



Una Voce

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

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

Annual General Meeting And Luncheon

To Be Held On **Sunday 2 May 2004 At The Mandarin Club**. Full Details On Are Page 3 Of This Issue, Booking Slip And Payment Form Are On A Separate Yellow Insert. The Meeting Should Not Take Long, And Then The Event Becomes A Social Function Like The Christmas Luncheon. Would Senior Or Incapacitated Members Who Would Like To Attend But Do Not Have Transport Please Contact Our Secretary Or Assistant Secretary.

If You Do Not Wish To Have Your Name And Address Included In The Membership List Which Is Published In The June Issue Of *Una Voce*, Please Advise The Secretary.

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

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Please note: Membership Fees \$15pa from January 2004.

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‘UNA VOCE’ IS THE JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC

Please send all correspondence to: **The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069.** Items for *Una Voce* are welcome and should be marked ‘For Attention: The Editor’ or emailed to: editor@pngaa.net By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet unless you advise us to the contrary.

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Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription - \$15. The membership year corresponds to the calendar year and an application form is available from the Secretary at the above address or you can download one from our website.

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CORRECTION: In the article ‘Telefomin Reflection’, (see *Una Voce* Issue 4 Dec 2003, p.9, 2nd para) ‘Jim Leahy’ should read ‘Mick Leahy’.

CHRISTMAS 2003 LUNCHEON

The annual Christmas luncheon held at the Mandarin Club, Sydney, on Sunday 7 December 2003 was attended by 186 members and friends and was a very convivial occasion with people moving from table to table to greet old friends well into the afternoon. A feature was the large number who came from country NSW and interstate and it was great to have a large contingent from South Australia. Thanks to Veronica Galloway, Alan Johnston, Bill McGrath and Claire James for donating the well chosen and very popular raffle prizes.

Unfortunately the Mandarin Club had just engaged new caterers, and the service and quality of food was far below standard and carafe wine was not available. Our dissatisfaction has been emphatically brought to the attention of the General Manager of the Club and we are confident their standards will be restored.

Harry West

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NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 53rd AGM of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Incorporated, will be held on Sunday 2 May 2004 at the Mandarin Club, Oriental Room, 4th Floor, Cnr Goulburn and Pitt Streets, Sydney, commencing at 11:30 am. The AGM will be followed by a Luncheon at approximately 1:00 pm.

AGENDA:

1. Members present, apologies and receipt of proxies.
2. Confirmation of the Minutes of the 52nd AGM (circulated in June 2003 Una Voce)
3. Business arising from the Minutes.
4. President's Report.
5. Treasurer's Report and Receipt of Audited Financial Statements.
6. Certificate required by Section 27 (1)(b) of the Associations Incorporation Act 1984.
7. Correspondence.
8. Confirmation of the appointment of His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd), Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, as a co-Patron of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Inc.
9. Election of Management Committee –
President, Deputy President, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer & Membership Officer, Asst Secretary, Editor Una Voce, 5 Committee persons, Hon. Auditor.
10. General discussion.

NB: At the bottom of the AGM Proxy voting form is a Nomination form for the election of office bearers. Nominations must be signed by the Nominee, the Proposer and Seconder and should be forwarded to the Secretary at least seven days before the date of the meeting.

Members together with their families and friends are all welcome – but please let us know if you are staying for, or coming to, the luncheon by completing the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow sheet and returning it as soon as possible.

The cost is \$30 per person – this does not include liquor or soft drinks - would those attending please pay in advance and not at the door. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and confirm numbers with the Mandarin Club.

Cancellations advised to either Ross Johnson (02 9876 6178) or Pamela Foley (02 9967 2818) by Friday 27 April 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.

Parking is available at the Goulburn Street Car Park (cnr Goulburn and Elizabeth Sts) for a flat rate of \$10 however as parking vouchers at a cheaper rate may be available from the Mandarin Club, do not pre-pay your parking fee.

***AGM Proxy and Nomination form are on a separate green sheet.
Booking slip and payment form are on a separate yellow sheet.***

P. Foley Secretary, 4 March 2004

IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – INFAMOUS COOKS

Nancy Johnston's story on the multitude of tasks that fell on the Kiap's shoulders, particularly in remote areas in the early days, and the request in the December 2003 issue of *Una Voce* for something on 'Infamous Cooks' took my mind back to Lae in March 1946, when civil administration took over from the army at the end of the Pacific War.

On the day of the change I was operating as an ANGAU Patrol Officer and was summoned to the army discharge centre where I had my badges of rank removed. Within an hour I was a civilian performing virtually the same tasks. I owned nothing in New Guinea other than my army clothing and a few basic essentials. We lived in 'bag town', a collection of abandoned square American army tents (some even had rough timber flooring!) and shared basic washing and toilet facilities. Everyone ate at the mess and the food was army surplus, mainly tinned. Pay was pretty miserable, but there was no tax. Initially nothing had to be paid for as Treasury was in its bare infancy. No rent, mess, light, telephone, postage or medical changes. 'War disposals' and scrounging were the order of the day and many picked up an ex-army jeep for a song. I remember a heated argument over the ownership of a metal wash stand. People had these outside their tent doors to hold an enamel dish for washing and shaving.

I started off doing all sorts of jobs including running the mess, hearing Native Affairs Court Cases and assisting with air drops to outstations where DC3's could not land. Basic supplies were 'bagged' in Lae and literally kicked out over the target by guys roped in so they would not follow the cargo to the ground.

To return to the mess, the local staff were not exactly five star cooks. Practically everything came out of tins, but as a wartime economy measure, these had no labels and had to be identified by symbols, which presented problems to illiterate cooks.

One day I adjourned the Court and went to the mess to sort out the various tins – soup, potatoes, cabbage, sausages, peaches etc and thought that everything was understood. I then went off on an air drop to Kainantu and returned just in time to check things out before lunch. Everything seemed OK, until I found the peaches, intended for desert, bubbling around in the dixie of soup!

Harry West

"I decided to have fishballs for our evening meal, so I made a bowl of mixture comprising tinned salmon, egg and other ingredients, and instructed my cook how he was to make the balls when it was time to start cooking them. He was to dip up a spoonful of mixture, round it with the bowl of a second spoon, and drop it into the frying pan. Shortly before dinnertime I went to the kitchen to see how the fishballs were cooking. I caught the cook taking up handfuls of mixture and rounding them into balls by rolling them up and down his bare chest, which was all sweaty with the heat of the stove. Fishballs disappeared from the menu for that night's dinner!"

(This story was told to me so long ago that I cannot recall the identity of the teller, but I give it in her words.)

Neville Threlfall

THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE – SEA TRAVEL
Deadline for entries 20 May 2004
Write/Phone/Fax/Email

A New Cook - AMBUNTI 1957

Those who have lived on outstations will know how much we looked forward to the arrival of mail and fresh, albeit frozen, meat.

One mail day I received my calico bag of meat and sent it up to the house to be put into the refrigerator. On arrival home after work I could not find the meat and asked the cook where it was. After him telling me several times it was in the refrigerator, and me not being able to find it, I summoned the cook to show me. In bad grace, because I am so stupid, he flounced in and opened the bottom door of the refrigerator to show me the meat. It was there alright, but anyone who had a kerosene refrigerator [in that era] will know that the bottom door housed the kerosene tank. Here was my meat sitting on top of the kerosene tank in about 35 degrees Celsius and 100% humidity. A rinse in vinegar would have followed to ascertain if it still smelled alright to eat.

John Tierney

* * * * *

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Kevin Edward MURPHY was awarded an **OBE** for services to sport development in the **Queen's New Year's Honours** list. Kevin currently lives and works in Mt Hagen. Two other members also received an **Order of Australia** in the 2004 Australia Day Honours:

Wing Commander **Robert ('Bobby') GIBBES** DSO DFC* (Ret'd) received an **OAM** for outstanding achievements in the fields of air transport, tourism and agricultural development in PNG, particularly in the early years of the Australian Trusteeship (1945-1975)

His personal input was an important ingredient in Papua New Guinea's rapid transition from fragmented tribalism to nationhood in thirty years. From the outset he undertook innumerable aerial reconnaissances and cargo drops, provided supply lines and means of personnel movement to remote areas and importantly, medical evacuation – impossible other than by air. He built up the only hotel/motel accommodation, essential for the movement of a whole range of people, in five central highland outposts. He pioneered the introduction of tea and coffee, both on a plantation scale and as a cash crop, under tutelage, for his indigenous neighbours, in the Western Highlands.

Harry West

Keith JACKSON received an **AM** for services to management and training in media, communications and public relations and for services to the development of non-commercial radio services. Keith spent 13 years in PNG until 1976 and the PNG Government awarded him an Independence Medal in 1977. His media career in PNG included the management of radio stations in Rabaul and Bougainville and the position of director of policy and planning with the NBC. Together with Phil Charley OAM, he was responsible for the introduction of commercial broadcasting in PNG in 1976. After a long media career in Australia and overseas, Keith is now Chairman of Jackson Wells Morris, a leading Sydney public relations firm and lives in the Sydney suburb of Cremorne.

Harley DICKINSON is staging a one man exhibition of his paintings at the Brougham Street Gallery 73 Malop Street in Geelong from April 19 till April 30 2004 - 'Windows of New Guinea' – an acrylic impressionist collection of life in widespread

areas, including Rabaul, Wewak, Vanimo and Telefomin, from 18 years service in PNG (1958-1976) as a District Services Field Officer and Magistrate. He has exhibited in 36 previous exhibitions and won a number of awards, but this is his first one man show. Apart from painting Harley is farming in the Mount Pleasant area. He was Liberal Member for South Barwon (Geelong) in the Victorian Parliament from 1982 till 1992 when, following an acrimonious break-up with the then Premier, Jeff Kennett, he resigned from the Liberal Party.

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY: Jim Toner writes -

Mike PRESS, ex-DDA, is still with the NT Government here. He sighs that in Native Affairs it was possible to kick the occasional goal but with Aboriginal Affairs you are lucky to make a successful hand pass. Unhappily his wife, **Elma**, awaits a kidney transplant for which he is incompatible. Dialysis twice weekly is something not to be wished on anybody.

Another ex-kiap now retired to Darwin, **Dave PERMEZEL**, was also in a bad way healthwise 12 months ago but has picked up steam sufficiently to be talking about heading for France and a bit of mature age study. **Bill BARCLAY**, once of DDA and Co-ops, has left the NT following the displacement of the Aboriginal Health Board on the Tiwi islands by governmental public health administration.

Phil VAN DER EYCK, still on loan from Darwin to Moresby, was surprised and pleased to find that his neighbour in Airvos Avenue was **Graham TUCK**. They are of the 1968/9 vintage of kiaps and probably the last up there still 'in government service'. Graham became a council adviser as early as 1972 at Wapenamanda and has worked for DDA through its various incarnations (now the Dept. of Provincial Government and Local Level Government!) to the present day. Until his recent decease **Stuart PRIESTLY** worked in the same department. He was a 1968 recruit who commenced his kiaping at Buin and Kunua.

It will be remembered that Imperial decorations for public servants in PNG were, pre-Independence, as rare as hen's teeth. However I see that an ex-kiap collected a OBE in the New Year Honours but hasten to add that this was only after spending 37 years in the islands. **Kevin MURPHY** arrived in 1967 and spent some time at Aitape before transferring to the Education Department as a teacher. His award was for work as general manager of the PNG Rugby League but he is now employed as Highlands manager for Niugini Oil.

I was taken aback to see that there are no less than 21 airlines currently requiring regulation by the PNG Civil Aviation Authority. One of these is Airlines PNG, the chairman of which is **John WILD**. The old pilot has just celebrated his 50th wedding anniversary having married **Patricia** at the original St. Mary's church in Moresby during December 1953. Surely he must be the senior expat in residence?

One of the more memorable utterances of 2003 came from Zimbabwe where its President informed the world that due to their convict ancestry Australians were "genetically modified" and therefore the comments of such as our Prime Minister could be ignored. Rather more attention has to be paid to a recent scientific finding that the people of PNG have a "genetic mutation" which provides resistance to malaria. A recent study by Edinburgh University in conjunction with the PNG Institute of Medical Research found that Papua New Guineans were protected against severe malaria as they lack a sticky protein called complement receptor one (CR1).

80-90% had very low CR1 levels by comparison with Europeans and some had none at all. When one recalls Dr. Gunther's famous statement that malaria made Papua New Guineans 'an eighty-per-cent people' this sounds odd but it is left to readers with hands-on experience of the disease to comment further. Perhaps 'severe' is the key word.

The absorption of western institutions into PNG culture has had mixed outcomes. There is now a Stock Exchange in Moresby but it lists only 12 companies and apparently 25 trades constitute a good week. To be charitable, it is a start.

However, the Miss PNG Quest in its 30th year is, as Mr. Keating might have said, "going gang-busters". It is no petty affair since it raises up to 50% of annual funding for the PNG Red Cross Society. In the 2003 Quest nine contestants collected an amazing 458,000 Kina, a record result. The winner collected for herself a Toyota Corolla generously donated by Ela Motors. Which reminds me that I purchased my first Toyota from that firm. I took my future wife down to Badili, pointed to a shiny new Corolla and asked her if she liked it. Then I walked around it once, kicked a tyre, and said "We'll take it". She gazed at me open-mouthed - her Man of Decision. Actually I had been there the day before and given the car a thorough test drive.

NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Anyone invited to the **Jack and Phil PAGE** table these days should be ready for a few surprises. Youngest son, **William PAGE**, has achieved mega-star status as a restaurateur. Under the headline "Aussie chef wins Michelin star", the Sydney Morning Herald and The Weekend Australian reported that he had been awarded a cherished star rating in Europe's top food bible, the Michelin guide. William, 45, who was born and spent his early years in PNG, established his restaurant in Vailly-sur-Sauldre 12 years ago. He only became aware of the honour when journalists started calling. He plans to resist the lure of cashing in on his new found clout and "keep things just the way they were."

David and **Jan MARTIN** developed their own form of Michelin awards in the eighties when they revamped the local hotel at Macclesfield in the Adelaide Hills after returning from PNG. From all reports the restaurant was well worth the trip from Adelaide. These days Jan is Executive Director of the Law Society in SA and David shares his time between an accountancy practice and managing a professional group in Adelaide.

Arch and **Joanne DICKSON** now living in Kapunda, recently talked about their early days in PNG. **Joanne** went up as a midwife to Wewak in the early 60's and then on to Nonga Hospital out of Rabaul in 1965. Arch who had been brought up in Hurstville went to work in Port Moresby in 1952 after he was told that his job in Newcastle was for 'life'. They met on the aircraft from Rabaul to Moresby and married some time later in Brisbane. They returned briefly to PNG after independence but like so many others decided that the best years had gone and they returned permanently to Australia in 1981.

This year's **6TH ADELAIDE PNGAA REUNION** will again be held at the end of October at Pulteney Grammar School. We are delighted that the guest speaker will be PNGAA President, Harry West. A special report by Graham Taylor on the 2003 Reunion Lunch follows this article.

Following on from his *Una Voce* article about the Pacific Collections in the South Australian Museum, it has been suggested to **Barry CRAIG** that a 'Friends of the Pacific Gallery' could be formed to promote the refurbishment and conservation of the

current display. A 'Friends' group could assist with voluntary research work and collection management as well as, through their networks, identifying and encouraging financial donations. As Barry pointed out in his article, the Pacific Gallery on North Terrace is the second largest display of Pacific artifacts in the southern hemisphere and the largest in Australia. Anyone who believes they could assist should ring John Kleinig at 08 8339 1665.

* * * * *

Graham Taylor reported -

65 members and friends attended the Fourth Annual Luncheon of the South Australian branch of PNGAA at Pulteney Grammar School, Adelaide, on Sunday 26 October 2003.

Welcoming those present Luncheon Chairman **Graham Taylor** relayed a message from Association President Harry West. A minute's silence was observed honouring relatives, colleagues and friends who had passed away during the last twelve months; more than 60 of whom had been mentioned in recent issues of *Una Voce*. He mentioned the dedicated Methodist Overseas Missionary **Rev Rodger Brown** who died in August at the age of 92, **Rhys Healey**, well-known European Medical Assistant and a number of highly respected Kiaps including **Doug Parrish, Bill Kelly, Cam Fleay** and **Orm Mathieson**.

Introducing Guest Speaker **Margaret Henderson** Graham explained that since she was born in Kavieng in 1941 her umbilical credentials for such a gathering as this were impeccable. Margaret had studied at primary and secondary schools in Adelaide before entering Adelaide Teacher's College where she graduated as an Infant Teacher. Her career was suspended for a period when she married Scott and during their subsequent life in North America before Scott's return to academic life in Australia. Now in retirement and in pursuit of her interest in writing Margaret had made a valuable contribution to the social history of the Territory through her work editing Rev Rodger Brown's autobiography *TalaTala* recalling his life's work as a Methodist Minister and Missionary. She had made a second important contribution in writing "*Yours Sincerely...Tom*" the story of her father's humble origins in England, his migration to Australia, his subsequent ordination as a Methodist Missionary, his work establishing the Methodist Mission in New Hanover in the years before WW2 and his tragic and untimely death at the hands of the Japanese in Kavieng. Graham observed that this was a compelling and moving story; a story of courage and sacrifice not about God, but about a Man of God.

