



Journal of the
Papua New Guinea
Association of
Australia Inc.

Una Voce

2017, No 2 – June

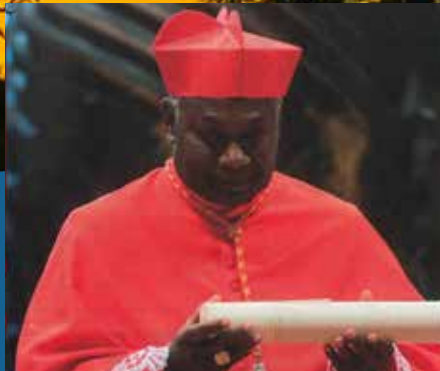
Patrons: Major General the Honourable Michael Jeffery, AC, AO (Mil), CVO, MC (Retd), Mr Fred Kaad OBE



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**President Andrea Williams
steps down**



**PNG's first locally-born
Cardinal**



During June ... don't miss the chance to participate in commemorative events in Rabaul, Canberra, and Sydney.

See details in
WHAT'S ON on
pp 6-7 and make
your reservations
without delay!!



FRONT COVER IMAGE

The Rabaul (Bitu Paka) War Cemetery, established in 1945, is located near the site of the former Bitu Paka wireless station south of the city of Rabaul, New Britain, in Papua New Guinea.

Photos by Max Uechtritz

Patrons

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

Membership

Membership is available to any person with an interest in PNG.
Annual subscription is \$40. The membership year corresponds with the calendar year. Application forms are available from the Secretary at the address below or our website, www.pngaa.net
No receipts are sent for subscriptions as it would add to our postage costs.

2016-2017 PNGAA Office Bearers

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Position temporarily vacant

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PNGAA Collection - For all donations to this collection (photographs, diaries, letters, publications etc.) please contact Steve Burns sburns1@outlook.com.au or PH (02) 9489 0824

PNGAA mailing address: PO Box 453 Roseville, NSW 2069

PNGAA Website: www.pngaa.net

PNGAA Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/PNGAA/>

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

Payments

We encourage members to pay membership fees by direct deposit to the PNGAA account: BSB: 062 009 Account No: 0090 7724
Please include your Membership Number.
Please notify the Treasurer by email. Thank you!

COPY DEADLINE

2017, Issue No 3 – September.

Deadline for all contributions is 7 July, 2017

To Editor@pngaa.net

Contents

Farewell to our retiring President	2
Letters	4
What's on?	6
Committee round-up	8
PNG in the news	11
Our National Myopia	14
My story: growing up in PNG	16
Jim Burton's Farewell Address	18
PAPUAN CARRIERS – THE “FUZZY WUZZY ANGELS” OF WWII	20
The Teapot Lid	21
THOMAS ARTHUR STEEN	22
REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO MADANG/WEWAK	24
KALIBOBO SPIRIT SEPIK EXPEDITION	26
MEMORIAL NEWS	29
ACCPN Update	33
PNGAA Collection	34
CREATIVE ARTS + Books & Reviews	35
A Didiman's Diary #7	37
A Chalkie (Part 1)	39
Randolf Stow's Trobriand Islands	42
THE TOL PLANTATION MASSACRE	45
Youth	48
Sing Sing – events and reunions	49
Help wanted	51
Vale	52
Sport	56
Website Walkabout	56

Farewell to our retiring President – Andrea Williams

The time has come to say 'au revoir' to our President, Andrea Williams who, by the terms of PNGAA's Constitution, is required to step down from the position she has so competently occupied these past five and a half years. While retaining her position as the Editor of Una Voce, she accepted the role of acting President following the resignation of Dennis Doyle in December 2011 and at the biennial Management Committee elections of 2013 was confirmed in that position when, at the same time, she stood down as Editor after serving in that position for nine years. In farewelling Andrea, we are not really saying 'Goodbye' as Andrea will continue on as an integral part of PNGAA's Management Team as a member of the Management Committee.

Andrea's legacy as President of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia will long be remembered – each year has seen an exciting new development or initiative which has cumulatively strengthened the role of the Association in its efforts to be a catalyst in growing the relationship between Australia and Papua New Guinea in these changing times. Faced with an ageing and declining membership she proceeded to gradually change the dynamics of the Association in order to make it more relevant to 21st century Australia and Papua New Guinea. In this

respect, the journey is still ongoing as we saw the switch, in June 2015, to a full colour, A4, revamped, Una Voce Journal. Then came the introduction and increasing use of 'Facebook' social media to facilitate daily interaction amongst members, combined with a continuing, but still incomplete, development of a more modern and relevant PNGAA website.

Her administrative nous, leadership and organising abilities together with an innate ability to relate in a meaningful, respectful and knowledgeable manner to all levels of society both within Australia and PNG,

stood her and the Association in good stead. We saw early in her Presidency the role she played with others in the development of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society, culminating, in July 2012, in the dedication of that wonderful Memorial to those lost on the Montevideo Maru which now proudly stands in the grounds of the Australian War Memorial, Canberra. The centenary of ANZAC saw the bold and successful venture of the 2014 PNGAA Symposium which was linked to the commemoration of Australia's first battle of WW1, the battle of Bitia Paka.

A highly successful lunch followed a well-attended AGM in Sydney on Sunday, 30 April. Due to unavoidable family circumstances, and the tight production schedule for this issue of Una Voce, the Minutes of the AGM will be held over until the September issue of the magazine. The 2016 Financial Statements should be available on the website shortly and if anyone would like a hard copy please contact the Secretary at: admin@pngaa.net.

It should be noted that the position of President remains vacant.



Other highlights of her Presidency include:

The revival, reinvigoration and promotion of PNGAA's concept for an Australian Community Centre for Pacific Nations (ACCPN) as a means of utilising and preserving the heritage values of the old ASOPA site on Middle Head.

The support and fostering of Kiap Recognition activities

which led to the production of the DVD 'Kiap: The Stories Behind the Medal' and latterly, the development of a proposal for 'The PNG Kiap Scholarship' scheme to promote mutual understanding between Australia and Papua New Guinea.

The integration of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society - PNG with the PNGAA following the former's winding-up in 2013.

In summation, PNGAA has indeed been fortunate to have experienced the inspired and dedicated leadership of Andrea Williams in the positions she has held to date and the Association owes her a massive debt.

Andrea, we salute you!

UV: With thanks to Ross Johnson and Paul Munro for their words.

PNGAA wishes to pass our sincere condolences to our retiring President, Andrea Williams and her extended family, at the loss of her dear father Peter Coote

VALE Peter Richard COOTE

Passed away peacefully on 5 May 2017

Aged 91 years. Formerly of Rabaul, Papua New Guinea

Letters



The late Sergeant Major Kari of the RPNGC by Chris Warrillow

The article about the 1953 Coronation Parade in edition 2017, No 1 by Steven Burns contains, in a footnote attributed to Barbara Burns, a description of Sgt. Major Kari and also a reference to Peter Ryan's book, "Fear Drive My Feet". First, I would like to remind readers that the book was reviewed in the June, 2015 edition of this Journal and copies of the book are readily available due to numerous reprints and an on-line electronic version.

Secondly, I would like to add part of another description of (then) Corporal Kari - by the author of that book (p. 18):

"... He was black as coal, six feet tall, and so broad that he filled the whole entrance. He wore only a pair of spotless khaki shorts, immaculately starched and pressed. ... His skin was smooth, glossy and hairless, and you could see the magnificent muscles that rippled underneath it. ... His expression was rather stern and his face was strikingly handsome ... He was about twenty years old, and it was hard to imagine a more superb specimen of young manhood."

To help celebrate the publication of the first edition of his book in 1959 Peter Ryan arranged for Kari to travel to Melbourne and stay with him and his family in suburban Brighton. This visit prompted the Australian Women's Weekly to report the event under the heading "A Policeman in the House" in its Wednesday 23 December, 1959 edition (p11).

The story featured a head and shoulders colour image of Kari describing him as "A burly, 17-stone New Guinea policeman ..."



In late 1962 I was posted to Tari, SHD after attending the ASOPA Long Course that year. Sgt. Major Kari was the senior NCO heading up the contingent of over a dozen members of the RP & NGC who supported us kiaps in bringing law and order and the cessation of tribal fighting (albeit for only a few short years in retrospect!) to and amongst the 30,000 Huri/Huli of that Sub-District.

I got to know Kari quite well during my first couple of years at Tari (I was also there as ADC during 1970-72). To celebrate Anzac Day 1964 I had Kari, and a couple of other policemen with WWII service, join me and a couple of other young kiaps, in my house for a few beers (and rums – Negrita of course!). Mrs Sapan Kari was not impressed when we, somewhat inebriated, manki kiaps carried, with much difficulty, poor old Kari from the Landrover into his house late that afternoon!

I last saw Kari in 1983 when I paid a short visit to Lorengau, Manus where he was living in retirement. He was grey-haired and needed a walking stick to keep him steady on his feet. But he still stood tall and erect.

He was indeed a great man. Had he been a white Australian I am sure that, as suggested by Ryan, he would have been awarded a Military Medal, or possibly more. To the shame of Australia's senior military officers and the Australian Government, men such as the likes of Kari and the many 'mere' carriers have never received their due recognition by way of awards and meaningful, albeit by Aussie standards paltry, pensions of some description.

From the Editor

Once again, I am indebted to you, the many members, who generously contribute stories and photographs of life in PNG; these memories range from early 'territory' times to the current day, from the point of view of men and women, and sometimes their children, who—like me—were fortunate to grow up in PNG. Once again, in this issue we have tales dedicated to the 75th anniversary of Pacific combat, memories shared at reunion events, art works to inspire us, new members to welcome, and past loved ones to celebrate.

I was delighted to be able to say thank you in person at the AGM to my management committee colleagues for their support and advice in editing this journal. I encourage you all to consider what part you can play in this vibrant and forward-looking publication. Please contact me with your thoughts, and yes! your critical opinion too.

I hope you enjoy the stories offered in this 2017, No 2—June issue.

Belinda Macartney

This photo might interest 'really old Territorians'! I took this whilst in Moresby, driving up Three Mile Hill from Badili to Boroko in 1962. It was at the time that prohibition for the locals was about to be lifted, and the back of the buses had been commandeered to exhort them to 'Say No' – only in The Territory! Anne Young



▶ What's on?

PANEL PRESENTATION-TALES OF PNG-THE EXPERIENCES OF THREE WOMEN

NB ALL WELCOME. Especially High School History students

PRESENTERS

MRS JOY BENSON

Registered Double Certificate Nursing (General & Midwifery) Diploma in Nurse Education

MRS LIZ CORNER

Early Childhood Education, Western Sydney University

JANE TURNER

Secretarial Diploma, St Patrick's College, Sydney

WHERE: Gordon Golf Club
2 Lynn Ridge Ave., GORDON

PARKING AVAILABLE

(15 minutes-walk from Gordon Railway Station or about \$7:00 cab fare)

WHEN: Sunday, 28th May, 2017

TIME: Registration 11:00

COST: \$15 for Panel Presentation

LUNCH IS AVAILABLE WITH MAINS PRICED FROM \$14:00-\$20:00 approximately
(Please advise if you have any special dietary requirements when you book prior to the event.)

RSVP: Monday, 22nd May, 2017

Sara Turner events@pngaa.net 0401 138 246

PAYMENT TO Bank CBA: BSB 062009; account No 00907724

Please notify membership@pngaa.net when payment is made.

RABAU & MONTEVIDEO MARU 75TH ANNIVERSARY SERVICE

WHERE: Rabaul, PNG

WHEN: Thursday 22 June, 2017

The attending group will have the opportunity to participate in the Service, take tours, enjoy the tropical food, comfortable accommodation & great company for a few days.

Contact: events@pngaa.net

RABAU & MONTEVIDEO MARU 75TH ANNIVERSARY SERVICE AND DINNER

WHERE: Canberra, Australian War Memorial Service at 1.00pm

Followed by: Dinner at Canberra Mecure Hotel

WHEN: Saturday 1st July, 2017

RSVP: 8th June

COST: \$80 pp (3 course including soup)

CONTACT: events@pngaa.net

THE COAST WATCHERS - J.J. MURPHY STORY

PRESENTED BY: Mr. Philip Selth OAM
Retired Executive Director of the NSW Bar Association and retired CEO of the Australian Bar Association.

WHERE: Gordon Golf Club
2 Lynn Ridge Ave., GORDON

PARKING AVAILABLE

(15 min walk from Gordon Railway Station or about \$7:00 cab fare)

WHEN: Sunday, 23 July, 2017

Registration: 11:00

COST: \$15:00 pp

STUDENTS ENCOURAGED TO ATTEND

Email: events@pngaa.net OR admin@pngaa.net

LUNCH IS AVAILABLE WITH MAINS PRICED FROM

\$14:00-\$20:00 approximately

(please advise if you have any special dietary requirements when you book prior to the event)

Attendees to pay for their own drinks/lunch on the day

RSVP: Monday, 17th July, 2017

Sara Turner M: 0401 138 246 events@pngaa.net

PAYMENT TO BANK CBA: BSB. 062009; account no. 00907724

Please notify admin@pngaa.net when payment is made

Please keep your eye out for other PNGAA events in Brisbane and Melbourne

REUNION AND COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE TO HONOUR THE 75TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE KOKODA CAMPAIGN

WHEN: 8 August 2017

WHERE: Broadbeach-Surfers Paradise, Gold Coast

Australian servicemen on duty in PNG between 1940 and 1975 or later and their partners, are invited to catch up with their mates over two days at Broadbeach-Surfers Paradise. The main events will be a Monday Dinner and then a Tuesday Service immediately followed by the Reunion Lunch. Watch the Reunion notices on our PIR Website www.soldierspng.com

For information please contact Kev Horton (0418 750 189) or Greg Ivey (iveygj@gmail.com)

READ more...about Philip Selth (with thanks to the Justinian, 27th October 2016)

Philip Selth: The Carnival is Over

Questions by Justinian Editor Richard Ackland and photo by Mark Tedeschi QC

PHILIP Selth, after 19 years in the job, has retired as executive director of the NSW Bar Association. He came to Phillip St from the Australian National University, where he was pro-vice chancellor in charge of planning and administration. He has spent time in the Queensland and Northern Territory public service and from 1981 to 1987 he was an assistant secretary and then a first assistant secretary in the Department of Prime Minister and Cabinet.



His career in public administration also spanned the New Zealand Ombudsman's Office and the Commonwealth Attorney General's Department. He started on the long and winding road as a graduate clerk at the Department of Customs and Excise. Selth is an enthusiastic historian and his biographies of Eric Miller QC, Kevin Murray (barrister and soldier) and Daniel Joseph Leahy (PNG explorer and gold miner) have appeared in the Australian Dictionary of Biography. His degrees in arts and law are from the ANU.

While he's been attending the VicBar-ABA conference, the Bar Association wrestled him onto a couch in the Betty Cuthbert Lounge at the Melbourne Cricket Ground. Here are some of his comments.

Describe yourself in three words.

Grumpy old workaholic.

What are you currently reading?

A pile of books on Donald Trump - and for pleasure, the latest Inspector Montalbano mystery.

What's your favourite film?

"Cat Ballou."

Who has been the most influential person in your life?

My Dad - who gave me a love of history and of writing.

Has the Bar Association changed over 19 years and if so in what way?

The size and geographic dispersion has unfortunately diminished the collegiality of the bar. The opportunities for young barristers to be on their feet in court are few and far between.

What makes you frightened?

Donald Trump.

Who would you most like to be with in a lift that has broken down?

Lyndon Baines Johnson - preferably alive.

If barristers are so independent, why do they need an association?

Because administrative and political skills are not mandatorily attached to practising certificates.

What is the work of which you are most proud?

The introduction of BarCare and of the national ABA conduct rules that became the Legal Profession Uniform Conduct (Barristers) Rules 2015.

What have been your best and worst moments as CEO of the NSW bar?

Being made a life member and saying goodbye to my staff.

What are you going to do now?

Try and finish draft books on PNG WW11 coast-watchers and Japanese war crimes on Ambon.

Committee Round-up

Changing the guard

At the AGM 30 April 2017, the committee also farewelled Committee member, Paul Munro. Una Voce and PNGAA wish to acknowledge the contribution made by Paul Munro as he steps down after six years on the committee, including the most recent four years as Public Officer. In particular, we acknowledge his work on the proposed Australian Community Centre for Pacific Nations (ACCPN) on the old ASOPA site, We look forward to Paul remaining on as a respected and valued member of PNGAA.

New committee members

With much pleasure the PNGAA welcomes three new Management Committee members

Ms Yana Pelikan resides in Melbourne, Victoria and is looking forward to participating and contributing to the work of the PNGAA and meeting our current and future members. She is excited to be a part of such an important organisation that has throughout the years developed and maintained strong associations between the two nations and kept the stories alive and accessible.

Yana's connection to PNG is through her time spent in her early years growing up in PNG with her brother Milos and their beloved pets in Port Moresby. Her Father (Milos Jan Pelikan) was Principal Land Development Officer, Lands Department and her Mother (Mary Pelikan) worked for ELCOM. Fond childhood memories and experiences of bush trips, ocean voyages, island visits, wildlife, sights, sounds, culture and people have a place in her heart.

In Port Moresby, Yana attended St Joseph's Primary School (now an International School) and completed Secondary School as a boarder at Lourdes Hill College, Brisbane. She was then recruited by the Queensland Department of Health after graduating from QUT with an Associate Diploma of Health Surveying. She later relocated to Northern NSW where she owned and operated a small business designing her own women's fashion label. For family reasons she moved to Melbourne and worked for Wesfarmers in various roles. Yana is currently completing a Diploma in Business Administration with Swinburne Institute of Technology and works for St Vincent De Paul Society.

In her free time, she pursues her passion for singing and is a member of St Patricks Cathedral Choir.



Russell Wade

In October 1971, Russell was posted to the 1st Battalion, Pacific Islands Regiment (1PIR), located at Taurama Barracks near Port Moresby. As Assault Pioneer Platoon Commander, he was the last army engineer to be assigned to this position, carrying out civic action projects across the Territory of PNG. In addition to the PIR's operational activities, the civic action projects including road blasting near Erave in the Southern Highlands District, a bridge between Tapini and Guari in the Central District, and a school building at the mission at Kiunga in the Western District.



