



# Una Voce

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

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

## Annual General Meeting And Luncheon

To be held on **Sunday 29 April 2007** at **The Marigold Restaurant, 683-689 George Street, Sydney**. Full details on are page 3 of this issue, booking slip and payment form are on a separate yellow insert. The meeting should not take long, and then the event becomes a social function like the Christmas luncheon. Would senior or incapacitated members who would like to attend but do not have transport please contact our secretary or assistant secretary.

*The President and Committee would like to thank all those who sent Seasons Greetings.*

If you do not wish to have your name and address included in the **MEMBERSHIP LIST** which is published in the **June** issue of *Una Voce*, please advise the Secretary.

## **ARE YOU UNFINANCIAL???**

If you notice a **red dot on the address label** of your copy of *Una Voce*, you are **unfinancial**. Please complete the Membership Renewal Form on the yellow insert – please also include your membership number.

Please note: Membership Fees \$15pa.

\*\*\*don't forget to have a look at our website: [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)

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**'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF  
THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA**

**ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC**

Please send all correspondence to: **The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 1386, Mona Vale NSW 1660.** Items for *Una Voce* are welcome and should be marked 'For Attention: The Editor' or emailed to: [editor@pngaa.net](mailto:editor@pngaa.net) By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet unless you advise us to the contrary.

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

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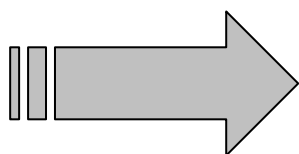
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**The Objects of the Association:**

- to foster and maintain an interest in contemporary and historical events in Papua New Guinea;
- to foster and encourage contact and friendship with Papua New Guineans;
- to encourage the preservation of documents and historical material related to Papua New Guinea;
- to encourage members to contribute to the production and recording of the oral and written history of Papua New Guinea;
- to promote friendly association among all members;
- to continue to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services.

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

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



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**Email addresses** are now becoming just as important as Postal Addresses - it would be appreciated that if you have an **EMAIL ADDRESS**, would you please CONFIRM that email address by a simple message to [admin@pngaa.net](mailto:admin@pngaa.net) - **don't forget to include your membership number!** The membership number is on your address label and needs to be quoted in all correspondence (including subscription renewals).

### NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 56<sup>th</sup> AGM of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Incorporated, will be held on **Sunday 29 April 2007 at the Marigold Restaurant, Citymark Building, 683-689 George Street, Sydney**, commencing at 11:30 am. The AGM will be followed by a Luncheon at approximately 1:00 pm.

#### AGENDA

1. Members present and apologies.
2. Confirmation of the Minutes of the 55<sup>th</sup> AGM (circulated in June 2006 *Una Voce*)
3. Business arising from the Minutes.
4. President's Report.
5. Treasurer's Report and Receipt of Audited Financial Statements.
6. Certificate required by Section 27 (1)(b) of the Associations Incorporation Act 1984.
7. Correspondence.
8. Election of Management Committee (*Refer Rule 16 of the Constitution*)  
President, Deputy President, Secretary, Treasurer & Membership Officer,  
Assistant Secretary, Editor, 5 Committee persons, Auditor.
9. General discussion.

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Note that alcoholic beverages will not be available until after the AGM.

Members together with their families and friends are all welcome – but please let us know if you are staying for, or coming to, the luncheon by completing the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow insert and returning it as soon as possible. Please note the **changed venue for the AGM** as well as the **new postal address for the Association**.

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**The cost is \$35 per person** – this does not include liquor or soft drinks - would those attending please pay in advance and not at the door. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and confirm numbers with the Marigold Restaurant.

**Cancellations** advised to either Ross Johnson (02 9876 6178) or Ann Graham (02 9999 4490) by Friday 27 April will secure a full refund. This is the date we inform the Restaurant of final numbers – after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend.

**Location Map and Car Parking** - see map and directions on separate yellow insert.

## 2006 Christmas Luncheon by Harry West

**198 members and friends attended** the Annual Christmas Luncheon held at the Mandarin Club in Sydney on Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> December, 2006. This is the largest gathering we have had, apart from last year's special 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of PNG's Independence celebration, when 230 were present.



The PNG High Commissioner, His Excellency, Charles Lepani, (see photo to left) came from Canberra as guest of honour and in a brief speech outlined his mission's functions, particularly in terms of promoting people to people relationships between Australia and PNG and mentioning some of the recent positive achievements and developments in PNG.

There was a good representation of members from beyond the Sydney region, including Jeanette Leahy from Zenag, Morobe Province, Geoff Littler, a regular from the Sunshine Coast and Margaret Kelly from Brisbane. David Montgomery from 'Kimbe', Grabben

Gullen, NSW, organised a table of *didimen*, including Bill Conroy and distributed 60 CDs of nostalgic *pidgin* monologues to members.

Regular supporter, Keith Jackson brought a full table and Robin Hodgson mustered a number of first timers from Lae. It was good to catch up with Bobby and Jean Gibbes, both of whom celebrated their 90<sup>th</sup> birthday recently. An interesting visitor (and new member) was Jacky Lawes who came along with Anne Collins. They met last November on Anne's sons' vessel, the *MV Sepura* doing a two week tour of the Fly River area. Jacky's great grandfather was Dr William George Lawes of the London Mission Society and Port Moresby's first permanent missionary resident. Dr Lawes arrived in Pt Moresby on 5 April 1876 and departed in 1906.

For many years now Allan Johnston, son of Nancy and the late Bill Johnston, former *Kiap* and Director of Civil Defence and Emergency Services in PNG, has donated substantial prizes for our raffle. This year it was a quality computer monitor. \$665 was raised.

Elizabeth Thurston arranged with Gleebooks, of 49 Glebe Point Road, Glebe, to have a selection of their vast range of books and recorded material on the Pacific available at the luncheon and this initiative proved very popular; a number of individual authors also had their recently published books on PNG displayed for sale or order.

The ambience of the Mandarin Club has been in decline in recent times because of imminent demolition but, in response to our complaints, on this occasion the presentation of the premises, the food and the service were all of a good standard.

After more than twenty years at the Mandarin Club the Committee has been looking for an appropriate replacement; somewhere central with convenient public transport and parking. Whilst options are still being considered (and we welcome any suggestions!) it has been decided to trial the Marigold Restaurant at 683 George Street, Sydney, for the 2007 AGM and luncheon. I look forward to seeing you there. ■

## **WALK INTO PARADISE DVD – Special Collector’s Edition**

**By Elizabeth Thurston**

Following the successful screenings in three states of the 1955 feature film, Walk Into Paradise (filmed in the Highlands, Sepik and Madang) the committee of the PNGAA has undertaken the task of transferring the film to DVD therefore making it available through our members to a wider audience. Penn Robinson, the son of the late director Lee Robinson, has been most supportive and has granted us the license to produce it in a special collector's edition. As well as the film, the DVD will include “Behind the Scenes Location Footage” filmed by Rhonda Grogan who went to PNG as part of the film crew. We are grateful to Rhonda, who, like Penn, has also granted us permission to include her footage. We are also featuring a gallery of fabulous black and white photos showing the cast and crew on location and narrated by Rhonda and a filmed interview with our own Fred Kaad, who was the Administration officer in Goroka responsible for the welfare of the cast, the crew and the local people. Fred was chosen by Lee Robinson to play the role of the ADO Madang in the film.

It has been a fascinating but challenging task pulling together all aspects of the production: sourcing and editing original material and coordinating the post-production process which has involved many talented people in the film and audio industry. Every inclusion in the DVD has to be cleared for copyright purposes and permission obtained for its use in our compilation.

We are especially grateful to Penn and Rhonda and also David Noakes, from the National Film and Sound Archives, for their input and commitment in helping this project come to fruition. On 30 January a formal Agreement was signed between the PNGAA and Penn and Rhonda sealing our collaboration on this historically significant venture. The DVD will be launched this year and we will advise members of details nearer the time.

***Penn Robinson, Rhonda Grogan and Ross Johnson (on behalf of PNGAA) signing the Distribution and Licence Agreement for ‘Walk Into Paradise’ at the home of Elizabeth Thurston.***



How to purchase our book

### **TALES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA**

Edited by Stuart Inder

Write to The Publisher, PO Box1386, Mona Vale NSW 1660

Cost to PNGAA members is \$25 plus P&P (\$9 within Aust., \$11-\$17.50 international, depending on destination...see enclosed order form)

Cost to non-members is \$30 plus P&P

Australian Bankcard, Mastercard & Visa accepted

Cheques and Money Orders to be payable to PNGAA. For info contact:

Pam Foley – 02 9967 2818 or Ross Johnson at: [lapun@ozemail.com.au](mailto:lapun@ozemail.com.au)

## IN ABOUT 100 WORDS! – UNEXPECTED VISITORS

**In 1948 Sehulea was an isolated Patrol Post on Normanby Island** and our house was a very small village type made from *kipa* with a thatched roof and a floor made from black palm strips with large cracks between them. The house was on stilts about six feet from the ground and the only door, made from sago strips, could not be locked; the windows were openings in the wall. Bill and I were the only Europeans there and the native people were primitive and spoke only their own dialect. Soon after arriving at Sehulea, Bill left on a six week patrol and I was completely alone except for the company of my dog. Even though the local people were friendly, I slept with my dog beside the bed and a Colt pistol under my pillow. One night I was disturbed by the restlessness of my dog hearing a rustling noise under the house and looking through the wide cracks in the floorboards, I could see a lantern approaching, indicating it was not the nocturnal scavenging of pigs and dogs. I released the pistol's safety catch and then I heard a voice speaking in Motu, '*Sinabada*, a pass from *Taubada*', and the messenger, who had chosen not to wait for daylight, pushed a letter from Bill through the crack in the floor beside my bed. Needless to say, until I heard the voice, I was a very frightened young girl. Nancy Johnston

**Newly married, we lived at Watabung** in 1955, just over the Daulo Pass, two hours west of Goroka. One or two vehicles per day was all that came through. Everyone stopped for a chat or a cuppa and everyone, in a sense, was 'unexpected'. But we accepted the unexpected.

This part of the road was still a show piece where the District Commissioner would send VIPs, either to show off the road or to get them out from under his feet! I suspect the latter was the reason why Patrol Officer Phil Lewis arrived one day with two passengers. Phil introduced us to the visitors as, what sounded like, "The Duke of mumble mumble and Mrs mumble." At first opportunity alone I asked Phil "Did you say 'Duke'?" "Yes, the Duke of Newcastle." "And who?" I asked. "Mrs Warner."

Well, that was unexpected! We served them tea from our best aluminium teapot and thick china cups accompanied by some of Arnott's best biscuits. I'd just used then-new plastic piping to install running water in the bathroom of our tiny, semi bush material home, from an elevated 44 gallon drum. The Duke was fascinated. "If only we'd had that stuff in Africa." Meantime Mrs Warner was admiring our three month old bitsa puppy and claimed a cross-bred was the best. "I've had excellent results," she said to Julie, "from crossing a Great Dane with a Scottish Terrier." "Oh?" said Julie, struggling with her imagination as to which gender was which, but enlightenment was not volunteered. We weren't game to ask the question and have been wondering ever since. Yeah, unexpected! Bob and Julie Cleland

**When my late wife, Betty, bought me a small 14' speedboat in Rabaul**, I was particularly thrilled. I then built a lot of flotation into it and tested it by taking the boat to the wharf, having our grossly overweight domestic, Butt, sit in it ( I must say somewhat reluctantly) and with 200lbs of weights loaded, asked the fire officer, Ken Bonnet, to try to sink it by filling with water from his pumps. The test was a success and I was ready to brave the elements. Like the Titanic, I was unsinkable.

On 31.8.1963, with well known Rabaul identity, Sam Petherbridge, we set out to visit friends beyond the Warangoi, at Talilis Plantation. We made excellent progress across Simpson Harbour and rounded Cape Gazelle, where one turns to go south. Some distance down the seas became very rough and we were in danger not of sinking but of

overturning which would have been a problem. So we decided to head for the beach and landed with quite a thump. Where were we? Not a soul in sight.

A few shots in the air brought a few curious locals and then a white person who introduced himself as Mervyn Fagg, manager of Londip Plantation. He said that he usually received visitors at the front door, not the back, but invited us to stay the night. We were most adequately entertained by Mervyn and his delightful wife Judy. To stay with the Faggs was quite an experience, and their hospitality was second to none. Sam and I, as mere flotsam of the seas in shorts and shirts, were not prepared for the occasion but Mervyn outfitted us with suitable clothing, ie. dinner suits, explaining that one always dressed for dinner. The domestic staff were immaculately turned out as befitted the occasion of dining with the Faggs. Indeed it was a most excellent night for two weary inexperienced sailors, plied with a sumptuous dinner and liquor.

Next day we decided to set out again for Talilis and Mervyn and his crew launched us successfully, but a hundred yards or so out, we did the unexpected; we really did overturn, and thus were washed back to the beach from which we had set out a few minutes before with our cargo, food and water containers, petrol drums and sundries floating in a dozen different directions. In no time we back again with Mervyn, who decided that that was enough, had his team carry the boat to his workshop, stripped the engine down, oiled it, and put us and the boat back to Rabaul on a plantation truck.

An unexpected weekend for the Faggs and us.

Max Hayes

**In October 1945, at the end of the Pacific War**, I was an ANGAU Patrol Officer stationed at Salamaua in the Morobe District when civil administration was restored from Military Government in Papua and the Morobe District of New Guinea. The rest of the former Mandated Territory remained under army control for some time.

The Transfer of Authority from Lt-Gen Sir Horace Robertson and Major General Basil Morris to the incoming Administrator JK Murray was to have taken place in Port Moresby with some ceremony. Murray and party, who had all the relevant documents were to have flown from Lae to Moresby on the appointed day, but could not do so because of bad weather and it was hurriedly decided that Murray should go by trawler to Salamaua where the District Officer, Mjaor Kyngdon would deputise for the generals, as the documents had to be signed on the soil being transferred. However, radio communications between Lae and Salamaua were out and Kyngdon could not be advised so Murray set out anyway. Nor did he know that on that day Kyngdon had decided to go from Salamaua to regional headquarters in Lae, and his trawler passed Murray's on the way. So fellow patrol officer Bert Wickham and I, being the only ANGAU officers available, as humble lieutenants, got to sign those important historical documents on behalf of the Generals.

Harry West

**Kagua, SHD (now SHP) , Wednesday 25 July, 1973** - any hope of 'getting rid' of the couple of dozen Area Authority Members, with the ending of their meeting, were dashed when, at noon, the fog and rain rolled in. It also meant a third night with my two spare bedrooms and small guest house occupied with attendant visitors who included DDC, Gus Bottrill; DO, Dave Wren; and Regional Member Ron Neville, MHA. About 5pm, with all hope of any aircraft movements long gone, it came as a surprise to hear a Cessna 206 and see it splash down, through the murk, well up the 'strip. By the time I drove down to the apron the pilot and five passengers were alighting, expressing relief at being on the ground, albeit not at their intended destination - Mendi. It had taken them forty minutes to get this far (normally 20mins.) from Hagen! The pilot hopped into the front of the Toyota as the other passengers

wandered off to spend the night with quickly-identified wantoks. However one bearded, casually-dressed man with *bilum* and briefcase still stood in the rain. 'Nem bilong iu. Iu bilong we?' I demanded from behind my steering wheel. 'Mi Joe, mi bilong Chimbu' he replied. 'Jump in the back' I commanded. As I drove up to my house I wondered what to do with this lone Chimbu - my Tari *hausboi* was not likely to offer him accommodation in *his boihaus*! Gus Bottrill stood at the back door, SPs from my 'fridge in hand, as we pulled up and offered them to me and the pilot. As the bearded one jumped from the back of the Toyota Gus exclaimed 'Joe, iu mekim wanem?' I almost snapped to attention and saluted at Joe's reply! Thus I met my new boss-to-be, Joe Nombri, Associate District Commissioner assigned to train under Des Clancy, DC. Two additional beds were made up, and an extra litre of water poured into the soup, to accommodate the pilot and my other unexpected guest!