Reflecting on the historically important decision taken by the first Methodist Overseas Missionaries in the Duke of York Islands in 1875 and subsequently by those that followed them, including Margaret's father Tom Simpson, to adopt the Tolai language Kuanua as the lingua franca of the church Graham said Kuanua had bound together the peoples of the Gazelle Peninsula, the Duke of York Islands and those of New Ireland who came under the influence of the Methodist Mission. His warm welcome to Margaret- spoken in Kuanua- reflected the timely sentimentality of the occasion.

Responding, Margaret dwelt on her father's early life. The title for her book, she said, had come from the many hundreds of letters from her father which she had only discovered a few years ago - decades after his death. She detailed his early upbringing and as a fostered child his hard uncompromising unrewarding life as a farm hand on a remote rural property in South Australia. He had, she said, resolved to dedicate his life to Christianity which called for intensive study culminating in his ordination and

appointment as a Missionary. She spoke of his romance and marriage to her mother Nellie who joined him in his life and work in New Hanover. She explained how her parents made the agonizing decision that she as a baby in arms and her mother would escape from New Ireland just ahead of the invading Japanese while her father remained behind to continue his missionary work. Margaret amplified the mysterious circumstances surrounding her father's subsequent capture and tragic self-sacrifice as a prisoner of the Japanese.

Margaret explained that since beginning her quest to establish the details of her father's life and work in New Hanover she had made a pilgrimage to the island in the course of which she had also attended a memorial service commemorating the victims of the 'Montevideo Maru' held in Kavieng. She replayed an ABC '7.30 Report' videotape covering this ceremony. Margaret referred to a vow she had made to have her father's name permanently recorded on official honour rolls at the Australian War Memorial and also in the United Kingdom. She was very glad that she had now achieved this notwithstanding the bureaucratic battles she had had to fight with the Australian Government, some Parliamentarians, and other authorities.

Following **Dr Roy Scraggs'** vote of thanks to Margaret for her very detailed and touching account of her father's life Graham Taylor referred to a recent source recording the fact that 333 members of Christian Churches were known to have lost their lives at the hands of the Japanese in PNG during world War 11. He felt it timely and appropriate that he should read the Epilogue and tribute in 'Yours Sincerely...Tom' written by Margaret's son Brenton about his grandfather whom Fate had denied him an opportunity to know.....

"How do I make sense of such a life?

Maybe the secret of his life is not to try and make sense of it...but simply admire him and his success against so many obstacles.

His letters reach out and touch us in a manner that gives us an insight into a man we all wish we knew.

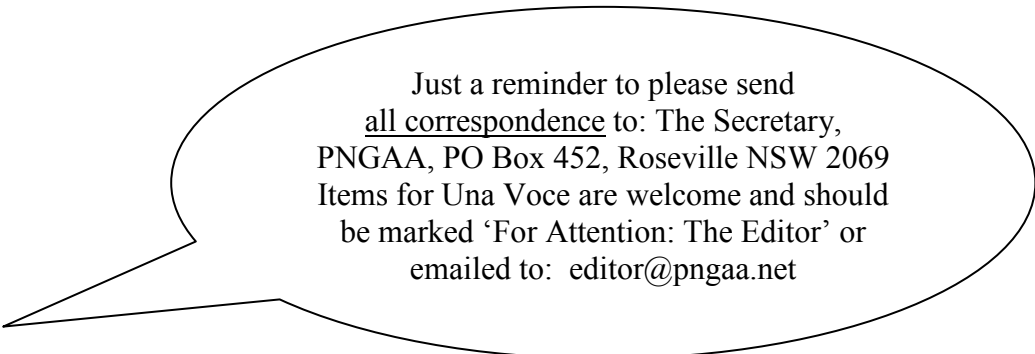
I thank you for spending the time writing this story...it is a story that needed to be told and not forgotten".

The luncheon ended with Emeritus Kiap **JB Page** moving a vote of thanks to the organising committee **Jan Kleinig, Ron and Josette Storer, Robin Radford and Peter Thomas.**

* * * * *

Australian POW and Montevideo Maru Memorials

On Saturday 7 February at Ballarat, Victoria, a polished granite memorial to the victims of the Montevideo Maru was commemorated before a crowd of about 300-400 persons. This event followed the commemoration of the Australian POW memorial on the previous day, which brought a crowd of between 6-7000, and which is adjacent to the Montevideo Maru memorial – further details next issue.



Just a reminder to please send
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PNG NEWS

The 29th Game Fishing Association Papua New Guinea National Titles are to be held at Rabaul between 3-11 April next. This event is sponsored by Mobil, Shimano, PNG Motors, Consort Express Lines and others and offers over K100,000 in prizes. Ten Rabaul, Kokopo and environ hotels, resorts and lodges are offering special accommodation rates. For further information contact the host club, New Britain Game Fishing Club at nbgfc@global.net.pg

* * * * *

HELP WANTED

Philip Weiss (a new member who lives in New York) is anxious to contact New Britain war veterans and/or evacuees for their reminiscences and experiences in New Britain during WW2 for the purposes of obtaining material to form the basis of a fictional book about New Britain in the early war years. Philip can be contacted at 18 Bertram Dr., Beacon, NY 12508, USA, or by email at tongabook@yahoo.com

* * * * *

In our September 2003 issue Dick Doyle raised a question about the fate of the German gunboat, the Komet, hidden in the spectacular Johan Albrecht Harbour at Witu during the start of WW1. In addition to the following article we had two other responses from Ken Humphreys and Robin Hide. They have described events in greater detail and Robin Hide's gives several websites where further information can be found. We are hoping all three articles will appear on our website, www.pngaa.net, shortly however if you would like a printed copy please contact us.

THE CAPTURE OF THE KOMET

By Neville Threlfall

In the second of Dick Doyle's interesting articles about the Witu Islands (*Una Voce* September 2003), he raises the subject of the German naval vessel SMS *Komet* (not *Comet*) and whether she was towed back to Germany during World War 1. The answer is No, as the vessel was captured by the Australians a few weeks after German New Guinea's Acting Governor surrendered to the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force. The story of her movements after the outbreak of the war, and of her capture, are told in both volumes IX and X of the *Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-1918*, *The Royal Australian Navy* by AW Jose and *The Australians at Rabaul* by SS Mackenzie.

The *Komet* was not built as a naval vessel, and was classed as a yacht of 977 tons displacement, serving as the administrative vessel within German New Guinea. When war broke out on 4 August 1914 Acting Governor Haber was using the *Komet* to visit settlements on the mainland of New Guinea (Kaiser Wilhelmsland). News of the war was received by the *Komet*'s wireless; Haber hurried back to Rabaul and landed at Matupit on 14 August. Australian warships had already entered Simpson Harbour on a brief raid, so the *Komet* was sent away at once, to a bay she had used as an anchorage before, on the north coast of New Britain west of the Willaumez Peninsula. This bay her crew had unofficially named 'Komethafen'. For a few days she dodged about between Komethafen, the Witu Islands and points on the northwest coast of New Britain, then came back to Massawa Bay on the north coast of the Gazelle Peninsula and was commissioned into the German Navy. From there she went north to Angaur in the Palau Islands (part of Germany's Micronesian possessions), but later came south, calling at Durour Island and at Peterhaven in the Witu's before hiding again in Komethafen on 4th October.

Meanwhile the commander of the ANMEF, Colonel Holmes, was anxious to seize the *Komet*, as under the surrender terms of 17 September all property of the German administration was to come under his control. But Haber insisted that as the *Komet* had been commissioned into the German Navy, she was no longer the property of the colonial government, and he did not know where she was. A British trader, Stephen Whiteman, a long-term resident of German New Guinea, knew from his contacts with the New Guineans that the missing vessel often used Komethafen as an anchorage, and told Holmes that she would probably be found there. A smaller German government vessel, the *Nusa*, which had been seized at Kavieng, was hastily fitted with a naval 12-pounder gun and sent to Komethafen with a detachment of soldiers aboard. They took Whiteman as an interpreter, and a Japanese shipowner, Komine, who knew the area, also went with them.

By 10 October 1914 the *Nusa* was near Komethafen, and learned from local villagers that *Komet* was indeed at anchor there. At dawn next morning the *Nusa* steamed into the bay, taking the *Komet*'s crew completely by surprise. Her captain was halfway through his morning shave when the leaders of the Australian expedition boarded his ship! So the *Komet* was captured without a shot being fired; escorted to Rabaul by the *Nusa*, she was there commissioned into the Royal Australian Navy as HMAS *Una*. After a refit at Garden Island naval Dockyard in Sydney Harbour, she served the Australian administrators of German New Guinea for the rest of the war.

The CHILDREN'S COURT IN PNG by Pat Hopper

The Child Welfare Ordinance of PNG came into operation in 1961 and was ordained by the Legislative Council for the Territory of PNG. The Ordinance was divided into many parts including Administration, Mentally Defective Children, Destitute and Neglected Children, Children's Courts, employment of children, adoption of children, day nurseries and kindergartens.

After the Ordinance came into being the then Mr **Donald Cleland** wrote to Mr Greg Kent, Mr Nason Takiala and myself in Rabaul asking us to sit with the Magistrate in the Childrens Court. There were nine Childrens Courts in PNG – at Port Moresby, Morobe, New Britain, Madang, Goroka, Wewak, Mt Hagen, Popondetta and Daru. In each centre there were two to four such appointments and each one became a Justice of the Peace in PNG. I believe that I was the first female JP to be appointed in PNG.

In Rabaul the Childrens Court was held in the Masonic Hall building, monthly at 9.30am, and was a closed Court. We sat with the Magistrate and the only others present were the Police, the Welfare Officer and the child involved whose parents accompanied him. When a child committed a crime he was brought by the Police to the Childrens Court. The Court was not devised to punish the child but to find out why a certain child did such a thing and to help him. The welfare of the child was the most important thing and every case was treated separately. The background of the child was considered and an extensive report made by the Welfare Officer as to the home environment, type of house, financial position of the father.

After a child was charged, the Welfare Officer spent a lot of time with him compiling the report so that he got to know if the child was backward, stubborn, unco-operative or bright. If the magistrate felt that the report was not sufficient he may have referred the child to a psychologist for further investigation. Most of the crimes were stealing from homes or stores and damage to schools and public buildings. The culprit was required to help repair the damage if possible. He might spend four hours every Saturday working in the school or in the school grounds. If home conditions were unsatisfactory he may have been placed with a mission to learn a trade. The Welfare Officer gave support to keep him at school if possible or help him find a job. Other punishments included working at Nonga Hospital or at the Police Station. Only very extreme cases were put in Keravat Corrective Institution. There was great co-operation between the Magistrate, the Court and the Welfare Officer in seeking alternatives to a prison sentence.

Before Independence the Child Welfare Council was looking for a facility to cope with the more difficult child who failed to respond to the kindly discipline of the Welfare Officer or a Mission. This facility would have been an assessment centre and a holding establishment. The institutions were few. There was a Salvation Army Farm School at Sogeri with accommodation for 12 boys who were taught basic farming. In Goroka the Rotary Club launched a project for Togatia House with accommodation for 30. In Wewak the Catholic Mission, under **Father Liebert**, had a Boys Town.

Pat was unable to find out if these institutions are still operating.

Congratulations to **Ken and Rosemary Brown** who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on December 12, 2003. An extract from The Papuan Times of December 24, 1953, states: 'The marriage was held in the Memorial Chapel at Kwato which was decorated with palms and white gardenias. A rare Samoan mat was spread on the floor in front of the altar where the bride and bridegroom and their attendants stood....The simple and beautiful marriage service was conducted by the bride's father, the Rev. R Grant.'

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THE DIARIES OF EDWARD (TED) BISHTON

PNGAA wishes to thank his daughter, Margaret Carrick, for permission to publish this edited version of the story of one man's life in New Guinea. Copyright to this series of articles is retained by Margaret Carrick.

Continuing on from the last issue (December 2003) and after being introduced to Ted, we read about his experiences during his first posting as a wireless operator to Manus during 1920-21. In this issue Ted, after furlough in Australia, was posted to Kieta – read on:

We left Rabaul bound for Kieta in the government ship 'Siar', of about 150 tons. We called at Buka Passage, which was a substation controlled from Kieta. We had on board several new arrivals from Australia and mostly all returned soldiers, employed by the Expropriation Board. They were to take over the plantations from the Germans, who were to return to Rabaul to be repatriated back to Germany. We called at several plantations along the coast, namely Raua, Arigua, Iwi and Numa Numa. Iwi Plantation was run by a chap named Alan Walsh; I believe he was a remittance man. I got to know him pretty well, because when he came to Kieta, which was about every three months, he used to stay with me. The first thing he would do would be to go to the District Office, draw his money, then go to the Chinese store, buy a case of whisky and have it delivered to my house, then proceed to get rid of it. This would generally take about a week, after which he would return to Iwi.

Numa Numa was run by a chap named Booth, an ex-missionary; a young chap named Drummond Thompson and a Japanese, who used to run the schooner, called Tosh. We arrived at Kieta, which has a very nice harbour with very high hills surrounding it. There were two Chinese stores in Kieta; one was owned by Wong Yu, but I never knew the other owner's name. There was also another store there, run by a chap named Valentine, a South African, for an old chap named Squeaker Hamilton. The Government staff consisted of the District Officer, McAdam; Dr Calov; Medical Assistant Horsley; Police Master Syd Birkenshaw; clerk Rajah Pascall and assistant clerk Woods. My house was situated halfway up the hill to the wireless station and there were several hundred steps up to it. The house was very big, with wide verandas all round, built of sawn timber, with galvanised iron roof. It was formerly the house occupied by the German manager for Hershheim and Company. This house was about a mile away from the other Administration houses and, owing to the number of steps

to climb to it, I was never worried by too many visitors. There were still a few Germans waiting to be relieved of their plantations and some of these used to congregate at Valentine's store, which was on the beach at the foot of the hill on which my house stood. I can only think of one by name, Byer, the rest I have forgotten. They would sit in a room at the back of the store, drinking beer, the sessions going on for three or four days at a time. When one case of beer was finished, another would be opened; each one shouted in turn and each shout was a case of beer. I used to join in with them and we carried on our conversation in Pidgin English. Occasionally, when the beer was flowing a bit too freely, the Germans would start arguing, in which case they would turn to me and say "Excuse please," then carry on their argument in German. Eventually all the Germans were replaced on the plantations by Australians.

Some months after my arrival in Kieta, Valentine left and the store was closed down. There was a large bulk store, alongside Valentine's, owned by Hershheim and Company. This was taken over by the Expropriation Board and when the steamer used to arrive with stores for the various plantations around Kieta, these stores were put into the Hershheim store. There was an Expropriation Board Inspector called Clem Hendry, whose duty it was to travel up and down the coast, inspecting the various plantations and giving instructions to the managers. Clem Hendry gave me the key of his store and I had it right up to the time I left. Nearly every plantation had a small cutter of about twenty-five feet attached to it and the managers would send their cutters in to me with a note asking if there were any stores for them; would I please see the cutter was loaded and returned to the plantation.

Whenever the inspector called, he would ask me to open the store and then he would take any stores for the plantation he was about to visit. There were a couple of characters up around Buka Passage. One was Jim Campbell, who planted up Soraken Plantation for Burns Philp before the First World War, and Charles Huson. They were always at loggerheads and always trying to outsmart each other. Jim Campbell was for a short time Inspector for the Board and knew all the workings of that organisation. The distance from Kieta to Buka was approximately ninety miles and, along this coast, Jim Campbell had several trading stations.

(One) time I received a note from Jim Campbell; he said he was sending three tons of trochus shell, which he wanted put in the Expropriation Board store and when the Burns Philp ship 'Melusia' arrived in Kieta, to ship it for him. He said he had been over to Rabaul and paid the royalty for same to the Customs Office there and all I had to do was to get it on board. The trochus shell was in the store awaiting the arrival of the 'Melusia', when along came Clem Hendry. He called up to see me and said he was going to various plantations and he would take any cargo that was in the store. We went to the store and when I opened it up, the first thing Clem saw was the trochus; he asked me where it came from and I said it belonged to Jim Campbell, who said Clem Hendry had given him permission to store it till 'Melusia' arrived. He was very wild and said he knew nothing about it and hadn't seen Jim Campbell for months. I had kept Jim's note to show it to Clem, but it only made him rave the more. He was all for tossing it out of the store, but I told him the boat was due at any time and he might as well leave it where it was.

Clem continued on his way and 'Melusia' eventually arrived. I rounded up some natives and got Jim Campbell's shell on board, when District Officer McAdam came

to me and asked me what I was shipping. I said I was shipping it for Jim Campbell and McAdam asked about the royalty (I think it was about Three Pounds a ton). I said that Jim had paid it into Customs at Rabaul, but McAdam would not believe it and was still adamant, even after I showed him Jim's letter, that he would not let the trochus shell go unless the royalty was paid. I said I would pay it and did. McAdam said I was a bloody fool, but I said it would be worth that small amount to find out if he were right. I saw Jim some months later and he explained that he had not paid any royalty; when he wrote to me, he had fully intended going into Rabaul and was going to pay it, but something happened and he did not go in. However, he paid me whatever it had cost me.