Russell's second posting to PNG in late 1982 to late 1984 was as Facilities Engineer on the Headquarters of the PNG Defence Force, with responsibility for army, air element and maritime facilities across PNG, including Vanimo and Manus Island. Co-located with the PNG Engineer Battalion, he assisted with civic action tasks and Defence Cooperation Projects, such as the low-cost housing project. As part of the PNGDF's expansion, Russell undertook site evaluation, site design and land acquisition for a border outpost at Kiunga.

Russell is a member of the PIB NGIB HQ PIR Association. He has been campaigning for recognition of service by Australian Defence Force personnel since PNG Independence in 1975.

Chris Warrillow was born in England in 1941 and migrated to Australia, with his family, in 1955. Went to then TP&NG as a Cadet Patrol Officer in 1959 and served at Kairuku and Tapini, C.D.



Attended the ASOPA long Course in 1962. Posted to SHD and served (as a PO and ADO) at Tari, Erave and Mendi until August, 1967 when transferred to Bougainville to undertake special duties in connection with CRA's exploration activities. Promoted to DO in 1969. After leave was posted to Mount Hagen in late 1969 but transferred to Tari as ADC in June, 1970 and to Kagua as ADC in April, 1972. Posted to Kerema, GD in June 1974 as D.O. (Special Duties) and was involved with the establishment of the Area Authority and Purari Hydro-electrical Feasibility Studies. Promoted to DDC in 1977 and localised in 1978. Posted to Waigani as District Inspector but left the field service to join the Department of Minerals and Energy (DME) as Ok Tedi Co-ordinator from 1979 until 1982.

From 1982-85 Senior Intelligence Officer with the National Intelligence Organisation until localised. 1985 was invited back to DME to join the Petroleum Resources Assessment Group (PRAG) as Registrar and remained to see it evolve from a Group into a Branch, then Division and finally the new Department of Petroleum and Energy (DPE). Remained with DPE as Assistant Director (Registry) until localised in mid- 2001.

Chris remained in Moresby, in retirement, until 2005 then moved to Melbourne and undertook consultancy work for the petroleum industry in PNG until 2015.

Committee Round-up

Gideon Kakabin visited the PNGVR Museum

Andrea Williams recently asked Phil Ainsworth, President of the PNGVR Association, to host Gideon Kakabin, from Rabaul, for a visit to the PNGVR Museum at Brisbane on 6 April 2017. Curator of the Museum, John Holland, showed Gideon around. It was a special afternoon discovering and exploring the many exhibits, and forging connections between the Gazelle Peninsula and Australians, based on previous experience of living in PNG and mutual interest.

Gideon later wrote on Facebook:

This was a significant visit because there were a lot of pieces of information that I was shown that complement my quest to tell history from the native perspective. One of the most elusive artifacts that those who lived through the war in New Britain talk about is the Tubuan that

fell from the sky. David Bridie and I have been searching for this item for some time now. Amazingly it is in the museum.

A reply from Esekia Warvi said:

My recollections from folklore about the Tubuan that fell from the sky was as a picture, depicted on hundreds of fliers that were dropped from allied force war planes over local villages to mark victory over the Japanese at the end of WWII.

And Donald Otto writes:

'G'day mate' from here. You're doing a wonderful job for us out there and we can't thank you enough for all you've done thus far. A piece on the 'Falling Tubuan' should definitely be interesting.'



PNG IN THE NEWS

John Cardinal Ribat (MSC)

In an historic moment for the Catholic Church in Papua New Guinea, Pope Francis has named the Archbishop of Port Moresby as the nation's first locally-born cardinal, and the first cardinal from the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart (MSC). The Most Reverend Archbishop John Ribat MSC was one of 17 new Cardinals appointed by Pope Francis on 19 October 2016. Born at Volavolo in East New Britain Province in 1957, Archbishop Ribat came from a family of nine children, of whom eight are still living. He was ordained priest in 1985 and worked for a time as priest in the diocese of Bereina before becoming Novice Master in Rabaul and in Fiji for the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart from 1993 to 2000.

In 2000, he was consecrated auxiliary bishop of Bereina, and on 11 February, he became bishop of that diocese. On 5 April 2008, he was installed as the 5th Archbishop of Port Moresby. We join in congratulating the Archbishop Ribat and the Catholic Church in PNG on this major milestone.

Acknowledgement: *Annals Australasia*, Editor Fr Paul Stenhouse.



Julie Bishop has raised the Pacific region's concerns over the planned abolition of Radio Australia's shortwave service with the ABC.

By Stefan Armbruster

22 Dec 2016 - 5:01 PM

UPDATED 22 Dec 2016 - 5:08 PM

Australia's foreign minister Julie Bishop has raised the Pacific region's "concerns" about the ABC's planned abolition of Radio Australia's shortwave service with the national broadcaster and will "seek an update in the New Year". A chorus of criticism from the Pacific greeted the decision to pull the plug on the almost eight decades of broadcasting on January 31, with warnings it would deprive the region of "life saving" information. Radio Australia shortwave reaches parts of the Pacific lacking FM radio or the internet, from the isolated Papua New Guinea Highlands to remote atolls, and is especially valued during natural disasters and political upheavals.

News of the end of ABC shortwave came a week before the foreign minister called for public submissions on a new Australian foreign policy White Paper due mid-next year - the first in 13 years - to be complemented by a 'Pacific Strategy' being developed by DFAT. "I am aware of concerns regarding more remote parts of the Pacific where alternative services may not be readily available," Ms Bishop said in a statement to SBS. "These concerns have been shared with the ABC and the Australian Government will seek an update in the New Year."

The ABC in a statement said, "the Foreign Minister's office were fully briefed on this strategy and the changes before they were announced. Consultation between the Government and the ABC is ongoing. However, the Government has accepted the rationale for the decision. DFAT has been very supportive of this decision and the strategy behind it."

Ms Bishop was in the Solomon Islands on a Pacific regional trip with three other Australian senators when the ABC made the announcement earlier this month.

For full transcript of the story visit

<http://www.sbs.com.au/news/article/2016/12/22/bishop-presses-abc-pacific-concerns-over-shortwave-radio-cut>

PNG IN THE NEWS

Charity planes provide 'flying ambulance' for Papua New Guinea's remote residents

By Papua New Guinea correspondent Eric Tlozek

There are only two runways in the vast Sepik River region of Papua New Guinea, and the Samaritan Aviation planes don't need either of them.

The two Cessna 206 float planes can land on the many waterways of the Sepik floodplain, allowing Samaritan Aviation to provide a free air ambulance service for the people living along PNG's longest river and its many tributaries.

Californian aircraft engineer Mark Palm runs Samaritan Aviation from the East Sepik capital, Wewak.

"In this area there's a river, the Sepik River, that's 700 miles long, 1,100 kilometres, there's one hospital in this area for 500,000 people," he said.

"We go to places that take three to five days for them to come in to the one hospital and we're able to go out there in a 45-minute flight, pick up a patient and bring them straight to the hospital.

Sepik villagers normally have to travel in canoes or small motorboats for days to get lifesaving medical treatment.

"This airplane or the two airplanes we have now is really a lifeline and we offer access and hope to these people who have none," Mr Palm said.

The service has transported more than 600 critically ill

patients since it began flying six years ago.

Medical director Chris Cook said he sees a broad range of cases.

"We do everything from trauma patients, spear wounds, knife wounds, gunshot wounds to maternal cases, newborn babies, you name it," he said

Samaritan Aviation, known locally by the Pidgin name Saman Balus, also transports medical supplies and equipment to outlying villages.

Montford Mambare manages a health clinic in the village of Biwat.

"Saman Balus is giving good services to the people along the Sepik River," he said.

"Basically when they bring medicines we are happy about it."

Mark Palm founded Samaritan Aviation in 2000 with his friend Gary Bustin, after visiting PNG as a 19-year-old some years before.

It took the men 10 years to raise the money for the first plane, but now Mr Palm's entire family lives in the provincial capital Wewak and runs the service as a Christian outreach organisation.

"I've gotten duck eggs, crocodile meat and watermelons and chickens and different things and it's all just them being thankful with what they have and that's what it's all about," he said.

Mr Palm's wife Kirsten and their three children provide follow-up support for patients in the provincial hospital.

"It's just so rewarding" Mrs Palm said.

"There's nothing that can replace helping other people have a chance at life."

Samaritan Aviation gets its funding from the PNG Government, charities like Oxfam, and private donors in the United States.

It has already expanded its service by adding a second plane, and is now looking at servicing other remote parts of PNG.

<http://www.abc.net.au/news/2017-01-13/charity-planes-flying-ambulances-for-pngs-remote-residents/8176464>

PNG MP Sir Michael Somare retires

Posted Tue DATE at 4:19pm Source: Pacific Beat

Papua New Guinea's longest serving MP, famously known as the "Father of Independence", Sir Michael Somare is finally retiring from politics after 49 years.

Born in 1936, Sir Michael is one of the longest serving political leaders in the Commonwealth. He served as Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea during three separate terms from 1975, for a total of 17 years. He led two political parties; PANGU and later the National Alliance Party. He told parliament he witnessed World War II at the age of 6. He said he had the ambition to be in politics after he became a teacher.

PNG NEWS IN BRIEF ARTICLES contributed by Steven Gagau



'PNG Launched Dual Citizenships'

After years of preparation and diligent work, dual citizenship between Australia and Papua New Guinea has now become a reality effective from 30th March 2017. PNG Foreign Affairs Minister, Rimbink Pato helped spearhead its implementation, overseeing and ensuring that all legal and administrative requirements were met. It's now official that PNG grants dual citizenship with Australia and seven other prescribed countries: New Zealand, United Kingdom, Germany, United States of America, Fiji, Vanuatu, and Samoa.

Source: EMTV News, PNG
http://www.emtv.com.pg/news/2017/03/immigration-and-citizenship-service-officially-launched-dual-citizenship/?utm_source=dlvr.it&utm_medium=facebook



'Direct Air Niugini Flights between Port Moresby and Townsville'

Air Niugini commenced direct flights between Port Moresby and Townsville on 31st March 2017. The inaugural flight PX60 from Port Moresby was operated by Boeing 737-800 aircraft on a 90-minute journey and, after being greeted with celebrations on the tarmac in Townsville, returned to Port Moresby on the reciprocal flight PX61. Photo on arrival at Townsville airport.

The twice-weekly service every Monday and Friday will be served by Fokker 70 aircraft and Townsville becomes Air Niugini's fourth Australian destination in addition to its current operations Sydney, Brisbane and Cairns. Photo at Townsville airport

Sources: Australian Aviation & PNG Loop
<http://australianaviation.com.au/2017/04/air-niugini-touches-down-in-townsville/>
<http://www.looppng.com/business/air-niugini-commence-flights-townsville-53706>

Our national myopia - A history forgotten

By Max Uechtritz

It was the first Australian town ever to be attacked. Japanese aircraft carriers and bombers were involved, the end result was devastation and many hundreds of Australian civilians and soldiers killed. You're probably thinking of the Bombing of Darwin, which happened this day 75 years ago - right?

You've seen comprehensive media coverage, including a live broadcast of commemorations in Darwin led by the Governor General and Prime Minister. Many of you will have shaken your heads in astonishment at the old newsreel film showing Darwin in ruins and reporters telling you that 243 Australians were killed in these raids, which were downplayed for obvious reasons at the time.

If I told you that the first attack on an Australian town was followed by the heinous massacre of 160 Australians who'd surrendered to the Japanese, and the internment of another thousand who would all die in one night in the biggest single loss of Australian lives in one incident in WW2... would you be confused or would you think I'm just making stuff up? Because the Japanese never actually landed at Darwin... or did they?

No. Because I'm not talking about Darwin. The first Australian town to be attacked in war was Rabaul. Rabaul also

was the capital of an Australian Territory - The Territory of New Guinea.

New Guinea - not the PNG you know today - was governed and administered by Australia after being mandated to Australia by the League of Nations post WW1. In fact the first battle, casualties and medals by Australian troops - well before Gallipoli - was when Australia seized German New Guinea in September 1914. But that's another story and some readers might be confused enough already.

So, back to Rabaul 1942. Administered by government departments answering to Canberra. Populated largely by Australians in the public service and an Australian garrison of soldiers and airmen. Its acting Administrator was the brother of an Australian Prime Minister (Earle Page) and among the civilians were the uncle of former opposition leader Kim Beazley and the grandfather of Midnight Oil's singer-turned politician-turned singer Peter Garrett.

The deaths of those three of course were no more tragic than the other 1,400 Australians who died as a result of the Fall of Rabaul but are mentioned to easily and simply reinforce that - yes - Rabaul was an Australian town and New Guinea then was Australian 'soil'. That's a fact not an endorsement of colonialism.



The Japanese on January 23, 1942 invaded and occupied Rabaul with a massive fleet fresh from Pearl Harbour. They made it a Pacific fortress from which they launched the Kokoda and Buna campaigns among many others and the Battles of Midway and Coral Sea. Up to 300,000 Japanese were garrisoned there from 1942-45 and five airfields hosted 300 bombers and fighters.

Rabaul the Australian town - previously called the Pearl of the Pacific - was to be reduced to rubble or nothing by war. Most - and I repeat MOST - of its inhabitants never survived the war. Fourteen hundred

died. Yes, 1,400. So, less than a month ago it was the 75th anniversary of the Fall of Rabaul.

But you're confused, right? You didn't see it on the news or read about in the media, right? Surely, even though you might not personally have known of all the details above, the media and Australian authorities would have ensured that the tragic events and victims of this milestone were remembered. Right? Wrong. Rabaul is our national blind spot. Our collective myopia. We rightly commemorate the Bombing of Darwin. We rightly remembered the 75th anniversary of the Fall of Singapore last week. We recoil at the horrors of both Darwin and the Singapore aftermath. So we should. Lest We Forget.

But why has Australia forgotten Rabaul? Why is it not in our school curricula - like Gallipoli and Kokoda and Singapore and Darwin? With some remarkable exceptions, why is Rabaul such a mystery to most Australian journalists? Why is it that most Australians have never heard of our biggest maritime disaster - when 1,053 Australians from Rabaul - soldiers and civilians, boys and granddads - perished in the sinking of the prison ship the Montevideo Maru? A monument to the 1,053 civilians and soldiers killed on the Montevideo Maru was erected by Rabaul townsfolk and descendants. That's 15% of the total of Australian POWs who died in captivity. It's double the number of Australians killed in the Vietnam War and many more than died in the sinking

of the HMAS Sydney (645) and the hospital ship the Centaur (268). The number of Australians who died as a result of the Fall of Rabaul is nearly five times the number of victims in the first bombing raid of Darwin 75 years ago today, though an estimated 900 were killed in all Darwin raids over months.

None of those of us who do know the story of Rabaul and New Britain can really put a finger on the answers to all the rhetorical questions I've posed above. Perhaps - initially, in the decades after the war - it was multiple shades of shame. Shame that the town and its people had been abandoned. That infamous official cables showed the government of the day had described the men of Rabaul as "hostages to fortune". That they ordered the pitiful garrison to "stand and fight" - with a couple of WW1 vintage anti-aircraft guns and handful of Wirraway trainer fighters - against the might of the multiple aircraft carriers, destroyers, submarines, hundreds of bombers and fighters and 5,000 Japanese marines in landing craft.

Shame that they ignored requests to establish escape routes and hide munitions and food in the hills. Shame - and this perhaps is the most galling - that they expressly forbade Australian civilians from escaping on a massive Norwegian freighter in the week before the invasion. That potential evacuation ship the Herstein was ordered to continue loading a cargo of copra - rather than than a

cargo of humans. It could have taken hundreds of Australian civilians let alone a Chinese women and children and loyal New Guinea workers employed by our administration in our 'protectorate'. Hundreds perhaps thousands of the latter groups were executed, starved and imprisoned. It still rankles those communities today - and should. And mixed in there perhaps the shame of the order "every man for himself" as shocked Australian commanders finally realised what a ridiculous, shambolic and shabby affair it really was.

Perhaps it was the decades of obfuscation around the fate of the 1,053 men on the men on the Montevideo Maru, which led to decades of misery and heartache for families. Perhaps, too, it was the shame of the indirect result of the bumbling of Rabaul - the Tol massacre that I wrote about recently on its 75th anniversary.

http://asopa.typepad.com/asopa_people/2017/02/75-years-on-shocking-tol-massacre-forgotten-in-australia-png.html

Maybe it was too easy to ignore, and too hard to talk about, in a post-war period when so many had suffered in so many theatres. But there's no excuse today not to right the wrongs of the past. The war is long gone but the pain and anger of descendants of victims will not fade away. The anger part could be eased - by giving the events of Rabaul 1942 due respect and recognition.

My story: growing up in PNG

By Pam Oberman

I arrived in Lae New Guinea at the age of six from Brisbane around 1956 on a DC3 with side-saddle seats, accompanied my mother Marjorie Miller, my brother Peter aged 12, and my sister Diane aged nine. Our father, Bob Miller had travelled ahead three months prior to get settled in his new job as Post Master in Lae, and to organise a house for us to live in. Mum would find work helping out on the health boats around the islands of Lae, to check on the villagers, then later as a telephonist at the Posts & Telegraphs exchange switchboard.



Father was at the airport to meet us with our new house man, Wasuf, who looked very tall and strong in his sparkling white lap lap. Our house looked down to the Hotel Cecil. The house was at the foot of a large mountain, which had concealed a war hospital that was bulldozed during WWII. Most evenings there was a *guria* (earthquake); we soon got used to these regular events which turned nasty on one night when we were all out - the houses either side of us were demolished.

We all went to Lae Primary, opposite the hospital, where lots of Australian and Chinese kids attended. On Fridays we would be driven out to an old Japanese Officers' Club for a

swim in the cool stone pool; an old army truck was the school's mode of transport at the time. Soon my brother, aged 12 was sent south to boarding school as there were no local high schools.

A few years later Dad was transferred over to Port Moresby where we moved into a Government-issue house with three bedrooms and lots of *louvres*, our house *boi* and *meri* were called Kum and Koi with a cute little boy. My sister and I attended St Joseph's Catholic Primary School down at Ela Beach until we also went south to boarding school in Queensland, returning only at Christmas and staying with our Grandmother in Coolangatta in between for holidays.