*(My old friend, the inimitable Sir Joseph Nombri, retired from public service in 1991 after nearly 12 years as PNG's Ambassador to Japan and, for his latter years there, being the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps in Tokyo).*

Chris Warrillow

**IN 100 WORDS OR LESS**  
**Theme for next issue – A STRANGE COINCIDENCE**  
 Deadline for entries **11 May 2007**  
 Please write/phone/fax/email

### FUZZY WUZZY ANGELS

**Edna and George Oakes** have been going through a box of glass slides for a lantern projector and found this poem on the Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels. Edna's father, Rev. A. E. Brawn, used it in deputation work for the Methodist Overseas Mission immediately after the Second World War in parts of NSW. (Edna's father was a Methodist Missionary at Malalia, near Hoskins, West New Britain from 1932 to 1935 where she was born.) Edna can remember as a child standing up and singing these words in about 1945.

#### Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels

*(Written by an Unknown Australian Soldier Somewhere in New Guinea)*

Tune: "What a Friend"

Many a mother in Australia, when the busy day is done,  
 Sends a prayer to the Almighty for the keeping of her son;  
 Asking that an Angel guide him, help, and bring him safely back.  
 Now we see her prayers are answered on the Owen Stanley track.

Tho' they haven't any halos, only holes slashed in their ear,  
 With their faces marked by tatoos and with scratch pins in their hair,  
 They bring back the badly wounded and the going can't be worse,  
 Using leaves to keep the rain off, kind and gentle as a nurse.

Slow and careful in bad places on the awful mountain track,  
 And the look upon their faces makes us think that Christ was black.  
 Not a move to hurt the wounded, as they treat him like a saint;  
 It's a picture worth recording that an artist's yet to paint.

Many a lad will see his mother, and husbands, too, will see their wives,  
 Just because the fuzzy wuzzies carried them, to save their lives  
 May the people of Australia, when they offer up a prayer,  
 Mention these impromptu angels, with their fuzzy wuzzy hair.

*Issued by N.S.W. Department of Methodist Overseas Missions.*



**Lukautim Piccinnini – AIDS & Children in PNG**  
**A Memorial Luncheon in honour of Pat Hopper By Rebecca Hopper**

In August 2006, ABC Television's '4 Corners' screened a documentary called 'Sick No Good' (reported by Matthew Carney). It highlighted the current situation taking place in PNG, and in particular the HIV-AIDS epidemic that is decimating the country at an alarming rate. It predicted (alongside many other sources, UNICEF to name one) a decline in the population by one third before 2020. This is a scale more dreadful than Africa or any country today.

I watched this with my mother, Patricia Hopper, before she became too ill, and we were so distressed at the prospect of the country that had given so much to us was dying before our eyes - children being orphaned and ostracised from their villages, women contracting disease from their polygamous husbands travelling up and down the Highlands "highway", and an obvious lack of fundamental education about this disease and its effects. We watched the sad and pitiful sight of Sister Rose Bernard begging for medical supplies to save the lives of so many dying in her small hospital, and saw the magnificent work of Maura Mea, a PNG National, herself infected with AIDS, educating wherever she can and making some inroads. But such admirable efforts are not enough.

Without a committed effort from many sources, the country will be terribly affected. The children are the victims and through them I believe we can help the country. There is some awareness happening, and indeed some people like Lachlan Murdoch and Ian Thorpe have started an initiative and have money pledged. We are looking at possibly joining forces with a group like this, to maximise the outcome.

My mother passed away in September, and in honour of her, and to raise money for this cause, I am holding a Memorial Lunch to raise awareness and funds towards this crisis. We are currently exploring the avenue to which the funds will be directed, but it is envisaged that an educator rather than medicine would be more important. We need to reach the children, to save their lives and their children. I invite all of you to join me and my family - sister Jane, brothers Paul and Jonno and our children, friends, colleagues, my mother's numerous associations to assist in a cause that will change the lives of the children in PNG today...

**Where:** Mosman RSL, Military Road, Mosman, NSW

**Date:** Saturday March 24<sup>th</sup> 12 – 4p.m.

**Cost:** \$50 per person for 2-course sit-down meal. Drinks can be bought separately from the bar.

The cost of the lunch will contribute to this cause, and a raffle and prizes will be also available at the lunch. There are limited seats available so please book early to avoid disappointment.

For further details or to book a seat or table please call Rebecca Hopper on 0417 669850 or email [becs\\_100@hotmail.com](mailto:becs_100@hotmail.com) ■

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

## NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY - From Jim Toner

During January sixteen teams contested a Rugby Sevens tournament in Darwin and the PNG Barbarians reached the semi-final only to lose to Fijians. The PNG-Australia Social & Cultural Group organised a Welcome Dinner for the visiting players and were out in force to cheer them on at matches. The Group had held a lively Christmas Party at the Palmerston Golf Club and on Australia Day **Rick HIGLETT**, formerly of DCA, Moresby hosted a poolside celebration for families at his home.

Island women continue to show what they can achieve given educational opportunity.

**Roosje SUWAE** was born in West Papua but is now a PNG citizen, a lawyer for Telikom PNG, and she played for the women's national soccer team. FIFA is the governing body of world soccer and has an Ethics Committee to which Roosje is the first ever female appointee. This requires her to fly to Zurich periodically to sit on that Committee (chaired by Lord Sebastian Coe, former world record-breaking athlete).

Education doesn't harm boys of course and **Rickystan SAVAIKO** from the Afore area of Oro Province (formerly Northern District) has been made Young Scientist of the year by the NSW Science Teachers Association. He studies at North Paramatta Baptist School and last year won a first prize at an International Science Fair in Indianapolis, USA.

Responding to a question regarding the 450 work permits issued to foreigners which allow them to engage in business in East New Britain the Secretary of PNG's Labour Department explained that there was a two-way street in the labour market illustrated by the fact that PNG nationals were working as airline pilots in the United Arab Emirates, Thailand and China. Whether the latter point actually counterbalances the former is debatable but it was certainly interesting news regarding the success of PNG pilots gaining overseas jobs against worldwide competition.

The incumbent Anglican Archbishop of PNG, born in West New Britain, is seemingly not a man to mince words. It is not the role of *Una Voce* to canvass current political problems in Port Moresby but a snippet from his episcopal invective is offered. He declares the support of his church for "all those worthy PNG institutions which have still managed to avoid the death grip of self-serving corruption". The tenor of the remainder of his speech indicates that, to borrow a Biblical reference, Archbishop AYONG would have had no hesitation in "scourging the money-lenders out of the Temple".

I never met **Des FITZER** whose Vale notice appeared in the September edition but I have often traversed Fitzer Drive in Darwin. It is named for his father, Tasman, who was a NT policeman for 30 years in the days when criminals were pursued on horseback or, in the Centre, camels. Constable Fitzer appeared as himself in 'Jedda' the 1954 film which gave the world its first look at Australia's Northern Territory. His only son was a Darwin boy and following Des's death in June last year numerous tributes from younger men who had worked with and been helped by him appeared on the Ex-Kiap website.

Des Fitzer's reputation for propriety when in charge at Tapini had reached me. Consequently when one day driving past the German Club in Moresby, a modern building with three flag-staffs outside, I noticed that the central pre-eminent flag was that of the German Federal Republic and the supporting flags - at a lower level - were those of Australia and PNG. I felt obliged to repeat the famous cry of dear old **Bill RACE**, veteran medical assistant, "Hoch, hoch, mein Gott. What a bloody rotten lot!"

The Commonwealth Flags Act of 1953 did not specifically prohibit the foregoing but there is well understood tradition and I pondered as to who within the Administration might concern themselves with such. Not the Police. What was needed was a word, a firm word, in somebody's ear. Then I remembered that Fitzer was now ADO Moresby Sub-District and picked up the phone. Next morning the blue flag with the Southern Cross flew proud from the central flagstaff. Of course after 1975 Des who stayed on in PNG until 1996 would have made sure it was the Kumul. ■

### **PNG...IN THE NEWS**

**Air Niugini has announced cheaper fares** for both its domestic and international routes for 2007. International fares will be cheaper by 30 percent while domestic fares go as low as 60 percent. Info from PNGTPA January newsletter

**The Papua New Guinea Government has announced major new tax incentives** to lure large scale investments in tourist accommodation facilities. It has announced in its 2007 national budget that where expenditure exceeds US\$10 million and the facility has 150 rooms and provided it is built with 5 years from January 1, 2007. There will be a reduced tax rate of 20 percent applied. Normal tax rates for companies operating in PNG is 30 percent. Info from PNGTPA December newsletter

**Beginning in 2007, the supply of sea or air travel and accommodation within PNG for an intending passenger will be zero-rated for Goods & Services Tax** where the passenger purchased the travel and accommodation outside PNG. These are among other new incentives announced by the Government. Others include accelerated depreciation at a rate of 55 percent to all tourism operators in the year of acquisition or improvement to eligible property acquired for the purpose of tourism in PNG. A double tax deduction will also be allowed for expenditure incurred on tourism staff training costs. Info from PNGTPA December newsletter

**Mountain climbers** and trekkers beware! Mount Lamington beckons. Traditional landowners of Kendatta village on the base of Mt Lamington have agreed to open up the area for tourist's beginning in March 2007. Sumbiripi, as it is known by locals, [erupted in January 1951 causing massive destruction]. Mt Lamington now stands quietly at 1679 metres covered with lush tropical rainforest. The trek from Kendatta village takes 5 - 6 hours to reach the summit. For more info email: [ctaimbari@pngtourism.org.pg](mailto:ctaimbari@pngtourism.org.pg)

**The Ela Beach Craft Market** funded at a cost of K1.3 million by the National Capital District Commission has been officially opened for use by artifact sellers, carvers, art collectors and artists. Info from PNGTPA November Newsletter

**More than 20,000 people** attended the opening of a \$3.3 million Australia Government-funded market in Mt Hagen which will benefit market gardeners. Info from Aust Fin Review 11/12/2006

**Leaders at the Pacific Islands Forum** held in Fiji late October 2006 reaffirmed Australia's leadership role in the Regional Assistance Mission to Solomon Islands (RAMSI). 'In a communiqué, they strongly endorsed RAMSI and the work it had done in restoring law and order to Solomon Islands over the past three years under Australian leadership.' It was, however, agreed 'to set up a task force to review RAMSI operations'. Info from Aust Fin Review 25 October 2006

**Three other interesting articles** can be found at the following web addresses:

[http://www.quadrant.org.au/php/article\\_view.php?article\\_id=2288](http://www.quadrant.org.au/php/article_view.php?article_id=2288)

<http://www.thenational.com.pg/010807/column7.htm>

[http://asopa.typepad.com/asopa\\_people/travel/index.html](http://asopa.typepad.com/asopa_people/travel/index.html)

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Geoff Littler** sends some good news from south east Queensland - many of us will remember the **Doolan's** in the Sepik, Milne Bay, the Eastern and Western Highlands. On leaving PNG in 1974 they settled in Maleny, Qld. Sadly **Laurie** died last year after a long illness. However, **Robin** recently welcomed home from America her youngest daughter, **Denise** who proudly presented her with a granddaughter, Caitlin, born on Melbourne Cup day. Denise has had a brilliant career. A bio-chemist, she obtained her doctorate in Molecular Immunology at the Queensland Institute of Medical Research, her interest being a malaria vaccine. Denise and her husband went to America to do her post-doc with the American Navy's Malaria Programme in which she is now a director. Denise will be remaining in Brisbane as she has been awarded \$1 million in funding from the Pfizer Australia Fellowships fund to continue her research into malaria.

**Don Niles** (Acting Director & Senior Ethnomusicologist, Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies) writes:

"I was very happy to accidentally come across a copy of *Una Voce* (March 2006). It contains an obituary for Thomas Shacklady. Actually Shacklady's composition 'O Arise All You Sons of This Land' is the national song of Papua New Guinea, not the national anthem. As noted in the obituary, there was a competition to find a national anthem just prior to independence, and Shacklady's composition was one of the five finalists. Less than a week before Independence Day (16 September 1975), cabinet decided to select 'O Arise' as the national song, with a few changes to the text, but to make a decision on a national anthem in the future. When PNG first participated in the Olympics (Montreal, 1976), no anthem had yet been chosen, so 'O Arise' served this purpose then, as it continues to do so now.

Although 'O Arise' is identified in many publications as our national anthem and is certainly commonly recognised as such here, it has never been officially endorsed as the national anthem. The Constitution allows for a national anthem, but legally 'O Arise' is the national song. So what is PNG's national anthem? It remains 'God Save the Queen/King'. Interestingly, this same song was the national anthem of all the colonial powers which looked after PNG: Germany (but with different words), Great Britain, and Australia. As a result, the melody of PNG's national anthem has remained the same for the past 122 years!"

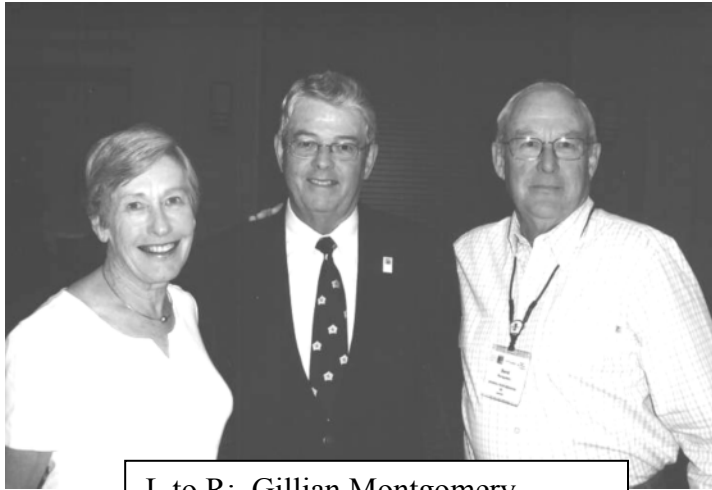
**David Wetherell** (Education Department, Daru and Popondetta '66-70) marked the end of a 30 year lectureship at Deakin University, Victoria, and the transition to a research fellowship in history at Deakin by taking a month off in Italy. Three sons and various friends came too, making a large party in Florence, Siena, and later Naples, Capri and Rome. They then stayed with family members in London and Oxford.

At Oxford the group visited University College, where C.S.Lewis was a Fellow and both Bob Hawke and Bill Clinton were undergraduates. (Many years earlier Nathan Wetherell, a grand uncle, had presided over the College as Fellow and Master. University College, incidentally, is only a stone's throw away from Balliol, where the late Bishop David Hand of PNG's grand uncle was once Master. This was the famously omniscient Benjamin Jowett ('I know all things, and what I do not know is not knowledge!')

**A note in from John, Jack Goad's son**, says Jack will be turning 89 on the 26<sup>th</sup> March this year. He is presently in the Masonic Homes, Wakefield St, Sandgate, QLD, on the 1st Floor Room 123 and his phone number is: (07)32694011.

Helen and her husband, Bruce, visit frequently. John flies up from Sydney on a regular basis to spend the days with his dad, otherwise, ringing him on a daily basis from Sydney. Jack has some early dementia, and has his good and bad days. He is able to walk around, slowly, and gets some exercise with that. He is still able to recognise visitors when they call and would love to see any *wantoks* and have a chat if you are passing that way.