I used to look forward to Jim Campbell's visits. He was a good talker and used to tell me of his experiences in earlier days. He told me of a fight he had with a German named Schultz or Schmidt on Tinputz Plantation. He said they fought for hours and, when the German could go no further, he went and got a revolver and shot himself. Jim had to get some of the plantation boys and bury him. He said, another time, he came to Kieta with Bill Stower, just when the First World War broke out. We were sitting on the front veranda of my house at the time. Jim said he and Bill came up those steps and there in that room sat the manager of Hemsheim's and three or four other Germans with the German flag on the table. He said they were toasting the Kaiser and all that sort of thing, so Jim just swiped everything off the table. The German manager had a big dog which made a rush at Jim, but Bill Stower was still standing there with a hurricane lamp in his hand, so he hit the dog on the head and knocked it out cold. I never heard who won that little war; even Bill Stower could not remember the climax.

Jim Campbell arrived at my place from Buka Passage and informed me he was in Kieta to await the arrival of his wife-to-be. She was a nurse whom he had met in England during the war. The bride duly arrived and they were married by District Officer McAdam. The happy couple left Kieta immediately after the wedding ceremony to return to Jim's plantation. Their transport for the ninety-mile trip was an open cutter about twenty foot long. Mrs Campbell was a lovely woman and had a very hard life on the plantation. Jim died and she carried on the plantation, which was still not bearing, on her own. The chaps round Buka Passage were very good to her and helped her quite a lot.

Soon after my arrival in Kieta I got to know Albert Richards who was managing Arawa Plantation for the Expropriation Board. Arawa was across the bay behind Kieta and about seven miles away by canoe. When I went to Arawa Ritchie and I often went out prospecting; we found lots of traces of gold, but nothing big. We prospected all over that area where Conzinc Rio Tinto Aust. (CRA) now have their copper mine. We knew there was plenty of copper there, but copper was of very little value at that time and copper mining was in the doldrums. Bootless Inlet, out from Port Moresby, had closed down, so also had Cobar N.S.W.

Ritchie eventually became Senior Inspector for the Expropriation Board and became well known throughout the whole of the Territory. He married Nell Garrett, widow of Tom Garrett who was captured by the Japs. Tom Garrett's father represented Australia against England in the first cricket Test Match. Ritchie died in Rabaul in 1967.

One day I went down to one of the Chinese stores to make some purchases. This store was built up on piles about ten feet high and had a veranda in front. All the flooring boards were made from meat and fish cases, or any other cases that were available. As I was walking along the veranda, one of the planks broke and my foot went through and I broke my ankle. The Chinese got some boys to carry me back to my bungalow, where I was laid up for six weeks. The boys used to cart me up to the wireless station on a stretcher, then when my work was finished they would carry me back again. At this time I had the Medical Assistant, Paddy Nolan, staying with me. He used to visit the Chinese store and, naturally, the Chinese would ask after my health; Paddy used to tell them that I was making steady progress, but I was very cross and was talking about taking legal action. The Chinaman would load Paddy up with goods of all descriptions, which were meant for me, but I saw very little of them.

A couple of characters around the Solomon's at that time were Bob Cruickshank and Jack Shaw. Bob Cruickshank had been a Commander in the British Navy and had brought the destroyer "Anzac" back to Australia after the 1914-18 war and took his discharge from the Navy and migrated to New Guinea. Jack Shaw had been a Petty Officer in the Royal Navy, was discharged after the war and also came to New Guinea. They had a small schooner about thirty feet long and a trading station at Buin, about sixty miles down the coast from Kieta. Bob very often came into Kieta and always stayed with me; he was good entertainment. He called everyone Samuel and was about the most untidy man I ever met. His short trousers always looked as though they had been cut down with a knife, the seat was generally out of his pants and he wore sandshoes tied round the instep with rope and no socks.

Their schooner was called 'Limau'; she had no engine and was a very poor sailing craft. I have got out of bed at six in the morning and seen 'Limau' just outside the heads, but it would be two days before she anchored in Kieta. I always went down to meet old Bob, who always greeted me with 'Good-day Samuel, come and have a spot'. It was a boiling hot day (on this occasion) as we sat in the little cabin aft and his only supply of water was from an iron tank of about 160 gallons capacity, which stood on the deck in the open sun. He produced a bottle of Spey Royal whisky and two pint enamel mugs and told the boy to bring the water. I don't ever remember drinking Spey Royal since, though I've been told it's a good whisky; drinking it out of pannikins with very hot water was awful, still we finished the bottle.

On another occasion, both Bob and Jack came into Kieta. They were both pretty well under the weather when they left and the next time I saw Jack Shaw, he told me what happened on the way back to Buin. Jack was about fifteen stone and Bob was only small, about ten stone at most. As they got outside Kieta harbour, Bob said they should change their bookkeeping system and start all over again. Jack told him to leave the books alone, but Bob was adamant and said they would have to fight it out. They sparred around on the little deck of their schooner and eventually Jack knocked Bob down. Bob lay on the deck for some time then said 'I'm not finished yet Jack, give me a hand up old man'. Jack lifted Bob up and next time he hit him, Bob went over the side into the water. They were sailing along quite nicely when this happened and there was Bob waving his arms and bobbing up and down. Jack was so wild with the little bugger he felt like leaving him to drown but, his better nature prevailing, he turned the boat around and picked him up. When they pulled Bob on board, he said 'We're too

cramped here Jack, let's go ashore and finish it'. He insisted so much that they then made for a small beach where they dropped anchor, went ashore and finished the fight. Bob was no match for Jack, but he had a ton of guts. It was not long after this that Jack Shaw left Buin in 'Limau' for Faisi in the Solomon Islands and was never heard of again. Bob Cruickshank went to Rabaul and was for many years captain of the schooner 'Navarona' for the Expropriation Board.

Bill Stower pulled into Kieta one day on a recruiting trip. Bill was a good recruiter and it was not long before he was back in Kieta (from the Buin area) with a good number of native recruits. He had on board quite a few natives he had pulled (forced or blackbirded). He made out all the contracts and took the boys along to the District Office to sign them on. He filled in all the particulars on the contracts of those who were unwilling to sign on, but instead of taking these unwilling recruits to the District Office, Bill replaced them with his own boat crew, who answered yes to everything. Bill sailed from Kieta very happy, but within a few months he was back to answer a charge of pulling natives. As soon as the unwilling natives had learned to talk Pidgin English, they complained to the District Officer, wherever they were, hence Bill's appearance back in Kieta. He was with me for a couple of weeks awaiting trial and, when the case was heard, he was fined some hundreds of pounds and the natives were returned to their villages. Bill was great company and I was sad to see him go, but he was very lucky not to finish up in gaol. I next saw Bill in the goldfields at Edie Creek in 1926; he didn't have much luck as a miner and the last I heard was that he died of cancer in Sydney about 1929.

There was a Mrs Caulder, who used to come into Kieta pretty often. She owned a plantation a few miles down the coast called Toboroi. Mrs Caulder was a niece of Queen Emma of Rabaul fame. She also owned the Mortlock Islands. I went out to the Mortlocks a couple of times. The people were Polynesian and the men were a pretty poor type, but the women were the biggest I had ever seen. They must have been up around the twenty stone mark; their arms and legs were like hams. It seemed so funny to see these mountains of flesh nursing and cuddling a newborn baby; the baby nearly disappearing in the wrinkles of the mother's arms. After the ship left Kieta, she always went on to the Mortlocks and on three consecutive trips, the plantation overseer was found to have died and been buried. There did not seem to be any suspicious circumstances as the natives were always so very friendly. However, the fourth chap to go out there was named Marley. He took three dogs with him for protection and stayed for about twelve months before he was relieved. He was later killed by the natives in the Bainings, just outside Rabaul about 1928, along with Noel Collins, Nichols and someone else; Thurston Brittin and another fellow got away. They were on a prospecting trip at the time. Mrs Caulder's daughter married Dr Kroening, who was Medical Officer at Kieta when the 1914-18 war started. He was interned during the war. I think Mrs Caulder ended her days by being blown up when she was dynamiting fish.

The 'Melusia' arrived one day with a new Medical Assistant on board. He was Eric Robinson, known throughout the Territory in later years as Wobbie, as he had difficulty in pronouncing his Rs. When the boat arrived, which used to be about every three months, I invited Wobbie to stay at my place; he accepted and, when we were ready to go ashore, asked me to wait while he got his things and his dog. He came

along the deck leading the silliest looking kanaka dog I have ever seen. It had long spindly legs, a small short body and ears about six inches long that stood straight up. I said 'You're not bringing that silly looking thing to my house'. Robbie got very upstage and said 'If you don't want my dog, you don't want me'. So I let him bring it along. Robbie thought the world of that dog, but I have never seen a worse type. Robbie went on a patrol down to Buin, where a chap named Gittos was Police Master. Robbie told me that they were having a few drinks and the next thing he knew he had been shot through the heel. He attended to the wound himself - he was a good medical assistant - and arrived back in Kieta on a stretcher. Robbie was soon up and about again. Gittos went south on the next boat.

There was no wharf at Kieta so the 'Melusia' always anchored offshore. On one of these visits, Robbie and I got drunk as usual and Robbie decided to have a swim - he was a very good swimmer - and he jumped overboard. Passengers on the ship yelled 'Man overboard' and a boat was lowered and the crewmen rowed towards Robbie, who was treading water and enjoying himself. Just as the crewmen went to grab him, he dived down under the ship and came up the other side. The passengers yelled to the crew to come to the other side, so they pulled round to the other side and the same thing happened. This pantomime went for some time, then Robbie swam ashore. The captain, Jazz Williams was very wild and barred Robbie and myself from going aboard at any future arrivals, but the suspension only lasted one or two trips and then we were back on board, as usual.

One day a boat arrived from Rabaul, it would be some time in 1922 and on board was a Police Master called Ward, Wardie, as he was popularly known. He was nothing much to look at; an Englishman, cross-eyed, about five foot four inches, thin legs and weighed about seven stone. He had a native servant called Mice, who looked after him like a baby. He was the most unpretentious looking chap one would ever encounter, not the type to impress the natives, but somehow had something in his makeup that more than impressed them; it may have been his cross-eyes. He had a way of handling natives that no one else, to my knowledge, possessed. He left my house on his first patrol and was back in two or three days' time with hundreds of natives, brought into Kieta to be entered in the census books. I asked Wardie where they came from and he said only about five miles behind Kieta. They had never been visited by a European before and were all naked, men, women and children. After a few days rest and some heavy drinking, Wardie went on another patrol, with the same result. He must have put thousands of natives on the census from within a few miles of Kieta.

About twenty miles down the coast there was a plantation called Toimonapu, which was managed by a very fat man of about eighteen stone named Tom Ebery. Tom was a very fine chap and used to come into Kieta to sign labour on and off. Toimonapu was called New Britain Estates Ltd. I asked Tom how it got that name and he said that when the place was planted up before the 1914-18 war, they thought they were on the island of New Britain. I never saw Tom Ebery after I left Kieta, but I know he was captured by the Japs during the 1939-45 war and was decapitated.

There was a small island a couple of miles off Kieta, where the incorrigible prisoners were sent; they used to saw timber for the station and were controlled by a few police boys. The Police Master used to pay periodical visits to see how things were going.

There were always fights among these prisoners and, during my stay, a couple of murders. I went to the post mortem on one of these victims. He had been hit on the head with a lump of wood and had died from a cerebral haemorrhage. There was one particularly bad prisoner at Kieta named Tuti who belonged to New Hanover, near Kavieng. I think he had broken out of nearly every prison in the Territory. At one time, he was being transferred from one place to another district by ship, jumped overboard at night when the ship was at sea and was apprehended some months later in Dutch New Guinea. Another time he escaped from prison in Rabaul, stole a police boy's lap-lap, rifle and bayonet and went out into the Kokopo district, lining up the natives in their villages and collecting head taxes. He told me he had killed several natives; I asked how many Chinese and he said 'none yet'. He was not very tall but was very powerful; I have seen him carry two bags of copra at one time - this would be about 310 pounds. I have also seen him carry a crate of native tobacco - a crate consisted of six caddies of thirty pounds each. Just before I left Kieta he broke out of prison one night by lifting part of the iron roof off. He came to my place and stole the best part of a case of beer, but had the decency to leave me a couple of bottles. After stealing the beer he buried it in the boat shed at the foot of the hill where I lived. It was some time after the theft that a police boy noticed Tuti go into the boat shed and followed him, catching him red-handed. No one had any suspicion that Tuti was the culprit. I left Kieta before the case came off and never heard the result. I imagine Tuti would have died in prison, as he had a worse record than Darcy Dugan.

While in Kieta I spent some time trying to train a lad of about twelve years of age in the gentle art of cooking. His name was Pikai, coal black in colour as all Bougainville boys are and he suffered from Filaria, which affected one of his shin bones to such an extent it looked like a boomerang. I would sit down with the cookery book on my knee and read out ingredients of the particular article we were about to make. We had moderate success with pies, custard, tarts etc. We had no self-raising flour, only plain, so made our own self-raising flour by adding cream of tartar and bi-carbonate of soda. I remember on one occasion I ran out of cream of tartar and bi-carb, so I used Eno's Fruit Salts instead, to make some scones. They rose beautifully and were good to eat. After coaching Pikai for some months he was pretty good, but only under supervision. One day I told him what to cook for dinner, which generally meant open a tin of this and a tin of that, cook some sweet potatoes or taro and make a pudding. I asked if he could make a rice pudding and he said yes; so I said to go ahead and put a couple of eggs in it. After I had completed my dinner, I asked Pikai to bring in the pudding and I must say that when the pudding arrived, I was more than mildly shocked. He had cooked the rice alright, but like most natives, he had forgotten to put in the eggs. To carry out my wishes, as an afterthought he had broken two eggs on top of the rice and when he brought it to the table, it was just boiled rice with two fried eggs sitting on top of it!

I had another boy, who used to do the housework and the washing and ironing. I taught this fellow how to make starch and he must have loved the stuff for he used to starch my handkerchiefs so hard that I would tear them, trying to get them open, and my socks were so hard they would stand up and look at me; in time, they both turned out good boys. I had one of them named Namu for eighteen years. He was with me right up to the time the Japs arrived in Rabaul in 1942 and I never saw him again. When I returned to Rabaul in 1945, I made some enquiries and some of his 'one talks' told me

he only lasted a couple of months under Japanese rule and died from being over-worked.

Some time in 1923 I received word that I was being relieved by Harry Holland to go on leave. Knowing Harry was a married man, I naturally thought he would have his wife with him, so set the boys to cleaning out the bungalow, scrubbing the floor and cleaning the windows, so that when Harry arrived we had the place looking quite presentable. When the boat arrived I was there to meet Harry and, after the usual salutations, I asked where was Mrs Holland and he informed me that she was still in Australia and would be coming to Kieta at a later date. I told Harry about the cleaning campaign in Mrs Holland's honour and he thought it a great joke. After handing over to Harry, I returned to Rabaul and then proceeded to Sydney on leave.

(To be continued ...)

MISSING PLAQUE - MEMORIAL TO JUDGE 'MONTY' PHILLIPS

Would anyone have a close-up photo of the text on the missing plaque belonging to this memorial to Sir Frederick Beaumont Phillips, KCMG, late Chief Justice of the Territory please?

This monument is located halfway up Namanula Hill, Rabaul. As you can see it has been partly excavated from the ash of the September 19 1994 eruption however the original plaque on it has been stolen (and, unfortunately, probably sold for scrap). It was erected some time between 1957 and 1960. If you have any information about the text on the missing plaque could you please contact Max Hayes at 5 Peppermint Grove Box Hill South, Victoria 3128

Ph/Fax: (03) 9898 7459

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Dr Peter Cahill collects archival material on PNG (photographs, documents, maps and patrol reports) for the Fryer Library at the University of Queensland. His email address is p.cahill@uqconnect.net

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BERT COUNSEL AND THE MORESBY RAT RACE

By Ralph Sawyer

Bert had three lives really --- one as a trade store owner in the bush, another as a member of parliament and finally as a timber mill owner. Actually he started off as a patrol officer in 1951 but ran foul of the Administration when he teamed up with a Hanuabadan girl which was strictly taboo. Trading was the only occupation left for a defrocked public servant. He set up a store on the beach at Vailala East in the Gulf. This was halfway between nowhere and nowhere. Bert tried hard but things were slow. Then the store burnt down. Bert loaded his meagre belongings on to his flat trailer and transferred his family to lhu station. He managed to buy a commercial block between the house sick and the primary T school.