Dad was the controller of the philatelic section of Department of Posts & Telegraphs where his new role involved the design, production, and distribution of the world's most beautiful postage stamps. Once an idea was reached for the next stamp issue, artists from PNG, Australia, and New Zealand were invited to submit their interpretation of the subject, then a winner was agreed upon, and the drawings were put before the Local Legislative Assembly for approval, then off to Switzerland, and later India to be printed. On their return, there was a huge waiting list for First Day Covers from people all over the world.

My parents kept themselves busy. Mum was a good piano

player, involved in the local dramatic society in her spare time and during the day worked in the telephone exchange as a telephonist. My father Bob was a 'golf tragic' in his spare time.

I didn't like boarding school and the feeling was mutual, so the nuns thought it would be a good idea to go back to the jungle where they thought I belonged. They would often refer to the PNG boarders as "barbarians from the jungle", which I took as a compliment. I then spent some time at Port Moresby High School which I loved; I remember a great teacher called Mr Holt, who made me aware of how interesting English and Australian History could be. I finished up there about 1966 then attended Konedobu Secretarial College to study shorthand, typing etc. Life in POM was great and we all kept ourselves busy socially and via sports. I still keep in touch with old friends from PNG.

My first job was with the PNG Development Bank, which I loved but about 1971

I travelled south to the big smoke. I eventually took on an apprenticeship in Interior Decoration in Sydney and met my husband while there. He was hand-printing fabric and wallpaper and was a 'cricket tragic'.

I moved back to Currumbin, Queensland in 1985 with my husband and kids – they went to the same primary and secondary school which was rare from what I knew. My son and daughter are in their 30s now and run a tiki bar in Kirra, which has a tropical island vibe to it. It's also a tribute to their father who died in 2010—he was an artist who liked to paint figurative, tropical people and scenes. My mother Marjorie Miller died in Port Moresby 1968 aged 47 and my father Bob died 1982 aged 62 in Queensland. He was about to play golf so that would have made him happy. I paint in my spare time and preside over marriage ceremonies as a Civil Marriage Celebrant. I also like checking out the Facebook page "I used to live in PNG" ... some of



Marjorie Miller.



Peter, Diane, Pam Miller 1960s.



Marjorie and Bob Miller Golf Club Badili 1960s.

the old photos and stories are amazing.

Thank you Belinda Macartney and Andrea Williams for asking me to submit my story for Una Voce.



Dad was the controller of the philatelic section of Department of Posts & Telegraphs where his new role involved the design, production, and distribution of the world's most beautiful postage stamps.

Jim Burton's Farewell Address as Meeting Convener Islands MEMORIES in the Toowong Library, Brisbane

Friday morning, 7th April 2017

Jim Burton's presentation begins:

Let us remember our former Guest Speakers and other attendees who are now no longer with us.

Attendees and Guest Speakers:

Attendees:

Heather ANDERSEN	ex PNG
Hugh OSBORNE	ex PNG
Pat RIDDEL	ex PNG
Dennis BALDWICK	ex PNG
Robert 'Bob' BLAIKIE	ex PNG
Clive 'Mooloo' MORSE	ex Fiji
Jim Whippy	ex Fiji
Bill 'Ningi' SELLARS	ex Fiji
Fred SHORT	ex New Hebrides/ Vanuatu
	9 in all

Whilst furthering my Research Project, 'Identities of the South Pacific Islands', back in 2002, I sought sponsorship from four Australian Companies who had extensive interests in the South Pacific Islands. Three responded with brief 'not interested' replies. One didn't even respond. My former employers, Burns, Philp & Company Limited, had by then been taken over by a company that had no interests in the South Pacific Islands.

Three weeks ago, it suddenly occurred to me that there was one sponsor with us for the past ten years. That is why I have today invited four of the Brisbane City Council's personnel along to receive my personal thanks, and I hope yours too, for their hidden sponsorship that the Brisbane City Council has given us these past ten years – in providing us with our monthly meeting facilities.

We had been holding our monthly meetings in many Libraries – Mount Ommaney, Indooroopilly, Brisbane City, Chermside, Carindale and Albany Creek. We then found Toowong. We quickly realised that the facilities available were excellent – location/location, conference room, convenience of parking, with its own train station and bus transport to and from the City.

Team Leaders and their IT Support guys have been wonderful. Ian and I have learned so much in the use of the computerised CD/DVD players, and sound system.

I would ask all of you regular attendees to stand and join me in showing our appreciation and thanks to our supporters, the Brisbane City Council and its officers here present this morning for providing ten years of support for our Islands Memories meetings.

I now move on to saying THANK YOU to you regular attendees without whom we would not have been able to hold these monthly meetings. Many of you have generously told your personal tales of the years you spent in the South Pacific Islands. Topics and locations were wonderfully varied across most of the present-day Island Nations. Then there were visiting Guest Speakers who came for only one meeting – a very important meeting – to tell us of their Islands experiences. One noticeable and very important outcome from all those presentations was the humour and laughter raised during our guest speakers' presentations. Since we have had so many guest speakers, I should not mention names here because I know only too well that I would be overlooking some of their names.

I recorded many presentations with my small cassette recorder until it died. It used to take me one week to type up the presentation, then copying it to the presenter for approval, correction and any additions that I had overlooked. One

event I remember so well, was after I had sent off my typed effort with a request for assistance in completing the exercise. What I received back was not at all like the original – even without the gaps where I needed completion thereof. Our former guest speaker had passed on my letter and draft to his wife, who had not attended our meeting to hear her husband's presentation. His wife had completed the exercise for him and returned it to me without further comment. Her typed document was nothing like I had typed and sent out. Most of what the guest speaker had presented, which brought lots of laughter to our meeting, had been deleted by two or three pages of type. Some day in the future, I might be able to make up a small booklet of those printed copies of presentations available to me.

I have earlier mentioned the name of my former employers, Burns, Philp & Company Limited. From two of our meetings back in 2009 when I presented another portion of my Islands Memories, came this book 'During My Burns Philp Years 1954 to 1975'. I have proudly lodged a copy in the ANL Canberra.

I wish to record my appreciation to our Chairman today, Ian Lockley, for his continuing friendship and support since he attended our very first meeting in May 2007. Ian has travelled much further through the South Pacific Islands than I have – stranded shipping has been his speciality. Ian's salvage films have been so very well received when shown here in our meetings – one greatly appreciated by me is of when Ian and his team removed the mazout (French), ship's bunkers

or bulk fuel from the wreck of the PRESIDENT COOLIDGE lying in the Second Canal at Luganville, Santo in Vanuatu. Our family had earlier lived in Santo for four years 1967-71, during my Burns Philp days there.

I wish to record my thanks to my wife, Joan and to Ian's wife, Betty for their skills in organising our regular morning teas. Whilst Joan and I were away in early 2012, some rebels, unknown to us, introduced the honour box to cover costs of morning teas. Joan and I thank you anyway for something that we had done without for four years.

With all of you 'regular attendees', Ian has an interest in the possibility of a group being formed to continue these meetings relating to your 'Memories of the Islands'. I wish you well in your discussions. Ian, you can be assured that I will be a back-bench supporter of your endeavours after this meeting this morning.

It is also my honour to thank our first, and now my last guest speaker during my ten years as convener of these Islands MEMORIES meetings. I am so proud to be able to welcome back Max Quanchi after his last six years lecturing at the University of the South Pacific in Suva.

To you, our friends from the South Pacific Islands, Joan and I say thank you most sincerely for what we consider to have been a successful ten years of your contributions and especially your friendship in 'Recalling Our MEMORIES of The South Pacific Islands'.



Early morning, Rabaul
Photo: Peter Worsley

PAPUAN CARRIERS – THE “FUZZY WUZZY ANGELS” OF WWII

By **Chris Warrillow**

In October 1959, I arrived in Kairuku on Yule Island as a Cadet Patrol Officer. ADO Ken Brown instructed me to accompany him and Patrol Officer Pat Dwyer to Inawaia on the mainland, in Mekeo territory. We ‘camped’ in an abandoned permanent materials house on the abandoned DASF station, a relic of the infamous Mekeo Rice Scheme. After a few days, Ken returned to his pressing station duties leaving Pat and me to ‘get on with the job’.

Our task was to try to divert the St. Joseph (Angabanga) River back to its original course to re-enter the sheltered waters of Hall Sound. The inland Mekeo people (and some Roro) used to paddle their canoes to Kairuku to sell produce and also ship betel nut, etc to Port Moresby. During a series of floods in the latter half of the 50s, the river had broken its banks and entered Oreke Creek, which flowed into the open waters of the Gulf of Papua. This left the old riverbed dry and the Mekeo were unable to access Kairuku, and left several villages without reliable water during the long dry seasons.

But that is another story. The year 1959 was 17 years after the re-capture of Kokoda and 14 years after cessation of hostilities in TP&NG. Pre-war miner/planter and famous war-time carrier-recruiter and labour manager for the Australian Army, ANGAU’s former Captain H. T. (Bert) Kienzle was comfortably resettled on his plantation near

Kokoda. He wanted to show his appreciation of the efforts of those carriers.

A police ‘runner’ brought our additional instruction from Ken, in Kairuku. We were to identify two former carriers who could best represent those of the Kairuku Sub-District who served on the Kokoda Track. We sent word out to the surrounding Mekeo and Roro villages asking for suitable candidates from who we could select two.

Our message emphasised that there was to be a big party and that Taubada Kienzle was paying for two representatives from former recruitment areas (the Gulf, Kairuku and other coastal areas) to travel to Moresby and, with some Motu/Koita and Koiari former carriers, fly to Kokoda. At Kokoda there was to be a big singeing with several pigs and a steer killed, much rice, bully beef, and copious quantities of tea, sugar, lolly water and stick tobacco. After two days and two nights all would fly back to

Moresby and be returned to their respective villages.

After several days, far from being swamped with eager wanna-be party-goers, there were no volunteers seeking what seemed to be a very generous offer. So, Pat and I visited a number of nearby villages to check that they had, indeed, received the invitation. The various Village Constables (Hanua Polisman) confirmed that they had received the message and passed it on. However, they claimed, no carriers were ever recruited from their respective villages and so no one could honestly claim to be representatives and join in the festivities.

Pat got cross at, what he knew to be, the blatant lies. Interrogations commenced and a few former carriers were identified. However, still none were willing to participate! After further interrogation all was explained. We were informed, in no uncertain manner:-

"That's what they told us in 1942 and we were away for many months, even years, and often had no food or tobacco and certainly no singsings or lolly water. We were scared when the bombs (mortars?) fell near us. And, when we tried to run away the police chased after us and took us back to be beaten".

However, it should be noted that, despite the sometimes harsh treatment meted out by certain officers, many records indicate that generally, considerable mateship existed between the Papuans and the rank and file Aussie diggers.

FOOTNOTE

I sent a copy of the above to Pat Dwyer in Perth with a request that he check it for any inaccuracies or distortions that may have crept into my 57-year-old memories. After all, as stated by Professor Ken Inglis when interviewed by Seumas Spark in September, 2014 for the book, *Australians in Papua New Guinea 1960-1975*, "Old men forget and even remember things that didn't happen."

Pat reminded me that a couple of the old carriers who protested also said words to the effect, "We did our bit when we were young, why send us again? Send a couple of these young lads hanging around the village doing nothing."

Also, Pat refreshed my memory in respect of a few old women who had asked "Who will clear the bush and

help us with our new gardens if, like last time, they don't come back?" Pat promised them that both he and I would return and do the job ourselves. Ken Brown, after reading our report, threatened that if the plane crashed he would second us both to DASF's Lowland Experimental and Extension Station at Epo (Bereina) from where we would make good our promise. Another recollection of Pat's was the perceptions of the former carriers in regard to officers of the old (pre-war) TNG Administration and officers of the Papuan Administration with whom they had contact. The former, who presumably inherited some German ways, were referred to as 'the British' whereas the latter, who followed in Murray's footsteps, were referred to as 'the Australians'.
C.W.

THE TEAPOT LID

By Margaret L Henderson



My father, The Reverend Thomas Nevison Simpson, died in early 1942. The official (but disputed) story of his death is that he was aboard the Japanese prisoner of war ship 'Montevideo Maru' that sailed from Simpson Harbour, Rabaul on 22 June 1942 and was sunk on 1 July by an American submarine near Luzon in the Philippines. My father reportedly died with 1054 other Australians. The only tangible evidence that I have of him is a bible, a battered pith helmet, a few photos and a cache of letters. My brother, John Nevison Simpson, and I never knew him. We never knew what it was like to have a father.

On 17 January 1943, about six months after the 'Montevideo Maru' left Rabaul, a Japanese

Navy auxiliary repair ship, the 'Hakkai Maru' anchored in Simpson Harbour. An hour after she anchored, she was sunk by American B-25 Mitchell bombers with the loss of 25 lives. The 'Hakkai Maru' was 5110 tons and was fully equipped to repair damaged warships. According to the Pacific Wrecks website, her 'cargo holds are full of machinery, drills, lathes, presses, welders and every imaginable type of metal working machines... hull plates and torpedoes'. The ship lay on the bottom of Simpson Harbour and was subjected to various diving expeditions which recovered relics which were subsequently displayed at the Kokopo War Museum. During the 1994 Rabaul volcanic eruption, the shipwreck was covered in ash

and is no longer able to be dived.

One of the souvenirs taken from the wreck was a small chipped teapot lid. The lid has a diameter of about seven centimetres, is pale blue with a couple of darker blue leaves and has tea stains under the lip. Tea pot lids move in mysterious ways and it is now in my possession. It found its way to me via Mr Dale Hollis and David Parker. I am pleased to have it and it now sits alongside the pith helmet on my treasures display shelf.

It is ironic that my father reportedly sailed to his death, on the 'Montevideo Maru', from a harbour with the same name as his and that the same harbour delivered to me a small reminder of the futility of war.

THOMAS ARTHUR STEEN

Contributed by Bessie Steen

Whilst on leave as a result of a routine chest x ray for T.B. a heart defect was found.

Tom was operated on at St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney in March 1964. He was unable to return immediately to P.N.G. and was seconded to the Department of Territories in Sydney where he took visiting Papua New Guineans to see the sights and places of employment in Sydney. He fully embraced city life and caught up on theatre, films and seeing friends.

CONTINUED

On his return to P.N.G. he spent some time in Port Moresby where he was an interpreter in the House of Assembly. He was posted next to Kukipi in the Gulf District. Whilst there he introduced goats to supplement the diet of the prisoners; they flourished to a considerable sized tribe.

Tom wisely insisted that his future wife paid a visit to P.N.G. before they married; this she did. The house he was living in at Kukipi had a line of shrunken heads hanging from the ceiling, left there by a previous occupant. Bessie thought she could live there but wasn't keen on the heads or the mosquitoes. She recalls a plus point being a magnificent mango tree growing outside.

Tom's birth certificate sent by his father did not arrive in time for the wedding [it turned up about six months later]. The Anglican Church and the Registrar would not marry them without his birth certificate so they were married by The District Commissioner Ron Galloway on the 11 November 1965 in the District Office, Port Moresby.

The witnesses were Marjorie Kleckham who Tom first met in the Western

District, Dennis Douglas who Tom knew from his primary school days and Roger Claridge. Dennis told people that Tom Steen was in town and invited them to a party at his home in Airvos Avenue after work where he had put on a reception. There was a good turnout of friends who could not believe he was married. The next day Tom and his wife sailed on the Kano for Kukipi in the Gulf. Bessie still remembers how sea sick she felt!

The next posting was very briefly to Kikori and then as adviser to Baimuru Local Government Council before returning to Kerema.

He spent leave in Europe and the U.K. where Bessie was originally from and where he would go out in his pyjamas to experience the falling snow. Also, he spent time driving around the Isle of Skye trying to trace his MacKinnon ancestors of which he discovered quite a few.

The next posting was Milne Bay, to Bwagaoia on Misima Island as adviser to the Louisiade Local Government Council. Whilst in Milne Bay, Bessie remembers the Local Council commissioned a traditionally built lakatoi for the museum in Port Moresby. These were the canoes used by the local people in Kula trading expeditions around the Islands.

The Coppard sisters Lulu and Francis lived on Misima and told how they had watched the

In November 1967 Cyclone Annie passed through. The wind and rain were extreme; 394 points of rain fell in 24 hours. The louvers of the M type house were forced open, rain battered into the lounge to a distance of about eight feet and the building swayed on its cement posts. Full forty-four gallon drums were picked up and carried off by the wind. Sadly, there was loss of life and much devastation.

lights from the Battle of the Coral Sea from the garden of their plantation.

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Tom was moved to Samarai in 1968 when the District Headquarters were moving to Alotau.

Soon after their arrival in Samarai Robbie, a cross Kelpie/ Chow, joined the family. In August 1969 his eldest daughter Fiona was born at the "Top Hospital".

Samarai, in the late sixties was an exciting place to be after the out stations with hospitals, stores, missions, churches, schools, a bank, boat builders, a guest house, Bank Line boats coming and going. Cecil Abel had a business printing fabric with traditional designs. There was a strong Country Women's Association that had a cottage where women from the outstations could stay. Tom proceeded on leave in May 1972 to Australia and then the U.K. where his second daughter Catherine was born in August, the day after he attended the Military Tattoo at Edinburgh Castle.

After leave, in October 1972 he was posted as Political Education Officer to Popondetta

in the Northern District. Here was a Vocational School with lots of fresh produce grown at the centre. At the vocational school, Bessie working with the girls established a profitable business, buying tapa cloth, making it into bags and hats and sending it into the Y.M.C.A. Port Moresby to be sold. This developed into buying plain tapa cloth from the area and having it painted after it had been sewn. One local woman called Ida Tilley painted some wonderful clan designs on garments.

Strong memories abound from that time. One of the planes, a DC 3 used for travel around the district, bore a small metal plaque saying that it had been used by General Douglas MacArthur during World War 11. Leading up to Independence in September 1975 he was delighted to be asked to write the Official Invitations for the Independence Ceremonies as Tom always enjoyed calligraphy.