## David Montgomery: A man with a vision and a dedication to the humble spud



L to R: Gillian Montgomery,  
Lloyd Palmer, David Montgomery

On the 23<sup>rd</sup> August 2006, at the 2006 World Potato Congress, Mr David Montgomery received recognition from the highest level of the potato industry, for his outstanding personal contribution and leadership in respect to the development and progress of the global potato industry.

To give you an idea of the calibre of winners, another winner was Mr Ronald D Offutt – credited to be the largest producer of potatoes in the USA. There were

only 4 winners selected from the global submissions. The award was presented by Mr Lloyd Palmer, President & CEO, World Potato Congress Inc.

To quote from the citation of the award, *“David Montgomery, from Australia, has devoted more than 40 years to the potato industry. He has been a champion for the improvement and promotion of the industry. His involvement covers a long and successful history of farm management and of using his marketing skills, to promote the potato industry for his local area and within Australia. He was a foundation Director of the Horticultural Research and Development Corporation. In addition to operating his own farm, he has held the position of Executive Director of the Crookwell Potato Association since 1988.”*

David is also one of the founding partners of Technico, (see [www.technituber.com](http://www.technituber.com)) and along with his wife Gillian remains a committed shareholder of the company. David and Gillian together have dedicated their time and energy to improving the potato industry at home and overseas and this award recognises this dedication.

*Extract from “Technitalk” Newsletter Volume 4 Issue 4 August-October 2006*

### A note from Donald Daniels:

‘Two years ago I turned 60....yeah I know I am a spring chicken compared to most members. Anyway on my 60th birthday I vowed to grow old disgracefully and am doing my utmost to carry out this vow.

I have rented out my apartment on the Brisbane River, thrown out most of my belongings, bought a carry all backpack, and now I am wandering the length and breadth of south east Asia. I teach English to young monks in the pagodas, eat dog hot pot in middle China (deep friend scorpions in Cambodia are a delight) and generally I am having an absolutely wonderful time. When it will end, who knows....not for many years I hope.

Anyway, my PO box address in Brisbane is no longer applicable..... Eventually I MAY, just MAY settle down in North Queensland. A good friend will look after my mail [in Yorkeys Knob] until I decide to return.’

**Kokoda Track** – PNG’s fastest growing tourism icon doubled its figures from 2005 reaching almost 4000 in 2006. Info from PNGTPA December newsletter

## **PAPUAN CITIZENSHIP by Laurie Le Fevre**

A question was raised in the last edition of *Una Voce* about Papuan citizenship before (or even post) independence and the associated rights and entitlements that were attached to that citizenship.

It is a very broad question for which there is no simple answer, but I will discuss some possibilities.

Papua had been an Australian Territory since 1906; that is, it was not an Australian colony, but an integral part of the Commonwealth of Australia. This was discussed by Ken Humphries' in his *Never a Colony* in *Una Voce* of September 2006.

The Papuan people therefore were Australian citizens by birth, but this was a status most would later lose on independence. Most? Well there were a few Papuan people who retained the right of residence in Australia following independence; eg Papuans with an "Australian" spouse.

Although Papuans were Australian citizens, Papuan residence largely was limited to the territory. Papuans required travel papers (either identity documents or a passport) for movement to Australia. Passports were required for movement beyond Australia, but one assumes this was a mere technicality to many Papuan people of the Western Province for whom Torres Strait crossings had been a part of their lives for ever.

The question raised in *Una Voce* about the benefits of Papuans having Australian citizenship is best answered by cataloguing some of the government-provided services to which all benefited.

These included –

- free health and welfare benefits, including infant, child and maternity services delivered at village level
- free education, including university education in Australia, Fiji, and in the Territory of Papua New Guinea
- agricultural extension services
- business training and development through co-operative societies, business development programs, and small loans from the Australian Reserve Bank
- preventive medicine programs such as malaria control
- free legal assistance
- forestation programs
- public libraries
- participation in the political process
- political education,

and here's a long forgotten one

- the ability to transfer money anywhere in the Territory of Papua New Guinea at no cost to the customer through the Native Monies Trust Account, which was managed largely by the kiaps. No costly banking services or Salim Mani Kwik in those days, but a government-run free service.

At independence Papua New Guinea defined the entitlement to Papua New Guinea citizenship as automatic for persons who had at least two grandparents born in PNG, the Torres Strait Islands, Irian Jaya or the Solomon Islands. This definition would include third generation descendents of people from other countries, for example (but not only) Australia, China, India, Samoa and the UK.

The matter of Papuans losing their Australian citizenship on independence remains a vexed issue on which we will not comment for reasons of editorial policy. However for members who take an interest in these matters I can advise that on 4 August 2005 the

High Court of Australia upheld the validity of Australian laws which provided that when Papua New Guinea became independent in 1975 its indigenous people who then became citizens of PNG ceased to be citizens of Australia.

The editor can provide copies of the High Court statement dated 4 August 2005. This can be provided for information only as a public document and not as legal advice. In this regard, please note that the views expressed above are general views and do not purport to constitute legal advice. Should anyone have specific enquiries I suggest obtaining legal advice, advice from IMMI, or from an Immigration consultant. ■

### **REMEMBERING ASOPA from John Kleinig**

*An edited version of stories recently provided by Bradley Aiga and the Reverend Elijah Banaga and subsequently placed in the library of the Sydney Harbour Federation Trust at Georges Heights, Sydney. Forwarded to us by John Kleinig.*

**Reverend Elijah BANAGA** as he is known now, was one of those early PNG Nationals selected by the then Australian Colonial Administration to attend ASOPA. It was in 1973 that Elijah Banaga travelled to Australia with other Papua New Guineans and Pacific Islanders to attend the training course in the Certificate in Public Service Administration. The training was scheduled for 10 months.

It was a totally new experience and an eye opener for Elijah Banaga and his colleagues as Australia was a new place, its environment, culture, and their way of life was very different. However, after the orientation they adjusted themselves and adapted to the system. One thing that made them adapt quickly was that they were in a big group and did not quite miss home.

**Bradley AIGA** was a Labour Officer Grade 2 and OIC in Mt. Hagen and Goroka when he was selected to attend ASOPA in May, 1973. He remembered earlier times in December 1955 when he and other friends decided to walk the Kokoda Trail to Port Moresby in search of work. His first job with the Government was as a messenger/cleaner with the Department of Labour and Employment at Konedobu on the 11<sup>th</sup> of January, 1956. Almost 17 years later, he was among 28 participants that attended the four months ASOPA course. He returned to PNG in early September, 1973.

Both men were taken on study tours around Sydney and Canberra. Places visited included the Sydney Harbour Bridge, Australia Square Plaza, Sydney Opera House, Katoomba in the Blue Mountains, the Spit Bridge and Middle Harbour, Manly Beach, Newcastle, Goulburn, Wyong, Bondi Beach, Kings Cross, Botany Bay, Taronga Zoo, the Holden Factory, and Sydney Museum. When Elijah visited Canberra he remembered staying at the Zebra Motel and visiting the War Memorial; Parliament House; National Library; the Mint and the Museum.

After his return from ASOPA, Bradley was promoted to Acting Provincial Labour Officer and worked at the Popondetta Labour Office. He resigned from the Public Service on medical grounds in November 1987 after a dedicated 31 years 10 months of service from colonial times. Bradley Aiga now lives in his village near Gona Anglican Mission Station and helps as a Layman in the Church.

When Elijah Banaga returned to PNG from ASOPA he was promoted to Clerk Class 3 which saw him move around and he worked at Lae and Popondetta still attached to DASF. His highest position attained was as Registrar of Popondetta Agriculture College after the Independence of PNG. He held this position until his resignation in 1979. He entered Newton Theological College of the Anglican Church of PNG and after some years of pastoral training was ordained priest in the Anglican Church.

*Trevor and Jane Kombega from Popondetta were responsible for recording and producing these stories. Their work is acknowledged with gratitude.* ■

**ADDITIONAL ITEMS DONATED TO THE PNGAA COLLECTION**  
**FRYER LIBRARY, THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND**  
**Dr Peter Cahill**

**Anonymous** (1) 2005 Calendar Port Moresby Grammar School, (2) copies of *Garamut* 1994-1996; **Mick Arthur** colour photocopy of t-shirt marking visit of South Pacific Brewery sponsored elephant to Mt Hagen, colour photocopy of Mt Hagen Gun Club t-shirt; **Derek Baldwin** personal ANGAU details of A.H. Baldwin; various items concerning Tom Grahamslaw including his *\*Recollections\** (January 1942 to October 1945), various photographs in and around Port Moresby 1915, 1927, 1930-1931, Guard of Honour at Sir Hubert Murray's funeral, Rabaul 1940, Port Moresby 1947, 1948, 1950, 1951, Samarai photographs ca.1920; **Dr Blanche Biggs** (first Medical Coordinator for the Anglican Church of PNG working in the Northern District) various books/booklets/papers dealing with the Church, Bishop's Staff Notes 19<sup>th</sup> March 1938 then 8<sup>th</sup> February 1948 1<sup>st</sup> December 1963, various letters received/sent, letters from Papuans 1953 –1972, personal; diaries 1934-1940, 1948-1970, huge number of photographs *most dated and identified* (there definitely is a God!); **Daphne Burgess** material concerning AWA in NG pre-1942, Jack Burgess's story with photographs of operating out of Bitapaka post-1937 eruption, first radio-telephone to operate at Bitapaka 20.12.30 story by Bert Sharpe and others, Hugh Taylor's report to AWA of his escape from Manus as the Japanese invaded, various other accounts of escapes from Japanese in NG centres, list of personnel in various centres; **R.D.M. Cleland** significant quantity of material on local government in PNG (reports and conferences), reports of the 1970 and 1971 District Commissioners' Conferences, books and pamphlets on PNG matters, Official Programme for the Opening of the New National Parliament Building 7<sup>th</sup> August 1984 with accompanying illustrated booklet, material relating to the future employment security of overseas officers post-Independence, almost complete sets of *New Guinea* (journal published by Council on New Guinea Affairs), and *The Journal of the Papua New Guinea Society*, copies of *The Local Government Bulletin* 1966-1970; **"Dick" & Lorna Coe** pre-war photographs of Rabaul, Madang and possibly Parer Brothers at Salamaua, native passengers on M.V. MacDhui; photographs of wharf at Samarai, buildings at Kokopo, DukDuk figures, Burns Philp store at Madang, European houses Rabaul, various coastal shipping scenes, groups of European sporting/social events, photo of two over-dressed and very out of place tourists (?Port Moresby), various photographs (identified by Albert Speer, MBE) New Guinea centres, photo of Rabaul Cricket Team late 1930s (partially identified); **R.R.E. Field** pre-war Papuan photos including a Goilala man holding a freshly severed human head, 6 Papuan medical orderlies with a collection of medicine bottles, view from Old Koki Road over Koki market looking at pre-war island gaol Badili; **D.P. Franklin** photos of elephant brought to Port Moresby by South Pacific Brewery as a publicity stunt; **Adrian Geyle** four pages of photocopies of Iuri Mountain villagers (Green River sub-district) 1954; **A.A. Guerrero** (California) copies of letters dated 1930, 1937 and 1938 from manager/owner of Mogubu plantation, Milne Bay District, with description of area and living conditions; **L.R. Healey** large collection of papers/ reports/ pamphlets/financial estimates dealing with aspects of PNG's economy ca.1970s, significant collection of papers and maps relating to ANGAU including diagrammatic layout of organisational channels and activities; comments gathered from well-known PNG residents for inclusion in his thesis on the activities and operations of ANGAU, incomplete set of



Wantok 1972-1976; **F. Hoeter** framed photographs of Samarai District Soccer Association 1<sup>st</sup> Team 1954 and Reserve Team 1954; **K.W.C. Humphreys** published/unpublished articles/notes on early Papuan history and philatelic matters (e.g. mail delivery), partial census of German New Guinea shipping 1914, pts 1 & 2 of article on Neu Guinea Compagnie 2M parcel post card (Mr Humphreys's very informative donations grow exponentially!); **Ivor & Judy Lopes** adventures 1 and 2 of Isuzu Lu; **Myra & Rod Macey** album of photographs ranging from a 1913 German road master to rows of smoked heads (?Sepik district), Isuzu Lu material; **Gerry Newton** 10 photographs and aerial map of the road linking Gerehu and Spring Garden Road, Koneobu; **June Paterson** United Church related material including the series *People of the Pacific*, books written about Church matters, typescript of Constance Fairhall's (?unpublished) *It's a great life*, 331/3 disks SAMPELA SONG BILONG YUMI and GAULIM SINGS; **Allan Pearse** booklet and loose copies of Isuzu Lu cartoons; **D.G. Pike** educational material (badges, plastic disks, posters) relating to PNG Independence, 1 (inaccurate) poster showing various administrations of PNG; **P.A. Quartermaine** Doctor of Philosophy thesis *Teacher Education in Papua New Guinea: Policy and Practice 1946-1996* vols 1&2; **William Race OAM** photos of post WW2 native hospital at Gasmata, note about the Japanese slaughter of a Chinese family at Gasmata, copy of medical patrol January to August 1961 of the entire southern end of New Britain from Kandrian to Cape Gloucester (with map and rough diary), photo of (?adolescent) Buka males wearing HOOVA hats, photographs of the stages of building the native hospital at Kandrian and the sing-sing to open it; **David Read, PSM** slide collection of places including Lorengau, Lessu, Western Islands, Watabung, Kwonggi, Tapini, Poneyalvava, Kanitalava and Zhevakataiz River, 9 Field Officer's Journals 1962-1964/1966-1970, Patrols: Roro Tax/Census Division 1961, Kai 1961, Nara/Gabadi Census 1962, Kairuku 1961, Tapini 1962, Guari 1962 (2), Tapini/Guari road report 1960, correspondence on patrol reports, health education survey, attendance at local government course, appointment as assistant presiding officer Manus electorate 1964, appointment as a/DC, Okapa, Senior Staff Officer, HQ, 12 cds and cassette tapes of *Taim Bilong Masta* series; **Anne Young** Recognition award commemorating 25 years of PNG Independence, letters from a lonely kiap highlighting the tedium of isolated station life punctuated by Headquarters demands to follow Manuals of Procedure (generally ignored), Permit and Temporary Entry Permit, menu for Gateway Hotel, 2 issues of *Black & White: the Territory's Monthly Magazine*. ■

### ASSISTANCE REQUIRED

I am currently researching material to assist me in my thesis for the Master of Criminal Justice.

**The thesis will cover the historical period of 1960 onwards in regard to the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary.**

The information request will be in the form of a questionnaire, and all confidentiality will be observed.

If any regular or field officer of the constabulary can be of assistance, can they please contact **Andrew Pingo** on (03) 9547 8572, 15 Craig Street, Noble Park, VIC. 3174.

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**PNG DEFENCE FORCE PIPES & DRUMS – Stan Carr**

*Reprinted by kind permission of "The Australasian Highlander – the Magazine of Scottish Culture". The article was originally published in Vol 17 No. 4 Winter 2006. Stan Carr is a piper with the Toowoomba Caledonian Pipe Band and has played with Moree, Mt Isa, Biloela, Dalby, Darwin and Tamworth pipe bands.*

In January 2005 I connected to the PNG Post Courier web site and came across an article saying the 1RPIR in Port Moresby wanted to re start the old PIR Pipes and Drums which has been defunct since their tour of Australia in 1999 and were asking for expressions of interest for a tutor. I contacted the CO at Taurama Barracks, Lieutenant Colonel Gilbert Toropo, and put my hand up for the job. It took 3 months to organise the paperwork and I was off to Port



***Stan Carr with Local Lassies***

Moresby in March. This was purely a voluntary position having to pay my own airfare return from Brisbane. My accommodation and meals were supplied by the defence force at Taurama Barracks. This stint was for three weeks to get them started. I started with eight learner pipers and four learner sides, practice was eight hours a day seven days a week. During this time I had them playing three simple tunes.