With 'tick' from Steamships, Bert had a new store operating within a month. He picked up some old corrugated iron and bought sawn timber from the SDA Mission. Bert painted it a patriotic red, white and blue. 'All Seasons' tinned fish, bully beef and sao biscuits were his basic food items. He carried the usual hardware of pots and pans, bush knives and axes. The most profitable line was 'Paradise Twist' tobacco and sheets of newspapers. The juicy black tobacco was sold by the stick. Bert would buy bales of used newspapers to be sold at a huge mark-up for roll your owns --- two coconuts was the barter going rate for a sheet of newspaper. Beside the store was a secure bin to store the coconuts for copra production.

Bert had a business partner up the Purari River. 'The Colonel' was an ex King's boy who retained the accent and a few delicacies. He would never associate with 'those dammed crocodile shooters' but still bought their skins. Bert and the colonel would only meet once a year to 'do the tax' which became a new imposition of the 1960s.

Bert would prepare for the colonel's visit by wiring to Moresby for 'one ton SP, two doz. Spitfires,' which would translate as one ton of South Pacific lager and twenty four bottles of Rum Negrita from Bundaberg. One year they got it wrong and sent two dozen cartons of rum. It didn't matter. They all ended up as empties floating down the Vailala River.

After two weeks of oblivion Bert and the colonel sobered up enough to send a plausible excuse to the Taxation Department. Their letter described in poignant terms

how the flood--fire – rats - burglars---children had destroyed the carefully stored invoices and cheque butts.

“However, after careful calculation and examination of last year's return, we estimate that our joint income was £3947-6-4d for this financial year. We hope that this considered estimate meets with your understanding and approval.”

The business partners hoped fervently that the tax department would not check that last year's return was also an estimate. The sober partners would righteously resume their separate lives and look forward to next year's tax week.

Bert was a popular trader with everyone. He looked after the LMS and Catholic Missions. The natives liked him as he had a native wife and could speak Motu, the lingua franca of Papua. Although defrocked, he kept on good terms with the local assistant district officer and lent the government rations when there was an emergency. Friday nights were poker nights at lhu and Bert was a regular. Always the popular trader, Bert made sure he lost. One memorable night Bert miscalculated and ended up with £40 of florin coins. He tried to lose but ended up with four twos. The ‘sharks’ knew Bert's generous form and tried to skin him but were skinned themselves. They loaded Bert's pockets up and set him off in the pouring rain.

‘Now be careful Bert, the drains are full and if you fall in you'll sink like a stone’.

In 1964 Bert tried to win a seat in the House of Assembly. In 1968 he did actually win a seat. Bert bought a pair of shoes and a brief case; he spent more and more time in Port and left the management of his lhu store to his brother-in-law. Always the trader, Bert got the bright idea of introducing ice cream cones to the native population. Moresby already had frozen meat, cold beer and ice but the old fashioned ice cream cones were still an unknown joy.

Bert and Sid built an ice cream works at Badili. Sid was a South Australian who had worked for Alaska Icecream in Adelaide so that side of the business was covered, but the cones were beyond them. Bert flew down to Brisbane to negotiate with McNivens, a cone producer. He ordered up big to reduce the cost although he was acutely aware that cargo space was charged on volume not weight.

"SEND FIVE GROSS BOXES McNIVENS SINGLE CONES PER FIRST AVAILABLE BP ' S VESSEL."

Bert should have checked after the previous rum negrita order but it happened again. "BOXES" meant twelve cartons taped together for ease of transport. The paper light cones made it possible to combine multiple cones.

The ‘Montoro’ duly arrived at Port riding high in the water with two holds stacked with icecream cones. With the order multiplied by twelve, the Badili store was totally inadequate. Bert hired a furniture store at Konedobu and stacked it high with boxes. Sid got busy with the ice cream outlets at Badili, Koki and Musgrave Street. Soon thousands of little Papuans were dribbling Pacific icecream. One morning Bert took Sid to Kone for his advice. As he opened the warehouse door, a distinct scratching and rustling could be heard.

‘It sounds like the Moonee Valley Handicap. Listen to the little buggers!’ Hundreds of rats had invaded the warehouse and made race tracks through cartons and cones not just at floor level, but up and down and around and around.

‘What’ll we do?’ begged Sid.

‘We can’t poison them. They’ll carry it through the boxes and we’ll kill someone. Look if a box isn’t contaminated then the Health Department needn’t know about it.’

They worked through the whole warehouse, burning all the affected boxes. This didn’t stop the rats’ fun. They just organised shorter races. Within two weeks they were down to what Bert intended to order in the first place.

‘What’ll we do now Bert? We’ve got half of Moresby on cones and the next boat is a long way off.’

‘Don’t worry Sid. I’m flying in rolls of grease-proof paper and silver paper from Pacific Supplies in Sydney.’

‘Silver paper?’

‘Sid, have you ever heard of choc ices or ice cream wafers? That’s our new business.’

Ralph worked at Ihu Station on the Vailala River in the Gulf District during the 1960’s. Bert Counsel was the colourful trader who went on to bigger things. Bert died in 2001 in Moresby. His sons still run the business there.

* * * * *

HELP WANTED



Jim RIDGES of Kavieng is seeking clarification on the original exact location within New Ireland of this Japanese WWII wooden post. It has large characters written on the front and smaller ones on the back as shown in the picture. The characters indicate that the Japanese Navy Sazoh Group landed on this island on 17 September 1942. As the main invasion of New Ireland was 23 January 1942 it obviously does not commemorate that but a later arrival, either on New Ireland proper or another offshore island. The post has been sawn off above ground level and probably one character is missing. At present it is in the Tourism Office in Kavieng where it is hoped to be preserved and to have a replica erected in its original place.

Jim is hoping that some of our members from New Ireland in the late 40’s or 50’s may remember it and be able to provide an exact location. Any additional information such as who removed it, when and to where would also be appreciated. Please contact Jim at Box 86, Kavieng, PNG Phone: (675) 9842133

SURVIVORS by Jim Toner

Our TV screens are replete with Survival shows and I am reminded of what might be called 'the real thing' which occurred in 1947/48. Little is heard today of the Witu group of islands north of New Britain - Dickie Doyle's articles in *Una Voce* 3/2002 and 3/2003 about his life on Garove, the largest island, being exceptions. Mundua Island, including Ningau Plantation, is smaller and Naraga smaller yet. It was from the latter that interesting news belatedly reached C.D. Bates, District Officer, Rabaul on 29 March 1948.

JUST RECEIVED INFORMATION INDONESIAN AIRCRAFT FIVE CREW CRASHED LAST OCTOBER ON NARAGA ISLAND began a signal sent to the Government Secretary in Moresby that day. In view of the confused situation then existing in the Netherlands East Indies this message aroused interest as far away as Canberra. It was, however, not true.

Two days later a letter arrived at Rabaul from Mr. Hamm, Manager of Ningau Plantation, confirming the known details. Two of the Indonesians had made their way in a canoe from Naraga to Mundua (Ningau), some 15 miles, while the other three remained awaiting better weather. Meanwhile the District Officer had instructed the Master of the mv *Eros* to proceed from Dregerhafen to pick up the survivors.

At this point the Superintendent of Civil Aviation decided to visit the scene of the crash to investigate the cause. Elaborate arrangements were made for the *Eros* to sweep clean an alighting area for a Catalina as close to Ningau as possible. However on 2 April a message was received to the effect that the men were actually villagers from Morotai, Indonesia, who had been shipwrecked in their native prau and that the Catalina flight could be cancelled.

When the *Eros* called in at Talasea en route Rabaul the Indonesians were interviewed by P.O. Gus Bottrill who reported that the five men in their 20s from Salebabu island - which is a whole lot nearer to Manila than Djakarta - had set off to Morotai in their small craft about 13 November 1947. Strong winds swept them past their destination and they were unable to turn south to any part of New Guinea. Their sail was destroyed and they drifted eastwards indefinitely until finally wrecked on a reef off Naraga island where they swam ashore. That was about the end of January 1948. A month later with a canoe constructed from galvanised iron two members had managed to get to Ningau and contact Mr. Hamm.

During that long voyage the party had subsisted almost entirely on coconuts drifting at sea, flying fish and such rainwater as they could collect. Yet when examined by the Medical Assistant at Talasea they were found to be in good health apart from some sores. This raised a question but the man on the spot had no doubts. In his final report D.O. Bates said that while he was not certain that the reason offered for proceeding to war-battered Morotai (to obtain clothing) was the whole story he was quite sure that due to adverse weather and winds the five men were afloat for 76 days in their canoe. When it is recalled that Captain Bligh's world-famous open boat voyage from HMS *Bounty* to Timor lasted 47 days one has to say that when it comes to survival the Salebabus deserve Honourable Mention amongst prize-winners.



Allan Neilsen (Joyce Thicks collection)

Perhaps you know the names of these men?

The two Gillies brothers are second from left and at the end. They were the crew of one of the first cars driven from Goroka to Madang during 1974 – being welcomed by their sponsors. Please contact Allan Neilsen at 39 Lord Street, Mt Colah NSW 2079

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BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

**CHARLES ABEL and the KWATO MISSION of PAPUA NEW GUINEA
1891-1975** Melbourne University Press, 1996. 244pp + index, bibliography

Brilliant and forceful, Charles Abel was one of the most acclaimed missionaries in the South Pacific. His Kwato Mission, founded in 1891, became virtually a 'state within a state' in Milne Bay, Papua New Guinea. Kwato's influence remained long after the Mission itself began to decline, with descendants of the Mission's Papuan families playing significant roles in the formation of the independent state of Papua New Guinea during the 1960s and beyond.

This is a fascinating portrait of a controversial man and the dynasty he founded. From the dusk jacket description.

Copies may be obtained by sending a cheque for \$15, postage free, to **Dr David Wetherell, School of Social and International Studies, Faculty of Arts, Deakin University, Geelong, Victoria 3217** (RRP is normally \$25.95)

MISSIONARIES, HEADHUNTERS AND COLONIAL OFFICERS

By Peter Maiden

CQU Press, PO Box 1615 Rockhampton Qld 4700 220pp \$25 (plus \$5

Reviewed by Jim Toner

On 8 April 2001 did any reader exclaim "Good gracious it is 100 years today since Rev. James Chalmers had his head cut off by the Goaribaris"? Probably not. Nor is it likely that on 6 March of this year the centenary of the extraordinary affray aboard the "Merrie England" when capture of the murderers was attempted will be recalled.

However on 20 June it is quite possible that our national press will record that 100 years earlier Papua's chief judicial officer blew his brains out, as the saying goes, alongside the flagstaff at Government House, Port Moresby. The media likes that sort of thing.

Nearly a score of books have been written about British New Guinea (1884-1906) touching on the 23 years of missionary work by Chalmers, head-hunting habits of natives of the Papuan coast, and the 1904 Royal Commission into the Goaribari conflict. Was another needed? Yes, the author has drawn together almost all of the information there is to had about the Protectorate which in 1900 had only 570 European occupants and presents it in a very readable, conversational tone.

However, describing this book merely as a history of early Papua would be superficial. Actually it offers a glimpse of A Different World. Killing by or of natives was unremarkable, expatriates had a short life expectation and it took 3 months for Administration in Moresby to get an answer by mail back from Government in Melbourne. Yet some human conduct very familiar to those of us who served during 1945-75 - jealousy over promotion, partiality to strong drink, and bringing young wives to live in circumstances they had never imagined - existed in those days.

'History' is a word off-putting to many but Maiden paints the picture of the Captain of the "Merrie England" wearing only pyjama trousers wrestling successfully with warriors on deck during the affray. He gives ample space to Charles Abel and his creation of Kwato Mission, the cricket oval where Kwato defeated Samarai as early as 1899, and Mrs. Abel's importation of Papua's very first piano. The cockney missionary tends to recall for me that line from 'Willie the Whinging Pom' who went Down Under "to civilise this 'ere lot".

A pity the CQU Press opted for feint print but the text itself is agreeably informative and commended.

* * * * *

NEW GUINEA GOLD – COOKTOWN'S CONNECTION

Cooktown Historical Society is holding their 2004 Exhibition titled 'New Guinea Gold – Cooktown's Connection' from March to October this year. The Society occupies the old banking chambers in the main street. The photographic exhibition details life in Cooktown 100 years ago. Amongst the photos are about 30 which are first contact New Guinea, natives and villages. Some are of Police boys who, for some reason, were brought down to Cooktown. Based on these photos the exhibition is planned around Cooktown's connection with New Guinea when Gold was first discovered in the 1890's. Included in the exhibition is information about Amy Washington, Ma Stewart and memoirs of a Christian Olaf Anderson who was part owner and skipper of the *Papuan*, which blew up in Cooktown Harbour in 1907. To reproduce photographs, glass plate negatives, all about 100 years old, have been scanned with stunning results. John and Bev Shay of the Cooktown Historical Society are interested in any memoirs (photos or information) of those early years, 1890-1900. They would also appreciate help in identifying some of their photos. They would welcome any visitors to their exhibition during the year.

John's parents, Jack and Peg Shay, were married in Salamaua in 1939 and also lived in Bulolo both before and after the war.

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HELP WANTED

Anthony Yeates is a PhD candidate in history at the University of Queensland. He is interested in contacting former patrol officers, cooperative officers, and welfare officers, for research into the economic and social development of Papua-New Guinea between 1945 and 1975. He is also interested in the personal experiences of patrol officers, their relationship with indigenous people, and their experiences at ASOPA. If you would be willing to share your experiences, observations, or opinions with Anthony please contact him by email: s4057833@student.uq.edu.au, phone: (07) 3848 1106 or mail: 16/30 Cork Street Yeronga, 4104, Queensland. Any and all help would be much appreciated.

* * * * *

THANK YOU FROM THE CHIKALLI FAMILY

Following on from our request in December's *Una Voce* the Australia Papua New Guinea Friendship Association has kindly advised they were able to assist Mrs Chikalli and three of her children by purchasing the full cost of return airline tickets to attend the Ceremony concluding the Mourning period for Clement held by his relatives in Bougainville during January. The Chikalli family was extremely grateful for the assistance and wants to pass on a huge thank you to everyone who made it possible as it meant so much to them.

REUNIONS

PNG REUNION 2004 – GOLD COAST – Saturday 12 June 2004 (Queen's Birthday W/E)
This will be at the Southport RSL Function Room, 36 Scarborough Street, Southport, which is the venue where the very successful 2002 event was held. Cost of the three-course buffet dinner will be \$38 per person. Drinks will be at Club prices. A band will be in attendance playing subdued music.

Should anyone wish to organize a 'reunion within the reunion' from government departments, schools, or any organization, tables can be arranged together for that purpose. For full details please contact Paul Bolger and provide him with your name, address and postcode, home and business phone numbers, fax and mobile numbers if you have them.

Paul is at: 5 Tamarix Avenue, Bray Park, QLD 4500. Ph/Fax 07/3889 6805.

SAMARAI REUNION IN TOWNSVILLE

This will be held on **9th, 10th and 11th July 2004**. There will be a 'Meet and Greet' on Friday evening, drinks, dinner and dancing to a live band on Saturday evening and a farewell barbeque on Sunday - all to be held at the Mercure Inn, Woolcock Street, Townsville. For more information about accommodation and activities please phone Yvonne Sellen on 07 4723 2988 or mobile 0408 621 832, John Wilkinson email: admin@wilkinsonhomes.com.au or phone 07 4725 5444.

EX-KIAPS REUNION - CANBERRA

A group of Canberra ex-Kiaps are organising a reunion lunch in Canberra on Sunday 3 October (NSW/ACT long weekend) in the Members Dining Room at Old Parliament House. The lunch cost of \$35 will include a traditional roast lunch with orange juice, tea/coffee and fruit. There is ample free parking and wheelchair access, and the venue is on bus routes. As the October long weekend is in the middle of Floriade, accommodation bookings should be made sooner, rather than later. Enquiries to Mike and Marg Cockburn (mjcmac@cybermac.com.au, 02-62555483) or Rick Nehmy (diandric@pcug.org.au, 02-62541762 (ah)), please. Bookings to John Wearne, 25 Brunswick Circuit, Kaleen ACT 2617, please (jpwearne@homemail.com.au, ph 0-62415265), and payment must accompany the booking, which should be made by 31 August 2004.

10th ANNUAL RPNGC FORMER OFFICERS' CHRISTMAS LUNCH

The 2003 RPNGC Former Officers' Annual Christmas Lunch was held at the Concorde Hotel, Surfer's Paradise, on Saturday 6 December. It was the 10th anniversary of the first reunion and there were 46 acceptances and 17 apologies. Many regular attendees were unable to get along this year because of health problems or advanced age. Among those who made it were three from Perth, (John Trewin, and John and Avis Gorin) one from Canberra (Kevin Gascoigne), and a first-timer (Mal Baird). For the first time we had two kiaps to leaven the proceedings – Vin and Rita Smith, and Bill McGrath and Doreen McGowan. The lunch lasted from 12 to 6, and included toasts to nine members and support staff who had passed on during the year, and also a karaoke session of hilarious stories from the more gregarious members. A feature of the day was the presentation of a gift (a beautiful Trobriand Island carving, selected by Jackie Beattie) to the organizer Derek Bell for his efforts over the years. After lunch a group of overnights dined at a Turkish restaurant, and the weekend was capped by breakfast and a visit to the Carrara markets.