After Independence in 1975 the move was to Galo Place, Port Moresby, where he was seconded to the Department of the Prime Minister. By then he had made the decision that he wanted to live in the U.K. In early 1979 he went to Heptonstall in Yorkshire where for five years he ran the local paper shop. He delivered papers to outlying farms and also enjoyed walking the moors with Robbie the dog and a group of local men from the village whose ancestors went back many generations. He read the daily papers, cutting out articles of interest and writing to the Editors on a regular basis. It was during this period that he became a member of the

Heptonstall and Blackshawhead local Parish Councils, a member of the Calder Valley Police Forum and a founder member of Heptonstall Civic Trust.

In Heptonstall village he will be fondly remembered for having the old traditional red phone box made a Grade 2 listed building.

When his health became a major problem he and his wife moved to Scotland. The Grain Store, part of the farm buildings where his eldest daughter and family live, was adapted for his needs. Tom survived his heart operation by almost fifty two years.

It was his wish to be buried at St Thomas's Church Heptonstall; Canon Peter Calvert, who had been his friend since he christened his second daughter, took part in the service. At the committal a small red butterfly suddenly appeared and fluttered around, a sign of hope on a cold December day noticed by and delighting even the youngest of the congregation.

The family were very touched by the many messages, cards and e-mails sent from around the world by people who had known him.

Tom leaves behind his wife Bessie, daughters Fiona and Catherine, grand daughter Nea, grandsons Samuel, Conrad, Harrison and Hector, son-in-laws Charlie and Boyd and his younger brother Philip.

Tom asked the following be written on his grave:

"Bihain mi lukim yu"

REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO MADANG/WEWAK *Christmas 1954*

by **Leo Butler**, ex Vacuum Oil (Mobil)

Flew side-saddle Lae to Madang via Goroka in a chartered DC3 with Mandated Airlines Captain Tom DEEGAN, First Officer Jim SMITH. The aircraft was loaded with drums of fuel distillate and motor spirit (chartered by Vacuum Oil), left Lae approx. 7 am, flew up the Markham Valley through the Bena Gap and landed at Goroka approx. 8 am, the airstrip shrouded in fog. Goroka temperature 10-12 degrees, air crisp.

MAL agent Sno BLACKLEY greeted me and the crew and supervised the unloading of the fuel drums onto used DC3 tyres. Then the native labour gang rolled drums into the Vacuum Oil (Mobil) depot which was adjacent to the airstrip alongside Gibbes Sepik Airways hangar. (Sno was also the manager for Vacuum's agent, Jim LEAHY.)

During the stopover Sno introduced me to some local identities: Jim LEAHY, Peter MANSER, Bobby GIBBES and young Dennis BUCHANAN. Also on hand were Vic COX, Jack GRAY, Les GRAY, Vic SMITH, George GREATHEAD and DC Ian SKINNER.

The DC3 was then loaded with sacks of coffee beans for the flight to Madang. Departed Goroka approx. 9.30 am, flew through light cloud over the Ramu Valley and landed at Madang at approx. 10.45 am. On alighting I was hit by the hot and oppressive air generated by Madang's tropical climate plus the heat reflection off the Madang airstrip which was constructed of white crushed coral.

Met at Madang by Hec LONGMORE, local Vacuum Oil manager, and transported along the road flanked by lovely large trees and beautiful hibiscus and frangipani. Accommodation was booked

at the Madang Hotel owned and operated by the GILMORE family. Audit duties at Madang completed, it was time to travel to Wewak. Accompanied by Hec Longmore, we flew normal passenger service to Rabaul via Wewak with Qantas Service, Captain Mal SHANNON. Flight passed old smoking volcano, Manam if my memory serves me, then passed the mighty meandering Sepik River, then landed at the old mission strip at Wewak. Met at Wewak by the local depot superintendent for Vacuum Oil, Frank MARTIN. We stayed at the unique and interesting Wewak Hotel, which billeted many prominent personalities including well-

known crocodile hunters, native labour recruiters, and government employees who pioneered this vast area.

Frank Martin's house was situated on the top of Wewak Point and from it you could obtain a glorious view across the Bismarck Sea towards the Kaitura Islands and along the coast towards Aitape. Audit completed in two days. I had some spare time and Hec introduced me to Bishop Leo ARKFELD, Catholic Bishop of the Mission of the Divine Word, who kindly asked me if I would like to accompany him in his Auster aircraft on one of his daily rounds to mission outposts in the Sepik District, in this case to Angoram, Ambunti and Maprik. Not being used to light aircraft, at times I felt nervous, but found the Bishop to be reassuring; the day was most pleasurable and educational.

I was told that Leo Arkfeld was the youngest bishop ever appointed at that time within the Catholic Church. He was from the mid-west of the USA. During this day's trip I met many priests, Christian Brothers, lay workers, nuns and many local people who serviced these mission stations. They ran their own sawmills, power stations, boats and plantations and provided pastoral care to the local people.

During lunch at the mission the day before returning to Madang, we were served steak with salad but, being a half-conforming Catholic from Melbourne, I was slow in tucking in as it was a Friday and we had been told not to eat meat on Fridays. Bishop

Arkfeld was quick to notice my dilemma and said, 'Leo, pass me your plate', whereupon he blessed it and called it fish. It was a most enjoyable steak, washed down with equally enjoyable wine - a great finale to my visit to Wewak.

Returned to Madang per DC3 MAL to spend my first Christmas in PNG. The aircraft being full and there were no seats left on the side-saddle configuration, which was normal for these flights at that time. Most passengers were expats visiting friends in Madang or Lae and some were intending to spend Christmas in the cool climate of Goroka and Mt Hagen. Hec Longmore and I sat on bags of copra fibres which were loaded at the rear of the aircraft. We were both suffering badly after a big pre-Christmas party at the Wewak Club (Hec was well known and respected in the Sepik District).

Hec and his wife Jean had arranged a Christmas Eve celebration at the Madang Club hosted by one of his close friends, the Manager, Reg VOGLER. On Christmas morning, I was picked up from the hotel by Hec for a breakfast at his home with his wife and their young daughter. At about 11 am we left for Dylup Plantation where we were to spend the Christmas break with Alan CAMMACK and his family. The trip took about four hours through rough tracks, swamps and jungle country. We were met at a river crossing by Alan and his native bosbois and were ferried by punt across a rather large and fast flowing river. We were then taken in Jeeps and an

old American weapons carrier to the guesthouse at Dylup Plantation. The guesthouse had a magnificent view out to sea. Accompanying us were Claude TRUBERT and Gerard LAROQUE, Vacuum Oil trainees from New Caledonia, who were spending some time in PNG to obtain experience in other divisions of Vacuum Oil before returning to take up managerial positions. As a bonus, Claude and Gerard had befriended three young ladies from the Commonwealth Bank in Madang; they were very good company and great party girls.

Alan and his wife were admirable hosts, providing us with great food, excellent wining, dining, dancing, tennis, swimming, exploring and boating trips. Alas, all good things have to come to an end, and on the fourth day we had to return to reality in Madang. Hec's many friends at Madang and other places included Father Joe WALACHY, Father HOFF, Reg VOGLER, Peter HOWSEA, Paul BOLGER, Tom BRIGGS, Eric SNOOK, Neil GRIEVE and many more.

Life came back to reality when I returned to Lae after one of the most enjoyable and informative experiences of my time in PNG circa 1948-1954. I hope these writings are interesting for readers; they certainly gave me some great times to reflect on in my later years.

KALIBOBO SPIRIT SEPIK EXPEDITION (27.12.2016 – 2.01.2017)

**Reflections by Dame Carol Kidu DBE Dr (Hons)
(Part one 27-28 December 2016)**

The mighty Sepik River – that’s how I described it before embarking on the Kalibobo Spirit for a Sepik Expedition (an item on my bucket list) with MTS Services, under the captaincy of Sir Peter Barter. By halfway through the adventure, it was no longer the mighty Sepik to me but had become the Mighty, Majestic, Monumental, Mind-blowing, Mysterious and Mystic Sepik. But words cannot describe the experience for a genuine adventurous traveller; it is something that must be on every adventurer’s bucket list – young or old.

26 December 2016

Our adventure began with our afternoon arrival in Madang on Air Niugini – along with Bruce Davis, the Australian High Commissioner to Papua New Guinea, soon to become Bikpela Bossman bilong Australia insait long Papua New Guinea, and his “tribe” (his words) – Alaister, Georgia and Kate, plus Dr Jo English and myself. At dinner, I met our other travelling companions, Bruno and Gerda Mueller, all the way from Switzerland but not new to Papua New Guinea. I asked them why they keep coming back for new adventures – “Because we like it” was their simple answer.

27 December 2016

There was a 5pm departure for the beginning of our shared adventure to explore just a small part of the river that supports over 70,000 people. We travelled between the off-shore islands and the mainland and reached Alexishafen Mission Station before dark. Our afternoon tea when we boarded ship was accompanied by biscuit treats that the Catholic Sisters had baked for Sir Peter for the Festive Season. Opposite the Mission Station, on the other side of the harbour, we slowed to observe the tuna fishing vessels. I was horrified by the immensity of the nets which drag everything from the sea as well as the tuna, and by the sight of the mother ship waiting to take the bulk of the catch back to the Philippines for processing, with only a fraction of the catch being processed on shore.

We had taken our Kwells (travel sickness pills) and settled down for a night of travel to reach the mouth of the Sepik. I was fascinated by what I thought was a baby change table attached to my cabin wall. When I mentioned the next day that I was disappointed that I had no porthole in my cabin, Bruce enlightened me that what I thought was a baby change table was a cover for my porthole!

28 December 2016

Soon after dawn we were close to entering the mouth of the Sepik. Two mother ships were at anchor waiting for the log barges to arrive from upriver. Mixed reactions and emotions tempered the discussions as we pressed on against the powerful outwash of the river. Our first stop on the river truck was at Kopar Village. As always on the Sepik, we were welcomed with a mixture of shyness and then smiles and laughter as interaction began and Councillor Kelly answered questions while I went off to nurse babies (typical politician), knowing that the first nurse of a baby had an expectation for something in return (a custom common in many parts of PNG). It was a good ice-breaker with the mothers, which can become expensive if there are too many babies to be nursed!

Walking through the village, I noticed a new hausman building under construction so enquired at the nearby hausman and found that there are four such buildings in Kopar – one for each clan. Our men climbed the ladder steps to sit with the elders for photo opportunities but as the hausman was not one constructed with tourists in mind, the rest of us stayed on the ground with the women to be the photographers.



Canoe, Chambri Barat

Kopar village was not expecting our arrival, but Councillor Kelly informed the villagers to quickly set up their markets and so began the market-mania element of our expedition. Choice dilemma and compassion for the craftsmen and women meant that some of us were perhaps not the best of shoppers but we aimed to spread our shopping to benefit as many as the sellers as possible. As we moved upstream, the same issue of the impact of the depressed tourism industry on the artefact business was told with concern in every village. The concern actually goes much deeper than the loss of cash income alone. A vibrant tourist industry is a basic catalyst to maintain cultural skills and knowledge. With no tourists, there is no reason to maintain these skills.

As we were departing Kopar I was approached by a friendly young woman and immediately regretted wearing my favourite bandana on my head. Her eyes were fixed on the bandana not on me. "Mama, mi laikim headscarf bilong yu!" I knew that the subtleties of her admiration were much deeper and it was a very strong hint for me to give it to her. So that was the end of my favourite bandana. She sent a young child off to get a string bag from her house for me but it was time to board the river truck,

so the usual reciprocity was a massive smile and laughter from the new bandana owner.

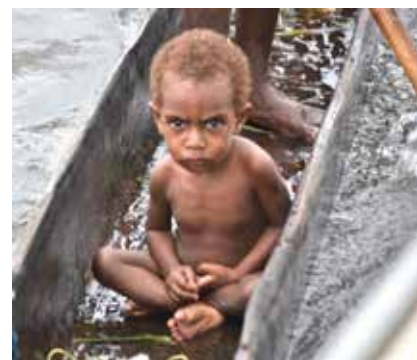
From Kopar the river truck headed upriver passing seemingly endless stands of wild sago. Although wild, they are of course all owned by clans, and to take anything would be stealing (as a village boy informed me). We passed a sak sak camp that houses a temporary community who migrated from their homes in Murik Lakes for fishing and shell fish collection along the main river for family food and selling.

The river truck suddenly headed off the main river along one of the many barats (small streams) and headed to Mendam Village on the banks of Murik Lake. En route, we met a solitary young man who had been to his family's section of the sago swamp to chop down a massive, mature sago palm and was floating it back to the village for processing into sago flour – the staple food of the Sepik River people.



Kopar Village Mai Mask

The Councillor was out, but others welcomed us and answered our many questions as an instant market of carvings appeared. Mendam has a population of 365 but no functioning clinic or school. The Marasin Meri (medicine lady) was called and was clearly respected as a bossmeri in the village. She travels upriver regularly to Marienberg Mission Station to get basic essential medications for the Aid Post which is unstaffed. For education, we were informed that the villagers had built a classroom and had been to the education authorities to request a teacher to teach Grades Prep., One and Two in 2017.



Infant, Kambaramba Village

Sadly, at this stage there was no opportunity for the children to progress to Grade 3 because the primary school at Karau had closed down because the teacher had left.

A young pre-teenage boy was pounding the flesh of a cut-out sago palm which was then squeezed and strained by an older woman to extract the flour starch from the sago pulp and wash it through the strainer down a chute into the collection dugout hollow tree trunk ready to be collected and dried for storage.



Boisa Island Kids

If well stored, sago flour can last for months and is prepared into a wide variety of dishes – fried into pancakes, boiled into a porridge, made into dumplings, wrapped in leaves and steamed – either alone (which is filling but very bland) or mixed with a variety of different foods to add flavour and nutrition. Sago itself is certainly not my favourite food but when it is mixed with ripe bananas and coconut cream, wrapped and steamed then covered with lashings of boiled thickened cream of coconut or coconut oil, it becomes my favourite traditional food!!

Carving shopping led to another inspiring discovery. I noticed that one display was manned by just young men and it was explained that they were the trainee carvers who had decided that they were students in traditional crafts and lack of Western education would not define their future.



Bossman Buying Carving, Mendam Village

The quality of their workmanship was certainly way above what I would expect of a trainee. As we left Mendam and travelled back through the barat against the current of the inflow into the Murik Lakes, I reflected on the resilience and determination of people in remote villages in

PNG, something that we would see everywhere we went on the Sepik, both in villages and at the mission stations.

Murik Lakes is where Sir Michael and Lady Veronica Somare's ancestry is traced to – perhaps that has impacted the stoic determination required to lead a young nation through Independence and beyond. I am privileged to have visited Murik Lakes when an era in Commonwealth parliamentary history is coming to its end, with Sir Michael's retirement in June as the Commonwealth's longest serving parliamentarian and as a founding father of the nation of Papua New Guinea.

After lunch on the Kalibobo Spirit we headed back on to the river truck for more village explorations.

Bien Village spreads along the bank of the Lower Sepik and we went ashore near the school ground. The school children and teachers all welcome visitors during the school year with drama performances and inspections of classrooms. This was quickly replaced with an impromptu soccer match as friendly school children arrived from the village. A market (mainly of string bags or bilums of all shapes and designs was quickly laid out on the side of the school sports field. The Australian High Commission bossman and I seemed to enter an unspoken bilum buying competition, trying to ensure that every artisan made at least one sale. I think Bossman won that competition!!

Village leaders took some convincing to allow people to walk to the village because of concern for our safety crossing

the log bridges which were already flooding, as was also happening under some houses. It was interesting to note the change in house styles and architecture from village to village as we travelled up the Sepik – a study in itself with the common feature of stilts (or sometimes huge trunks of the garamut tree) as posts. For the next four months, village life would adapt to water lapping around house posts as the Sepik floods its banks and village life adjusts to the rhythm of the river.

Back on to the river truck and we headed further upstream to visit Tawai Village. Tawai is a large village with neatly manicured lawn pathways – one of which we followed uphill to the St Brian Catholic Mission Primary School. Our younger and older but fit travellers kept up with the village pace and by the time I puffed and panted behind them and arrived, they were well into discussions and discoveries inside a school classroom – lessons that I cannot record but are in the memories of our team of adventurers.

After Tawai village we headed back to the Kalibobo Spirit, which had pushed on upstream to the night anchorage, and another delicious three-course dinner. Our chef from the Trobriand Islands with 30 years' experience with Melanesian Tourist Services worked tirelessly and always happily to ensure that we left the Kalibobo Spirit heavier than when we entered – I soon discarded my resolution to lose weight on the expedition.

TO BE CONTINUED

MEMORIAL NEWS

RABAU AND MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL NEWS



A number of events will be held to commemorate the 75th Anniversary this year. Everyone is welcome so please tell your family and friends! It helps the organisers if you can RSVP as soon as possible. Many thanks!



75th Anniversary Service - Saturday 1 July 2017

Guest speaker: Dr Brendan Nelson AO, Director of the Australian War Memorial

Time: 1 pm

Venue: Australian War Memorial, Canberra, ACT.

All welcome – please let your family and friends know.

RSVP by 15 June 2017: <http://pngaa.org/site/blog/2017/03/01/rabaul-and-montevideo-maru-75th-anniversary-commemorative-service-1-july-2017-australian-war-memorial-canberra-act/>

75th Anniversary Commemorative Dinner - Saturday 1 July 2017

Time: 6.00pm

Venue: Mercure Canberra, Corner of Ainslie and Limestone Ave, Braddon, ACT 2612

COST: \$80 - 3 course meal including soup - Payment will confirm booking.

RSVP: 15 June 2017

Further information and payments:

<http://pngaa.org/site/blog/2017/03/01/1-july-2017-rabaul-and-montevideo-maru-75th-anniversary-commemorative-dinner-canberra-mercure-hotel/>

The Mercure Canberra have offered a special bed and breakfast accommodation package from 30 June 2017 to 02 July 2017.

Email: stay@mercurecanberra.com.au

Ph: 02-6243 0000

Code: PapuaNewGuinea

Bed and breakfast – single per night - \$175

Bed and breakfast – two people per night - \$185

Room only per night - \$155

Please mention you are with the PNGAA/Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group



We salute you Andrea Williams...