I returned to Moresby in August for five weeks to get the band ready to march and beating of the retreat at the 30th independence anniversary on 16th September and to my surprise the band members had increased to eighteen pipers, twelve sides, two tenors, one bass and a drum major. What had happened is they had brought the pipe sergeant from the old band back from Lae, who was still serving in the defence force, to continue the teaching until I returned. He did a very good job and had them mastering the grips etc.

It was very hard work with all the hours put into learning tunes, playing the pipes and drill. A couple of weeks before the parade I was in for a big surprise, the 30th anniversary events council had brought, from Scotland through Hong Kong, a complete band outfit of some 18 sets of pipes, 12 side drums, bass, reeds, sticks, drum harness, gloves etc.

A week before the parade the defence force re-enlisted six retired experienced band members to rejoin the band. One of these members was the old pipe major from the old

band, Michael Pissa (Doug Thorenson might remember him) he is a very experienced piper (he can pick up a music book and play any tune you ask him to) and he took over the leadership of the band.

A few days before the big event we had playing and marching practice with the PNG police brass band as we were to march at the stadium as a combined band. The big day arrived and we were transported to the stadium by hired PMV busses. We tuned up outside played a few tunes until the brass band arrived. We formed up together with the brass and we marched off playing Scotland the Brave and I must say it sounded really good. We had 19 pipers, including myself, 8 sides, 2 tenors, bass and drum major.



*Pipe Major Michael Pissa, Stan Carr, the Governor General, Doug Jkelso (St John's Ambulance) & young pipers*

We marched the troops and police into the stadium and played for the trooping of the colours. Then it was our turn as pipes and drums to play the beating of the retreat. This really sounded very good and I was told after that there were officers in the stand with tears in their eyes as it has been some 30 years since a white man has marched with the pipes and drums.

Another highlight for me was to play for the Australian Governor General, Michael Jeffery. The Moresby RSL contacted me through the Australian Consulate and requested two army pipers and myself to play at a welcome dinner at the Gateway Hotel on the 14th September. I jumped at the opportunity and took the old pipe major and a young learner piper with me. It was a great night and one I will always remember. Oddly enough the pipe major played at his wedding some years back, I think this was in Wewak and Michael and his wife were very pleased to see him again. Michael was the CO at the Barracks a few years ago.

Another highlight was meeting Jimmy Barnes, he was in Moresby at the time and made a visit to Taurama Barracks. I had a talk to him and he mentioned he started to



learn to play the pipes in Adelaide many years ago but gave it up, he said it was too hard to learn.

When it was time for me to return to Australia the band put on a barbeque for me and a very unexpected thing happened. The

CO presented me with a brass plaque thanking me for my involvement in resurrecting the PIR Pipes and Drums and I was also made an honorary member of the 1PIR Pipes and Drums. I aim to return to Moresby in the very near future to rejoin the ranks. ■

## A SMALL PART OF HISTORY

Nancy Johnston

In a small way, this belongs to the history of Papua New Guinea. In *Una Voce* No. 2 & 3 2006, John Norton (ex kiap) drew attention to Dr. Roy Scragg's efforts to commence restoration work on the Old European Cemetery in Port Moresby, (now known as Badihagwa Cemetery) by the generous contribution of K2000. Well before Independence in 1975, this cemetery was an overgrown, filthy shambles with squatters living there and there was widespread destruction of the graves. I have been in touch with John Norton and he with me, advising me that our daughter's grave has been identified; she was interred there in July 1954. This recalled vivid and upsetting memories.

With people being familiar with the procedure for funeral arrangements these days it made me wonder how many are aware of what it was like for Bill and I in Papua in 1954. When our two year old daughter died suddenly at Kikori on 27th July 1954, like with all deaths, arrangements needed to be made for internment. The District Commissioner, Kevin Atkinson, advised Headquarters by the radio sked of her death and was advised that a Catalina would be sent at first light the next morning to take us to Port Moresby for a post mortem and burial. With communications as they were at that time, we could not advise our parents and families in Australia. The first thing was to have a box made to accommodate her remains for the 2-3 hour flight to Port Moresby; subsequently it became her 'coffin'. On leaving Kikori the following morning, this 'box' was taken on board with our luggage and lay at our feet for the journey. At this time we had no personal friends in Port Moresby, but the Director's wife (DDA&NA) met and mothered us and arranged for accommodation at the London Missionary Society house. We still had to contact our families in Sydney. We did not want to send cables but to speak with our parents via the trunk-line telephone service of those days. There was much difficulty but with the help given by several telephone operators on the various switchboards we had to go through, we were eventually connected but then we could not be heard; so the terrible news was relayed by a telephonist to the Minister of the church my parent's attended, asking him to convey the news to our parents.

The Reverend Ure of the L.M.S. arranged a service at the Ela Protestant church for the following day. With no facilities at the time, funerals were not delayed, and with an intermittent plane service from Australia it meant our families could not arrive in time for the funeral; thus we were two young people without the comfort of family, relatives and friends. But we were not alone. Strangers rallied and all arrangements were made for which we were grateful. The 'hearse', was a blue utility truck and driven by a uniformed policeman, it carried the "coffin" to the grave site that was surrounded by a mountain of beautiful flowers from the gardens of the Port Moresby residents who, at the time, were unknown to us; and also, many attended the service and internment. It was a consequence of choosing to live in Papua New Guinea - our philosophy was 'accidents can happen anywhere', and we did not blame our lifestyle for her death. ■

### **DC3 JOURNEY By Paul Oates**

Do you remember how you entered the rear door and climbed up the passageway by clinging to the backs of the seats or grabbing any unlucky passengers that happened to be handy if you were unfortunate to slip? It seemed as if there was about a 25 degree incline in the passage way when the aircraft was sitting on the tarmac.

At the end of our field training at Kwikila in 1969, we were 'bussed' (in the broadest sense of the word), into Moresby for our dispersal to the four corners on the Territory. Four of us were going to Morobe and we were issued with Ansett tickets. As we walked out on onto Jackson's airstrip I noticed what appeared to be a collection of historical aircraft, predominantly DC3's. Obviously, someone was showing some enthusiasm for collecting old wartime aircraft. As we got closer however, we observed that the old DC3's had TAA and Ansett markings. Novel we thought, but then we were directed to our aircraft. There it stood in all its glory and with elderly Ansett colours. A DC3.

Climbing the metal ladder, we were welcomed to a new world. Territory flying! Directly opposite the door was a cargo section, clearly identified by a cargo net. The cargo section was unlike anything we had seen before however. The cargo net continually heaved and undulated like some amorphous creature and made all sorts of noises from squeaks, grunts, quacks and clucks. Occasionally a strange part of the creature (usually an indignant looking head) would erupt through the net and let out a weird cry. The smell emanating from the cargo area was atrocious.

Our tickets were for the seats at the top left hand side so we climbed up the 25 degree slope and sank down onto the non existent padding. No air conditioning or soothing music of course so we sat and sweated and tried not to gag on the smell coming from the cargo section below and behind us. After a while, the other passengers all arrived and added to the general 'atmosphere'. Then the pilot and co pilot climbed up into the cockpit and took their seats. This we could clearly see because the door between the cabin and the cockpit was hanging off on one hinge and obviously had not been shut for some time.

The pilot yelled something out of the window and twiddled a couple of switches. Suddenly this almighty roar started and we discovered that the aircraft was actually made up of thousands of small parts, apparently not held together very well. Each integral part of the aircraft seemed to have a life of its own. The windows slowly rotated in their housings. Parts of the seat seemed to grab and pinch you in places you didn't expect. There was a gap of about two inches under the external door and I guess that passed for air conditioning. The internal coverings of the cabin were peeling off and we could see the control wires pulling backwards and forwards over our heads as the pilot tried out the flaps, rudder and ailerons, presumably to see if they were still attached. Then the second engine started up and the noise increased twofold. The pilot and co pilot kept pulling the throttle back to rev up the engines and seemed quite oblivious to the whole affair. They of course had headphones on. With a final roar of the engines and some yelling into the microphones, our aircraft started to move forwards. After what seemed an age, we finally reached the end on the strip and turned for our take off. We could see the co pilot having trouble with the throttles that appeared to be stuck half way so he got his foot up on them and pushed them forward. The aircraft started to move forwards and we finally came up level as we built up speed for take off.

The DC3 not being a pressurised aircraft, we had to fly between the Owen Stanley mountains (not over them), and on to Lae. The flight took a little over an hour and we were glad to get out into the fresh but humid air of Lae. ■

# **RABAUL: GONE FOREVER, BUT NEVER FORGOTTEN**

**By David Ellis**

We want to cry. But there's no time for tears.

Instead from the luxury expedition ship *Orion* as she glides up-harbour under a perfect Papua New Guinea sunrise, we're peering misty-eyed towards the town of Rabaul. No, what *was* the town of Rabaul.

Rabaul had been *our* town. Its where our married lives began 43 years ago, where our eldest, Brad was born, where we lived for ten years, helped found the Yacht Club, learned to sail, tried to master golf, joined the local branch of the Lions Club, bought an interest in a restaurant, and even won the Garden Club's 'Best New Garden' competition.

But now, on a balmy March morning in 2006 we can already see the Rabaul we knew is no longer. On the morning of September 19 1994, after two days of ominous rumblings, Tavurvur and Rabalanakaia Volcanoes on one side of the harbour, and Vulcan on the other, had erupted savagely in quick succession.

And two under-harbour vents as well. Violent explosions accompanied each eruption, with clouds of sulphur dioxide and ash spiralling an unbelievable 30km skywards, creating blazing electrical storms and torrential rain.

Yet while catastrophic, with the constantly shaking ground warning of what was to come, in only two days prior, over 30,000 people had been evacuated from Rabaul to Kokopo and Kerevat 20km away.

And despite the entire business centre and two-thirds of homes being destroyed under the weight of tens of thousands of tons of black ash, just four people died under collapsing buildings, and one by lightning.

Orion ties up at the Main Wharf and we're met by Simon Foo who is head of the local Tourist Board and keen to show us around what for ten years had been home.

First stop is the old Australian Broadcasting Commission studios where I'd scribbled news stories as a journalist. It's now an electrical parts store; miraculously a Tolai announcer mate we ask of, Robin Papat, drives past at that very moment in a million to one coincidence. He's retired now and brakes to a shuddering halt; hugs and family details are quickly exchanged, before we head towards town.

Homes in this western part of Rabaul survived the eruption, but once we reach Mango Avenue we find that what was once a thriving CBD of scores of affluent shops, restaurants, hotels, motels, clubs, supermarkets, offices and lush tropical gardens is gone. No doubt forever.

Just a handful of buildings dot a new, unending plain of black volcanic ash up to 1.5-metres deep, 2m kunai grass and stunted trees; concrete steps that once led into plush shops now go nowhere, what power poles have not been replaced still lean crazily, concrete stumps resemble tombstones marking where businesses died that week in 1994.

The Rabaul Hotel (formerly The Hamamas) is one that survived – because the owners shovelled raining ash off their roof for twelve unbroken hours.

We hire a helicopter. The view's indescribable; like the town, the airport's gone, the immaculate golf course is unrecognisable, streets of once proud homes with immaculate gardens now resemble an unkempt housing estate waiting to be built. Formerly densely-populated Matupit Island village has sunk into the harbour.

Back on terra firma we drive up Namanula Hill in search of our home; all we find are a few concrete blocks. Ash and jungle swamp our award-winning gardens... all other 40-odd homes on the one-time hill have also been totally obliterated.

We drive out to bayside Kulau Lodge Restaurant that we once co-owned with Phil Lefevre of PG Lefevre Hickey & Co Solicitors and Brian Connolly of Bougainville Trading Company; the now-owners host us to a nostalgic lunch. Then Nonga Hospital where we find the ward in which Gwenda had Brad 38 years ago; an interview on Radio East New Britain about our days 'before' follows, and a call into delightful Taklam Lodge Motel at Kokopo (the 'new' Rabaul 19km from the old) brings welcome afternoon drinks.

Finally it's back to *Orion* for a last night's indulgence. Next morning we're out to Tokua Airport at Kokopo for the flight home; the old original airstrip here was built on a coconut plantation by the Japanese during the Pacific War, and hurriedly rehabilitated after the Rabaul eruptions.

The 5-star Orion will re-visit Rabaul\* again in Spring and Autumn 2007, sailing 10-nights from Cairns to Milne Bay, Deboyne Lagoon, the Trobriand Islands, Ghizo, Kennedy Island (where JFK's PT109 was sunk,) the new Georgia Islands and Rabaul. She then cruises 11-nights to the Sepik, Madang, D'Entrecasteaux Islands, Samarai, Milne Bay and back to Cairns.

\* Rabaul has officially re-located to Kokopo; most locals refer to both towns collectively as 'Rabaul'. Details from travel agents, phone 1300 361 012 or visit [www.orioncruises.com.au](http://www.orioncruises.com.au) ■

### **Sydney Harbour Federation Trust - Middle Head**

The Exhibition period for the Draft Management Plan has closed and we are in the process of analysing the submissions received. This analysis together with recommendations for any changes to the Plan will be submitted to the Trust's Board for final approval.

Once the Plan is approved work can start on project planning and implementation. Expressions of Interest have been invited for Heritage Architects to tender for work connected with the conservation and adaptive reuse of the buildings at Middle Head.

***Gathering at the former ASOPA buildings, Middle Head Road. Middle Head. Mosman:***

**The Trust is inviting all former staff, lecturers and graduates that are able to attend, to a gathering at the old ASOPA on Saturday 31 March 2007 from 2 - 4pm.** Afternoon tea will be provided. We will meet in the Library and afterwards can wander around the site.

The object of the exercise is to meet former Asopa students in their old stamping ground, to gather details from those who can supply copies of photos, memorabilia, etc and would be interested in an oral history interview. Ideas on interpretation of the time ASOPA and its successors were at Middle Head and the role and importance of the institution would also be welcome. Ideas on future gatherings could also be discussed.

Please RSVP by Wednesday 28 March 2007 to the Trust's Booking Officer on 8969 2100 or to [consulttrust@harbourtrust.gov.au](mailto:consulttrust@harbourtrust.gov.au). Should you have any inquiries you can contact either Jessica Sartor or Bob Clark on [Jessica.sartor@harbourtrust.gov.au](mailto:Jessica.sartor@harbourtrust.gov.au) or [bob.clark@harbourtrust.gov.au](mailto:bob.clark@harbourtrust.gov.au).

## RECOLLECTIONS OF DES CLANCY, ADMIRER KIAP

**Jim Sinclair writes –**

The tributes that poured in following Des Clancy's death in Perth in November inevitably referred not only to Des's competence but to his warmth, charm and almost constant smile. I first saw that smile in Sydney when Des was at the 1952-53 No 3 Long Course at the Australian School of Pacific Administration.

Des was on the course with a companion, the very experienced ADO Syd Smith, then well into his 30s and a mild, unassuming man, despite his outstanding record as a patrol leader. Des was an upstanding, blue-eyed Irishman, with a vibrant voice and that wide smile that all who knew him will never forget. He was the sort of man one instinctively admired and warmed to; he hadn't a vicious bone in his body. He loved life and was a great man at a party.

Smith and Des had already made a number of dangerous exploratory patrols in the frontier Southern Highlands District, a district with which Des's name will for ever be linked. But in 1954, back in PNG from ASOPA, it was Des who led one of the greatest patrols ever made in PNG, from Lake Kutubu to Tari, down the Strickland to the Fly, and on to the coast. During that famous 130-day walk geologist John Zehnder became the first white man to enter Lavani Valley, christened "Shangri-La" by the world press, and which was to become years later the cradle of PNG's present oil industry.