Derek Bell

SNAPSHOTS – from Paul J Quinlivan

No. 59 – Religious Harmony, Part 2 – The Debt Owed to Rev Percy Chatterton LMS

Those who were in Port Moresby fifty years ago would remember the wonderful celebrations of the coronation. Villages along the Papua coast had prepared for a whole year – some hiring outside help – and, starting with the arrival of three long-boats, each rowed by fifty men in neck-to-ankle uniforms, the first boat all in red, the second all in white and the third, to complete the national colours, all in blue, they put on a truly memorable show. Less well remembered are the efforts of a small community of French Carmelite nuns on Yule Island to create a work of art and, on an entirely different plane, those of Reverend Percy Chatterton of the London Missionary Society to prevent a bloody outbreak of inter-tribal war. Before explaining these last two I must explain three other things. The first is that to celebrate Mass, Catholic priests wear robes ('vestments') which are often highly ornamented – so much so that many which were created for special occasions have, over the centuries, become priceless museum pieces. And the Carmelite nuns of Yule Island embroidered special vestments for this occasion. The second concerns this word 'Carmelite'. Since 1452 – earlier for men – it has signified an 'enclosed order' of nuns who isolate themselves from the things of the world to devote themselves to prayer and to doing such work as will provide food. It is not all work and prayer however; they insist on having 'recreation time' each day and this includes the use of a library of non-religious books. Unfortunately – as was the case in this instance – the books are often out-of-date.

The third thing I must explain is that, whereas the bishops of Samarai (who were all Australians) often stayed in Port Moresby, the bishops of Yule Island (who were all Frenchmen) never caused a ripple there. This explains why, when it was announced that Bishop Sorin would lead the Moresby celebrations on behalf of the Catholic community, many Moresbyites (including non-Catholics) were outraged. Their antics meant (in addition to the results we shall see in a later Snapshot), that instead of the Special Vestments being noticed only by those attending Mass, they became a cause celebre. That was unfortunate because they were not only special, they were spectacular because, instead of restricting themselves to European decorations, as everyone had done for centuries, the nuns had decided to add a few Mekeo emblems because ('luckily', they thought) they had an ancient scholarly book in their convent library which had authentic sketches of such emblems. I put the word 'luckily' in inverted commas because the motifs they added were not Mekeo at all; they were actually the cultural inheritance of the Percy Chatterton's LMS adherents – Congregationalists, believers in 'the priesthood of all believers'. People who, by definition, are against men being specially elevated as priests – especially when they desecrate their sacred emblems!

The book the nuns had was a report, from the 1880s, of a scientific survey of the western coastline of British New Guinea and the drawings they had copied were clearly marked 'Mekeo'. Unfortunately however – as Percy himself makes clear at pages 38 and 39 of his 'Papua, Day That I Have Loved' (Pacific Publications 1974) – there had been population changes in that area between 1870 and 1890 and the area where the Delena Mission now is had, by 1900, become occupied by the much more widespread Motu people. This means that inter-tribal warfare could break out over a vast area so Native Affairs advised the Administrator that preventative action must be

taken before word of the desecration spread. And, to cut a long story short, I was ordered to go to Delena and ask Percy to use his influence to restore harmony. I don't know why I was chosen but I cursed because, although I had never met Percy, my colleagues hated and feared him. To them he was an ogre who wrote to the Minister – or to Buckingham Palace – if anyone had a complaint and such letters always brought a harsh letter from the Minister.

I spoke to Bishop Sorin and he said that, although he had known that the nuns were working on something special, they had not given the vestments to him until he was about to leave for Moresby and he had not inspected them. And he arranged for me to be given the book which the nuns had relied on so, with great trepidation, I boarded the Government Trawler for Delena. Imagine my surprise when, after looking at the book the nuns had provided, Percy was all sweetness and light! Possibly it was because, marking the relevant page of sketches, the nuns had placed a dignified letter expressing their mortification that pain had been caused by what had been done with the intention of giving pleasure to all lovers of Papua. Nobody loved Papua as much as did Percy! Whatever the cause, Percy said he would explain everything to his people and he was sure that they would understand. It appeared his word must have spread quickly because strife was averted. Although he did not cease his letters to the minister I am happy to say that, from that day on, Percy and I became firm friends. Indeed, when Percy had difficulties with Administration officials at a Missions Conference (as he did at two meetings when the Education Department wanted village Sunday Schools included as 'registered schools' so that they could control the qualifications of teachers) he moved a motion to appoint me Legal Adviser to the Missions Conference and I had to attend!

No. 60 'Ma Scannell's Place', 'The Bomb Boy's House' and an explanation

I feel that I should explain a previous reference to 'Ma Scannell's Place' (Snapshot 42) because I do not want anyone to think I was disparaging the lady. On 6th November 1952 I was sent to Wewak to conduct a prosecution in the District Court. Police usually did this but mine was a very special mission because, while I was busily engaged cleaning up the backlog of cases in the New Guinea Islands, the PNG police on a remote out-station on the mainland complained that all the Europeans in their area – the Kiap (John Pearce Cahill), the Medical Assistant (William Mervyn Creighton) and George Gilbert (whose occupation I forget) – were 'out of control'. The complaint was immediately investigated and, as a result, all three were charged with multiple rapes. In those days rape and murder charges against Europeans had to be heard by an all-White jury despite the complaints by the judges – and the Crown Law Office – that such trials brought the administration of justice into disrepute, as we shall see in a later Snapshot. Despite the fact that Andy O'Driscoll produced overwhelming evidence, Cahill and Gilbert were acquitted but Creighton, the weaker of the three, was convicted and safely moved to gaol in Australia.

The fact that the two stronger characters were free to go wherever they liked was seen as presenting a grave danger so I was sent to Wewak to see if I could get Cahill and Gilbert convicted of 'common assault'. If I could do that – and there was an abundance of evidence available – they could be immediately deported under the Expulsion of Undesirable Persons Ordinance. There was, however, a very clear danger for me, too, because unpleasant undercurrents had been reported right, left and

centre and I was glad that, as at every other place I had gone, I would be billeted in a private house because nobody would seek to harm me in somebody's home.

When I arrived at Wewak, however, I was met by the District Commissioner who, personally, took me to Ma Scannell's Place, explaining that he had received strict instructions from Moresby that I was not to be billeted in any Administration Officer's home during my stay. He added that both Cahill and Gilbert were spending a lot of time at the Sepik Club so I should avoid it. There was nothing I could do but go where I was put but I resented it. My first reaction was based purely on the fact that I find it almost impossible to barge in and talk to people, even those with whom I have been friendly for years. If there is a 'duty' to do so, however, shyness does not apply so the fact that I had always been billeted had been sheer bliss. Being deprived of this was hurtful and, as I thought about it, I felt that it was an 'interference'. Then, as I stewed waiting for the evening meal, I began to ask why such an instruction would be given. Was it because Moresby was afraid I might soft-pedal the prosecution; that my host, being a Kiap, might suborn me! This really riled me, not so much because it was offensive to me but because it was a blanket insult to men and women I had generally found to be good, decent people. So I seethed with rage! But there was more to come!

After the evening meal, two of my fellow guests introduced themselves as professional crocodile shooters 'in for a week' to join a friend (for whom they had brought an extra gun, which they showed me) so that the three could go on a croc shoot that evening. But the friend suddenly could not make it and they wondered if I would like to take his place. Realizing that sitting lonesome and wallowing deeper and deeper into resentment would not be good for the clear mind I would need in the morning, I said 'Yes' and off we went to the swamps at the bottom of Wewak Hill. After a time, however, I got separated from them. It was very scary, just me in the middle of a tree-filled crocodile-infested swamp but, luckily, a Vanimo policeman named MOI had seen me go off with the two shooters and had followed me. Quietly he led me out to safety and then he let forth a tirade of *pidgin*. An hour earlier I would have said that I did not understand a word of *pidgin* but I understood him perfectly and my resentment at Moresby's instruction grew.

The combined weight of my woes became such that, instead of being gracious when, on my return to Moresby, I was being congratulated for getting Gilbert and Cahill deported I expressed pungent views on the interfering 'instruction' and I pointed out that I had come to the Territory to prevent the news of the scandalous backlog of unheard cases leaking out. Also, if there was ever a repetition of the instruction which put me in Ma Scannell's Place I would pack my bags and catch the next plane back to Australia. I was given an absolute assurance that it would never happen again! That is why, in No. 42, I said: 'when I was put into Ma Scannell's at Wewak – something I had been guaranteed the previous year would never happen again – I was sure that we were only overnighing there on our way to Manus'.

There are two other matters I should mention here. The first is that 'Sepik Robbie' was waiting for me when the court rose on the first day. He said he had heard what had happened to me the previous night so I should know about 'the secret centre of life in Wewak'. He took me to the Bomb Boys House which was a wonderful institution created over the years by four or five Bomb Disposal Experts of the Australian

Regular Army in their own home. I inhabited it, with a wide variety of other Europeans, when not working in court. The job of these men was the locating, and removing, of the dangerous explosives which were an essential ‘fact of life’ in that area. When the Catholics were building their giant cathedral their first task was not the drawing up of the plans but the clearing of the adjoining ground on which thousands of people would congregate for the Opening Ceremony. Architect’s plans could be got anywhere but the adjoining area was completely overgrown and, since everyone knew that bombs were a basic fact of life, the first priority was putting the area on the list for the Bomb Boys to deal with. The spirit of these men who dived with death every day was wonderful and I would like to pay tribute to them.

The second fact is that, three months after the events I have described, the South Pacific Post reported (13 February 1953) that an appeal by Williams Mervyn Creighton against his conviction for rape had been upheld by the High Court in Australia. I have not read the judgment but, since it was a jury trial, I assume that the appeal was on a procedural matter and not on the facts.

No. 61 – The First Congress of the Public Service Association (PSA), 1955 – Part Two – Roll-call of Participants

I said, in No. 53 (March 2003 *Una Voce*), that this was ‘one of the most important events in TPNG history’ and, since there are several reasons why this is so, priority must be given to the listing of those who flew in and spent the whole of Saturday 26 and Sunday 27 November, 1955, attending it. They were:

NAME	REPRESENTING	NAME	REPRESENTING
Mrs J Sutherland	New Britain	Dr H White	Health
Mr H Evans	New Ireland	Mr CW Thomas	Health
Mr M Ford	Eastern Papua	Mr A Tronson	Treasury
Mr C Day	Western Papua	Mr J Palmer	Police
Mr R Lansdowne	Sepik	Mr W Jones	Lands
Mr A Clarke	Madang	Mr V Bloink	Printing Office
Mr JS Womersley	Lae-Finschhafen	Mr J Finn	Forests
Mr H McKenzie	Wau-Bulolo	Mr K Tracy	Forests
Mr F Reitano	Manus	Mr H Triggs	Customs and Marine
Mr V Poole	Bougainville	Mrs E Anderson	Agriculture Stock and Fisheries
Mr E Neilsen	Highlands	Mr W Conroy	Agriculture Stock and Fisheries
Mr G Toogood	Native Affairs	Mr H Croft	Public Commissioner’s Office
Mr D Owner	Education	Mr L Mutch	Public Commissioner’s Office
Mr WA Lalor	Law		

Also in attendance for the whole Congress were, naturally, the Members of the Executive:

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Mr Ruri B Brannan | President |
| Mr S Pearsall | Vice President |
| Mr W Briskey | Vice President |
| Mr R Thomson | Secretary |
| Mr CJ Lynch | Treasurer |
| Mr P Quinlivan | ‘Observer’ and Editor |

No. 62 Coroners in TPNG – Part One – Complaints to the Minister

I have been reading Paul Hasluck's *'A Time for Building'* (Melbourne University Press, 1976 and, for reasons which I will give in a later Snapshot, I am concerned that he says, on page 185: 'Another subject that attracted my attention in this period was the casualness about the holding of inquests into the death of any native'. He relies, firstly, on statements made to him by various Kiaps in 'outlying districts' in the early 50s – and I hope that those Kiaps have put the record straight. He then gives an instance where several natives were killed in an explosion causing him to send a 'sharp minute' dated 20 January 1955 (see page 185). I can speak about the 'explosive' case because the Assistant Administrator, Rupert Wentworth Wilson (who was appointed in 1954 from Canberra), wrote scathingly about the Coroner, Syd Elliott-Smith (in whose home I stayed for much of the four or five months of the Telefomin Investigations) and Syd wrote to me for advice. Parenthetically, I was touched by the very pleasing comment at page 32 of the last issue of *Una Voce* that I was 'the Kiaps' counsel and champion'. I replied by quoting the following from an English case 're Prince (1884) 12 QBD 247 at 248': 'It would be intolerable if he (the coroner) had power to intrude without adequate cause upon the privacy of a family in distress'. The facts of the Sepik case were that a group of teenagers in the middle of the area being cleared by 'The Bomb Boys' caught some fish and decided to eat them. Scouting around for something to hold up the container in which the fish were to be cooked they found a bomb and built a fire around it. The bomb exploded, killing two of them. The incident was fully investigated and there was no disputing the facts. A deputation of relatives of the boys called on Elliott-Smith and explained that they were suffering 'great shame' because 'everybody' knew that you do not touch anything metal for fear it might explode, and building a fire around what was clearly a bomb was pure madness! They pleaded with him not to increase their 'shame' by holding a public inquiry. Since he had only been in the area a short time Elliott-Smith then had inquiries made as to whether 'everyone' did, in fact, know what the relatives said they knew, and he satisfied himself that what they said was true. So he decided that the holding of a public inquest would only impose additional 'shame' on the relatives. In other words, so far from showing 'casualness', as the Minister claims, the case is a classic example of great care and attention.

* * * * *

MEMORIAL SERVICE of TELEFOMIN UPRISING

On November 6th, 2003 a Memorial Service was held at the Dural Baptist Church, Sydney to mark the 50th anniversary of the organized uprising in the Eliptamin Valley in the Telefomin area of the West Sepik District in which two young field officers of the Australian Department of District Services & Native Affairs, and two constables of the Royal Papuan and New Guinea Constabulary were killed.

Much time and effort had gone into tracing the families of Patrol Officer Gerald Szarka and Cadet Patrol Officer Geoffrey Harris, so that as many as possible could attend the ceremony arranged by the Australian Baptist Missionary Society (now known as Global interAction).

This service was to receive a message of repentance from the people of the Eliptamin Valley and to honour the memories of the four men and the bravery of their colleagues. It was attended by Mrs. Pamela Foley and Mrs. Marie Clifton-Bassett on behalf of the Executive of our Association, and Messrs. Paul Ryan and Adrian Geyle on behalf of members.

Pamela Foley

Dinner held by members of Imperial Service Club (Sydney) at New Guinea Club
1959-1960 in honour of retiring Secretary, Dicky Richards



Photo courtesy Robin McKay

Rear

David Campbell/Greg Kent/Nev Holland/Max Orken/Max Lees/Frank Wilson/Aust Army/US
Army/Robin McKay/Les Corbett/?McMillan/Sid Smith/Tom Garrett

Front

Tony Corliss/Sno Rhodes/Ron Clammer/Keith Cummings/Dick Richards/Don Barrett/Noel
Barry?/Ernie Wilkinson/Hugh Lyons/Arthur Brown

WAR FUGITIVES IN NEW BRITAIN JUNGLE.

Copy of letter written by Victor A Pratt dated 1st May 1942

(Editorial Comment – This letter has been sent to PNGAA by a family member of the writer and traces the events of the Japanese invasion of Rabaul and the writer’s subsequent experiences over the following months. It is reproduced unaltered. References to this letter are contained in Margaret Reeson’s book ‘A Very Long War’ (reviewed in Una Voce December 2001), also Alice Bowman’s book ‘Not Now Tomorrow’.

The whereabouts of the original handwritten letter is uncertain but it may be held in the Australian Archives, Canberra. To PNGAA and the family’s knowledge, it has not been previously published. Like many other “fugitives” lying in no known graves, this letter represents Vic Pratt’s legacy to those who survived.)

“I promised that I would let you know if the worst happened; well, it has happened, and the Government has advised that all whites had better take for the bush”, said Brian as he bounced into my house on the evening of January 21, whilst I was peacefully reading. I asked him what had happened and when should we go bush? He then explained matters as far as he had been permitted to learn by telephone, which was under strict military censorship. Thirty enemy warships were then only a few hours distant and heading for Rabaul. However, I gathered a few essential personal requirements together, and went to bed for three or four hours.

At 4 a.m. next morning (we had) the motor lorry loaded up with an assortment of useful goods needed for camping for several weeks in the jungle. A native driver took

charge of the lorry, whilst I drove my Dodge car. First we drove to Brian Sweetapple's house, a distance of 2½ miles, and there we joined four other white civilians who had assembled a further selection of useful house-keeping needs in a motor lorry. At daylight the five of us set off with the five motor vehicles and travelled a further three miles to the end of a new road where we considered should be a safe spot for a few days. We parked all the motors just inside the bush then set about erecting a small hut out of the bush materials. Up to this stage we had the assistance of about 25 natives, which lightened the labours of building and carrying goods.