I-r Andrea Williams, Governor General to Australia Quentin Bryce and Phil Ainsworth at Dedication of Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial, AWM, Canberra on 70th Anniversary.



I-r PNG High Commissioner to Australia Charles Lepani and Andrea at PNGAA Christmas Luncheon, Killara Golf Club December 2014.



ABOVE: I-r Andrea, Bob Cleland and Australian Foreign Minister Julie Bishop at PNGAA Symposium Dinner, NSW Parliament Building, September 2014.

BELOW: I-r Juli Allcorn, Rebecca Hopper, Ross Johnson and Andrea Williams at former PNGAA President Harry West's home circa 2007.

BELOW: PNG PM Peter O'Neill with Andrea in Sydney 2015.



I-r Christmas Lunch 2014, PNG High Commissioner to Australia Charles Lepani and wife Kathy, Andrea, Juli Allcorn, PNG Consul General Sydney Sumasy Singin, Amanda Warhurst.



ABOVE: I-r Emeritus Professor Ken McKinnon, Daniel Kumbon, Julie Kumbon, Andrea Williams and Martin Namorang in Sydney after Brisbane Writers Festival, 2015.

BELOW: I-r PNGAA President Harry West, Andrea Williams (editor UV) and PNGAA Patron Fred Kaad, circa 2007.



retiring PNGAA President 2011-2017

Photos: Phil Ainsworth



Andrea and our 'key intelligence officer' circa 2015.



Andrea Williams and Lady Carol Kidu at Christmas luncheon 2014.



Andrea Williams (editor UV) and Australian High Commissioner to Philippines Rod Smith at unveiling of Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial plaque at Subic Bay Hells Ships Memorial, Philippines, 2009.



LEFT: I-r Editor UV Andrea Williams, Treasurer Ross Johnson and Secretary Marie Clifton-Bassett, Circa 2007.



I-r Jim Burrows, Ally Martell, Andrea Williams and Phil Ainsworth at Montevideo Maru Memorial, Rabaul September 2014.

I-r Deveni Temu, Frazer Harry, Charles Lepani, Gima Crowdy, Andrea Williams, Amanda Warhurst, Julia Alcorn, Phil Ainsworth, Sumasy Singin and Paul Munro, Christmas, Killara Golf Club 2014.



ABOVE: Phil Ainsworth (President NGVR/PNGVR Association), PNG Consul General to Brisbane Paul Nerau, Andrea Williams (PNGAA UV's editor) and John Holland (Curator of NGVR/PNGVR Association Military Museum) Rabaul Centennial Anniversary Celebration, Brisbane 2010.

BELOW: Andrea Williams, Rebecca Hopper and Juli Allcorn at Juli's art show 2015.



MEMORIAL NEWS

RABUL AND MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL NEWS

75th Anniversary Service – Thursday 22 June 2017 – Rabaul PNG

Guest speaker: High Commissioner to PNG, Mr Bruce Davis AM

Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Tour Rabaul PNG

Venue: Montevideo Maru and Rabaul 1942-1945 Memorial, Rabaul, Papua New Guinea

To remember all those lost in the New Guinea islands in 1942.

The PNGAA Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group together with the Rabaul Hotel/Rabaul Historical Society are commemorating this 75th anniversary of WWII in Rabaul. Tours include historical sites. Rabaul Hotel has put together a package including accommodation, meals, tours and transfers for four or five nights.

Cost: \$350 pp twin share/double or \$500 pp single per night. Please contact Susie McGrade at Rabaul Hotel on email: susie@rabaulhotel.com.pg or email: admin@memorial.org.au.

Airfares, drinks and any optional expenses are additional and to be organised and paid for independently. This is a general tour and all are welcome. There will be a service on 22 June 2017 for the 75th anniversary remembering those who boarded the Montevideo Maru. Guest speaker Australian High Commissioner to PNG Bruce Davis AM. Final RSVPs are needed ASAP. Further queries regarding airfares to admin@memorial.org.au

HTAA Conference 2017 – BRISBANE

We are delighted that Karen McPherson's submission to present at the History Teachers' Association of Australia National Conference in Brisbane was accepted in March. We thank Karen for all she is doing and her preparation and travel to Brisbane from Canberra for this.

The theme is 'Breaking Boundaries' 27-29 September 2017 and venue: All Hallows' School, Ann Street, Brisbane

With the PNGVR Museum in Brisbane displaying much memorabilia related to the New Guinea islands, an opportunity has been taken to combine the presentation as an excursion and workshop. With this interactive approach it is hoped that the content of the presentation can be further developed and will have more meaning for the participants. The PNGAA is sharing the cost of the bus for participants with the PNGVR Ex-Members' Association. The PNGAA/Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group will have an exhibitors' table at the conference talking about PNG and answering any questions.

If you have schoolchildren, particularly those in the early high school years, please help by talking about this and encouraging the history teachers at their school to attend the conference and the PNGAA/Rabaul and Montevideo Maru workshop.

Further information about the 2017 HTAA National Conference is at <http://www.qhta.com.au/conferences.htm>

ACCPN Update

From **Paul Munro**

PNGAA and others interested are awaiting decisions by the Harbour Trust and the NSW National Parks (NPWS) about whether the Draft Management Plan for the Middle Head/ASOPA precinct will be revised to better accommodate the functions envisaged in proposals for an interpretive education facility of the kind proposed by PNGAA.

A meeting in public of the Harbour Trust Board on 8 December 2016 gave some encouragement to the hope that close consideration would be given to written critiques by PNGAA and the Headland Preservation Group of the Draft Plan. At that time, it was expected that decisions about the Management Plan to be the subject of further community consultation would be available by end February 2017.

It was apparent by mid-April that that timetable had not been realised. The departure of Mike Baird as Premier and a switch of relevant ministers in late January 2017 may account for some of the delay. The Australian Minister for the Environment and Energy has been the Hon. Josh Frydenberg MP since 19 July 2016. He has responsibility for the SHFT. The NSW Minister for Environment, Local Government and Heritage is now Gabrielle Upton, replacing Mark Speakman who took over her role as Attorney General. By-elections affecting the Mosman area may also have contributed to the delay.

It follows that relatively little progress to develop support for the concept advanced around use of the precinct as an educative interpretive facility has been practicable. Manifestly, an ACCPN will eventuate only if the concept of it attracts significant political and institutional support. Thus far, formal representations at federal ministerial level have been met by indications of qualified support but reference of the proposal as a matter appropriate for consideration by the Harbour Trust.

Pending some further clarification from the Harbour Trust of the degree to which it will

entertain the proposal advanced by PNGAA, there seem to be only two immediate steps that might be taken. The first is for those members who share an interest in progressing the ACCPN concept to contact local MPs requesting they take an interest in promoting acceptance and understanding of the proposal by their colleagues. For those members resident in New South Wales this means contacting the State member as well as the Federal MP. It should be sufficient for such purpose to draw attention to materials circulated, to focus upon the importance of improving relations and understanding between Australia, PNG and Pacific nations, followed by a request that the member enquire of either the relevant State Minister, or the Federal Minister whether they can lend practical support to advancing a resolution in favour of the proposal. The Ministers to contact in that respect are Ms Upton in the case of NSW, and Ministers Hunt, Fierravanti-Wells and/or Bishop in the case of the Commonwealth.

The second measure that would appear to be worthwhile will be action by the PNGAA to consult with the organisations that gave practical support to the development of the proposal over 2016. Most appropriately it would seem desirable to see what progress might be made about implementing independently of the ACCPN some of the activities envisaged once an ACCPN or similar institution might be given the go-ahead. For instance, the PNGAA continues to promote collection of and should pay attention to documents, photos, artefacts and other materials donated or still held by its membership; the need for a worthwhile information resource and database exists independently of its value as part of an ACCPN.

No doubt there are other activities, inspired by the desirability of implementing the aims and objectives foundational to the ACCPN proposal and the use of the ASOPA heritage values, that could be prioritised, resourced and promoted among organisations supporting the ACCPN objects.

An Appeal to Members from the PNGAA Collection

Some of you may have been wondering what to do with your treasured collection of books, documents and memorabilia gathered from your time in PNG but now collecting dust in spare rooms and garages. Your children and grandchildren have expressed no interest in taking them, and you're worried that they will ultimately be tossed in the garbage.

Please consider donating them to the PNGAA Collection. The process is very simple; just contact Steve Burns by phone or email (details below), and we can arrange to take delivery by whatever means is convenient for you. As part of the Collection, your treasured items will be catalogued, stored and ultimately digitised for posterity, and will be available for other members and the general public to access for research or general interest.

PNGAA Collection

The process of updating the PNGAA Collection register is ongoing and all your donations are welcome. Updated details will be available online and in following issues of Una Voce. In the meantime, PNGAA would like to acknowledge the following donations:

Mary Young – a set of 14 books on PNG (legal, exploration and education), plus various quarterlies and booklets.

June Whittaker – photo album on ASOPA ITI, 1965-1993.

June Whittaker – various papers, booklets, newspaper cuttings from her time at ASOPA, 1966-1993.

Marie Clifton-Bassett – List of Attendees at ASOPA, short and long courses, including class photos.

Paul Munro – Archival Papers, Vols I and II. A comprehensive compendium of original documents in six sections related to early political development in PNG in the 1960s and 1970s – including correspondence and working papers on constitutional, economic, legal, police, labour and defence matters.

For enquiries regarding donations to the PNGAA Collection, please contact Committee Member Steve Burns on (02) 9489 0824 or email sburns1@outlook.com.au.

CREATIVE ARTS + BOOKS & REVIEWS

Temlett Conibeer Returns to Civilisation

The Melancholy Chronicle of a Reluctant Librarian by A.C.T. Marke, Frogmouth Press, 2016, ISBN: 978-0646958057, 375 pages, AU\$30, including postage, from the author, frogmouth07@live.com.au.

Temlett Conibeer is a much-misunderstood character. And I suspect so too is his faithful chronicler, Andrew Marke.

Andrew likes to read 19th Century Victorian novels. I think he might have read them all. As he has observed, people in those days knew how to write. Essentially, what he has done in the five Temlett Conibeer novels is take a 19th century character, with all his repressed and conservative views and mannerisms, and dropped him into the 20th Century. In particular, into the liberated 1960s and 70s. This is where a lot of readers misunderstand Andrew's intent. They take Temlett much too seriously and assume that he somehow represents a literal characterization.

I suppose, because I also write, I was able to pick up the intent of the novels. Or at least I think I did. Andrew could be having me on too. I don't think so however, because his fifth novel makes it pretty clear what Temlett Conibeer has been all about. That is, he's a comic and idiosyncratic character. An anachronism, a fish out of water.

While the four previous novels have been largely based in Papua New Guinea this one has an Australian setting. The Papua New Guinean theme is not lost however. Temlett, like many of

us, had a hard time re-adjusting to Australian life. Gone were the days of the unexpected to be replaced by days of tedium and sameness. That took a lot of getting used to for a lot of us and Temlett is no exception. The poor bugger ends up as a librarian no less. Or maybe that was really a good thing for a reader of Victorian novels?

The post-independence Temlett has a peripatetic existence in Canberra, where he has decided to live. He gravitates from one temporary library job to another and uses a series of house-sitting gigs interspersed with motels, hostels and cars as residences. Along the way, he is pursuing a chaste Victorian courtship of the delectable Charlotte while fending off a number of not altogether unwanted attentions from a bizarre collection of other ardent ladies, including a rough diamond from Simbu who reckons he's the father of her child. To complicate matters Temlett has spun his lady love an improbable tale about being an amateur prospector with a series of fabulous mineral prospects, which his lady love enthusiastically wants to investigate.

Temlett, like our current governments, is adept at getting embroiled in pickles of his own making. Does he survive to live another day? You'll have to read the book to find out.

There are a couple of very minor things that are a bit disconcerting about the book. The first is the occasional tangents in the narration. A tale from his ex-Nazi friend, Eric, about an affair with Adolf Hitler's English friend, Unity Mitford being one example. I'm

not sure these diversions add much to the book. The second is the unusual number of typos in the book. This is unusual because the four previous books were all scrupulously edited. Temlett Conibeer is an acquired taste I guess but if you liked the previous books this one is a bottle and well worth reading. PNG Attitude's old and departed friend, David Wall, gets a tiny cameo mention as Temlett's best man at his wedding.

I think this is the best of Andrew's novels so far. And it can be read within its own right. There is no need to have read the previous four books at all.

Submitted by Phil Fitzpatrick

Pukpukpublications.com

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THE OPPOSITION (Film)

AUSTRALIA / 2016 / 76 MINS / ENGLISH WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES / DOCUMENTARY

WHEN The Opposition is screening in Canberra (1/6), Brisbane (29/5) and Melbourne (4/5).

AUSTRALIAN PREMIERE. For Human Rights Film Festival's national tour to Sydney, Canberra, Brisbane, Perth, and Hobart visit <http://2017.hraff.org.au>

As with all articles in this magazine, please refer to the DISCLAIMER on Contents page.



A Didiman's Diary #7

By David Montgomery

A continuing story of transfers, travels and the testing times of an Agricultural Extension Officer in Papua New Guinea.

5 January 1960. I flew into Maprik, from my previous posting at Aitape, and took up duty as the Officer in Charge of BAINYIK Agricultural Station. The three-mile drive out to Bainyik was beautifully described by Jeanette Westley (nee Mears) in her book *My Walk into Paradise*.

"The road leading into Bainyik was the most incredible sight I had witnessed to date. All along the edge on both sides of the road were the most amazing trees I had ever seen and their branches met in the middle to form an enveloping canopy. It was like driving through a tunnel, which was made by nature. We stopped at a river crossing so I could see Bainyik from a distance. These trees were planted by the Germans when they invaded New Guinea and were known as Rain Trees. Their botanical name is 'Samanea Saman'. They can spread over 125 feet and have a glorious umbrella-shaped canopy. Growing under the trees were the most beautiful tree orchids. When this road was travelled at night, the trees would light up with fireflies and it just looked like fairyland. This truly was a grand and romantic entry to Bainyik."

So many of us were truly blessed to be able to see and experience New Guinea in these earlier days.

Like all of the challenges at each of my postings over the past four years, Bainyik was no exception. There was a native staff of seventy – agricultural fieldworkers, village trainees and labourers – supervised by a staff of four expatriates including a mechanic. The mechanic's wife was employed as a clerical assistant and was paid seven shillings and sixpence per hour!

The station was a busy one. Rice, peanuts, low-land coffee, cacao and corn were the economic crops being encouraged at village level, and experimental crops like sisal and rubber with kapok trees being trialed for coffee shade were all in the mix. Rural Progress Societies, cooperative-like organisations of producers, were well-established within the sub-district and part of our monitoring responsibilities. These organisations funded and supported the ownership of light trucks and trailers, coffee-processing machinery, and other infrastructure.

Station staff were assembled at 0700 hrs when a bell was rung. Station duties, field extension visits to the villages, and patrol programs were detailed.

Substantial machinery was attached to the Station: a John Deere thrasher, a Cecoco rice huller, a McCormick International AW6 tractor, Ferguson 135 and 165 tractors, a Caterpillar D4 bulldozer, and a coffee pulper

together with necessary farming accessories like ploughs, harrows etc. We were well-equipped to introduce the 'locals' to more sophisticated farming!

Interesting to note that a coffee rehabilitation program was launched late 2016 under the auspices of the PNG Coffee Industry Corporation and directed towards some one thousand coffee producers.

Produce was shipped through PAGWI on the Sepik River and, depending on weather, this was a somewhat hazardous journey of a couple of hours or more. Now it is a forty-minute drive. The Department of Plant Industry had established an experimental station at YAMBI between Bainyik and PAGWI to conduct rice trials. This project was handed over to the Division of Extension in 1960 and was managed from Bainyik.

Every day could be different with regular visits by senior Administration officials and overseas specialists not necessarily directly connected to the line of duty. On one occasion, I was asked to drive into Maprik to meet Dr. Maurice Willis. Maurice was notable for the medical work he had done for the Red Cross in the Congo. I relate a paragraph from a letter I wrote home at that time:

"One of the local headmen, a village official, asked in Pidgin "Would I take himself and a sick

man to Maprik?”. I said, “OK where is the sick man?”. Around the back of the Land Rover appeared a native gentleman, on a stretcher, followed by one of his wantoks carrying a broken spear. After a few questions and a look at the ‘sick’ man I wondered why he was still breathing. The spear had entered just below his breast missing his lung by a fraction, and appeared out of his back below the shoulder, sorry, it went the other way and then broke off. The spear his wantoks was holding was the remaining section. It all started over a female!! As yet he hasn’t died. It is the sort of everyday incident one could dramatize down South, but I will have forgotten it tomorrow.”

Maurice and his offsider, Jim Warren, were both attached to the School of Tropical Medicine at Sydney University and were conducting a study of Leptospirosis. This involved the catching of village rats for eventual kidney dissection and taking blood samples from village pigs. I had been asked to take Maurice, Jim, and Harry Standfast on patrol to carry out the various operations. Harry Standfast was the Malarial Control Officer stationed at Maprik.

28 January 1960. The patrol left Bainyik 1000 hrs for BENGARAGUM a village near WINGEI, arriving 1400 hrs. We set up camp, called the village people together, and explained the reason for our visit. The rat traps were demonstrated and we asked those who were willing to bring their pigs next day so that blood samples could be taken.



22ft python at BENGARAGUM. Photographer: David Montgomery

Maurice had brought with him a CSIRO preparation of rat bait guaranteed to be unfailing. That evening the traps were set and with great anticipation we waited for the villagers to bring in a ‘harvest’ of rats. As the evening wore on no rats! The locals watched with amusement, exclaiming that the white man’s bait was “no gut tru” and they substituted it with fresh coconut meat. Almost instantly we had rats a plenty, which were dispersed into a 44-gallon drum to go back to Maprik the next day with Harry Standfast.

I had some trepidation as to the blood-letting operation considering the importance of pigs in the cultural life of the people; however, all went smoothly, the pigs suffering no ill effects and the villagers and researchers were happy.

Later in the day we sat down with the villages to hear some of their stories. One of these stories involved a very large python. The python had swallowed the storyteller’s brother. Inside the snake his brother was very distressed and at wits end as to how to escape. He remembered that his cassowary bone knife was in his armband. With a struggle, he was able to cut open the snake’s stomach and slide out.