Nine Huri carriers and a police constable were tragically drowned on that long patrol when their rafts were caught in rapids on the Strickland, and capsized. Such were the risks of patrolling in PNG's wild places.

I was posted to the Southern Highlands in November 1954 and for the first time worked under Des's direction. We made one particular patrol together that I will never forget – arresting fierce Mendi warriors for tribal fighting. You get to know the worth of a man when arrows are flying. I went on to work in the Koroba-Tari country until January, 1959.

It was there I met Jan, the first single white girl to be posted to the Southern Highlands. After our marriage I was posted with Jan to Wau, Morobe District, where Des was at the time ADO Lae. Jan's friend Margaret McDougall was also in Lae – they had come up to PNG together, as teachers. Margaret was Jan's bridesmaid at our wedding, and Jan returned the compliment, becoming Margaret's matron-of-honour when she married Des in Wewak in 1960. (That was a riotous wedding! Marg went off with the sports-loving Des on a DC3 charter filled, as Des well knew, with wild footballers. A honeymoon to remember!)

Many young officers of all departments came under Des's influence. He was ever ready to offer assistance and advice. And not only to Administration officers, for Des was a notable exponent of Police Motu, lingua franca of Papua, and of Pidgin, and could talk with and relate to Papua New Guineans with rare sympathy and understanding.

After Des and Margaret's move to Western Australia just after PNG's independence they had a wide new circle of friends but the old ties remained. There is something about PNG service that binds people together, forever.

*Cont. over*



## RECOLLECTIONS OF DES CLANCY, ADMIRER KIAP (Cont)

**Jim Toner writes** - In a few months time I would have known Des for fifty years. Margaret, his wife, asked me to write something about him for *Una Voce* and I contemplated a backwards look at his months-long, gruelling exploration patrol with oil-seeking geologists through - to borrow Jim Sinclair's description - the grimly magnificent country of the Strickland Gorge. When I first read Des's Patrol Report I felt obliged, in those days before photo-copiers, to laboriously type out certain striking paragraphs in case my Pommy mates ever wanted to know a bit about earning Boot Allowance in PNG the hard way. Alas, my copy is missing and I blame Cyclone Tracy. But I am able to say something about Des as a kiap in an administrative role.

He joined District Services & Native Affairs in 1946 and three years later, led by Sid Smith, re-opened the Government station at Lake Kutubu which had been closed by WWII. They then walked northwards and by September 1950 had established a station in the Mendi valley. The first plane was able to land on its primitive airstrip in the following month. Although he served in other districts Des spent years in, and to most *wantoks* is inseparably linked with, the Southern Highlands. A giant pinnacle of rock near Mendi is named on maps as Clancy's Knob and it made a useful marker for incoming aircraft.

Liquid samples from the mountainous region west of Koroba aroused the interest of the Australasian Petroleum Company and a new oil resource being just as attractive then as it is today the Administration approved a scientific team entering what was officially an 'uncontrolled area'. It was to be led by ADO Clancy and he selected thirteen experienced policemen, engaged 150 carriers and, together with three APC staff, they set off from Kutubu in April 1954. Concurrently an aerial survey of the target area detected a deep round valley walled by limestone cliffs towering to 11,000 ft. It was not shown on any map and the world media seized on it as discovery of a 'lost world' calling it Shangri-La after Hilton's 1933 novel and subsequent film. Progress by the patrol was slow as geologists investigated here and there in difficult terrain but one did spend a cold night in Shangri-La - actually the Lavani valley - before rejoining the party. Journalists and photographers, ignoring the patrol's real purpose, surrounded the group on arrival at Moresby but its leader was in no mood to discuss fiction.

The patrol had exited the limestone plateau via the Strickland River leading into the Fly and the Papuan Gulf. I can do no better than quote from Sinclair's 'Kiap' in which he says the party 'picked their way through the Gorge at times covering less than a mile and a half each day, crawling along ledges above the raging river'. The carriers were exhausted and once calmer waters were reached twenty canoes were constructed from forest trees and bound together in pairs to float the party downstream. In late June the voyage commenced. 'Each canoe was in charge of a man expert in river travel, each under instruction to closely follow Clancy's route in the lead canoe (he had paddled down these waters once before). But a mile from the start one policeman took his canoe too wide around a bend and into a whirlpool. In seconds the canoe had been sucked under and he and eight Huri carriers drowned'. Clancy had kept his party intact for over two months and this was a sickening blow. His precise words in the Report are lost to me but as any commander would - he asked himself whether he could have done more, or anything differently. It was decided to abandon the canoes and by the time of its conclusion the patrol had walked over 300 miles.

*Cont. over*

On the domestic front Des was keen to advance conditions on the station he had co-founded at Mendi. In 1957 with exceptions such as the Residency and the hospital all buildings were of native materials. Without a school it was difficult to get experienced officers with children to accept a posting. A Supreme Court Justice rarely visited but when one did he not only slept at the Residency but had to convene his court in its living room! There was no social venue for staff and anyone fortunate enough to have some beer flown in one morning found themselves unexpectedly visited by many observant comrades that evening.... Des had a nine-hole golf course simulated to keep staff occupied at weekends. It ran across the Residency lawn, around the District Office, up and down the airstrip, while the tilapia pond formed a water hazard.

The solution to this state of affairs was not unique but, my word, it was effective. The Law Department was cajoled into funding a timber Courthouse and Des ensured that when built it incorporated a Judge's robing room equipped with a counter concealed by a shutter. It almost resembled a bar and indeed the building readily transmorphed into the Mendi Valley Club which changed the social scene very much for the better. It provided a neutral venue for after-work relaxation - there was fierce table-tennis competition - and moderated the drinking culture.

Just as importantly the Courthouse cum Club, empty during the day, provided suitable space for a classroom and in 1958 the Education Department felt able to post the excellent Miss McGrath, later to become Mrs. Jim Sinclair, to teach the existing children plus those who then arrived at the station. Three birds with one stone - good trick, Des.

Eventually the wise men at Konedobu decided that Clancy had spent too long in the bush and he should experience city life. So he was posted to Lae where he met his future wife. Lucky man. I hope Margaret won't mind if I repeat her comment: 'I can't begin to say how happy I have been with him for forty-six years.....' RIP Des.

*(See Vale pages, this issue)*

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### Where are they now?



1<sup>st</sup> Grade Primary 'A' School, Goroka, 1968  
Photo courtesy MR Hayes

If you recognise a face and know where they are now, please let us know. Also, does anyone know who the teacher is?

Please contact Max Hayes at 5 Peppermint Grove, Box Hill South, VIC 3128

Ph/fax: (03) 98987459, Email: p217@netspace.net.au

## **SAMARAI CEMETERY**

**By Laurie Le Fevre**

In Una Voce of June 2006 Rick Nehmy, former kiap and more latterly an Australian Government member of the Enhanced Co-operation Program, reported on a group with links to Samarai that is trying to refurbish and restore the Samarai Cemetery, which is on Logea.

Rick provided contact information in relation to Judith Bona who is coordinating the project on ground in Papua New Guinea. Judith has advised that in response to Rick's piece there were some much appreciated donations. These have been used to buy hand tools such as bush knives, grass cutters, a spade and a pick.

One of the donors is a man whose grandfather is buried in the cemetery. Additionally a number of e-mails to Judith gave information about people buried there. Judith also undertook some internet research based on some memorial inscriptions. She found a couple of people who had been born in England and located them on the 1881 census.

After such a good start I would like again promote the project to see what extra we might achieve. Judith, an English woman who lives in Port Moresby, is married to Sir Kina Bona who is a Port Moresby-based lawyer, a former Public Prosecutor and a former Papua New Guinea High Commissioner to the UK. Sir Kina grew up on Kwato as a member of one of the pioneer families. His father, Mamarai Bonarua was a boat engineer at Kwato, and they later moved to Kanakope. Mamarai Bonarua died in 1990 but the family home remains at Kanakope which is still Kwato Church land. Many members with a Milne Bay connection will have strong memories of both Kwato and Kanakope, and may well remember Mamarai Bonarua.

Judith adds to the various reports that tourism is slowly growing in Papua New Guinea. Figures are up by about 10% in the past two years, but they are still only about half what they were in the 1970s and 80s. She reports that Milne Bay is one of the Provinces likely to do well from tourism, with direct Cairns/Alotau flights almost certainly to be reintroduced shortly.

Judith points out that the Samarai Cemetery project can have a direct impact on local tourism because of its history and its connections with Papua New Guineans and Australians alike.

She speaks specifically about the increasing interest in family history and the importance in preserving the Cemetery history. Additionally, Judith points out, there will be many interesting stories to tell of the individuals who are buried there. Judith adds that Sir Kina was on Samarai at Christmas and reports that though the magic of Samarai is still there, there is also an enormous need for employment and ways to earn an income. This is where tourism will be so important.

I wish to add to Judith's call for assistance in moving this project along. She seeks help in several areas that range from donations to fund the purchase of hand tools and labour, internet research, and information or stories about anyone buried there.

Please contact Judith at PO Box 58, WAIGANI, NCD or email:

[Judith\\_Bona@coffey.com.au](mailto:Judith_Bona@coffey.com.au)

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## **Kundus, Cannibals and Cargo Cults**

Papua New Guinea in the 1950s

By **Gloria Chalmers**,

ISBN 978 1 74018 414 4. Published by Books & Writers Network Pty Ltd. Cost \$24.95 pp, 152 pages.

Write to Gallery 89 Partners,  
PO Box 302, Jerrabomberra, NSW 2619  
Email: [glochalmers@bigpond.com.au](mailto:glochalmers@bigpond.com.au) Ph: 02 62559432

### **John Pasquarelli: BE READY FOR ISLAND EXODUS**

PNG, West Papua, Timor, Tonga, the Solomons and now Fiji - the Pacific rim is rushing towards disaster

*[This article appeared in The Australian of December 05, 2006, and has been reprinted courtesy of John Pasquarelli]*

DON'T say we weren't warned. When it happens, images of hundreds of boatpeople from West Papua and PNG pouring ashore on our northern coastline will come as no surprise to a small band of patriotic ex-PNG hands who have been trying for years to alert Canberra to the serious threat posed by the instability of Pacific rim countries to our north. As Fiji's army neutralises and disarms police units, a coup is well on the way in that country. And this only adds to the prospect of more asylum-seekers heading for Australian shores.

From Timor through West Papua and on to PNG and across the Solomons to Vanuatu, Fiji and beyond, the Pacific rim has been slowly sinking into a morass of corruption, criminality, disease and a reversion to tribalism over the past 30 years.

Since 1914, Australia has spent billions of dollars and man hours on PNG alone but the return has been bitterly disappointing. Health and education programs have collapsed. AIDS is spreading out from PNG and in 10 years one in three PNG women will be HIV positive. Malaria and TB are rampant. The once excellent public hospitals in Lae and Port Moresby are a disgrace. PNG literacy rates are now lower than they were in 1975.

Criminality in the Pacific rim region is surging as evidenced by the continuing turmoil in East Timor and the Solomons. Tonga fell last month and now Fiji teeters on the brink of its third coup; a sad episode in the history of a country that was once the star of the South Pacific. Soon we will not have enough federal police and soldiers to contain the situation. The Pacific rim will become a Force 10 crisis zone.

The appalling law-and-order problems in PNG and elsewhere grind on. Canberra has not woken up to the steadily increasing influence of Taiwan and mainland China in the region, bringing with it Asian gangs who have been attracted by the easy road to Australian markets for their drugs. Asian criminals have ready access to PNG, Fiji and the Solomons, using false passports and visas obtained from corrupt officials. The boom in the drug ice has resulted in the widespread establishment of methamphetamine labs and in 2004 a massive bust was made in Fiji, where police confiscated ice with a street value of \$800million.

This huge factory was operated by Asian criminals and their Fijian minions. It is common knowledge that ice is being run from PNG to northern Queensland in

outboard-powered fibreglass banana boats. As Colombia and cocaine is to the US, the Pacific rim and ice will be to Australia.

Ten thousand refugees from West Papua have been camped on the south-west coast of PNG for years and during the fair-weather season it is an easy trip across the Torres Strait to Australia. PNG nationals illegally in Australia have been surprised in Cairns markets by pidgin-speaking Australians.

Disintegrating Pacific rim countries provide ideal havens and a springboard to Australia for drugs, disease, criminals, terrorists and illegal immigrants.

Canberra has no idea of the huge disaster that lies ahead. Against this backdrop there are silly people who want Australia to bring in guest workers from the Pacific rim.

The Australian School of Pacific Administration existed from 1947 to 1972 and was established as a training institution for Australian patrol officers and teachers going to work in PNG. It was based at Middle Head on Sydney Harbour and was instrumental in laying the foundations for the successful administration of PNG. In 1973, ASOPA was rebadged by the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade and conducted training courses for nationals from PNG and other developing countries until it ceased operating in 2001.

The original ASOPA was a great institution staffed by dedicated men and considering the part it could play in the future of Australia's necessary role in stopping the rot in the Pacific rim, a re-established ASOPA in Townsville in conjunction with James Cook University is now a matter of great national urgency. Such a rebirth must be based on real life experience. There are still enough ex-PNG hands with their marbles intact to provide the basis for a think tank to help the Government re-establish ASOPA.

The concept would involve intensive training and orientation for all Australians posted to Pacific rim countries. In recent years, Australia has been poorly served by most of its public servants in the region who have no real understanding of their workplace and this includes upper-echelon officials. It was plain stupid to impose an Australian police commissioner on the Fijians, and typical of the flawed advice given to the federal Government by advisers and bureaucrats who have never been off the bitumen.

The new ASOPA would have two-way traffic. Scholarships would be offered to a range of personnel from the islands and dedicated mentoring would be part of the duty statement of all lecturers. As Australia is now inexorably committed to the Pacific rim, it is essential that a reborn ASOPA develops a real esprit de corps between its staff, its Australian graduates and overseas students. The benefits are starkly obvious. The Pacific rim is rushing towards disaster. Centrelink and other benefits shine to those offshore like a welcoming beacon and continuing upheaval and social dislocation will only herd hapless islanders into their small boats and canoes. We will have to play catch-up, but if the Government can start to listen to those who know, all is not lost.

*John Pasquarelli, an internationally recognised expert on Oceanic art, was elected by the Sepik people to PNG's first parliament from 1964 to 1968* ■

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‘To stimulate law and good governance throughout the Pacific, strong alliances and economic growth are needed. ‘Empowering people economically, so they can raise families and acquire assets and run businesses, is the shortest route to civil stability.’

Aust Fin Review 3/11/2006

## HELP WANTED

**J. Richard Leahy** is endeavouring to build a model of the Burns Philp ship *MV Bulolo*. Many members would have travelled to and from PNG and Australia during the 1950s and 1960s in this ship. He **needs plans/blueprints** of the vessel and photographs as well where available, and is happy to pay in advance for any of this material. Richard would be very grateful to any members who could help to obtain the plans in particular. Please contact him at: PO Box 869, Lae, PNG or *Email*: [jrleahy@global.net.pg](mailto:jrleahy@global.net.pg)

\* \* \*

**Dr Bryant Allen** has been asked to write 500 words for the Australian Dictionary of Biography on **Pita Simogun** and would like to hear from anyone who has had any first hand dealing with Pita Simogun, particularly in the period after 1946. Please contact Bryant by email at: [bryant.allen@anu.edu.au](mailto:bryant.allen@anu.edu.au) or by post to the following address: Department of Human Geography, Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies, The Australian National University, ACT 0200 Australia.