As I departed hurriedly before daylight, it meant that my 70 indentured labourers were left to their own devices, without any guiding hand. At 6 a.m. when they began to assemble to receive their detailed instructions for the days work, they slowly dispersed with empty hands and idle hands. A few hundred pounds worth of goods which I left behind were later collected by these natives, so they were well supplied with their needs for some weeks. That night, and during the dark hours of next morning the real Japanese bombardment of the Rabaul and Kokopo areas, from the sea and air were being carried out with such intensity that our poorly-manned garrison had no hope whatsoever. The Japanese landed their full force according to their plan, which unfortunately was not according to the plan arranged by our troops.

During the day the sixth civilian came upon our camp and joined us. Then in the afternoon 17 fleeing A.I.F. troops made themselves at home with us. Next day 8 more of our retreating troops found us and attached themselves. Be it understood that all these troops came to us with nothing more than what they stood up in, neither food nor change of clothing. However, they were all armed and had a fair supply of ammunition. This day the seventh civilian attached himself to us. The following day, 24th, we decided to move half a mile further into the bush, and there erect two huts to accommodate the 32 of us. During the morning Major W. T. Owen with a well-armed detachment of 32 strong contacted us, but he and his men had the right soldier's spirit, they decided to make, by way of the main roads, further down the coast via Put-Put, and to fight if opportunity presented itself. Some of our party assert that Major Owen suggested, more than once, to our band of 25 soldiers that they join up with the former detachment, which would have made quite a useful section. This invitation was not accepted by the troops with us, who were now comparatively comfortable and well fed. This was the first major blunder made by these troops whilst with us.

During times when our No.1 Camp was temporarily unguarded the natives freely looted the hut of much of our cherished supplies. Whilst the civilians were erecting the No.2 Camp the troops were carrying our goods in, they threw away and left behind a further quantity of our stores and much of our personal needs. They even opened a large case of native twist tobacco which I had brought with me, and they abandoned about 3,200 sticks, of this tobacco, which was quickly looted by the natives. Such tobacco is the natives' main medium of currency, and we were to learn that later, as our money was now looked upon as valueless, it was the only means of currency. At this time the tobacco was worth about 4d. per stick, but a few weeks later the value was 1/-. That was the second major mistake made by these troops.

The war on New Britain lasted just as long as it took the Japanese to land without undue opposition, and that was a matter of about 2 hours in the morning darkness.

Many of the A.I.F. found the Japanese moving about among them before the landing was realised. Some of our troops told me that they heard remarks such as “Is that you Jack?” and discovered that they were uttered by the Japanese who filtered through our troops. When the landing was made our handful of poorly equipped troops had not the slightest chance, so the order to retreat came from somewhere. The retreat was the most ghastly affair that one could ever imagine. Our troops scattered in all directions excepting towards their camp which was the last place they would be able to reach.

There were several extraordinary features of the New Britain farce –

Firstly, the A.I.F. camp Headquarters were at Rabaul, so that a landing enemy would immediately cut off our troops or quickly encircle them on the peninsular on which Rabaul is situated. The former actually did happen. Of course the fantastic argument might be advanced that the enemy did not first land at our inland aerodrome where our troops expected.

Secondly, it appears that (from) our Headquarters records, most stores and accommodation were left in convenient order for the enemy.

Thirdly, apparently no definite instructions were promulgated for reassembly of our troops to a stated point, where Headquarters should have promptly retreated, and where adequate food supplies should have been stored weeks previously. The class of country lends itself admirably for such a provision for reorganisation.

Fourthly, as our force had been split up and scattered the idea of each part seemed to be to get as far away from the enemy as practicable. And this is the sorry story as we saw it. After the first four or five days the Japanese were driving around the bush roads daily giving extraordinary opportunities for guerrilla warfare. The Japanese were always afraid to go off a vehicular road, and in fact nearly always travelled in motor vehicles. After about six weeks (they) realised that they were so safe that they sometimes travelled by horses. It would have been a simple matter for sections of our troops to conceal themselves in the bush near any country road and fire a volley into each small party that approached. This method could have been carried out in dozens of different country roads with practically no risk. In such rough jungle country it would take an enormous enemy army to prevent it. Food for troops adjacent to these roads was obtainable near at hand from plantation gardens and natives. Each section of troops would need to change its location each night. Movement at night was perfectly safe as the Japanese were not known to be away from the beach then. By these means the enemy would have been kept at Rabaul and Kokopo townships, and the inland aerodrome may not have been any use to them.

One day several weeks later when talking with natives from a distant area they detailed what even those primitives thought about our troops throwing away their arms and fleeing for the bush and mountains to avoid any further fighting. The natives described how effective small armed forces would have been in surprise attacks on the enemy about the many secluded roads. Without any contacts with any other Whites since the enemy landing it seemed amazing that these backward and untutored natives should, from their own minds, be able to advance strategic theories which officers and soldiers of the A. I. F. lacked after about two years training. This information conveyed to us that discarding arms had been generally adopted.

However, probably the whole blame for the ... (indecipherable) ... defence organisation on New Britain cannot be imposed on the military authorities there, because co-

operation with and by the Civil Administration was not only lacking but opposed. My own experience at an interview with the responsible Administration official some weeks before the enemy occupation provided me with the knowledge that no useful advice or plans for the residents, in case of emergency could be obtained. Fortunately, our women were evacuated in time, but only due to lucky circumstances did they arrive at their destination. I suggested that the women of our Allies, the Chinese, should have been similarly cared for, but no, they were left to become ravaged by the filthy class of Japanese who composed their Army in New Britain.

A reliable person, described to me an instance of unpreparedness and inefficiency that was stated to have happened several days before the Japanese landed. The raiding enemy planes shot down a R.A.A.F. plane into the sea opposite a friendly mission. The clergyman immediately went out and recovered the two dead bodies, and then phoned this information to the Military, and asking for instructions regarding disposal of the bodies. The clergyman was willing to give these men, whose fighting did deserve admiration a decent burial on the spot. However, after waiting by the telephone for more than an hour without being able to obtain instructions the clergyman set off for Rabaul in his own vehicle and there delivered the bodies.

Some months before the war against Japan commenced, Regulations required that all aliens were to hand in to our authorities all cameras. At a later date numerous cameras were discovered at a Powerful Mission, with the result that the layman was charged and fined £5. Further it was known that some young workmen had been arriving from Germany from time to time, even as late as 1939; and became absorbed in this Mission's personnel. Most of these enemy aliens were not interned and as far as we know no exhaustive search through the premises of the foreign Mission was ever carried out by our authorities.

On the 26th we decided that we were still rather close to vehicular roads so we all proceeded to move camp again. At this stage the troops made their third terrible blunder, in that they decided to throw away their rifles and ammunition. This meant that they would hereafter remain a useless detachment of troops, with the purpose of eating our food supply as long as I could maintain it, with surrender to follow. By now we had no natives to assist us in carrying our stores, they had all become unsettled and could see that looting from the various homesteads was as a more agreeable pastime for them. Further they were aware that none of their legitimate labours could function or be enforced. We all carried heavy loads for a distance of about 2¹/₂ miles through the jungle and wading along a creek, to a spot in a valley where we constructed Camp No.3. On this track two more soldiers and two more civilians caught up with us and attached themselves, making a party of 36 in all. At this camp we erected several huts from bush material and set about establishing housekeeping and necessary duties in an orderly manner. It fell to my lot to be elected to the charge of the civilian section whilst the only officer with the troops was in charge of them. As I had provided and continued providing nearly all the supplies I was necessarily equivalent to a Camp Commandant.

I arranged with free natives and indentured natives from my Tobera Plantation to bring in fresh vegetables, fruit and clothing. I was now able to see that all the troops and civilians were provided with towels, mosquito nets, blankets, and change of clothing.

As the tobacco was exhausted I was able to provide the camp with native stick tobacco and my own grown cured tobacco, which is most suitable for cigars, or when cut up, makes a splendid pipe or cigarette smoke. A plentiful supply of fresh vegetables and fruit was maintained in this camp. I sent to Tobera for my radio and with the batteries we had were able to get the latest news each day. Although we had a box of medicines, I had some more brought in, also a couple of pigs which we killed for fresh meat and frying fat. I brought about two dozen fowls of which we used to daily make into stew. In fact there was no essential requirements missing.

Including the stores at the commencement there were about 30 dozen tins of meats and 700 lbs of rice, which I wished to last as long as practicable whilst fresh produce was obtainable. Unfortunately the troops were so careless and irresponsible that I was quite unable to check their wasteful use of goods. At times I would give instructions that fowls would be the meat issue of the day, then during my absence half a dozen tins of meat would also be used. Cigars would be half-smoked then discarded. One pig which I bought, killed and cleaned, the troops were too indifferent to bother cooking it and consequently half of it was wasted. Without asking or warning, on the second day in the bush, the troops suddenly opened a 5 lb tin of sealed biscuits and ate them. It was our desire to retain eatables in sealed tins for use when we got further into the bush where fresh produce would be unobtainable.

Whilst in this camp four more A.I.F. soldiers wandering individually about the jungle came to our camp and joined us. They were made reasonably comfortable. One poor chap had been seriously wounded about ten days before he reached us, so our first aid civilian (Mr.W.P.Huntley) did excellent work in cleaning the wounds, and with persistent attention probably saved the soldier's life.

A few days after arriving at this camp some of the more venturesome soldiers made up parties of three or four and marched out with the idea of getting further into the mountains then endeavouring to make the coast further down the island, where there would be prospects of being picked up by warships or sea planes. We heard no more about the enterprising efforts of these soldiers. As each party departed from us I issued them with about ten days provisions and essential personal equipment. Each Sunday while I was in this camp, Mr.Huntley held a divine service at which every man attended.

Right from the beginning of our camping we civilians considered we were unwise to be living with members of the combatant forces, on account of the different rules regarding treatment if seen or captured by the enemy. For this reason four of us, including myself, decided to move to a new camp which we built about half a mile further into the jungle. The bush was so dense here that on one occasion in the daytime I went forty yards away from our hut and got lost, and by the time I had tried to find my way back I was twice that distance away. I called out loudly and received a response from one of our party at the house, then by repeated calls and answers I was able to find myself. We made this move after about four weeks camping. We still kept daily contact with the troops at the former camp, but they had immediately decided to consume their rice and tinned meat, regardless of the future. One week later they had succeeded in reducing their stock considerably, so quickly resolved to split up the balance, and the twenty remaining members divided themselves into parties of four

persons each set off on uncertain journeys, but with early capture staring them in the face. At this time the village natives suggested to four of us that there were differences among the men of their villages. Some of these natives were supplying us with food, whilst the Japanese were visiting their village and warning them that shooting was the only punishment for supplying the “white-skins” with food. We were living on jungle land within the district of these natives which was an additional risk to them and to us. It seemed that at any time a disgruntled native might inform the Japs of our whereabouts, and probably made to guide the enemy to us. Although we had been only one week in this camp we proceeded to move once more. Up till now we had kept going further inland from our original take-off, where we had hidden our motor vehicles, so that when our vehicles were found by the enemy he would then have been able to track us down. By this time he had actually found our vehicles and, (because we had put them all out of action) had towed them away. Therefore we did not continue our original direction, but instead, doubled back part of the way, then travelled at right-angles for a distance of about 5 or 6 miles through the bush to a precipitous gorge of about 400 feet deep which I previously knew about. This No.5 camp was about 5 miles from Tobera, even closer than the previous camp. For this move we were able to secure the help of about 20 natives to carry our goods and erect a hut. Here we believed, we could settle down for some months without being seriously disturbed.

I immediately sent word of our location to the Tobera natives, and some came into me a few days later. I asked them to bring me articles they could find about my looted homestead which would be useful in our camp. They brought us some fruit, a little tea and sugar, plenty of my own grown coffee, books, odd pieces of clothing, fowls, pigs, goats etc, the livestock we killed for meat. Indentured natives on nearer plantations brought us sweet potatoes, vegetables, bananas, paw paws, etc., which I bought with stick tobacco.

About a mile from this camp three other white civilians were camped in the bush during the day, and in the evening returned to a homestead on a plantation nearby to sleep and have their meals in comfort. This plantation was well off any beaten track and the Japs had not paid any visits there.

Five weeks after the Japanese landing I, with one of our party, decided to walk to my Tobera homestead one moonlight night. When we arrived there we found the house and all the sheds and cupboards broken open and completely ransacked. The floor was covered with my office papers in such a state that it was useless to try and save anything. Broken glass from picture frames was scattered in the mess, also broken crockery. The visits of the Japanese may have been responsible for portion of this disorder but I am convinced that the natives caused the far greater amount of damage. The Japanese took the bed mattress, battery charger and the sewing machine, but the refrigerator was still in its place. However a few days later I was told the Japs had taken away the refrigerator and two saddles. I left over 100 fowls, but on my visit not one was left.

After five weeks our radio batteries began to get very weak, so we were only able to receive direct news sometimes, and that at 9 p.m. At eight weeks we were still getting most of the 9 o'clock news, and what we missed could always get from our neighbours

who were still using their radio for that one lot of news daily.

One early morning we found a snake about four feet long in our bed under the mosquito net with us. After we were able to find the matches, lamp and a stick that enemy was killed. Our meals in camp mainly consisted of pumpkin, sweet potatoes, tapioca tubers, yams, taro, rice, paw-paw, pineapples, limes, the cream from grated coconuts, and sweet potato leaves for the greens. The main dish for each meal largely consisted of boiled sweet potatoes and pumpkin. Tapioca tubers grated, then boiled, made an enjoyable food very much like Breakfast Delight. To this we added coconut cream which is obtained by grating the fresh flesh of the coconut, then squeezing from it the cream which is rich in sugar and oil. This was a course which we relished as a sweet at nearly every meal, sometimes with the addition of mashed bananas. Tea and sugar became exhausted, but with ample coffee beans brought in from Tobera, which we husked, roasted and ground, I was able to maintain a plentiful supply of high grade coffee. This with the addition of the real cream squeezed from grated coconuts made an excellent beverage without sugar. As far as we knew there was not one store throughout New Britain where a person could buy anything whatsoever. Money was useless, and during all this time I never spent a shilling on anything.

Our party kept in splendid health, but we had to be most careful to give immediate and constant attention to any scratch, in the bush where cleanliness is not the best, may develop into a sore and tropical ulcers. These sores or ulcers would take two months to cure, if neglected or unnoticed for twenty-four hours. I was unfortunate enough to actually experience this.

For the first week, we slept on bags laid on the ground, but as that would sooner or later prove unhealthy, we made timber floors about a feet off the ground, and with bags on the top of that, we used as beds for the next four weeks. This was terribly hard and one would be turning about many times during the night with aching limbs. Eventually we made individual beds with two bags stretched on two poles, and this resulted in a very comfortable stretcher. Formerly we were unable to adopt this idea owing to the shortage of mosquito nets. We were required to accommodate four persons under each net.

Each time natives visited us they gave us bits of information about what the Japs were doing locally, and the treatment imposed on their white captives. We were told that the whites were made to carry frightful loads of cargo from the ships, very poorly fed, and guarded in compounds at night. That one way of retaining natives in safe custody was to handcuff them then string many of them along a long pole. The Japs had no courts for natives so if a native case was brought under the notice of the enemy they made a day for the chiefs to assemble to witness the shooting of the accused. We heard that the Mission Church was being used as a stable for the horses, and that the Bishop's dwelling was utilised as a Japanese Headquarters. The laymen of the Mission, most of them Germans with a good knowledge of the natives and the district, were made to carry out many enemy duties, such as marshalling the natives to do various work and collecting food stuffs for the enemy to obtain labour for defence works, particularly in digging trenches and repairing roads.

The natives said that local half-castes were voluntarily assisting the enemy, and were visiting our abandoned homesteads for the purpose of looting or destroying the

household goods. On March 26 natives advised us that the previous day fifteen Japanese, with only two rifles had taken up residence in Tobera homestead and were making my natives dig up all the clear ground near the house to plant vegetables. This constant occupancy of Tobera with a firm supervision over the natives by a half-caste would necessarily restrict my own staff in bringing goods to me. It would also expose my cattle and goats to a greater risk of being killed more quickly. My 70 indentured natives were all paraded under the helpful assistance of my chief boss boy, who was named "the captain" and seemed to relish the authority of a "Quisling". They made a fire of pieces of furniture, about 10 tons of copra left on hand by me, about 1200 empty copra sacks, and all other goods which could then be found in the sheds.

The imperative Japanese instructions seemed to produce more reasonable work and obedience from the natives than that existing under our "soft soap" rule and weak laws.

The huts we had were erected quickly with bush material which did not last long. After eleven weeks our huts became less rain proof, and it seemed that we were reasonably safe in our gorge, so we decided to erect a more permanent building. Thirteen of my Tobera natives carried in many loads of long grass (about 4 ft. long) obtained about 2 miles distant. With this grass the natives thatched the roof of the new house, the size of which was 17ft. x 17ft. x 13ft. to the ridge. All bearers or rafters were securely tied together with bush vines obtained on the spot, and no nails or hammer were used in the construction, and cost nothing to erect.