We listened with feigned awe and great respect and I said, “No gat, sitori bilong you gammon tasol” (No, your story is not true). He said he would go and get the snake as evidence. Shortly after he turned up with a twenty-two foot python and proudly pointed out a large scar on its underside! “Yu savi masta” he said. Well, seeing is believing although he was unable to find his brother to support his story. I asked him if the snake was for sale – what a story – as I had a vision of it being a prize exhibit at the forthcoming Wewak Show at which I had been asked to prepare an agricultural display. The purchase was negotiated and dipping into my patrol allowance was happily concluded for five pounds. The python, willingly, was coiled into an empty patrol box. Jim enquired as to where it was to be kept. Under the rest-house where it is cool was my response. Jim was not happy at the prospect of sleeping above a twenty-two foot python even if it was safe in a steel box. The python never made it to Wewak and was returned to its owner the next day due to an unprecedented event that night.

The patrol had been issued with a new radio transceiver and a few minutes before 11pm I said



Division of Agricultural Extension display Wewak Show 1960.

Photographer: David Montgomery

to Maurice, "I will try out the new radio". I connected the battery and switched it on and moved the tuning dial to hear a voice announcing the 11pm ABC News from Townsville, "Lieutenant Hugh Montgomery was killed today in an Army aircraft accident at Wingello in New South Wales". Oblivious to what was said next I turned to Maurice and said, "That is my brother; he has only been married six weeks". Maurice asked me if I was sure. I had no doubts. Maurice offered to drive me back to Bainyik. Next morning with the benefit of two-way radio, air traffic communication, and through the compassionate officers of the Administration and Steamships Trading Company, I arrived late that night in Sydney to be with my family.

Life got back to near normal on my return from Sydney with patrols and day-visits to villages to inspect and advise on their cash crop developments. Agricultural trainees under the guidance of European staff or Fieldworkers accompanied these activities. Rice threshing and milling, packing and shipping peanuts, machinery operation, and maintenance and administrative duties were all part of the mix. This was a great experience in multi-skilling by all

concerned. Disappointingly the locally-produced rice that was sent into Maprik for prisoners' rations was rejected by them. They preferred Australian rice! In Didiman's Diary #6 reference was made to 'start-up' work at Lumi and Nuku. Follow-up visits continued, flying to both locations out of Maprik.

Bob Bunting was the Assistant District Officer (ADO). Bob and his son were both keen golfers. Bob had supervised the building of his European-type residence in Maprik replacing his former native-material house. The lounge room ended up a little out of level. It had been said that it was designed this way as a 'putting green'. The golf course, like so many in those early days, was the airstrip with the greens strategically placed over its length. There has always been at least one aeroplane story to tell at each posting. I was returning to Maprik from Wewak in a Missionary Aviation Fellowship (MAF) Cessna 172. Arriving in the vicinity of Maprik, the airstrip was clouded in. The pilot, an experienced 'older' gentleman, decided to circle above the cloud looking for a 'hole'. This appeared and we literally dropped through to the grass airstrip below which was wet, very wet. On the approach the pilot told me that as soon as

we touched down, to open my door wide. Air brakes no less! We slid past the Maprik Hotel which was at the end of the 'strip pulling up with little grass to spare.

Up to this point in time I anticipated I would see out the rest of my twenty-one-month term on Bainyik Station. I had been encouraging my parents and a friend to visit over the Christmas period. A new 'M' type (married quarters) had been constructed and I had been looking forward to establishing lawns and garden in a lovely location shaded by kapok trees. Not to be, with a message from HQ 'prepare for immediate transfer to KEREMA, Gulf District, Papua'.

1 October 1960. Formalities were completed and I departed Bainyik via Port Moresby and BAIMURU for KEREMA.

David Montgomery 1956 - 66

UV: Captions on the three photos in Didiman Story #6 (2016, No 4 – December p34) were unreadable. Could you refer to them L-R; Arrival Lumi Patrol Post, Nuku Patrol Post, and Official opening Raihu River Bridge Aitape.

A Chalkie (Part 1)

By **Ben Scheelings**

Having read David Montgomery's recent 'A Didiman's Diary' and noted his observation about the prevalence of kiap stories in Una Voce, I thought it was time that I put pen to paper and say a few words about 'chalkies'.

You know, the people who at times had to build their own native- material classrooms, while at the same time educating the ones who now run the country: the politicians, the doctors, the lawyers, the dentists, the architects, the airline pilots, the chemists, the accountants, the raskols, etc. The fact that one, Bernard Mullu Narokobi (yes, the same one), persuaded his fellow students to go on strike in 1962 and had them go on a protest march to Rabaul Head Office because the school had run out of sugar (entitlement syndrome?) forebode he had a future in law, while another character, John Kaputin, who made a name for himself in other ways, suggests we must have done something right along the way.

At the outset, I should advise that I have nothing against kiaps *per se*, but I did sometimes wonder in those days what these people actually did whilst on their hikes through the bush; although in due course I got a fair idea as will come to light shortly.

Don't get me wrong, olsem kiap, I was once shanghaied from the Education Department and delegated to go on a five-day census patrol hike into the wilds

of north-east Goroka. It followed that after a detailed briefing in the Goroka office about our forthcoming duties and responsibilities, we were sent on our way. Kargo bois were to be recruited along the way and paid the going rate of one shilling per day. Their job was to carry the patrol boxes, which were loaded with shilling pieces, while my job was to take a census and attend to other matters that cropped up and required attention. The tour of duty, if it can be called that, involved clambering up and down mountains, through mud and rivers, and up and down further mountains until one reached the first target village, hopefully before sunset as it is no fun groping around in the dark on slippery mountain sides especially when one has no idea where one is going. At the intended village (at last) we camped for the night in the designated haus hap. In the morning, woken up by the murmurs of the throng of gathered villagers all dressed in their finery, we set up the tools of the trade: flag, collapsible table, village book, pens, and wanpela tanimtok.

To the locals, I was viewed as yet another patrol officer doing the usual. Raising the flag in the morning, meeting with the tultul or luluwai, collecting data from the villagers one-by-one, recording births and deaths, guessing the ages (by checking teeth and making educated assumptions) of those youngsters not previously

recorded, and dispensing basic medicines.

In an open court, as requested by the village headman with jocular interjections and comments thrown in by one and sundry to the amusement of all, having listened to the arguments from both the plaintiff and defendant, then summarising and deciding, like King Solomon, over the dispute about a ruined garden by a neighbour's pig, I subsequently passed sentence—guilty pig or equivalent to be slaughtered, mumu-ed and shared by all—and further ordered all villagers to help fix the ruined garden fence. Furthermore, as an act of goodwill, the plaintiff was to donate one small piglet to the defendant as replacement, thus creating an acceptable outcome for all; at least no one complained, not at the thought of partaking in a mumu anyway. The locals love an excuse for a good bung wantaim (exchanging gossip), having a go at each other and having a mumu at the end. I thus conclude— em nau em tasol wok bilong kiap.

The following day, off to the next village, which was reportedly to be klostu liklik and on arrival, we followed the same procedures. Our coming had been relayed by kundu drums and thus we were expected. No mumu on this occasion, which must have been a bit of a let-down to this lot.

I digress, however, like David, and with great nostalgia, I must

admit, I recall catching the flight from Melbourne to Port Moresby and being met at Jackson airport, escorted to Ranuguri Hostel, and allocated a room. I remember taking three showers a day while getting acclimatised to the humidity, and the meals prepared by Alan the Ranuguri chef were great. I recall being most impressed by the magnificent flowering rain-trees lining the streets and, as such, I had fallen in love with the tropics in spite of the heat. Papuans were indeed a very friendly lot with *eh taubada, edisine oi lau?*, which then usually ended up with a little chat about what I was doing and where I was going. Little did I know then that I would be back in Ranuguri ten years later after the demise of my beloved soul mate, the beautiful Marina Kwan (sister of masta botai).

I met Marina whilst attending the orientation course where all new arrivals were lectured on TPNG customs, diseases (malaria, hookworm, scabies, tropical ulcers, blackwater fever, Japanese encephalitis, etc and prevention of same), language, geography, and the fact that as teachers we would most likely be called upon as part of our duties to administer first aid, resolve disputes between villagers, build classrooms, organise working parties to cut grass, plant trees, chop trees, build fences, etc. and hassle the DEO (no, not God but the District Education Office) for supplies of books, chalk, blackboards, cement, etc. This went on for four weeks after which we were allocated our postings—in my case it was Keravat High School just outside Rabaul— while a couple of my mates were sent to Sogeri and

elsewhere. Why Marina had to attend the orientation course beats me as she was home-grown and probably knew more about the place than I.

I missed my initial flight from Port Moresby to Rabaul as someone forgot to pick me up from Ranuguri hostel (does this bring back memories?) but caught the next one the following day, which proved uneventful. The view of the countryside, the Owen Stanley mountain range, the azure ocean, coral reefs, and spectacular sight of Tavurvur as we made our descent into Rabaul was unforgettable and fortunately recorded on film. On arrival in Rabaul I was met by a very cheerful and helpful mixed-race chap (perhaps Harry Cohen) who told me the truck to Keravat had left because I had turned up a day late so he had me booked into the Ascot Hotel (now the Rabaul Hotel) on Mango Avenue for three days. This venue was very capably owned/managed by the legendary Ma Stewart (of Errol Flynn fame) and I thoroughly enjoyed my stay in a ceiling-fanned room with typical tropical breakfasts of fresh fruit served by smiling staff dressed in their impeccably white laplaps. It also gave me time to explore the town and introduce myself to the very many contacts Marina had given me prior to my departure from Port Moresby. The Rabaul bung was an eye-opener where one could buy palm-leaf woven baskets full of mangoes, avocados, laichees (lychees), betelnuts and various other mysterious fruits for a shilling, a stick of brus (twist tobacco) or a stick of girigiri (local shell money threaded on a thin piece of bamboo). You could also buy

large eggs which were raided from the nests of the megapode birds that laid them in the warm sands at the foot of the volcano Tavurvur. These were delicious as were the turtle eggs, although the latter tasted a bit gritty. In the meantime, Marina had been allocated a pre-school in Moresby where she ended up teaching Albert Maori Kiki's children, amongst others.

Keravat was a fine school head-mastered by John Bowden and which catered for the brighter students from the various TPNG schools. These selected students were exposed to the Queensland education curriculum of education to prepare them for senior clerical or government positions in the future. Independence did not appear on the horizon at that time but someone must have had some foresight. Anyway, teaching these young lads was a joy; great sense of humour, all eager to learn, and best of all, no disciplinarian problems. Compared to my teaching experience in Australia, this was heaven. I was allocated a two-man 'donga' with the backyard facing the Keravat River (full of tin ore by the way) and complete with a vegetable patch. Unfortunately, the demdems (giant snails introduced by the Japanese soldiers as food) made the growing of vegetables a real challenge. What was of interest was the printed notice stuck on the donga door instructing the occupant to keep ample amounts of rice, sugar, and tinned food in stock to feed those fleeing Rabaul in case of a volcanic eruption. What eruption? You live and learn as a few weeks later I was woken up in the middle of the night by a hell of a noise

of pots, plates and saucers falling out of cupboards, while I had difficulty getting out of bed due to a moving floor. “Emi orait masta, emi guria tasol”, my hausboi shouted, “samting nating”. I soon learned that these so called gurias (earthquakes) are regular events. Get used to it, samtin nating tasol.

It was during this time that I met young Chris Borough, a Vudal College forestry chap who was an amateur speleologist. His research told him that there were some very interesting but unexplored limestone caves in the Baining area, a four-five day walk into virtually unexplored jungle. The only other person known to have gone there on a few occasions and survived was the good Father Frankie of the Catholic Mission. Was I interested? I agreed and, having received the OK from higher up and instructed to take one armed policeman with us as the Baining people had only recently murdered a couple of plantation labourers straying on their terrain and up to no good no doubt. We and about twelve Kerevat Keravat High School students set off.

Away on another rise you could actually smell their cooking fires. It then takes you at least five hours of hard slog to get there going down your slippery mountain, across a fast-flowing river and then up the next mountain, you start to comprehend that kiostu actually means klostu liklik (not really close) as opposed to longwei liklik. The Kokoda Track would probably be considered a longwei tru. It was during one of those uphill climbs that I mentioned that I could do

with a drink having emptied my water bottle some miles back. On hearing this, one of the students dropped his pack and disappeared in the surrounding jungle returning a few seconds later with a twenty-foot long piece of vine held horizontally which he then placed vertically (kapsaitim) in a billycan filling it up with water from the cut vine. “Here is your water, sir”. Now that is bushcraft for you. Harry Butler would have approved. However, trying to catch even one of the many fish swimming in the Toriu river at the bottom of our mountain was not as successful and thus bully beef and rice that night.

Along the way, we stumbled across small groups of locals becoming more primitive-looking in appearance as we got further from civilisation. These people were indeed of a different ethnicity than the Tolais, with many of them never having seen a white face. Were we the ghosts of deceased ancestors coming back to haunt them? The next day we finally arrived at our destination village of Galavit. However, unlike the villagers of the previous villages, this particular mob was not at all helpful in our search for the limestone caves. As a matter of fact, we sensed a certain amount of suspicion and hostility when we questioned them with the aid of one of the students whose own dialect appeared of some use. Were the caves sacred, would we be disturbing the evil spirits living therein, were the caves used to dispose of undesirables, e.g. the murdered plantation workers? We never found out and eventually after one day of futile discussions

and deciding not to push the envelope by doing our own search, we discretely made our way back home to Keravat. Although unsuccessful in one way, it was a great experience. I understand the caves are still waiting to be explored.

Some months later, this same Chris Borough came up with the bright plan that we should visit Tavurvur volcano from close up. Great idea and thus a Tolai guide, Chris and I made the canoe trip to Tavurvur island, ascended the volcano, and descended down same using the volcanologist's rope already in place. Inside the caldera, we noted fumes and steam escaping from various fissures and an abundance of yellow sulphur extrusions. Having achieved our objective and not wishing to push our luck, we returned the same way we had come. Another great experience. Some weeks later Chris came knocking at my door and suggested that I join him to see a fire-dance performed by some Baining group near Kokopo. I did not know what to expect as dancing around a camp fire is no big deal. However, what I did not expect was to see dancers all decked in their finery, not only dancing around the roaring fire but actually walking over the hot coals in bare feet with their arsegras catching fire. On later inspection of their feet, no evidence of harm was done. The bilas preparation prior to the fire dance included cutting one's tongue with a sharp piece of bamboo and then spitting (spraying) the blood on the bilas that was in need of a red colour.

TO BE CONTINUED

Randolf Stow's Trobriand Islands by Suzanne Falkiner

CONTINUED from 2016, Number 4 – December

So now I am becoming increasingly apprehensive about my excursion to the Trobriands: with no language skills, and unable to leave the island until the arrival of the next plane in a week's time, I will be entirely dependent on the kindness of strangers. The Trobriands, because of Malinowski, are a well-worn path for foreigners. Nevertheless, I feel incompetent to handle what might lie ahead... to be continued

We take off in a De Havilland Dash 8, flying over hills that look moss-covered from the air and which quickly turn into high mountains with no visible sign of habitation. At Alotau, on the tip of the mainland, where we stop to refuel, we all get off the plane to stretch our legs. The only other European passenger, a bearded Australian in khaki, a nutrition expert, disappears into the terminal shed. I sit outside, where our pilot is gossiping with two pilots from another aircraft, a small twin-engine. It emerges that the tractor that is supposed to pull the re-fuelling tank cannot be started. A bird lands on top of their plane, and the other pilots leave. I sit alone outside the shed, accompanied by a few bush flies, as our pilot disappears to radio Moresby for instructions. Green, green grass and palm trees, blue sky, warm tropical air. Silent, sticky flies. I decide it is probably safest to keep our plane within eyesight.

After a time we take off again: we have enough fuel to reach Losuia, it seems, but not

enough for the plane to land and pick up passengers again at Alotau on the return trip. The green mountains give way to mountainous islands, then to endless flat blue sea, and long flat clouds, and flat coral atolls. Some of these are just a splinter of coral sand above a submerged reef. Now I am the only foreign passenger on board.

Losuia is quite a nice little station. Nothing there but the subdistrict office, with an ADO and wife and a cadet, and the hospital, with a doctor and medical assistant who arrived on the Yelangili with us. There are two trading families, and two missions with about four Europeans each. That's the whole white population of the main island. At Kitava there is one old planter, and at Muwo a married planter. So it's not exactly crowded with Europeans.

—Letter, Stow to his mother. Sent from Losuia,

Milne Bay District, 22 May 1959.

The government station at Losuia, a small scatter of buildings centred on the seafront and a straight, white crushed-coral road leading inland, was regarded in Stow's time as an attractive posting, if rather isolated. When I arrive, not much has changed.

Behind the wharf and shed, which doubles as a fish market, a handful of white-painted, breezy timber-frame administration houses remain, raised off the ground and walled with woven palm leaf and roofed with red-painted corrugated iron. At Losuia, Stow and Charles Julius had spent a



Kitava. Photo: Suzanne Falkiner

few days with Bob Blaikie before a local trader ferried them and their equipment and stores in his truck some five miles inland to the village of Omarakana, made famous by the anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski. Here they moved into the village rest house, took censuses and made genealogies, had long talks with the chief, Mitakata, and other local people, and Mick set about learning the language and compiling a written vocabulary. He also made notes of local myths and spells, and ‘accidentally’ acquired a cat and a white cockatoo called Napanapa.

I have been given the names of several people to look out for on Kiriwina: Sergio Jarillo de la Torre, a Spanish anthropologist who has been doing field work here for several months; Kenneth Kalubaku, who runs one of the island’s two small guesthouses; and his brother John Kaisapwalova, a prominent local political identity and chieftain, but I had wondered how I would find them. I need not have worried: most of Losuia has come to meet the plane and I have met most of my contacts within ten minutes of landing. Also aboard the plane, unknown to me, is the District Administrator, and a choir of children has gathered at the airport to greet him. When I ask about the guesthouse I am pointed towards a parked mini-bus, where a skinny, dark-bearded individual immediately asks, are you Suzanne? It turns out that Andy Connelly, one of my ANU anthropological sources, has texted him to look out for me. Kenneth Kalubaku is also on board the

bus, and it turns out that John Kaisapwalova’s elder wife Mary is currently cooking at the guesthouse.