\* \* \*

**Bob Bates** asks if anyone knows the current whereabouts of **Carolyn Ann Wray and Gaye Samson** who were in the **Mt Hagen area in 1970 - 1971**. If you can help please contact Bob Bates at [bobbates1@compuserve.com](mailto:bobbates1@compuserve.com) or P O Box 316, Mount Hagen. Tel: +675 542 1438 Fax: +675 542 2470. \* \* \*

Mrs Helen Wayne prepared *The Volcanic Eruption in Rabaul, May 29<sup>th</sup> 1937*, from the Journal of R.N. Wayne, with accompanying photographs. The copy lodged in the PNGAA Collection in the Fryer Library of The University of Queensland lacks the photographs. Can anyone donate, or lend, them for copying please? Please contact Dr Peter Cahill on [p.cahill@uqconnect.net](mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.net) or 07 3371 4794.

\* \* \*

In the 1930s **Mr R. Irwin** was (?manager ?owner) of **Mogubo Plantation at Mailu between Abau and Samarai** (then Milne Bay District), Papua. His wife, Mrs Bessie Irwin, died there ca.1937. Mr Irwin last wrote to his brother-in-law Thomas Armstrong in Los Angeles in December 1938. Debbie Irwin (daughter) was in New Zealand about the same time. Nothing more was heard of/from the Irwins and a **Californian relative is anxious to discover if father, and possibly daughter, were evacuated and their subsequent movements**. Also, does anyone know Irwin's first name? Please contact Dr Peter Cahill on [p.cahill@uqconnect.net](mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.net) or 07.3371.4794.

\* \* \*

The request for **Isuzu Lu** material really struck a chord with *Una Voce* readers. Offers of published booklets, photocopies of clippings from the *South Pacific Post* as well as original clippings flooded in. The PNGAA Collection now has probably the best and most complete set of Lu-iana extant. **Tenkyu tumas to all who responded.**

\* \* \*

*Islands Newsbeat* magazine, published in the 1960s/1970s, carried excellent photographs of captured Japanese defence force members, ordnance and equipment as well as postwar salvage operations. **Does anyone know where the original photos or negatives are?** Please contact Dr Peter Cahill on [p.cahill@uqconnect.net](mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.net) or 07.3371.4794.

\* \* \*

Does anyone have a copy of **MAN magazine of June 1938** and would like to pass it on? Please contact **Carol Sakey** at: 'Tingara', Gundy Road, Scone. NSW 2337 Ph: 02-65451038.

\* \* \*

Does anybody know the whereabouts of **Eric and Joan Pyne**? (Co-ops.) Eric was an Officer in the British Burmese Army. When that country gained independence, Eric first went to WA and then to PNG in the late 50s. Please contact **Clive Troy** at 4 Welham St, Beecroft, NSW 2119 Ph: 9868 2123

**Regarding a ‘Help Wanted’ request in *Una Voce* No. 4 Dec 2006** concerning who has the authority for place names in PNG we are told that the Place Names Act 1965 provides for these matters. Section 3 of that Act provides for the establishment of the Place Names Committee and for the Surveyor General to be Chairman of that Committee.

The Surveyor General is located in the Department of Lands and Physical Planning.

It was also mentioned that a geographically significant feature such as a mountain may already have a local name which would override foreign names in terms of historical value and importance. ■

## BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

***My Dearest Brown Eyes: letters between Sir Donald Cleland and Dame Rachel Cleland during World War II.*** Introduced and edited by **Nancy Lutton**, Canberra, Pandanus Books, 2006. 323 pp., illus., maps, biographical notes, bibliography. \$34.95 (+ \$5.50 p&p) at all good bookshops or order from Unireps, University of NSW, Sydney. 2052 or [www.unireps.com.au](http://www.unireps.com.au) .

Nancy Lutton’s editing of selected Cleland letters is a book of two parts. Chapters One to Eight concentrate on the anguish of Don and Rachel (as they are called) at their wartime separation, their longing for peace and normality and uncertainty about their future. The letters evoke the feelings and hardships of thousands of other married couples disrupted by the war, including evacuees from Papua and New Guinea (PNG) shocked by the indifference of the Australian government towards them.

As the years dragged on Rachel’s desperation in raising their two sons without Don’s guiding/controlling presence begins to dominate her letters. Don, in military postings overseas and conscious of the need for self-censorship, could only reply in generalities although his rapid promotion through ability and sheer hard work is soon apparent. As is his inability to suffer fools. This became obvious in his later dealings with PNG department heads and senior officers. Rachel shows an excellent grasp of contemporary politics in Australia and England and frequently makes prescient forecasts of the war’s outcome. Their mutual emotional and intellectual dependence provided a solid base for Don as Administrator striving to rebuild shattered PNG in the difficult postwar years. He was forced to depend on Administration officers of wildly varying ability to meet the sometimes unrealistic demands of the Department of External Territories led by largely ineffectual Ministers while tolerating “society” in Port Moresby.

Lutton’s book is more relevant to past/present residents of PNG from Chapter Nine when the emphasis changes from a love story (as intimated by the unfortunate title) to a clear and detailed account of ANGAU and its potential for PNG. In April 1942 the two military administrative units established after the collapse of civil administration were combined to form ANGAU under the command of New Guinea Force Headquarters. Until the war’s end ANGAU handled the functions of government for those parts of PNG not in enemy hands. Cleland’s involvement in this, and his careful assessment of ANGAU’s role, started the desperately slow process of post-war rehabilitation. The amalgamation of the Territory of Papua and the Mandated Territory of New Guinea into the Territory of PNG in 1949 assisted this. Pre-war rivalries between officers of both territories soon faded. There is an interesting parallel with the Australian Military Administration of (former) German New Guinea and the Expropriation Board established by the Australian government to seize German property there. Each operated separately, duplicated staff and initially neither the Administrator (military to May 1921, then civil) nor the Chairman of the Board (located in Melbourne) recognised the authority of the other. It was, as one observer stated, a ‘Gilbert and Sullivan’ situation. *Cont. over*



Cleland's subsequent appointments as Assistant Administrator in September 1951, acting Administrator in June 1952 and Administrator in February, 1953, were based on his obvious ability and experience in PNG.

Lutton need not have referred (p.141) to Dr Lachlan Strahan's tasteless inclusion in his *Day of Reckoning* (pp.323-4) of an alleged happening in Cairo between Cleland and J.S. Grimshaw (postwar PNG Police Commissioner). Their service records show that Captains Cleland and Grimshaw were *never* in Cairo at the same time. Dr Strahan's otherwise excellently researched (and very readable) book has been marred by this tall-poppy-syndrome gossip.

Lutton's research skills and accuracy leave me only two concerns. One is with the aptness of the honorifics used in the book's title. The Clelands received these awards well after World War II but perhaps Sir Donald's rapid changes of military rank made it difficult to decide which one to settle on. I also found the very personal beginnings and endings of letters irritating and repetitive. A few would have set the scene for readers; the rest needed ruthless excision.

*My Dearest Brown Eyes* is one of the last books published by the now defunct Pandanus Books which may explain why available photographs were not included, and why it did not receive the usual publicity launch. It gives a glimpse of the lives and mutual affection of two essentially private persons. During their time as Australia's representatives in PNG Sir Donald and Lady (later Dame Rachel) Cleland quietly guided the emerging elite towards the ultimate responsibility of national independence. Their capacity for this is evident in these remarkable letters.

Dr Peter Cahill

**Please note:** A photographic supplement is available for *My Dearest Brown Eyes*, put together by member Bob Cleland. In eight A5 pages, family and official sources illustrate both the family at home and Don in the Middle East and New Guinea. Send your **name and postal address** and **five 50 cent stamps** to Bob Cleland, 83 Bielby Road, Kenmore Hills, Qld, 4069.

**Jack Read, Coastwatcher: The Bougainville Reports.** ISBN 9980-9974-1-9. Softcover. 212 pp. Published by PNG Printing Co. Ltd, \$A25, posted to Australia, elsewhere on request, from H.R. Holdings, PO Box 633, Port Moresby, 121 NCD, Papua New Guinea, PH: (675) 321-7610 or fax 321 4863. Email [hrh@printer.com.pg](mailto:hrh@printer.com.pg)

They've taken more than 60 years to become accessible, but Jack Read's wartime Bougainville Reports, classified Secret, can now be read by the rest of us. And what an illuminating journey he takes us on! Every PNG old-hand knew, or knows of Jack, who spent 46 years in his beloved islands as kiap, soldier, sailor and finally PNG's Senior Native Lands Commissioner, retiring only in December 1976, a year after independence. Born in Tasmania, he died aged 87 in Melbourne in 1992, and his daughter, Judith Fairhurst, of Ballarat, is a PNGAA member. Judith wrote the introduction to this volume.

Read's most outstanding period of achievement, for which he was never officially honoured by Australia (although America did), began in November 1941 after he was posted to Bougainville as Assistant District Officer, Buka Passage. Twelve years a kiap and with solid bush experience, it was his first posting to Bougainville, and he was unfamiliar with the big, rugged island. But after Japan attacked New Guinea that January and his superior, the District Officer at Kieta, and his whole HQ staff abandoned their posts and sailed for Port Moresby, he got to know Bougainville very well indeed as he found himself organising and directing coastwatcher teams behind the lines for the next 17 months. He put together this record of those months for Naval Intelligence in Melbourne, to pass on the "practical experience of the technique of coastwatching, as we found it in Bougainville, which may afford some guidance for operations elsewhere." The



Director of Naval Intelligence, Commander R.B.M Long, acknowledged its receipt with a letter to Read in Brisbane: “Your field exploits had my deepest admiration – they were outstanding and superb examples of the Coast Watching – may I say, Art? When I asked you to write a report of your experiences as a C.W., I dared not hope for a repetition of the high qualities of your field work, but after reading your MS, however, I fear I am unable to decide at which you are most successful. It is excellent!”

There is no waffle as Read presents his balanced and comprehensive, chronological account of the Japanese occupation of Bougainville to mid 1943, including major signal traffic between the coastwatching parties and mainland headquarters. These transmissions became more vital following the long-awaited Allied move against the Japanese in August 1942 – the launching of the crucial American offensive on Guadalcanal. Japanese bombers and ships had to pass Bougainville on their way south from their Rabaul base, and Read’s men in northern Bougainville and a party in the Buin area under Paul Mason, flashed warnings of impending Japanese raids in plenty of time for Guadalcanal to refuel its planes and have them waiting in the clouds. Bougainville’s coastwatchers mightily helped reverse the odds against Japanese victory in the Pacific.

Yet of special fascination in these reports is the on-running account of what life was like for the people of occupied Bougainville, local and expatriate, and the problems this created for Read. Many expatriate planter families and missionaries had refused to leave the island at the outbreak of war (the Christian missionaries holding a sincere but misjudged belief that they could continue to oversee native welfare unhindered) and their presence became an increasing burden on Read. The residents’ demands included food and other supplies to be dropped by air and, finally, demand for evacuation.

Thanks to Read and intrepid US Navy submariners, all were eventually taken off the island, although the performance of some of the expats, as named and recorded here, hardly enhance their family reputations. Meanwhile, some Australian residents, and particularly the more numerous American missionaries, died at the hands of the Japanese, and many more taken prisoner, never to be heard of again.

In his unique records, Read lists the names and addresses of all European (ie, expatriate) residents of Bougainville as at 8 December 1941, and what happened to them, including their evacuation; he lists the names of missionaries who died, were taken prisoner or disappeared; names all AIF personnel who served on Bougainville on coastwatching activities; the names and home districts of the Bougainville native police detachment, and natives other than police who served under coastwatcher personnel; and the names and details of coastwatchers who lost their lives, or were injured, before coastwatching activity was suspended in mid 1943 following increasing Japanese pressure on the island’s people.

The tighter Japanese control meant greater danger, sometimes torture and death, for islanders who supported the coastwatchers, for they could not now depend on the village over the next ridge, or some of their own people, not to denounce them to the Japanese.

Read names the great many men and women who risked their lives to aid the coastwatching parties, and what they did, as well as naming others who opposed them. Because of this, and because his 1943 report describes with such immediacy, and with such empathy, a native population under great stress in a colonial war that was not of their making, Read’s account should become an invaluable history for Papua New Guineans, even more than for the rest of us.

**Stuart Inder**

## BOOK NEWS and REVIEWS (Cont.)

***The Planter*** By **Owen Genty** ISBN: 0-473-10229-3, Published by Geebar Enterprises NZ 2006, 246pp, incl colour and b&w photos, NZ\$35 available from P.O. Box 24220, Manners Street Post Office, Wellington, 6142, New Zealand Email: [ogn@owengenty.com](mailto:ogn@owengenty.com)

Owen Genty was born in Bowral, N.S.W. and grew up with a love of the land and horses. He is a skilled equestrian who has competed semi-professionally in Polo and Rodeo. In the early fifties he signed on with CPL for three years as a plantation overseer at Taboona plantation on the Gazelle Peninsula. Three years turned into fifteen years and *The Planter* is an anecdotal memoir which covers Genty's time in PNG on different plantations, including stints at Pondo and Popondetta.

Genty recounts his first impressions of Rabaul from the time the plane lands and his introduction to the mores of the colonial community around Kokopo where social and sporting life revolved around 'the club'. In the early chapters dealing with PNG history - and at times throughout the book - the lines between fact and hearsay are often blurred and statements are unsubstantiated by accurate source referencing.

Of most interest to the reader is that Genty records the variety of experiences and situations presented by plantation life - including medical emergencies - and highlights the camaraderie between young bachelors living in isolation. He is not afraid to discuss the racial attitudes and implications that made it difficult to socialize with women outside the European community.

When Genty married, he and Merle decided to raise their family in New Guinea; family life is pre-eminent in the book and is a reminder that the political and economic climate that prevailed in PNG at the time attracted adventurous young men to put down roots and establish a career in 'the territory'. These same men used their initiative to develop the country in other ways. For example, Genty was involved in the sailing club in Rabaul and formed the Polocrosse club when he and Merle moved to Moresby. In 1974 with great sadness Genty and his family left PNG to settle in New Zealand. He had witnessed many changes in his fifteen years and with the onset of Independence the days of plantation life as he had known them in the fifties and early sixties were coming to an end. Those who have lived a plantation life in PNG will be sure to relate to many of Genty's experiences.

***Kundus, Cannibals and Cargo Cults*** by **Gloria Chalmers**, Papua New Guinea in the 1950's, ISBN 978 174018 4144, Soft cover, Printed by Books & Writers Network Pty Ltd 2006, 152 pages, photos and illus, cost \$24.95 pp available from Gallery 89 Partners, PO Box 302, Jerrabomberra. NSW 2619, Ph: 02-62559432, Email: [glochalmers@bigpond.com.au](mailto:glochalmers@bigpond.com.au)

Gloria started work in Konedobu, Papua, for the Department of Public Health in late 1951. Gloria describes her work and association with early staff of the Health Department and also involves us in the many recreational activities of life in Port Moresby. A young Dr Zigas was on the threshold of some wonderful exploration in medical research concerning the newly discovered disease 'Laughing Death' or Kuru. Gloria and Vin Zigas married at TAPINI in April 1953 where Gloria had to quickly adapt to life on an isolated outstation. Gloria became involved in educating the local people, introducing them to the necessary hygiene rules for housekeeping and the whiteman's cultural world. Visits by international scientists became more frequent as news of *kuru* spread. Gloria touches on some amusing interludes during her years in the Eastern Highlands, but we also see loneliness and tragedy including the gradual

breakdown of her married life. Gloria eventually returned to an independent PNG in the 1990s and was saddened by the breakdown of tribal and village life as she knew it and the prevalence of diseases which had been previously almost controlled, a lifestyle that many of the people do not deserve.

This book, essentially a personal account, contains some hand-drawn illustrations and is a wonderful read for those people who were involved in those early days of nation building and the historical development of medical services in TPNG as it was then known. Thank you Gloria.

