhibition – Income	4,000	-
Art Exhibition – Expenses	<u>(2,618)</u>	_____ -
	<u>1,382</u>	_____ -
Other – Income – KIAP launch/Ballina/Xmas/AGM	14,059	14,649
Other – Expenses	<u>(7,668)</u>	<u>(12,247)</u>
	<u>6,391</u>	<u>2,402</u>
Total function income	18,059	66,135
Total function expenses	<u>(10,286)</u>	<u>(66,470)</u>
Profit/(Loss) for the year	<u>7,773</u>	<u>(335)</u>

**PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION
OF AUSTRALIA INC.**

**Notes to the Financial Statements
for the year ended 31 December 2015 (continued)**

	2015	2014
	\$	\$
Note 4 - Membership Subscriptions		
Brought Forward re 2015 (note 10)	24,513	28,361
Collected in year	<u>13,583</u>	<u>14,280</u>
	<u>38,096</u>	<u>42,641</u>
Note 5 – Administration		
Audit	550	350
Bank/Merchant Fees	640	1,116
General Postage	-	1,965
General Printing and Office supplies	1,190	2,100
Insurance	2,151	1,257
Membership List	-	330
Subscriptions	<u>130</u>	<u>-</u>
	<u>4,661</u>	<u>7,118</u>
Note 6 - Una Voce (transferred to A4 colour June 2016)		
Printing costs	28,669	9,519
Postage	8,661	7,220
Stationery	-	2,096
Less: International postage surcharge receipts	<u>(919)</u>	<u>(404)</u>
	<u>36,411</u>	<u>18,431</u>
Note 7 – Income Tax		
DVD sales – non members (50%)	1,420	2,732
Interest	<u>3,236</u>	<u>2,702</u>
Total Income	4,656	5,434
Less Deduction 25% Admin expenses	<u>(2,285)</u>	<u>(1,780)</u>
Taxable income	<u>2,371</u>	<u>3,654</u>
Tax at 30%	711	1,096
Less tax instalment paid	<u>(628)</u>	<u>-</u>
Payable	<u>83</u>	<u>1,096</u>

**PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION
OF AUSTRALIA INC.**

**Notes to the Financial Statements
for the year ended 31 December 2015 (continued)**

	2015	2014
Note 8 - Cash & Cash Equivalents	\$	\$
Cash at bank – CBA	41,697	39,800
Cash at bank - RMvM A/C	7,069	77,051
CBA - Term Deposits (16 March + 10 Feb 16)	75,715	73,588
CBA – RMvM Term Deposit (11 Feb 16)	<u>71,075</u>	<u>-</u>
	<u>195,556</u>	<u>190,439</u>

Note 9 – Inventory

Kiap DVDs	3,260	6,860
Other DVDs	5,575	4,950
Stationery	<u>-</u>	<u>1,000</u>
	<u>8,835</u>	<u>12,810</u>

At 31 December, 2015 the Association held 326 copies of Kiap, The Story Behind the Medal DVDs valued at \$10 each and 1,115 other DVDs (Walk into Paradise 324; Some Came Home 435 and R&MvM Tragedy 356) valued at \$5 each.

Note 10 – Subscriptions in Advance

Current – 2016	24,750	24,513
Non-Current – 2017 to 2020	<u>12,068</u>	<u>13,152</u>
	<u>36,818</u>	<u>37,665</u>

TREASURER'S CORNER – March 2016
Payments to – PNGAA, PO Box 453, ROSEVILLE, NSW, 2069

If you would like to:

1. Renew your **Membership** of PNGAA;
2. Purchase the **Walk into Paradise** DVD;
3. Purchase the **'Kiap – Stories Behind the Medal'** DVD;
4. Purchase **Montevideo Maru 70th Anniversary** DVD;
5. *Attend 2016 **AGM Luncheon – Killara Golf Club***

Please **print** your name and address below and fill out the relevant parts of the order form overleaf.

Please also check your address label – this tells you when your membership expires and also shows your membership number.

Membership number (if known) _____

Full name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Telephone _____ Mobile _____

E-mail address _____

I would also like to receive Una Voce by E-mail.

I would like to receive the Una Voce only by E-mail instead of a hard copy

* If you have an e-mail address, or have recently changed it, please let us know as it makes communication with members much quicker and more efficient. . . . and will facilitate the new web site log-on.

* Members who are resident outside Australia will pay Australian resident membership fees if they elect to receive Una Voce by E-mail rather than by post (e.g. no postage surcharge). See the checkbox above.

AGM LUNCHEON –

I will attend the Luncheon and will have as my guests:

If possible, I would like to be seated with _____

Number of vegetarian meals (if any)

Please feel free to make up your own table of Ten.

RSVP by 28 April

ORDER FORM

	Quantity	\$
PNGAA Membership Renewal		
Resident in Australia		
2016 : \$35 2016/2017 : \$70 2016/2019 : \$105		
Resident in Asia/Pacific Postal Zone		
2016 : \$50 2016/2017 : \$100 2016/2019 : \$150		
Resident in Rest of World Postal Zone		
2016 : \$60 2016/2017 : \$120 2016/2019 : \$180		
Walk Into Paradise DVD		
Member Price \$25		
Non-Member Price \$30		
'Kiap – Stories Behind the Medal' DVD		
Member Price \$30		
Non-Member Price \$35		
Montevideo Maru 70th Anniversary DVD Price \$30		
PNGAA AGM Luncheon – 15 May 2016 Price \$30 Killara Golf Club - Killara		
TOTAL COST		

PAYMENT DETAILS

Please circle method of payment

Payment is accepted by cheque, EFT, bank draft, MasterCard, Visa.

Or payment can be made through our web site: www.pngaa.net

EFT payments are made to PNGAA, BSB 062-009 (CBA, Wynyard), account 0090 7724. Please ensure that the information provided with your payment allows us to identify you. To be sure, please send a confirmation e-mail to membership@pngaa.net

CREDIT CARD PAYMENTS

Type of card: MasterCard Visa Expiry date _____/_____/_____

Card number _____/_____/_____/_____

Name on card (please print) _____

Signature of card holder _____ Date _____

All payments must be in Australian currency