The Butia lodge outside Losuia is basic but clean and comfortable, with wooden cabins raised off the ground—giant millipedes, about the length and thickness of a large cigar, swarm everywhere in the grass like prehistoric remnants— and a large, open-sided communal dining room and meeting area. An electricity generator runs to provide hot water and turn a ceiling fan for a few hours in the evening as you go to sleep. At the main building, young men arrive at the kitchen every morning with bundles of tightly bound, glowering black mud crabs. Others bring carvings, laying them out silently for you to inspect. Soon after I arrive, Kenneth’s young niece Naomi invites me for a walk to visit her grandparent’s village, a neat collection of pandanus and wooden houses on stilts in a small clearing.

In Stow’s time the Omarakana rest house—or ‘old story barrack’, as the local people christened it—was an elevated structure with banana-leaf walls and a pandanus roof, with a room for sleeping, another for washing, and a verandah on which Mick set up his camp bed. At ground level a cookhouse was attached. Omarakana itself, set in a grove of tall trees, was arranged in a roughly circular pattern, with an inner ring of yam houses surrounded by an outer circle of one-room dwellings, all enclosing the baku, or central place, occupied by the Paramount Chief’s intricately-painted yam house. The

newcomers’ quarters were about 400 yards from the village—or about the furthest the now elderly Mitakata, Guyau (chief, or father) of Omarakana since 1919, could walk. Beyond the village and the grove were the yam gardens.

Mitakata’s approach would be signalled by the rattle of his many necklaces and the clinking of the decorative shells on his lime pot, carried by one of his many attendants, Charles Julius recorded. On arrival the chief would be offered a chair, while all other visitors were careful to sit in the floor. Mitakata’s own ceremonial seating platform, in the centre of the village, was sufficiently raised on stilts to allow his subjects to walk about freely below.

From here Mitakata, a tall, thin but imposing man, presided over his yam house, filled by custom by his wives’ brothers. Surrounded by high-ranking clansmen, he also oversaw the island’s oral traditions and magic, supervising the yam harvest festivals, or milamala, and the important ceremonial exchange circuit, or Kula, conducted by canoe among the islands of the region. Like Julius, Mick was impressed by Mitakata:

May 16th: He came forward wearing a blue laplap, a beret, the boar-tusk necklace with insignia, and the Queen’s medal. He is a very intelligent and rather distinguished old man—much more so than could be expected from the photographs of the young Mitakata in Malinowski. His mouth is most sensitive, his eyes were thoughtful and bright, his voice is dignified.

When invited, Stow and Julius could join him on his platform, in company with Vanoi, his current favoured nephew and heir, and Vanoi's sister, Botabalu, and some of her small sons. On the ground below, several of his twelve wives and seventeen children—all of a less exalted clan, or dala—would sit. Gifts were exchanged with the guests: several coconuts and some bananas in return for sticks of tobacco. This presented something of a dilemma for Mitakata, Julius observed, as, if the gift were detected by the villagers, he would be obliged to distribute it around. This was a problem he sometimes surreptitiously solved by sitting on it.

After some discussion it is arranged that I will hire Kenneth's vehicle, and he and John Kaisapwalova will accompany me to visit the current Paramount chief at Omarakana. In Stow's time Mitakata's heirs, Waibadi and Vanoi, had been favoured in turn for the succession, until Waibadi was rumoured to have impregnated one of Mitakata's younger wives, and favour passed again to Vanoi. Vanoi was succeeded by Waibadi, who was succeeded in turn in 1982 by Pulayasi Daniel, the present incumbent, now in his late fifties.

First, I am advised, I should go to Losuia market with one of the guesthouse staff to buy betel nuts and mustard pods as a token gift for the chief. But when I return with the stem of betel, Kenneth's brow knits, and he explains that I have inadvertently bought nuts that were picked yesterday, and not today, and so I must tell Pulayasi Daniel that it is for his wives and relatives. To

him I should give instead twenty kina for fresh betel for himself; this will be more respectful.

Next morning we drive to Omarakana. Pulayasi Daniel, a man with a benign and good-humoured air, and some of his retinue are gathered beneath his wooden house, the Paramount Chief cross-legged on a chair, the others seated around him on a concrete platform. Kenneth and John introduce me, and a woven mat is placed on the concrete slab for me. I approach in a sort of half-crouch, not sure whether he will regard this with amusement or merely as his right, and present the gifts of betel, the kina, and also two colourful baseball caps, about which he looks quite pleased, although he throws them down beside him with a suitably disdainful air. I explain my purpose, with one of his relatives translating, and show him the old photographs I have brought. Through his interpreter, Pulayasi Daniel tells me that he remembers Julius coming, with another person that must have been Stow, and that as a boy of five or seven years old he had been delegated to take a gift of bananas from the Paramount Chief to the resthouse for them. No one else is left alive, he tells me, who will remember more.

Dola, who is our driver and speaks good English, shows me around the village—the current raised rest house, brightly painted, is hung with strings of white cowries and filled inside with spider webs; the tall, decorated yam houses; the carved stone memorial to Malinowski—while the men talk of more important affairs. Then it is made known that the chief

has things to do, and we drive on to visit Kaibola beach, a popular and picturesque swimming spot for Europeans in Stow's time. Here, I remember from his diary, Mick filled most of an afternoon looking for a new home for a hermit crab. The beach is still lined with outrigger canoes and sea-worn shells of various types, but suitable housing for hermit crabs, it appears, remain in short supply.

Also remembering Cam—King of Kitava, his home. Made largely of packing case boards, it seemed, and with a musty smell inside. All grey unpainted unvarnished wood, I remember, with odd bits of machinery, old wirelasses, a wall-plaque (painted wood) from H.M.A.S. Perth, a map of the world, both Kinsey Reports and a fat book called *Sexual Deviants*. Between the lockable living quarters and the kitchen a roofed-in open verandah where Cam ate and sat most of the day. ...[He claimed] descent from Cameron of Lochill, and from Johan van der Oldenbarneveldt—in fact we did drink out of old fashioned white china mugs with the Dutch royal coat of arms on them. On the other side of the verandah was a very large and beautiful pink frangipani, and the huts of Cam's servants. He had a butcher bird called Popu which flitted about everywhere. In the mornings the wild butcherbirds called all about & the tame one made [illegible] attempts at answering.

Randolph Stow, diary entry, Leeds, April 1962



THE TOL PLANTATION MASSACRE

4th FEBRUARY 1942.

By Margaret L Henderson.

The year 2017 will be marked by remembering the 75th anniversary of terrible events to our north. We have already seen formal anniversary services for the fall of Singapore and the bombing of Darwin. More, including a memorial service for the sinking of the Montevideo Maru on 1st July 1942, are scheduled. It is right and proper that these major disasters should be remembered, but there are countless other less publicised terrible events at that time which also deserve our attention. One of these is the Tol Plantation Massacre on 4th February 1942, the memory of which seems to have slipped by without recognition. It deserves more.

Rabaul fell to the Japanese on 23rd January 1942 and the small force of Australian defenders was told that it was every man for himself. The remnants of Lark Force spread out over New Britain looking for ways to escape the Japanese and perhaps get back to Australia. Some battled through the jungle suffering from malaria, dysentery, ulcers and hunger and eventually found some small boats. In these boats, they crept along the south east coast of New Britain coming ashore near the Tol Plantation on 4th February. They were expected and were met by five barge loads of Japanese troops. The exhausted Australians had no choice but to surrender. They were tied together in small groups, taken into the jungle and executed. They were shot or bayoneted or both. Two men escaped and were re-captured at the neighbouring Waitavalo plantation where they were smeared in pig grease and burned alive in the house. One hundred and sixty prisoners of war were killed at Tol. A few survived by playing dead although they had terrible wounds. Against all the odds a very few managed to get back to Australia. Some historians believe that the Tol Plantation massacre was among the most callous in the war. A school in the area has been named the 2/22 Lark Force School and a small cairn has

been erected at the site by descendants of those killed.

On 9th October 2001, the Sydney Morning Herald published this death notice.

Collins, Wilkie Desmond (Bill)
 NX57343, NX99560, 2nd/10th
 Australian Field Ambulance. Last
 Survivor of the Tol Plantation Mass-
 acre. Rabaul, 4th February, 1942.
 Passed away October 8th, 2001.
 Late of Culburra Beach, formerly
 of Sutherland Shire. Dearly loved husband
 of Norma (deceased) and
 Jackie (deceased). Loved father,
 father-in-law, grandfather, and
 great-grandfather of his families.
 Aged 79 years.

This simple notice marked the end of this tragedy for the Australian participants. However, the 160 who were killed so callously left families and friends to mourn and to face the rest of their lives without them. It seems more than appropriate that we should honour them all in this year of 75th anniversaries.

UV: An article by Max Uechtritz on the Tol Plantation Massacre was published in *Una Voce*, Number 1 - March 2017.

PNG students in Western Australia



There is a vibrant group of young PNG students in Western Australia, the children of mine workers who have moved to WA. Photos of these young people in traditional Sepik dress were taken at the Perth 40th Independence celebrations at Ascot Racecourse, 2015. Thousands turned up to perform and watch the sing sings. **Photos: Linda Manning**



According to the report *Urban Youth in the Pacific* (2011), the National Youth Policy of Papua New Guinea 2007-2017 (print only) defines youth as between 12 and 25 years old, however also welcomes individuals over 25 to participate in youth programming. Culturally, age of youth is defined by roles, health and involvement in the community.

UV is keen to report on this important sector of the PNG community. Please send your contributions to: editor@pngaa.net



Sing Sing - events and reunions

Hello everyone

This issue will coincide with a major change for the Committee, the Association, and for me. Both Andrea Williams & Paul Munro will be stepping aside from their roles on the Committee. I have been so fortunate to have had at least one year under their guidance and support on joining the Committee. Between these two remarkable people, there is a wealth of knowledge, experience, skills common sense, plain old simple know-how and such generous personalities. A huge thank you from me for all you've done. It will be an exciting year working with Chris, Russell

and Yana, our new Committee Members.

It has been thrilling for me in recent times to note the involvement from a few young people in the historical aspects that the Association has implemented. The history component in NSW high schools seems to be having an impact and relevance to students whose relatives were involved personally in the Pacific war situation. In particular, the up and coming 75th Anniversary of the Memorial of the Montevideo Maru and the Rabaul tragedy.

The Panel Presentation will be another opportunity for

students to learn about life as nurse teacher and secretary in the changing times of PNG. All are welcome so do join us on the 28th May, 2017.

With Yana's assistance, Philip Selth will be Speaking on the Coast watchers in Melbourne in Spring. Please note that a picnic in Bowral, NSW is planned for Spring too.

I am always open to ideas for events or reunions, so please contact with any suggestions. Looking forward to seeing you at some of the events.

Sara Turner

Events Coordinator
Mob: 0401 138 246
Email: events@pngaa.net

From Perth, Linda Manning

The RAAF Club at Bull Creek is a great place to meet. It is wonderful to catch up with old friends and make new ones with the same interests. Pat Dwyer brought along a photocopy of some pages out of the village book somewhere near Maprik where he told the next administration officer that the villages were not likely to kill him and eat him next time he came through!



(L-R) Daryl Binning, Dougie Stewart, Jill Worsley, Peter Worsley, Pat Dwyer, Pat Scarle, Jean Scarle, Audrey Bredmeyer, Brian Lewis, Judita Lewis, Kevin Lock, Greg Leech, Margaret Dwyer, Margaret. Photo: Linda Manning

PNGAA 2016 ADELAIDE REUNION

On Sunday, 30 October 2016, almost fifty PNGAA members and their friends attended the 16th annual PNGAA Adelaide reunion lunch at the Public Schools Club Adelaide.

Speaking on behalf of fellow members of the organising committee (Robin Radford, Peter Thomas and Jan Kleinig), Graham Taylor extended a warm welcome to all our members and their guests present. Graham welcomed former Patrol Officer and Guest Speaker, Barry Taverner. Jane Morrison then introduced Shila Phopo from Hela province, Southern Highlands whom she met when Shila addressed her Zonta Club of Noarlunga Southern Vales. Shila is a Registered nurse and midwife. She has a Bachelor of Health Science, Melbourne University, a Masters in International Development, Flinders University, where she is currently completing her PHD in Public Health, Nutrition. Shila is involved in international development work with Fulcrum Aid in Australia partnering with Women in Development Foundation PNG.

Barry Craig, teacher at Telefomin and later curator of anthropology at PNG Museum, introduced Barry

Taverner, to speak on 'Scenery and Seismic in Papua New Guinea'.

Summary of talk by Barry Taverner.

"Barry has always loved the bush. As a youngster he joined the scouts and liked nothing more than their camping outings. The troop leader left the scouts for permanent employment and Barry felt envious because the troop leader became a Cadet Patrol Officer in the Northern Territory. Barry thought it sounded the best job in the world. Many years later, in February 1967, his friend's mother pointed to the fact that in the employment pages of the Adelaide 'Advertiser' were several positions for Cadet Patrol Officers in the Territory of Papua New Guinea. Without any delay they both sat down and wrote their applications for one of the positions.

On 11 September 1967, Barry and his best mate began their lives as Cadet Patrol Officers. Barry served in Minj, Wabag and Wapenamanda of the then WHD. In 1971 he was the last OIC of Wapenamanda Patrol Post before it was upgraded to the status of Sub-District headquarters when the Enga District was proclaimed.

It was to this outpost he brought his bride. Carroll occasionally accompanied him on patrol, much to her chagrin as the mokas, chigas, fleas and other nasties took rather a shine to her! Barry went on to serve in Goroka and Bereina before he and Carroll left PNG in 1973 at the end of his six-year contract.

Back in Australia, Barry landed a position with the Ecological Survey Unit attached to the South Australian Museum. As senior technical officer, he attended the first ASEAN science and technology expo in Kuala Lumpur in 1986. In 1987 he returned to PNG to present a completed forestry-mapping project to the Forestry Department and to demonstrate the CSIRO software package called 'microBrain'. In 1988 he returned as co-leader of the Hagen-Sepik Patrol with Bill Gammage and Meg Taylor, following the route Jim Taylor and John Black took in 1938.

In 1989, he returned to photograph the landslip at Ok Tedi using the helicopter-mounted camera system he helped develop. In 1993 the State Government closed the Centre; Barry was left unemployed. He returned to school in 1995 and attained another bit of paper, this

Sing Sing - events and reunions

time in Horticulture. As this burgeoning career was about to take off PNG loomed on the horizon. In 1996, Ian Thompson asked if Barry was interested in joining Oilmin Field Services as a Field Manager. In this position Barry felt right at home. Many and varied are the duties and responsibilities of a field manager. Scouting, permitting,

crew management, camp construction, are all part of the FM's day. He has been with them ever since."

A vote-of-thanks was given by Peter Thomas, patrol officer who had also worked in the Southern Highlands. Robin Radford organised 'PNG books for sale' on the day. The luncheon concluded with the raffle; the amazing

generosity of our members in donating the prizes was most appreciated. We are pleased to advise the 17th PNGAA Adelaide reunion lunch will be held at the Public Schools Club on the last Sunday in October, 2017.

**Graham Taylor
and Jan Kleinig**

Founder and Chairman of Islands Memories,

Jim Burton, support by his wife Joan, retired from organising the monthly meetings at Toowong Library on Friday 7 April 2017 after 10 years. Jim said that 120 continuous meetings had been held with 104 guest speakers and Jim filling in the other 16 meetings with stories of his life in the Pacific. Max Quanchi was the inaugural guest speaker 10 years ago – other speakers have included Sean Dorney and Max Uechtritz. Many of the talks were recorded by Jim.

Jim's collection of Pacific personalities is a huge tribute to his time, his patience and his friendship to all. Jim has shown us that the Australians who explored the Pacific are a unique group of people that contributed in a diverse way to Australia's history. Collectively they have taken Australia to the Pacific, opening opportunities and vision for Australia. We just hope that Jim's papers can be kept together, ideally in a community centre for the Pacific such as the proposed Australian Community Centre for Pacific Nations.

To commemorate Jim and Joan's last day organising 'Islands Memories' attendees happily showed their appreciation and enjoyed a delicious cake and morning tea.

Contribution by Andrea Williams



FORMER KIAPS' LUNCHEON – CAIRNS

The first 2017 lunch gathering of former kiaps, some partners and friends, took place at The Edge Hill Tavern on Wednesday 1 February, 2017. David Thomson the facilitator, constrained by his PNG/CNS 16-12 days FIFO roster, usually calls for a quorum when he and any visiting ex-kiaps are in Cairns. Attendees were:

Laurie and Mai Bragge; Ken Bond; Steve Cutlack; Rod Donovan; Tony Friend; Martin Kerr and Anna Chu; Bob Lock, Arch McArthur; Deryck Thompson; Chris Warrillow and his guest Stan Carswell (former Transport Officer).

Apologies were received from Graham Pople, MBE who was in hospital; Pat and Margaret Dwyer from Perth who were in Port Douglas for a wedding that day; Peter Maynard who has moved to Cardwell, Rod Owens (on a golf assignment) and Rod Canlay ("assembling a 'fridge'!!")

The following day Pat and Margaret Dwyer were able to join Chris Warrillow in Cairns and visit Graham Pople at the Base Hospital (photo by Ilovau Pople).



Photographed are Anna, Chris, Laurie, Mai, Deryck and Tony (photo by Martin Kerr)



Help Wanted

In 1936, Changi Prison was constructed by the British administration of the Straits Settlements as a civilian prison to hold 450 prisoners. Many more were later interned as Japanese POWs. In my Leckie family lore, the engineer who built the prison was a man call Mr. Stewart, also interned in Changi as a POW during the war.

After the war, a number of POWs were brought to Australia before being repatriated to UK. Stewart came to my grandparents living in Ingham. Stewart's daughter Adele came out take her father home. In gratitude, Adele gave my grandmother a silver brooch to be passed on to my mother when she was old enough to wear it. Subsequently the brooch came to me—when I was old enough to wear it. In 1976-7 we went to Edinburgh to meet Adele, a kind and interesting woman, with whom we kept in contact through Christmas cards for a few years. Sadly she passed away and I have had no further contact with this family.