Albert Speer MBE

***Australia and Papua New Guinea 1966-1969, Documents on Australian Foreign Policy***, Introduced and Edited by **Stuart Doran**, ISBN: 1 921244 003 (paperback) ISBN: 1 921244 011 (hardback) Australian Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade, 2006, 1127 pp, Appendixes, maps, b & w photos, Cost is \$49.95 for soft cover, \$69.95 for hard back. No added postage cost for single orders within Australia. Orders may be made through the DFAT website (<http://www.dfat.gov.au/historical>) or the DFAT publications officer (02-6261 3114).

The Dept of Foreign Affairs and Trade has recently released a publication titled, *Australia and Papua New Guinea, 1966-1969*. This is part of the long-standing series, 'Documents on Australian Foreign Policy', and is the first of two volumes that have been commissioned to commemorate PNG's 30th anniversary of independence.

*Australia and Papua New Guinea, 1966-1969* is a collection of previously classified documents with extensive annotation and a substantial introduction. It focuses on major issues and events as they were discussed internally in Canberra and between Canberra and Port Moresby. Inter alia, topics covered include the establishment of the Bougainville copper mine, the wages problem, West Irianese refugees, the formulation of the five year development program, the Mataungan crises of 1969, political development and a growing disagreement between Administrator David Hay and the Secretary of External Territories, George Warwick Smith.

Apart from the verbatim transcript of Letters, Minutes, Discussion and Briefing Notes, Memoranda, Submissions, Cablegrams and Telexes, there is both an extensive Subject Index and Index of Persons. Of particular interest are the Editorial Notes on various subjects which summarise in narrative form the content of referenced official documents. This should prove to be a most valuable and extremely useful research tool for both students and those interested in the development of Papua New Guinea.

Ross Johnson

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**Dick Doyle** recently came across a 170 year old story about the Witu Islands, *Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Pacific Ocean or The Islands of the Australasian Seas, During the Cruise of the Clipper Margaret Oakley under Captain Benjamin Morrell* by **Thomas Jefferson Jacobs**. It was published in the USA in 1844. The story follows Darco, captured from his home on Nyappa Island (now known as Bali or Unea in the Bali Witu group). The capture was orchestrated by a Captain Benjamin Morrell and his crew, who took Darco to the USA where he was able to pick up sufficient English for the crew to use him for translation purposes on their return to Darco's homeland.

Consequently, Captain Morrell's ship, the clipper *Margaret Oakley* arrived off Narage Island, or Riger as it was called in 1836, home to Darco's mother. Narage has currently been uninhabited for nearly 100 years but, at that time, it was heavily populated and the locals initially attempted to repel the clipper until they realised Darco was aboard.

Jacobs' story explores:

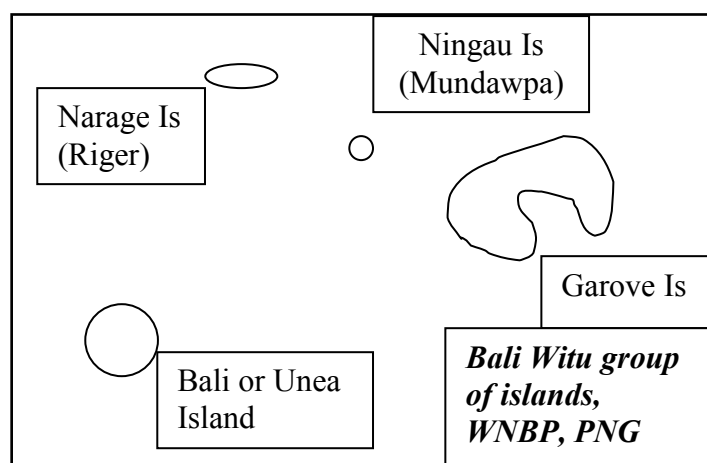
1. a possibility that the fight leader, a burly red skinned 45 year old called Lavoo, could be the son of the French surgeon, Lavieux, with the La Perouse expedition. This expedition disappeared in 1788 after sailing into the Pacific from Botany Bay; relics of it later to be discovered by Captain Peter Dillon on Tikopia Island in the Solomons, about 1300 miles away from Narage. Captain Dillon was told there had been survivors who eventually built a small boat and sailed away never to be seen again.

If Lavoo was Lavieux' son, did Lavieux arrive in the Witu's before or after the La Perouse expedition became wrecked in the Solomons?

2. Jacobs' story also discusses a local legend about a devil called Pongo.

According to this legend Pongo found fame in the chaos he caused around the Witu group. The description of Pongo indicated fully clothed, armed people, complete with tri-cornered hats. Pongo allegedly forced the entire Nyappa population, except for one pregnant lady, to immigrate to Mundawpa (now called Ningau Island, about 20 miles from Bali). This lady gave birth to twin sons who later cut off Pongo's head(s) at Riger (Narage) before informing the refugees at Mundawpa, who returned to Nyappa. Jacobs' claims that Garove (the big island of Witu) was uninhabited in 1836 at the time of his visit due to the locals' fear of mermaids, in cahoots with Pongo, living in Witu's big harbour.

*If anyone has any further information concerning this story please contact Mr Doyle at Langu Plantation, Garove Island, Witu Islands. WNB, PNG.*



## REUNIONS

The following ASOPA reunions will be held in late 2007:

**1961-62 reunion:** Cedar Lake Country Club, **Advancetown via Nerang** 24-26 August 2007  
Please contact David Keating email: [dak99@bigpond.net.au](mailto:dak99@bigpond.net.au) for details.

**1962-63 reunion: Brisbane, 12-14 October 2007**

Please contact Henry Bodman, email: [hmacdb@ozemail.com.au](mailto:hmacdb@ozemail.com.au) for details.

**1960-61 reunion: Brisbane, 12-14 October 2007A**

Please contact David Keating email: [dak99@bigpond.net.au](mailto:dak99@bigpond.net.au) for details.

Whilst the focus for the 1960-1961 and 1962-1963 reunions in Brisbane is past ASOPA Education Officers, the qualification base for attendance has been broadened, particularly for the planned golf morning and the Reunion Gala Dinner on Saturday 13 October - and therefore others with a PNG and/or education interest will be welcome.

Those interested in the golf morning should contact Bill Welbourne Ph: 07-3287 6183  
Email: [wwelbour@bigpond.net.au](mailto:wwelbour@bigpond.net.au) or Les Lyons Ph: 08-9359 2582 Email: [leslyons@iinet.net.au](mailto:leslyons@iinet.net.au) and those interested in the Gala Dinner should contact Henry Bodman Ph: 07-3378 8382 Email: [hmacdb@ozemail.com.au](mailto:hmacdb@ozemail.com.au)

**Goroka/Banz/Hagen International Primary Schools Reunion** will be held on Saturday **15 September 2007** at the QLD Irish Club in Brisbane. Cost will be \$50/adult and \$30/child (incl food and beverage package), DJ and photographer. . Please advise contact details, numbers coming and what year/s you attended the school. GIPS: please contact Lisa Adams at: 6/3 Mauna Loa Street, Larrakeyah, Northern Territory 0820 Ph: 0432919401 Email: [gipsreunion07@hotmail.com](mailto:gipsreunion07@hotmail.com).

BIPS/HIPS: please contact Lola Collins Email: [lola.Collins@defence.gov.au](mailto:lola.Collins@defence.gov.au) or Ph: 0431 273549 Lola says that her year is organising a small photo board, and other years may like to organise this too. \* \* \*

**Kiap Reunion - Sunday, 11 November, 2007**

Kawana Waters Hotel, Nicklin Way, Buddina, Queensland

Please contact: Bob/Heather Fayle, Home Ph. 07. 54447446, 31 Moondarra Cres., Mooloolaba, QLD 4557, Email: [bobfayle@hotmail.com](mailto:bobfayle@hotmail.com) (Please put 'Kiap Reunion' in the subject line if possible) \* \* \*

**Treasury** people will be holding another reunion at Port Stephens, NSW, from **September 13-18, 2007**. For further details contact Dave Martin on (08) 8388 4354.

\* \* \*

**All ex-teachers, ex-students, and friends of Yang Ching / Sacred Heart School, Rabaul** are invited to attend the Reunion Dinner at the Greek Club, 29 Edmondstone Street, South Brisbane on Saturday 30 June, 2007 at 6.30 pm and the Commemorative Mass at the Sacred Heart Centre, 80 Nemies Road, Runcorn on Sunday 1 July, 2007 at 10.30 am. Cost of Dinner is \$75. Tickets for the Reunion Dinner are limited so please book early. A Commemorative Magazine and Photo Disc will be produced - if you have interesting stories or photos of the school or Rabaul, please contact Sylvia at [stephchow1945@aol.com](mailto:stephchow1945@aol.com) or at 1-73 Homebush Road, Kedron, QLD 4031 - mobile 0412 117 225. More details of the function are available on [http://geocities.com/rabaul\\_reunion](http://geocities.com/rabaul_reunion). \* \* \*

The **Bulolo Golf Club, PNG**, invites all past and present members to its **60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary & Reunion** to be held on the Queens Birthday Holiday weekend from Friday 8<sup>th</sup> to Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> June 2007. For full details see posting under 'Reunions' on [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net) or contact: Ron Sneath - Telephone (675) 474 5194, Fax (675) 474 5365, Email [pngfp.rs@global.net.pg](mailto:pngfp.rs@global.net.pg).  
*Cont over*

### **RPNGC Christmas Lunch 2006 by Derek Bell**

This year's Christmas Lunch was held at the Mercure Hotel, Brisbane on Saturday 9 December. Forty-two former officers, wives and widows attended. They hailed from Perth, Canberra, Moruya, Port Macquarie, Coonabarabran, and Cairns, as well as northern NSW and SE Queensland. Apologies were read out from a further ten. The hotel put on a good spread and the private bar did a roaring trade all afternoon.

Toasts were drunk to the memories of three former officers who passed away during the year – Frank Davies, Tom Shacklady, and Peter Murray, and the widow of a former officer, Veronica Towner. Bill McGrath's remaining stock of RPNGC coffee mugs were sold off within two minutes of hitting the market. Watson Beaton's book *Khaki and Blue* was reviewed and passed muster. An impromptu story-telling session was a feature of the afternoon. One of these concerned an unnamed Crown Prosecutor driving home tired and overwrought from a night out in Port Moresby. After being stopped for driving through a police roadblock, his passenger asked him "Didn't you see the arrows?" The CP replied "Arrows! I didn't even see the Indians."

Lunch next year will be at the same venue on Saturday 1 December.

\* \* \*

### **Teacher's Reunion 2006**

Expatriate teachers who formerly taught in Papua New Guinea gathered for their Annual Reunion Lunch on 14 October at the Jindalee Hotel, Brisbane.

It was good to see a number of new faces among the fifty-two who attended the function.

Murray Bladwell, who has arranged the function for the past three years, welcomed the group - especially the new attendees. One sad note was the announcement of the death of our colleague David Lewis who attended all previous functions. Our condolences go to David's wife, Gillian (also an PNG expatriate teacher) and family. We will miss him.

At the reunion it was announced that former ASOPA-trained teachers will have separate reunions in 2007 according to the years they attended ASOPA.

Murray also drew attention to the book: *Meeting the Challenge - Australian Teachers in PNG - Pre-Independence*, which was launched at the 2005 reunion. He mentioned that a limited number of copies are still available. Henry Bodman announced that all profits from sales of the book will be directed to Rotary International, specifically for projects to help PNG children. Interested people may contact Editor Gail Burke, PO Box 1224, Kenmore, QLD 4069, or phone (07) 3374 4894.

\* \* \*

### **Madang Reunion, Bribie Island**

On Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> November 2006 the weather was perfect for the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the annual Madang Reunion at Apex Park, Bongaree, Bribie Island, which is about one hour's drive north of Brisbane. There were more people than at previous reunions, with an estimation of about 200 people. The reunion was previously at North Arm from 1981 to 1988 and has been at Bribie Island since 1989. It is held on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday of November every year and the next reunion will be on Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> November 2007. The reunion is informal and everyone brings their own refreshments and picnic lunch. A good time was had by all, meeting old friends and others who previously lived in the Madang District/Province.

Barry Smith

# THE BEGINNING OF NODUP VILLAGE HIGHER SCHOOL

by A. To BURUA

(A Member of the Art Division.)

*Reprinted from the Public Service Journal, TPNG, Vol 1 No. 3 1959 courtesy Mr Chris Counter*

Nobody knows who put the idea of 'learning the English language' into the head of Nason Takraen, of Matalau, who was a Mission teacher of the Methodist Mission School at Watnabara, a tiny island in the Duke of Yorks.

Nason had always thought that unless a man knew English he could not read music. This idea existed in his mind for a long time. He could not tell his *Talatalas* (ministers) because they believed that if they introduced the teaching of English in their schools it would interfere with the teaching of the Bible.

He could not ignore the thought he had in his mind. Having considered to whom he would give his plan he decided that he would confide in Amos Tamti. Amos was the paramount chief of Matalau at that time. Amos listened and then sent a message to all the *luluais* and *tultuls* and headmen of Nodup to hold a council. All agreed that Nason's idea was good. They decided to bring the matter before the number one *Kiap* or District Officer. The Administrator, General T. Griffiths, gladly accepted the suggestion when the District Officer carried the message -from the Nodup and Matalau people to him.

The local people then bought some land and began to build a school building of bush materials. The houses for the teachers were built by the Administration. The people worked very hard indeed so that everything was completed in a few weeks. Then Mr. Adolph Schmidt, who was headmaster of the Elementary School at Malaguna, went around the six villages of the Nodup area taking the names of boys who would be the first students at the new school.

On 8th July, 1932, the first village school was officially opened by the Government Secretary, Mr. H. H. Page. Mr. Page was also the Director of Education of the Territory of New Guinea in pre-war days. A big feast was held in the afternoon. Natives from other villages around Rabaul were surprised to hear about the new school and could not understand why the Government had provided Nodup with a school.

Mr. Garvey and Aisoli Salin were the first two teachers. The children were eager to learn the new language and to learn all the new and interesting things. In 1933 Mr. J. H. L. Waterhouse came over from the British Solomons and took the position of teacher-in-charge of the school. Aisoli Salin was replaced by Boski Tom.

Shortly after Mr. Waterhouse's arrival a bugle band was started at the school. When the Superintendent of Police, Colonel Wolstab, heard it he asked Mr. Waterhouse for two buglers. Later on, Mr. Crawley decided to begin a real brass band in Rabaul. He got twelve boys from Nodup and these boys were the first members of the present brass band now in Port Moresby.

In 1936, a permanent building was erected at Nodup by Mr. V. Sully and the students of the technical school at Malaguna. This school was frequently visited by Europeans and they were amazed at the progress of the pupils. Many boys became telephone-operators, wireless-operators and clerks. As for myself, I was chosen to be the first teacher from this school. This happened in 1938 and I had had no training at all as young teachers have nowadays. Seven years after Nodup school was opened, two new schools were built, one at Pila Pila and another one at Tavul. But not very long after these schools were opened the Japanese came and they put an end to everything. ■

## **FRIDAY NIGHT RUGBY LEAGUE IN MORESBY By Richard Jones**

FRIDAY night football in Australia's major winter codes is commonplace these days and it's taken for granted. Still, it's informative to remember that in the 1960s and 1970s Friday night rugby league in PNG's capital city Port Moresby was the highlight of the sporting week. Many years before the AFL and NRL cottoned on to the idea that people actually wanted to see football played under lights at the end of the working week the Papuan Rugby League [PRL] programmed Friday evening matches as a regular part of its competition schedule.