Nearly every day some of many groups of visiting natives paid us a visit. They would make their way through the thick bush in single file and noiselessly come upon us in two, threes, or even half a dozen at a time, each loaded with some provisions for gift or sale to us. Usually they would stay about our camp for hours at a time, and very often would be given some odd jobs to do which they always did willingly. All natives who visited us with goods would have given them to us without payment, and repeatedly told us they were "sorry too much" for us. Hundreds of different natives were represented in those who were hospitable to us. Many of my Tobera natives were excellent with their services and attention in delivering to us the variety of goods, when I asked for them, though not a store or shop existed.

Despite the assertion of many white people that the native is devoid of a gracious nature I can say that that is substantially untrue. To quote a further instance, one native came to me and quietly offered me 3/6d, his total cash recourses, saying that as I was in need of goods and he was so sorry for me, it may help to keep me from starving. Although I have spent sixteen years among these natives there is this aspect of their character which we were unable to perceive until such necessity arose. Those natives voluntarily and earnestly extended their generous native customs to all the white people in need which would not have been surpassed by any civilised race. Probably over 100 natives brought in provisions for me, while several hundred more knew of our location, but as far as we know not one of them conveyed to the Japanese a true word regarding our whereabouts for the four months of our hiding, despite being frequently pressed for information about us. Some times when the natives brought in goods to us it would be too late in the evening for them to find their way through the dense bush to (go home) before dark, so they would sleep in our camp for the night. On one occasion a native who had murdered two policemen spent the night in our camp. He had been sentenced to 20 years imprisonment and completed two years of the period when he was let loose with all the other prisoners at the time of the Japanese

invasion. The nature of natives is such that we had not the slightest fear of this murderer.

We nearly always had a plentiful supply of fat for frying purposes. When the Japs killed a beast the natives would follow and obtain the fat, unknown to the enemy, then bring in a few pounds to us. The Japs did not bury or burn the refuse of dead animals, but just left all manner of rubbish to lie about and rot. The filthy habits of the Japs brand them, even in the minds of our natives, as the lowest form of human beings on the face of the earth.

During the first two or three weeks planes were very active, which was followed by a comparative quietness for about a month, then our raiding planes started to make more frequent visits, which kept increasing. Usually we could hear and sometimes see these and enemy planes when any activity was taking place. We could also hear any bombing and any anti-aircraft firing which was a most pleasing sound to us.

In our camps we did not find the days drag for want of occupation. We were kept quite busy with all kinds of jobs such as the necessary preparing and cooking of meals, preparing tobacco, coffee and cocoa from their raw state, which is a very lengthy process when all is done by hand. We spent time in washing our clothes, getting firewood, and keeping the camp and surroundings in a tidy condition. By exchanging few books we maintained a satisfactory supply of reading material. After eight weeks with us one of our party transferred to our neighbours' camp, leaving three in our party. About the same time two of our neighbours moved out to about twelve miles distant at a plantation ...(indecipherable)... their move ...(indecipherable)...friendly plane or ship ...(indecipherable)...for about a fortnight later they were captured (by the) enemy. This left a party of two in our neighbours' camp.

The single item most appreciated by us whilst in our jungle camping, and before our relief, was the news announcing the appointment of General MacArthur. When the usual news anthem came over the radio each evening we re-cast the words and sang the following lines:---

“Then gallant Mac from Aussie sails
to reach New Guinea shore
True Yankee courage ‘ll spur him on
Till he opens our front door
Then here he’ll raise two old old flags
The standards of the brave
With all our hearts then let us sing
Advance MacArthur bold.”

Each page of the transcript is initialled “L.D.” and the last page is accompanied by a footnote, also by “L.D.”, that reads - *“The letter was buried somewhere near the camp with the knowledge of a trusted native who retrieved it later. It is believed that a native eventually gave Vic’s hiding-place to the Japs and a native who was up a coconut palm or other tree where he was hiding saw the Japs behead Vic for (stealing) food.”*

**COMMISSIONER FOR SUPERANNUATION ANNUAL REPORT (Extract)
COMSUPER 2002-2003**

The PNG Schemes

Contributions

All benefits are paid from the Consolidated Revenue Fund. All pensions have been fully purchased and no contributions were paid during 2002-03.

Pensions

During the year the number of pensions in force declined from 390 to 371. The tables below set out the number and type of pensions payable under the scheme. Revised data has been provided in respect of 2001-02 as last year's report contained errors.

Table A1: PNG pension commencements and cessations 2001-02 and 2002-03

	Pensions at 1 July 2001	Commencements	Cessations	Pensions at 30 June 2002
Males				
Retirement	123	-	8	115
Invalidity	36	-	1	35
Sub-Total	159	-	9	150
Females				
Retirement	23	-	1	22
Invalidity	4	-	-	4
Widow	222	7	15	214
Sub-Total	249	7	16	240
Total	408	7	25	390
	Pensions at 1 July 2002	Commencements	Cessations	Pensions at 30 June 2003
Males				
Retirement	115	-	12	103
Invalidity	35	-	4	31
Sub-Total	150	6	16	134
Females				
Retirement	22	-	1	21
Invalidity	4	-	-	4
Widow	214	6	8	212
Sub-Total	240	6	9	237
Total	390	6	25	371

Expenditure on PNG pensions during 2002-03 was \$13 729 908 (\$14 022 036 in 2001-02).

The Papua & New Guinea Schemes - The Commissioner for Superannuation is also responsible for the payment of pensions under the *Superannuation Ordinance 1917* of the Territory of Papua and the *Superannuation Ordinance 1928* of the Territory of New Guinea. The funds that were established under these ordinances have not existed for many years and the full cost of these pensions is met from Consolidated Revenue. The full 2002-03 Annual Report of the Commissioner for Superannuation is obtainable from *The Manager, Publications, ComSuper, PO Box 22, Belconnen ACT 2616 Phone 02 62279110*

In April 2003 ComSuper moved to new premises and our organization was invited to the official opening by Senator the Hon. Nick Minchin, Minister for Finance & Administration. Vice-President Pam Foley attended. A special guest at the ceremony was our member Madge Blandin, now in her 90's and the widow of the fabled Wau Chief Mining warden Perc Blandon. Madge is ComSuper's oldest PNG pensioner. A lovely photograph of Madge and her daughter, Marybeth Truen, taken at the function, appears in the glossy, well produced annual report.

MEMOIRS OF TALAIR AND DENNIS BUCHANAN (Circa) 1964

By Leo Butler

Sometime during 1964 **Dennis Buchanan** had purchased a twin engine Beechcraft Baron. Whilst on one of my regular trips to the highlands, in discussion with Dennis I mentioned my plans to do a marketing survey for Mobil of the future potential for fuel business in the Western Highlands of PNG. Dennis suggested doing an aerial survey of places such as Mendi, Chimbu, Erave, Okapa, Wapenamunda, Laiagam, Lake Kopiago, and Tari. We took off from Goroka in the Baron about 9am with **Brian McCook** as pilot. Travelling to Mt Hagen we called in at Kundiawa on the way to see **Dick Kelart**, the Mobil agent who also ran a string of trade stores in the area. Then on to a brief stop at Banz to see the **Rutledges** before landing at the old original airstrip at Mt Hagen. We refuelled and headed for Mendi where **Noel Levy** was ADO and his wife had started operating trade stores in the area. We then travelled to Erave, Okapa, Tari, Laiagam and Omati. Our intended overnight stop was to be Lake Kopiago where Dennis had arranged for us to stay with one of his friends, the District Office (I think it was **Laurie Nolan**).

We had packed the usual supplies: grog (beer and whisky) and freezer meats (steak, chops and sausages), bread, butter, milk, tinned fruits, rice and the normal pre-requisite of toilet rolls. Sweet potatoes, corn on the cob, tapioca, yams and some vegetables were usually grown at these highland outstations to supplement their food.

We lunched at Okapa on sandwiches and a thermos of coffee. We were also treated to further coffee and cakes, courtesy of the friendly Baptist Missionary and his wife at Okapa. We departed Okapa about 1pm hoping to make Lake Kopiago by 2pm but the weather closed in and turned nasty. Brian McCook decided that the nearest point for a safe landing was at a Mission strip down in the Gulf Country at Balimo and we arrived there at approximately 2pm. We were grateful to finally find this airstrip after battling severe winds, blinding rain and a bumpy ride. The strip was very wet and we made a successful landing even though the grassy surface was very slippery and muddy.

Balimo was a rather sizeable Baptist Mission Station servicing the Western Papua region and based near the outlet into the Gulf. The Mission representative, particularly their chief pilot, met us at the strip. On review of radio weather reports, it was considered that any chance of making Lake Kopiago that day was remote. We waited until 3pm when Brian McCook decided it was too risky to leave Balimo so we accepted the kind invitation from the Baptist Mission people to stay at their guest house overnight. We were housed in rather pleasant surroundings and to repay the hospitality of the Baptist Mission people we shared some of our freezer and other foodstuffs. Naturally we did not offer any of our grog and as Dennis said to me quietly on the side, 'It looks like a dry night'. The Mission people were wonderful hosts though.

With clear weather in the morning we departed about 9.30am bound for Lake Kopiago. Dennis remarked to me on the flight that during our evening talks at the Mission he was concerned I might have considered becoming a Missionary. Later however, after many drinks with Laurie Nolan and friends at Lake Kopiago, Dennis realized that my enthusiasm for Mission work had abated.

This was the character of the man, Dennis Buchanan, who was a delightful and successful businessman with many charming attributes and a great sense of humour. After a good night at Lake Kopiago we returned to Mt Hagen and Goroka via Bobby Gibbes' plantation, Tremearne. A most enjoyable and informative trip.

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

Graeme BAKER (21 February 2004, aged 61 years)

Further details in next issue.

REVEREND Rodger BROWN, OAM, LTh. (14 August 2003, aged 92 years)

Rodger and his wife, Kath, went to PNG in 1940 and served in the Kabakada and Nakanai Methodist missions in New Britain. Kath was evacuated with their baby son, Graham, in December 1941 leaving Rodger behind. Rodger later had a miraculous escape to Australia with a party led by the legendary Keith McCarthy. In 1945, Rodger returned to PNG as a Padre with the Australian Army. His duties included ministering to the Japanese prisoners-of-war including those who were executed for war crimes. After discharge from the Army, Rodger served in various circuits in New Britain until 1954 when illness forced his repatriation to South Australia, and then in Australia until his formal retirement in 1977. In 1961, he was President of the South Australian conference of the Methodist Church.

Rodger suffered from ‘survivors’ guilt’. He had difficulty accepting that he had survived when so many had not. He believed that he must have been spared for a particular purpose. This belief led him to devote the rest of his life to the welfare of PNG, to its churches and to its people. He was very active in supporting Australian missionaries serving in PNG and was a tireless spokesman for that work. Later in his life, Rodger would be exhilarated by hearing the old Wesleyan hymns sung by PNG choirs. His heart remained in PNG! He wrote and published a book, *Tala Tala*, about his PNG experiences in the immediate pre- and post-war periods. Several months before his death he was awarded an AOM for services to the community and to PNG.

Rodger was a charming, ebullient man who was friendly to everybody. He had a prodigious memory and an endless store of tales about his years in PNG. He was a link to those dreadful war days. His death has broken that link and deprived many people of a loyal and enthusiastic friend. Rodger is survived by Kath and his children Graham, Jeffery and Christopher.

Margaret L Henderson

Lyn Thomson (October 2003, aged 82 years)

Born in Sydney, Lyn went to PNG in 1949 with her sister, Hazel Nicklason, to work in the Department of Education. She married Reg Thomson who served with the Departments of District Administration and Home Affairs over twenty-five years. Lyn became very active in the Country Women’s Association, later serving as National President of CWA.

Lyn was also well known for her indoor plants, with many Port Moresby residents’ homes adorned by their purchases of her african violets and philodendrons. Lyn rejoined the Department of Education in the late 1960s and became Port Moresby District Officer. After leaving PNG in 1973, Lyn and Reg settled on the Gold Coast, later moving to Mt Tamborine and then returning to the Gold coast for the last period of their long life together. Husband Reg and children, Mark and Julie, survive her. She is greatly missed.

Mark Thomson

Jeffery Ernest (Jeff) BROOMHEAD (15 October 2003, aged 87 years)

Jeff Broomhead was a planter at Mt. Hagen in or around the 1960s. His wife Josie and son Geoffrey predeceased him. He is survived by his sons Richard, Kenneth and Malcolm and eight grandchildren.

Bob Blaikie

Peter Sheekey (9 November 2003, aged 80 years)

Peter was born in Goulburn and educated in Wagga Wagga. He joined the army in early 1942 and after non-active service in Northern Queensland and Northern Territory, saw active service on Bougainville Island. After the war he joined the Australian Department of District Services & Native Affairs. During 1952 he completed his personal away from base record duration patrol of 87 days through the Central Highlands, beginning and concluding at Mendi.

Whilst at ASOPA in 1954 Peter met Gwen Flood, a nurse, and they were married in 1955. Peter and Gwen and their family lived variously in Samarai, Madang and Bogia before returning to Madang (1964-1968) where Peter was DDC to Des Clifton-Bassett. In 1968 Peter was promoted to the new position of Director of National Security (PNG) and the family relocated to Port Moresby. Like many expats, Peter chose the 'golden handshake' following Papua New Guinea's Independence in 1975.

Again, like many expats, Peter struggled to adjust to city life and retired early (in his mid 50s) due to decreasing hearing. The family lived in Coogee until the late 1980s before Peter and Gwen relocated to Mosman, the scene of their courting days. Peter is survived by his wife Gwen and his three children, Bruce, Louise and David.

Bruce Sheekey

Edith Trevanian Gane (27 October 2003, aged 96 years)

With her mother a Nurse and her father a Journalist and then Minister of Religion, Edith was brought up with a deep-rooted affection for current affairs and perfectionism. In 1936 Edith became a School Inspector with the Seventh Day Adventist Church, travelling widely throughout New Zealand and Australia. Edith married Eric Gane in 1938 after a long courtship and 11 years later they moved to PNG for a two year mission stint starting in Omaura. Appalled at the lack of educational facilities for both teachers and students in the district, Edith soon implemented a program for training teachers in the morning and teaching students in the afternoon, all the while supervising her own two daughters correspondence lessons. In 1952 the family relocated to Goroka where Edith taught at the SDA Mission and then the Government High School. She eventually went to the Goroka Teachers' College where she became an expert on teaching English as a Foreign Language. In 1974 Edith and Eric moved to Brisbane where they continued to lead full and productive lives

Whilst Edith enjoyed discussing politics, her life was dedicated to teaching others and being involved with her family including the education of her daughters, Janice and Ora Marea, her grand-children and great grand-children.

Gane family

Dulcie Annie Donald (nee Wilson) (3 September 2003, aged 75 years)

Born in Port Douglas Dulcie went to Port Moresby with Posts and Telegraphs in 1948. In 1949 she married Robert Charles Donald at the Anglican Church there. Bob Donald worked for Burns Philp in Port Moresby. Dulcie and Bob then lived in Samarai before moving to Madang in 1955. Dulcie worked for the RPNGC in Madang and later in Port Moresby. She was also one of the first trainees in the Police Reservists in Port Moresby. Dulcie was a keen golfer in Madang and was also a Brownie Leader. Her Brownie Pack consisted of children of the native policemen with whom she worked. Dulcie and Bob left PNG in 1968 for Brisbane but later returned to Cairns, the area where both had grown up.

From Dulcie's sister Shirley-Ann Mackellar

Fr Berard Tomassetti OFM Cap (10 December 2003, aged 83 years)

Fr Berard was one of the six original Capuchin missionaries from the Franciscan Order to arrive in PNG from the US in 1955, spending most of his time preaching in the Tari and Upper Mendi valleys. He was the first outsider met by many of the indigenous peoples, he assisted the government map and build roads through various areas and also assisted many of the local people with medical care. He returned to the States in 1989 for medical reasons, before serving the Capuchin Province of Mid-America and then in Victoria, Australia.

Information obtained from The National 24 December 2003

Sir William Prentice (31 January 2004, aged 84 years)

Bill Prentice was a fine man, an outstanding Australian and a learned and courageous judge. He had a long and distinguished legal and military career. He served in the AIF in the Middle East and New Guinea and was awarded an MBE and mentioned in dispatches.

After the war Bill continued his interest in PNG and its people when he became a member of the Council of Papua New Guinea Affairs which was responsible for the promotion of legal education for Papua New Guineans and he was influential in the establishment of the Faculty of Law at the University of PNG. He was personally responsible for encouraging the education of many Papua New Guineans.

In 1970 Bill was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of PNG and served on that court for ten years. He was knighted in 1977 and appointed Chief Justice in 1978. His period on the bench therefore transected the momentous years of change through Self-Government, Independence and post-Independence. His Honour was responsible for many leading judgments, particularly in the area of constitutional interpretation, which have had a profound effect upon the development of the law in PNG.

In March 1980 Sir William Prentice resigned as Chief Justice in controversial and unfortunate circumstances and returned to Australia where he served for some years as a senior member of the Administrative Appeals Tribunal. His wife, Mary, died six months before him. He is survived by his four children – Damien, Toby, Felicity and Jacinta.