If anyone can shed light on this Scottish Engineer Mr Stewart, please contact

Belinda Macartney, editor@pngaa.net



The term 'didiman' and locations with this name

I'm doing some research on the term 'didiman' (agriculturalist) in PNG. I would be interested to learn of locations with this name. I'm aware of Didiman's Corner at Navuneram Village on the Gazelle Peninsula and Didiman Creek in Lae. Any information on these places and elsewhere, including in Namatanai, would be appreciated. I would be also interested to learn more about use of the term 'didiman' for an agriculturalist in PNG prior to 1950.

Contact: Mike Bourke

PO Box 492, Bungendore, NSW 2621

Phone: 0406 376 056

Email: mike.bourke@anu.edu.au

PARADISEC

I am writing to see if you can connect me with any people in the Sydney area who can understand spoken PNG languages, and who might be interested in doing some paid casual work over the next couple of months to assist us with improving our understanding of recordings we have of PNG language, music, and other cultural events. PARADISEC – is a digital archive based at Sydney University (Conservatorium of Music campus), with over 100 collections of PNG data. We are currently involved in a collaborative project to improve the information we have about these collections.

Nick Ward | Operations Officer
PARADISEC | Sydney Conservatorium of Music

THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY
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T +61 2 9351 1279
E n.ward@sydney.edu.au

Vale

BREDMEYER, Theo D. 25 September, 2016 THEO BREDMEYER'S STORY

In the Vale section Una Voce December 2016, there was a brief tribute, from the Supreme Court of WA, to Theo Bredmeyer, who had died in September 2016. As this did not tell the life story of this truly remarkable man, who gave so much of his life's work to PNG, I have written the attached article, with the encouragement and help of his widow Audrey.

by Neville Threlfall

Theo Bredmeyer was born at Perth, Western Australia, in 1940, and was educated at North Perth State School and at Perth Modern School (the latter was a selective school, only entered by winning a scholarship). He studied Law at the University of Western Australia, and graduated LLB in 1961. After serving his articles and working in a law firm, he came to the Territory of Papua and New Guinea in late 1964 and worked in the land section of the Department of Crown Law, involved in land litigation concerning the restoration of titles to the Torrens system register, which had been destroyed during World War 2. In 1966, he went to England and gained the degree of Master of Laws at London University; later he attended the Australian National University as a Visiting Fellow in the Department of Law in the Research School of Social Sciences, preparing academic papers and

commencing work on a Doctorate of Philosophy. During this time Theo married Audrey Rutledge, a New Zealander, who was teaching at the PNG Dental College. They had two children, a daughter Avianne and a son Mark. (Avianne is now a lawyer, making the third generation of the Bredmeyer family to serve the law, as Theo's father Reginald served on the staff of the Supreme Court of WA and became Deputy Sheriff.)

Theo returned to PNG in 1972 and was appointed Deputy Crown Solicitor in Rabaul. In 1976 he was appointed Senior Magistrate, and in 1980 he became a Justice of the National and Supreme Courts of PNG, serving in this capacity for ten years. This involved hearing both civil and criminal cases, in Port Moresby and in regional centres. During this time he completed his Doctoral thesis on The Registration of Land in the Mandated Territory of New Guinea, and received his PhD. In 1984, he was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire for services to law.

Theo and I became firm friends in Rabaul, and he gave great encouragement to my writing of Rabaul's history and checked some drafts. At his request, I read his PhD thesis before it was submitted.

In 1990, the Bredmeyers left Papua New Guinea for Western Australia. The position of Master of the Supreme Court of WA was vacant; but a requirement for appointment was to have served in law in WA for five years. Theo's qualifications were so impressive that the law was

amended to allow the obligatory five years to have been served elsewhere than WA, and Theo was appointed to the position. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court later called this change in the law "The Bredmeyer Amendment". During his time as Master of the Supreme Court, Theo did further studies at his old alma mater, the University of WA, and gained his fourth degree, Bachelor of Arts. At his retirement from the Supreme Court in 2002, legal leaders paid tribute to his "extraordinarily wide knowledge and sure grasp of all areas of the law of practice and procedure", and his "great courtesy, tolerance and patience". It was noted that few appeals were made against his decisions, and fewer still succeeded.

Theo died on 25 September 2016, mourned by Audrey, Avianne, Mark and other family members, and by many friends from his Australian and Papua New Guinean days. Among the 500 people at his memorial service in Subiaco, WA, were Papuans and New Guineans who spoke in Motu and Pidgin, thanking him for staying on after independence and giving legal guidance to their nation. Meanwhile at Chatswood in NSW members of the former Rabaul Chinese community had a special mass said in the Roman Catholic church to remember and honour Theo.

HUHUME, Susan Karike
D 11 April 2017
Posted by Gloria Baua,
April 12, 2017

Grand Chief Sir Michael Somare, while addressing the crowd during his final farewell this afternoon, acknowledged the contribution of late Susan Karike Huhume.

“I want to also acknowledge the passing of Susan Karike Huhume who designed our flag, and who passed away yesterday. I thank her and her family, for the contribution she made to PNG. “The flag flies all over the world, they see the Bird of Paradise, the colours and stars depicting where we are,” he said. He passed his condolences and that of his wife, Lady Veronica, to the family of the late Susan.

KENNEDY, Leo William
(known as Brother Iggy)

B 1931. D. 28 January 2017

Hawks stalwart & PNG educator for 27 years

By John Murray



The unexpected death on 28 January of Leo William Kennedy, known in the De La Salle order as Brother Ignatius, brought to an end over 60 years of religious life dedicated to teaching. ‘Iggy’ (seen here with three De La Salle brothers) as he was known to

thousands of pupils over 60 years, had retired to the Brothers’ home in Cronulla, Sydney, only in 2013, after returning from Papua New Guinea where he spent 27 years as a teacher and mentor.

Born in Melbourne in 1931, Iggy was a member of the Kennedy clan renowned for its contribution over three generations to the famed Hawthorn Australian Rules club. His elder brother John was team captain from 1955 to 1959 and later coach, taking the Hawks to five grand finals and three premierships. John’s son also played for Hawthorn as did his grandson Josh before moving to his present role with the Sydney Swans.

During Iggy’s first teaching appointment to De La Salle in Coojee, NSW, a rugby union playing school, young students were astounded by the manner in which their new sports coach could kick a rugby ball from one end of the field to the other. They were puzzled at how, instead of standing with two feet planted on the ground and elbows tucked firmly into the ribs while waiting for a kicked ball to arrive, Iggy would leap upwards to grab it from the sky well beyond the reach of stationary players. In those days, rugby players rarely jumped up even in lineouts.

After terms at Australian country and urban schools from 1952 to 1984, Leo was sent as principal to the Brothers’ high school at Bomana near Port Moresby where he remained from 1985 to 1993. The following year he moved to Mount Hagen where he was to stay until 2012, involved in teacher training at Holy Trinity Teachers College, which has produced over 1,000 teachers now working throughout PNG.

Even in retirement back in Australia, Brother Iggy was grateful for the love of his religious community, his unflagging enthusiasm for the Hawks and the endearment of the many people he had met and befriended over his years in PNG. That the latter friendships were reciprocated was evident at his funeral when a group of Papua New Guineans in traditional dress sang in harmony while a PNG flag was draped over Iggy’s coffin. Just a month before his death, he had been eagerly preparing for a return visit to PNG but instead his life was to be commemorated by a series of masses in the four regions of his beloved adopted country.

UV: This post from Keith Jackson & friends: PNG Attitude was brought to our attention by Patrick Bourke, citing the “passing of my School Principal at De La Salle College, Dubbo”. Thank you Patrick.

MARETT, Terence L
D. Melbourne 28 February
2017

Born Melbourne 24 Sept. 1942, Terry died peacefully at home in Melbourne 28 February 2017 with family and friends around him.

He moved to Mount Hagen in 1968 to work for the Catholic Archdiocese as a qualified plumber. He then moved to Erave [SHD] and worked on the new quarters being built by the Catholic Mission Franciscans. Here I [GY] met him as a fellow volunteer teaching at the mission. Good memories of times in Erave include dining and social drinks with John & Jenny Hicks at their government residence.

In 1968/69 Terry and I and a friend Graham H Bamford set up trading posts in Poroma, Nipa and Margarima firstly in tents while bush-materials house/stores were being built.

All provisions were freighted in by plane from Mount Hagen; one Cessna [VH-GKM] landing upside down in Poroma with Terry and I, two pilots and a full load of trade goods in it!

Terry and I next moved to Tari where we bought Greg Rheinberger's business. Shown here before it was re-clad and branded with our name "Supiri Trading Company"

We spent 3 years or so running the local store/Airlines/Fuel and Post office (including radio telecommunications (RTC)). Here we socialised with many Administration staff including Chris Warrillow, John & June Wiltshire, Peter & Liz Andrews, Joe & Jan Chapman, Brian & Penny McMahon and three Peters - Fairey, Sandery & Connick.

In the early seventies, there was no vehicular road into Tari and everything had to be airfreighted in, including machinery, vehicles, building materials, fuel and foodstuffs other than fresh vegetables.

However, Terry did manage to bring in a new Land Cruiser from Mt Hagen overland which took a long time as he and his crew had to build bridges and corduroy road stretches and camp in the cold of the Tari Gap which has an altitude averaging almost 9000ft ASL. He came through and we welcomed him and the new ute in Tari.

Terry was a friend to all, he socialised with ease among Government and mission personnel. He took part in daily telegram and radiophone calls on the P&T "Crammond" and the T.A.L. two-way with Mount Hagen and many other stations in the Southern Highlands.

In 1972, the business was sold and Terry returned to Australia. He spent some time on a crayfish trawler in Tasmanian waters. Terry married Christine in November 1989 and they had their daughter Kiara in August 1991. For eight years he was a Regional Manager for the TAB and then became an agent for 19 years prior to retiring in 2006. He was a lifelong Brisbane Lions [Fitzroy] supporter; he was born in Clifton Hill.

Gerard Yates.



WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Ms Christi De BRENNAN	P.O. Box 202, CREMORNE JUNCTION, NSW	NSW	2090
Ms Debbie BOWMAN	132 Mackenzie Street, HACKETT, ACT	ACT	2602
Prof Scott HENDERSON	20A Wattle Street, FULLARTON, SA	SA	5063
Ms Denise DOOLAN	30 Dolphin Close, KEWARRA BEACH, QLD	QLD	4879
Mr David MacDONALD	7 Beaumont Avenue, WYOMING, NSW	NSW	2250
Mr Darryl MIEGEL	7 Colorado Avenue, PLYMPTON, SA	SA	5038
Ms Jane TURNER	2 Welsby Place, FADDEN, ACT	ACT	2904
Mrs Colette CHOW	2 Daymar Place, CASTLE COVE, NSW	NSW	2069

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mr James KEMSLEY	St Elmo's Nursing Home, Commercial Road, YARRAM	VIC	3971
Ms Kaye AITCHISON	Villa 296, 15 Old Glenhaven Road, GLENHAVEN	NSW	2156
Mr Philip FITZPATRICK	Unit 3, 5 Robert Street, TUMBY BAY	SA	5605
Mr Brian HUGHES	66 Harold Street, BUNDAMBA	QLD	4304
Mrs Valmae MILES	PO Box 11266, CENTENARY HEIGHTS	QLD	4350
Mr Wally PLOECKL	Unit 3, 32 Milrose Avenue, GOROKAN	NSW	2261
Maj Gen John PEARN	121 Banks Street, NEWMARKET	QLD	4051
Mrs Robin RADFORD	2A Myrtle Avenue, MYRTLE BANK	SA	5064
Mrs Natalie HARRIS	Sinnamon Nursing Home, 620 Seventeen Mile Road, SINNAMON PARK	QLD	4073
Mr David MacDONALD	7 Beaumont Avenue, WYOMING	NSW	2250
Mrs Erice PIZER	Villa 3, Sanananda Retirement Village, 2B Tura Beach Drive, TURA BEACH	NSW	2548

Members will be able to contact other members through the new website coming soon and therefore it has been decided not to print the Membership Directory at this stage. If you require a hard copy of the Membership Directory, please write to the PNGAA or phone the Membership Officer (see p1)

PNG NEWS IN BRIEF ARTICLES contributed by Steven Gagau

‘PNG play Cook Islands in Pacific Rugby League Test’

In a triple-header international rugby league fixture on May 6th at Campbelltown Stadium in Sydney, six national teams will battle it out on the expanded annual Pacific Test schedule.

PNG Kumuls play the Cook Islands, Fiji play Tonga, and Samoa take on the might of England.

In the 2016 Pacific Test, PNG played Fiji and won 24-22 and Samoa played Tonga and won 18-6 in the double-header fixture.

In the week leading up to the NRL sporting event, Destinations NSW will support, as in previous years, a fan day and community activities, school visits from NRL Pacific Ambassadors, and the Pacific Youth Summit at Western Sydney University.

Sources: PNG Today & Radio NZ

<http://news.pngfacts.com/2017/03/png-kumuls-to-play-cook-islands-in.html>

<http://www.radionz.co.nz/international/pacific-news/326718/sport-england,-cook-islands-join-pacific-test-program>



WEBSITE WALKABOUT

You might like to check this link for a video interview recently telecast (and the article which accompanied it) in the lead up to ANZAC Day:

video/article: Jim Burrowes interview by Stefan Armbruster for SBS World News ‘WWII commando reveals secrets of Pacific coastwatcher mission’ 22 Apr 2017:

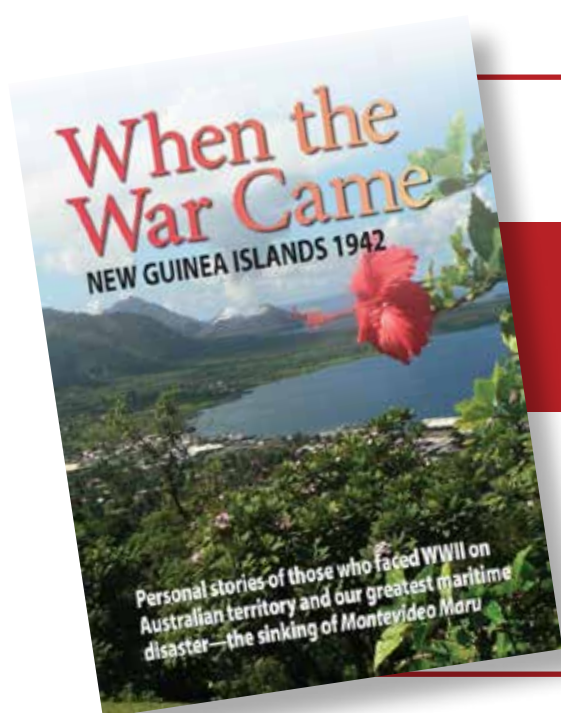
<http://www.sbs.com.au/news/article/2017/04/14/wwii-commando-reveals-secrets-pacific-coastwatcher-mission>

Jim’s website: The Last Coastwatcher:

<https://thelastcoastwatcher.wordpress.com/>

All members who have provided us with e-mail addresses will be receiving instructions about how to use the website. If members do not receive this e-mail, it means that either their e-mail is not working or they are using an e-mail address other than the one that we have in our system. There will then be follow up e-mails to those members with additional tips and information regarding improvements.

If you did not receive the e-mail with website login instructions, contact membership@pngaa.net



75th Anniversary BOOK

'When the War Came: New Guinea Islands 1942'

We aim to have this available
in Canberra on 1 July.

Further details coming soon!

RABAUl HAS NOT FORGOTTEN

COMMEMORATE the 75th ANNIVERSARY of the TRAGEDY of the MONTEVIDEO MARU in RABAUl – Where it all Began.

20th-24th June 2017

**\$350 Twin Share/Double
or \$500 Single per night**

Cost includes:

Accommodation, All Meals,
Memorial Services, Evening Events,
Airport transfers & All Tours



For further information contact

For bookings: susie@rabaulhotel.com.pg For further information: admin@memorial.org.au

TREASURER'S CORNER – June 2017
Payments to – PNGAA, PO Box 453, ROSEVILLE, NSW, 2069

If you would like to:

1. Renew your **Membership** in the PNGAA;
2. Purchase the ***Walk into Paradise*** DVD;
3. Purchase the ***'Kiap – Stories Behind the Medal'*** DVD;
4. Attend **Coastwatchers Talk** – Philip Selth OAM;
5. Attend **75th Anniversary of Rabaul & Montevideo Maru** – Dinner, Canberra;
6. Purchase ***"When the War Came"*** - New Guinea Islands 1942"

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

Note that your address label indicates when your membership expires and also provides your membership number.

Membership number (if known) _____

Full name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Telephone _____ Mobile _____

E-mail address _____

☐

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

☐

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

- * If you have an e-mail address, or have recently changed it, please let us know as it makes communication with members much quicker and more efficient. . . . and will facilitate the new web site log-on.
- * Members are able convert to "Digital Membership" at a reduced rate and receive a "soft copy" only instead of receiving the Una Voce by post. In the future the "digital" Una Voce will be accessed via our web site instead of via an e-mail.

***"When the War Came"* – New Guinea Islands 1942"**

This book is a collection of personal stories, memories and reflections that enhance the history of civilians and soldiers living in Rabaul, Kavieng and the New Guinea islands at the outbreak of World War II. The stories also cover the largest maritime disaster in Australia's history, where 1,053 prisoners of war and residents were loaded onto a Japanese merchant vessel, Montevideo Maru.

"When the War Came" is being published to commemorate the 75th anniversary of this period in the New Guinea Islands and brings into focus the actions and characters of young men, nurses, and missionaries and other civilians who were caught up in this tragedy. Alongside are incredulous stories of escape and survival in an environment that threw countless obstacles in their path.

Pre-purchase before 31st July 2017 at the *discounted* price of \$55.00 per copy plus postage - over 460 photographs and 540 large format pages. (\$60 plus postage from 1st August 2017)

Postage & Handling:	Australia:	\$20.00 per copy	New Zealand:	\$23.00 per copy
	Asia Pacific:	\$26.00 per copy	Americas:	\$28.00 per copy
	Europe:	\$32.00 per copy		