Harry West

Keith Thomas Buxton (28 September 2003, aged 70 years)

Keith spent the first 15 years of his life in Sydney. Later, after a varied career and whilst mining on the Snowy Mountain Scheme, he was given a medal in 1959 for being part of the team who became the world record holders for the longest distance tunnelled in one day. His continued interest as a volunteer with St John's Ambulance Service eventually led him to his beloved New Guinea where he joined PNG Public Health in 1956 as a Field Medical Assistant serving in the Morobe, Sepik and Highland regions. It was in PNG that his two children, Michelle and Paul, were born. In the later part of the 1960s Keith resigned from government service and became involved in the fledgling tourist industry in PNG. Although he left PNG in 1972 his involvement continued until 1988. Keith was well known for his distribution of hundreds of balloons for the kids on the Sepik River during his tourism days.

He travelled extensively throughout PNG by foot, air, road and sea. Keith was always ready to share a story and his experiences were outlined in his book called 'The Golden Years'. Keith will be remembered for his courage in the face of adversity, his love of life, his keen sense of humour and his caring nature.

Michelle Buxton

Helene Holzknicht nee Schmutterer (August 2003, aged 86 years)

Helene was born at Sattelberg Station near Finschhafen, the daughter of pioneer missionary parents. Helene was sent to school in Germany where she also completed her nursing training and later became engaged to a young seminarian, Karl Holzknicht. They were married in her father's old church at Ampo in December 1938 before living at Malalo, near Salamaua. Helene accompanied Karl on many of his trips, ministering to village women and helping the sick she found along the way.

The outbreak of war in Europe in 1939 meant that Karl – being a German – was taken prisoner as an enemy alien and removed to Australia. Their daughter, Irene, was born shortly after. With other missionary families, Helene and Irene were evacuated to South Australia. Karl and Helene's older two sons, Gottfried (Fred) and Hartmut, were born after Helene eventually joined her husband at the Tatura internment camp in Victoria.

When hostilities ended Karl was the first German Lutheran missionary to be given approval to return to mission work in PNG in early 1947. Helene and Karl went to the mission station at Kaiapit in the Markham Valley and Helene soon established regular health, women's and baby clinics, also looking after the girls in the boarding school.

Helene and Karl had two more sons, Philip and Erich. In 1969 the family moved back to Ampo, Lae where Helene had spent her early childhood. Eventually, personal health issues saw them move back to Australia. Helene became known as 'Mutti' to most people she met, she loved people, loved helping and being part of what was going on, despite growing frailty, and she always maintained her wicked sense of humour, inherited from her father.

Information obtained from Post Courier 5-7 September 2003

Mark Worth (1958-2004, aged 45 years)

Mark was accorded a half-page obituary in the Sydney Morning Herald on February 3, 2004. The night before, in prime time, ABC Television featured what probably is the highly acclaimed documentary filmmakers' finest production, the hour long 'Land of the Morning Star' (West Papua, formerly Netherlands New Guinea), revealing 'the turbulent history of a troubled country, swept up in the power play of international history'. Mark's passion for New Guinea stemmed from his birth in Manus – the son of an RAN Chief Petty Officer. His boyhood dream was to become a Patrol Officer, but Independence in 1975 intervened when he was only 17. Tragically, Mark has died of pneumonia in Jayapura at the age of 45. His funeral was attended by hundreds of people. He is survived by his wife Hellen, from Biak Island and daughter Insoriki. Farewell good friend.

Harry West

Eric Edward Young (2 August 2003, aged 60 years)

Former Patrol Office 1969-1976

Eric served in PNG in the Western District and then at the Rabaul Local Government Training Centre. He always spoke of his great pride of his service in PNG. He was an inspirational community leader and greatly respected in Geelong where he had been a former local councillor and a Labour State Election candidate. At his funeral a PNG flag covered his coffin which reflected Eric's great love of the country. He is survived by his wife Wendy and their two children Stephen and Liz.

Terry Larkins

Richard Fosser Hearne (19th December 2003, aged 74 years)

Ric died after a short illness (respiratory problems) in hospital in Canberra. He was visiting his daughter Jo. He is survived by three daughters and one son - Joey, Elizabeth, Georgie and a son, Jonathon, who lives in North West Australia. Ric's wife Jane died some years ago.

Ric was SLGO in Mt Hagen in the sixties and was later DDC in Bougainville in the early seventies. In 1975 he was appointed District Commissioner of Bougainville, after Alexis Sari, before returning to Australia permanently.

Dan Duggan

Mary Yit Geen Chan (1917-2003, aged 86 years)

Mary was born in Rabaul and educated in China. She married Gerard Chan in Rabaul in 1937 and endured both the Japanese occupation of Rabaul during WWII and evacuation due to volcanic eruption. After the war Mary and Gerard purchased a trade store which Mary ran. Mary Chan's Store flourished and became an icon in Rabaul. The main reason for her success was her ability to communicate so well with people from all walks of life. Mary loved to spoil everyone with her cooking and was very welcoming and hospitable. She also had a very strong faith.

Mary and Gerard moved to Brisbane to live near their daughters in the mid 1970s. Mary was very proud of all her family. She always had a great love of New Guinea and her time there and enjoyed using Pidgin right to the end. Mary was devoted to Gerard, their three children Gerry, Geraldine and Benita and their families and will be greatly missed.

Gerry Chan

Andrew MCCULLOUGH (10 January 2004, aged 76 years)

After moving from England to Sydney as a child, Andy was educated at Scots College, Sydney University and the University of Queensland. In 1955, Andy and his father Bob, began the development of Azerita cocoa plantation near Popondetta. Using their own sawmill and local timber they built houses for themselves and their workers. Andy married Patricia in late 1955 and their three children were born in PNG. In the mid 1960s, parasites decimated the Popondetta cocoa settlement scheme and over forty planters, including the McCulloughs were forced to leave their properties. In 1963, Andy joined DASF as a Project Manager and worked first in Popondetta, mainly with the Orokaiva Coffee Growers Society, and later to Mount Hagen working in both coffee and pyrethrum. Andy then joined Trade and Industry in Moresby working on trade promotion mainly with Japan. In 1975 became attached to Geneva-based International Trade Centre from where he was sent to Indonesia and later to Malawi and Zambia where he was again involved in the promotion of tropical products.

In the 1980s he returned to his home base in Australia - Nimmitabel, NSW, where he ran fine wool merinos and, being close to the Australian Alps, meant he could return to his love of skiing. After being diagnosed with cancer in 1996 he decided to move to Canberra. He continued to ski competitively both at home and internationally. Andy was a true gentleman and diplomat. He was known for his great integrity, high work ethic and love of good things - especially quality wine and classical music. All this with a healthy streak of larrikinism, exemplified on one occasion by instigating and leading the 'de-bagging' of no less than the District Commissioner at a Popondetta Annual Ball. Andy is survived by his wife Patricia, son Robert and daughters Fiona and Barbara and six grandchildren.

Michael Belfield

Marie Patricia O'Shea (nee O'Brien, 9 January 2004, aged 76 years)

Marie joined the Lands Dept in 1952 but returned to Newcastle in 1958. In 1961, now married to Jack O'Shea, she returned to Port Moresby. In 1963 Jack was appointed Resident Magistrate and transfers occurred to Madang (1964), Lae (1965) and finally back to Moresby again in 1971 when Jack was appointed Chief Commissioner of the Land Titles Commission. Marie, with their three children, Gwenneth, Pamela and Patrick, left the Territory in 1972 leaving Jack to stay on until Self-Government was attained in 1973. Marie will be remembered in PNG for her very active association with pre-schools and sporting clubs including a term as Captain of Lae Golf Club Associates.

On her return to Australia she became very interested and involved with both the Embroidery Guild and Bridge Clubs. Marie was dedicated to family life and imbued sincere and loving friendships through her personal warmth. Her passing will be mourned by many.

Jack O'Shea

Peter Gordon McGoldrick AE (24 December 2003, aged 83 years)

Peter joined the Australian administration in Papua New Guinea in 1952 after twelve years as an officer in the RAAF.

Flying Officer McGoldrick trained in Canada, and flew under the command of the RAF until the end of WW II. He initially flew Wellington bombers through Egypt, India, Bengal and Burma, and subsequently transferred to Mitchell Bombers and completed 30 daylight missions in Europe. At the end of WW II Flying Officer McGoldrick joined the RAAF Reserve and was recalled on the occasions of the outbreak of hostilities in Korea and Malaya. Among other roles, he conducted transport flights from Japan to Korea, and a number of VIP flights. He returned to the RAAF Reserve in 1952, and remained a member until 1971.

His remarkable career span was recognized in the award of the Air Efficiency Award in 1966. The DC3 he flew in Malaya is now in the Australian War Memorial in Canberra.

Newly married in 1952, Peter McGoldrick joined the Papua New Guinea administration. PNGAA members will remember Peter from Treasury at Manus, and Customs in Lae, Port Moresby, Rabaul, Kavieng, Samarai, and Madang. He finally returned to Port Moresby as Deputy Comptroller of Customs.

Peter McGoldrick was a reluctant hero, who rarely spoke about the war. He received many Honours and awards for his Air Force service. His satisfaction in life and sense of identity and achievement revolved largely around his family.

He was highly regarded by his Papua New Guinean and Australian colleagues in the TPNG Administration, and by his clients in the corporate sector; the respect with which he treated everyone was always reciprocated. He retired to New South Wales in 1973.

Peter died after a long illness. Through the period of his illness he still showed his fighting spirit when he had to re-learn to type using only one finger. His letters at the end were truly a labour of love.

Peter is survived by his wife, Mel, their children Pammy and Terry, their partners Jim and Sue, and his grandchildren Danny, Annaliese, Melissa and Peter.

Laurie LeFevre

William Race OAM (2 August 2003, aged 82 years)

Bill was sent in to join our rebuilding team of health workers at the newly established hospital at Saiho. He had come from the Royal Naval Medical Service England and brought a highly trained professional male nurse and knowledge of surgical procedures that were urgently needed in the devastated Northern District. Bill's activities are recorded in the book written by Maslyn Williams 'Stone Age Island' pages 167 & 177. He was a great entertainer – ventriloquism – slight of hand. Best of all his remarkable command of his faithful piano accordion. Thank you Bill for all the wonderful times you entertained us and relieved the tensions of the past day.

Bill married Del who had travelled from Germany to Rabaul and they settled in Queensland upon his retirement from PNG. Bill then devoted his services to the Sunnybank RSL where he instituted a unique service of 'Home Care' in 1974 and for this he was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia. Albert Speer

Dora Elizabeth Burchill (3 December 2003, aged 99 years)

Born in Hawthorn and brought up in Victoria, Elizabeth (as she was known) pioneered nursing in remote places. She volunteered to serve in Ethiopia in 1936, nursed refugee children during the Spanish Civil War in 1937 and served with the 2nd AIF in Palestine and Egypt in 1940. Elizabeth established the first infant welfare clinic in Darwin in 1950 followed by two years on Thursday Island. Her nursing adventures continued when, in 1960, Elizabeth went to the Sepik and set up a mobile infant welfare clinic to assist villages in an 80km radius, travelling to outlying mountain villages each fortnight. She remained there until retiring in 1963, after which she completed three degrees and published six books. Sister Burchill is listed in 'Who's Who in Australia' and had her portrait painted for the Archibald Prize in 1975. In 1990 Elizabeth was one of the veterans who travelled to Gallipoli for the 75th commemoration of the Anzac landing and in 1998 received an Order of Australia Medal for service to nursing. Information obtained from the Herald Sun 31 December 2003

MEMORIAL SERVICE of TELEFOMIN UPRISING

On November 6th, 2003 a Memorial Service was held at the Dural Baptist Church, Sydney to mark the 50th anniversary of the organized uprising in the Eliptamin Valley in the Telefomin area of the West Sepik District in which two young field officers of the Australian Department of District Services & Native Affairs, and two constables of the Royal Papuan and New Guinea Constabulary were killed.

Much time and effort had gone into tracing the families of Patrol Officer Gerald Szarka and Cadet Patrol Officer Geoffrey Harris, so that as many as possible could attend the ceremony arranged by the Australian Baptist Missionary Society (now known as Global interAction).

This service was to receive a message of repentance from the people of the Eliptamin Valley and to honour the memories of the four men and the bravery of their colleagues. It was attended by Mrs. Pamela Foley and Mrs. Marie Clifton-Bassett on behalf of the Executive of our Association, and Messrs. Paul Ryan and Adrian Geyle on behalf of members. Pamela Foley

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

MR. A.W. ANDERSON	P O BOX 29	CROWS NEST	NSW 1585
MRS. J. BEATTY	12 MORTIMER ST.	KEW	VIC 3101
MR. P. BEINSSSEN	P O BOX 7123 BOND I BEACH	SYDNEY	NSW 2026
MR. T. BREDMEYER	C/- 15 OLIVE RD.	MT LAWLEY	W.A. 6050
MR. M.T. BULLEY	1/7/ HENRY ST.	BALWYN	VIC 3103
MS. N. CARROLL	P O BOX 185	NAMBUCCA HEADS	NSW 2448
MR.M & MRS R. CARTER	P O BOX 3088	BOROKO NCD 111	PNG
MR. J. COLQUHOUN	11 PACIFIC AVE.	COFFS HARBOUR	NSW 2450
MR. W. COOKE	9 FONTAINEBLEAU ST	SANS SOUCI	NSW 2219
MRS. J. COUTTS	P O BOX 265	APOLLO BAY	VIC 3233
MR. D. DENOON	P O BOX 203/40 REFINERY DRIVE	PYRMONT	NSW 2009
MR. H. DICKINSON	P O BOC 103	BANNOCKBURN	VIC 3331
MRS. J. DOWLING	54 BYRNE CIRCUIT, MOIL	DARWIN	N.T. 0810
SR. W. FLANNERY, RSM	7/37 MARTHON ST.	ASPLEY	QLD 4034
MRS. E.W. GREATHEAD	34 DORSET ST. ASHGROVE	BRISBANE	QLD 4060
PROF. J. GRIFFIN	26 BOOTE PLACE SPENCE	ACT 2615	
MRS. S. HORNE	LIONS CAMP DUCKADANG, AVOCA CK RD.	LINVILLE	QLD 4306
MRS. J.L. JAMES			
MR. S. JENKINSON	P O BOX 1198	RABAUL 611	PNG
MR. C. JOHNSTON	6 SURREY PLACE	KAREELA	NSW 2232
DR. J.M. LUMB	45A BLACKETT DRIVE	CASTLE HILL	NSW 2154
MR. C. LYNN	P O BOX 303	CAMDEN	NSW 2570
MR. N. LYONS	P O BOX 221	RABAUL 611	PNG
MRS. P. McCULLOCH	26/51 MUSGRAVE ST.	YARRALUMLA	ACT 2600
MRS. M. McGOLDRICK	1/51 WHIPPS AVE.	ALSTONVILLE	NSW 2477
MR. J. McNABB	P O BOX 354	GLEN WAVERLEY	VIC 3150
MRS L. MANNING	301 FOREST RD.	BIBRA LAKE	W. A.6163
SR. H. O'BRIEN, RSM	2 BLAKE COURT	KLEMZIG	S.A. 5087
MR. G. PEMBERTON	P O BOX 321 ETTALONG BEACH	SYDNEY	NSW 2257
MR. M. PLUMB	P O BOX 711	RABAUL 611	PNG
MR. A. ROBERTSON	c/- WALINDI, P O BOX 4	KIMBE 621	PNG
MR S. SAUNDERS	P O BOX 386	RABAUL 611	PNG
MR.B.K. STONE	17 JAMIE GROVE SPRINGWOOD	QLD 4127	
MR. A.C. TINGLE	UNIT 23, 9 SALFORD ST.	VICTORIA POINT	QLD 4165
MR. R.H. TOPHAM	18 EDWIN RD.	BUDERIM	QLD 4556
MR. D. & MRS M. WATKINS	34 LOGAN ST.	ATHERTON	QLD 4833
MR.P. WEISS	18 BETRAM DRIVE	NEW YORK 12508	USA

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

	<u>FROM</u>	<u>TO</u>	
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MRS. M. CARRICK	KINGSFORD	42 MITTAGONG RD	BOWRAL NSW 2576
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MR. J. COLMAN		P O BOX 6320, G.C. MAIL CENTRE,	BUNDALL QLD 9726
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MR. P. SKINNER	ANNACORTES USA	P O BOX 456	GOLDEN BEACH QLD 4551
MRS.A. SUTHERLAND	KALAMUNDA	78 FIRST AVE	BICKLEY W.A. 6076
REV. A. TAYLOR	STATHFIELD	7d/30-34 CHURCHILL AVE.	STRATHFIELD NSW 2135
MR. R. TEBBLE	REDLAND BAY	40 SCRUB ROAD	CARINDALE QLD 4034
MR. N. WRIGHT	KELENSVALE	2 MOTU CLOSE	PACIFIC PINES QLD 4211
MRS. I. WRIGHT	DECEPTION BAY	47 HENDERSON RD.	BURPENGARY QLD 4505