And many of these matches were broadcast live by the ABC sports team. Of course it made sense to play sport in the cooler time of the tropical evenings. Sunday afternoon rugby league was brutal not just because of the gladiatorial nature of rugby league, but also because of the daytime heat and humidity.

The PRL senior competition was made up of five clubs: Magani-Badili, DCA, Paga, Hawks and Kone Tigers. During my time in and around Moresby from 1965-76 Kone languished around the bottom of the ladder – the cellar. The Tigers had been a more formidable club earlier in the 60s I was reliably informed yet was not able to keep pace with three of its rivals — Hawks, Paga and DCA --- in flying in reasonable standard rugby league players from north Queensland and even northern NSW. There were some formidable figures brought in by clubs as they sought to bolster their playing stocks. I remember the Goode brothers, Darcy and Errol, pulling on the green and white Hawks' guernsey (this club was based at Four Mile), while 'Bluey' Eustice donned the white (with blue yolk) DCA strip and Barry Beiber turned out in Paga's pale blue jumper.

In the days long before credit cards and ATMs, a number of imported players were handed their first-ever cheque books. I'm not sure club officials told them it was necessary to have some funds stashed away in the appropriate bank account before they even started to write out a cheque, but write cheques they continued to do during their sojourns in Moresby! Many was the time PRL licensed club manager Lennie Katterns shook his head in dismay as chief barman Arua trotted to his side with yet another worthless piece of paper. At the other end of the PRL bar grinning players raised their schooners in salute to the frustrated Katterns.

Apart from those mentioned above, there were a number of other very handy players running around in the Moresby competition. Digger Annand -- no one ever seemed to know his given Christian name -- was a menacing outside centre for DCA, the Gallagher brothers were versatile Paga players around the base of the scrums and Johnny Davis was Magani's prime mover at half-back.

And how did club officials pay for these players from southern shores? Well, in the early and mid-60s there was plenty of easy money about at games nights with crown and anchor and other games of chance heavily weighted in the favour of the clubs running the events. House of Assembly parliamentarian Keith Tetley was a regular attendee at one or other of the club gaming nights. He had some memorable betting face-offs with a character from the Hawks' coterie, one Bobby Burgess.

There were some colourful characters in the refereeing world, too. No one was too sure whether Kevin Lopes talked more on the field while dishing out penalties or when downing a cooling ale at the bar later in the evening.

I'm fairly certain that John Kaputin was among the first Papua New Guinean players to pull on a PRL guernsey during the time I wrote about and broadcast Moresby rugby league fixtures. As a pioneer for his national sporting mates he had to endure endless



jibes but he was a player of real calibre -- a fact admitted to by opponents and teammates alike. Shortly afterwards noted national players such as Daniel Gire, 'Baby' Wele, Gabo Vitui, Meli Muga and Dadi Toka came on the scene. It was in the unlikely setting of Amazon Bay on the boundary of the then Central and Milne Bay provinces that I heard more about DCA running back Gabo Vitui. One day in 1970 when searching through some old *Post-Courier* cuttings my houseboi, Vitui, looked over my shoulder and started clapping his hands. Through a garbled Hiri Motu exchange between us, I eventually gathered Gabo Vitui was his son. He pointed to the press photos showing Gabo in action. From the collection I had I gave him the clippings about Gabo's feats on the rugby league field. He happily took them back to the village to show his family, clansmen and neighbours.

By the mid-1970s the wheel had turned full circle. Instead of a handful of PNG national players in the Moresby rugby league competition, clubs fielded teams made up almost entirely of locals. Veteran ABC radio and TV journalist Sean Dorney played senior football in the PRL competition. He was one of the few remaining expatriates on the rugby league field by the late 70s. These days Dorney is still covering Pacific Island affairs for the ABC with reports from Suva about November's military coup in Fiji among his latest assignments. ■

### **TO LICENCE OR NOT TO LICENCE By Brian Hartley**

It was fascinating to read the various references in the December issue of *Una Voce* to Rabaul, Kokopo, the New Tokua airport and other parts of East New Britain. I was a PO in Rabaul from Feb. 1974 to April 1976 and it is interesting to compare how it was then with how it all is now; certainly Kokopo has changed, with some 200 businesses including internet cafes [refer p.9 Dec. issue].

During 1974 one of my jobs was to introduce all food and entertainment outlets to a requirement for specific licences which had not been enforced in the area previously. Kokopo was included in this and in those days was certainly a lot less developed than it obviously is now. What surprised me mostly was the ready acceptance by everyone of the need for the licences and the cost of them. Was it because the owners of the businesses felt that they had been fortunate due to the lack of enforcement previously, or because they thought it was reasonable to be made to have a licence, or that they had no choice anyway? I don't know, but whatever the reasons, it certainly made it a lot easier for me.

The decision to enforce the licences was only taken after a lot of research and serious discussions with many people, including the Rabaul Town Council, the Public Health and Regional Health departments, the Police, Post and Telegraphs, managers of hotels and motels, Burns Philp, Carpenters, Community Development, solicitors, Crown Law, DDA and various individuals including Mrs Schnaubert [Julius Chan's sister], because of her retail outlet near Rabaul Market.

Finally, a notice to traders was produced and this was followed by the drafting and production of new applications and licences. Then, of course, followed personal visits by myself to all possible and probable food and/or entertainment outlets.

I had been appointed a licensing officer on July 15 and by mid-November, in addition to my other work of visits on government trawlers to Patrol Posts at Wide Bay and the Duke of York Islands, Rural Improvement Program work, organising an Islands Soccer Tournament, liaison officer for visiting VIP's, etc., I had completed all the initial visits necessary and I then handed over everything to the town council so they could take over the future control of the licensing. I often wonder as to whether the council continued with the system we had introduced, but certainly with the increased development one would think it would be an excellent revenue raiser today. ■



Tom Grahamslaw's farewell –  
circa March 1961  
*Left to right:*  
Justice Sir Alan Mann,  
Sir Donald Cleland,  
Tom Grahamslaw  
Judge Esme Bignold  
Photo courtesy Derek Baldwin

## RECOLLECTIONS OF ANGAU by Tom Grahamslaw

*This is the fourth and final edited instalment of the wartime experiences of a former PNG Collector of Customs in the then newly formed Angau. The full account, including details that have not been published for space reasons, is now available on the PNGAA's website, [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)*

A signal was waiting from Headquarters Angau instructing me to proceed to Popondetta airstrip the following morning to Lieutenant Colonel Baldwin. Baldwin informed me that, as a result of a direct request from General MacArthur to General Blamey, there was to be a more equitable distribution of carriers between American and Australian Forces, and that I was to be attached to Advance Headquarters of the New Guinea Force under the command of General Herring to implement the decision.

Then followed an extremely interesting period at Dobuduru. I was present at the morning conferences of senior offices presided over by General Berryman, when the latest situation reports from all areas of fighting were discussed and tactical decisions made. Berryman expected 100% efficiency and saw to it that he got it. Officers who didn't measure up were smartly "Bowler hatted".

My direct superior at Dobuduru was Colonel Legge. He would preside over a conference at 8 o'clock every night and, amongst other things, would deal with the latest request for ammunition and stores from each sector where fighting was going on. I would work on the loads on the basis of 50 lbs. per carrier. Then I would return to my tent and from there would telephone the O.C. of each Angau Labour Camp and give him his instructions. While this was going on, another officer would telephone the supply depot. All the carrier lines would be in motion in the early hours to ensure that the loads reached their destination at first light. The Angau camps were located as near as practicable to the areas where fighting was taking place. The men in charge of these camps – Dick Humphries, Alistair Mclean, Macgregor Dowsett and others, and their carriers, did a particularly fine job under difficult conditions, and with no rest days. As on the Kokoda Trail, overwork and exposure affected the health of European and Native alike. These men made a worthy contribution to the campaign.

My tent at Dobuduru was alongside the one occupied by Colonel Chave, Senior Intelligence Officer. After completing my evening duties he permitted me to read the translation of Japanese diaries, over 100, which had been recovered from the bodies of enemy dead. These made fascinating reading, depicting as they did the experiences hopes and fears of the writers.

It was while reading the transcription of one of these diaries that I obtained the first authentic knowledge of the fate of Captain Austen and his party [see December issue].

Garbled accounts had already been received from native sources, which indicated that the party had been wiped out by the Japanese, after betrayal by certain natives. The diary in question made two separate references to Austen's party. The first recorded that natives had brought in nine Australian prisoners comprising five men, three women and one child. The writer was most impressed by the beauty of one of the women, Louise Artango. Louise was part Filipino and part Papuan. The other two women were Miss Lashmar and Miss Brenchly of the Sangara Mission. The second entry in the diary, made on the day after the party was handed over, stated that the nine Australian prisoners had been shot and beheaded. The writer said that when the time came for the beheading of Louise Artango he felt quite sick. He made only passing reference to the killing of the others.

I also found a mention of Austen's party in the transcription of another Japanese diary. This Japanese had served in a number of areas – Hong Kong, Singapore, Java, Rabaul and Buna – before meeting his end at Milne Bay. ((One of the interesting things mentioned in his diary was that his countrymen had established a shrine near one of the volcanoes at Rabaul, where they went to pray.) His diary made two references to Austen's party. The first recorded the date (which coincided with that shown in the other diary), and the number and sex of Australians brought into the Japanese at Sinemi; the second entry made a brief comment on the shooting and beheading of the nine prisoners on the following day.

During this period sizeable number of New Guinea natives, who had been brought from Rabaul to carry for the Japanese, had either escaped or had been released by our troops as the enemy fell back to their last strongholds at Buna and Gona. These natives, after convalescing in the hospital-cum-convalescent camp run by Dr. Vernon at Popondetta, very willingly joined the Angau carrier lines. I received a report that about 500 New Guinea carriers had escaped early in the campaign and had made their way to the Waria region, where they were being fed by the local people. A patrol was despatched to fetch them in. They were in good fettle on arrival at Dobuduru and were put to work immediately in the carrier lines, a task they undertook with great gusto.

The majority of natives employed in Rabaul and in plantations in New Britain came from other districts, such as Sepik, Madang, Bougainville. When the Japanese occupied Rabaul these natives farmed themselves out amongst the Tolai villages. Several months later the Japs sent out word that if these "foreign" natives came into Rabaul they would be sent back to their own villages. The natives fell for the offer and something like 2000 reported to Rabaul for repatriation. Instead they found themselves shipped to Buna to work as carriers.

These carriers had an exceedingly bad time. After the first day at work the Japs compelled them to forage for their own food. This involved raiding village gardens, which did not endear them to the owners of the gardens. In point of fact, a number of unfortunate New Guinea carriers were speared and killed by Papuans when caught raiding gardens. Jap stragglers who raided gardens also met with the same fate.

Within a few days of my arrival at Dobuduru I began to receive visits from officials of native villages ranging as far back as Bofu. All of them had stories of hardships resulting from the enemy occupation. However, the answers they gave to my questions convinced me that the Japanese had treated them reasonably well. Apart from demands for foodstuffs, which was paid for in invasion money, about the only other pressure exerted by the Japanese was for carriers and guides and this mainly in the early stages of the invasion. The Japanese made it clear to the natives that, if they

assisted the Australians and Americans in any way, they would be severely punished. However, with the exception of a few isolated instances the Japanese left their womenfolk alone.

It was not long before I received disturbing reports that several of the Village Constables, now eager to be of service, had taken a major part in the betrayal and killings of Anglican missionaries, Australian soldiers and American airmen whose aircraft had been shot down or had made forced landings. I duly noted the reports but decided to take no action until such time as our troops had achieved victory. In any case because of my operational duties and lack of field personnel, I was not in a position to conduct an investigation.

One morning when I was in my tent receiving a delegation of village officials, I heard the sound of approaching aerial activity. We dashed out of the tent in time to witness an American DC3 cargo plane being chased by two Zeros. The DC3 was flying so low that it actually dislodged treetops, some of which fell about us. Several minutes later we heard an explosion. The village officials then departed, but returned three days later with advice that the aircraft had crashed near their village, killing three Americans. They handed over watches and other personal belongings taken from the remains of the Americans, which I duly passed on to the American authorities. I arranged for the Village Constable to accompany an American burial party to the scene of the crash.

The Orakaiva natives could never understand why we treated the Japanese prisoners so well. There were times when an instruction to carriers to act as stretcher-bearers for sick or wounded Japanese prisoners met with almost open rebellion. I happened to be passing an American Dressing Station one morning when I heard a hullabaloo centred around a group of Orakaiva stretcher-bearers. The American Medical Officer and several of his men were shouting at the Papuans, who were shouting back, neither group being able to make itself understood.

The cause of the commotion was a dead Japanese lying on a stretcher. He had been very much alive when the stretcher party had departed the American forward lines and the M.O. obviously suspected foul play. He drew my attention to a large recent lump on the side of the Jap's head. The carriers strenuously denied the M.O.'s accusations. Knowing my Papuans I dispensed with preliminaries. "Why did you kill him?" I asked. "He tried to get off the stretcher and run away, so we gave him a little hit on the head with a stick to keep him quiet", was the virtuous reply. From then on, whenever it was necessary to carry a Japanese patient a police constable accompanied the stretcher to ensure the safe arrival of the occupant.

One morning when making the ten-mile walk for Dobuduru to visit Angau native labour camps at Soputa, I witnessed the bombing of an American field hospital by Japanese aircraft. The hospital was situated in a clearing with the usual Red Cross markings to distinguish it. Considerable damage was done and a number of the patients and staff were killed or wounded. On arrival at Soputa I learned that the Australian field hospital had also been dive-bombed by enemy aircraft and that those killed included several doctors.

Whilst making my way to the Angau set-up I came across a tent which was occupied by my old friend, Captain Lea Ashton. There were several bomb craters alongside the tent and the tent itself was riddled with bomb splinters. Fortunately, Lea happened to be visiting another tent when the bombs fell. Lea told me he was a member of Commander Eric Feldt's coast-watching organisation. He was in charge of a small

party of native police which had been engaged on a reconnaissance mission in the Buna area; similar to the one I had carried out. Lea's party had penetrated as far as Inonda. It had already passed through country where the attitude of the natives was far from friendly, but it was not until he reached Inonda that his party encountered open hostility. Several of his police were attacked by local natives and had to fight their way out of trouble. As it was obviously impossible for Lea to obtain any information of military significance, he joined up with Australian troops and was awaiting his next posting when I met him.

That afternoon on the return walk to Dobuduru, I was wading across the Giruwa River, which at Soputa is wide and shallow, when I got a grandstand view of an aerial battle between American Lightnings and Japanese Zeros. There were many of them and they crisscrossed the sky at such a rate that I was unable to watch everything. However, I saw four Japanese and two American aircraft shot down. One of my recollections of the encounter was that the Lightnings were much faster than the Zeros but lacked their manoeuvrability.

Early in January Advance Headquarters found itself with 300 Japanese prisoners on its hands. Many of them were patients from a Japanese hospital, which had been captured by Australian troops closing in on Gona. Brigadier Legge instructed that I was to be responsible for the safeguarding of the Japanese prisoners until they could be sent to Australia. I was told that the prisoners would be arriving in the afternoon. Prompt action was necessary. By this time I had been in the Army long enough to be reasonably expert at passing the buck. So I sent for Lieutenant Harvey Morton who was in charge of a nearby Angau labour camp. "I want you to construct a barbed wire stockade to accommodate from three to five hundred Japs and the job must be completed by this afternoon", I said. Harvey's reply was unprintable.

I knew Harvey before the war when he was a plantation assistant and was aware that he was an enterprising chap who could cope with emergencies. Sure enough the stockade was finished that afternoon. It was made from bush timbers and ringed with barbed wire obtained from Army engineers. It even had a roof over much of it to provide shelter from the nightly rain. Harvey was made O.C. of the stockade and my native police were assigned to him to act as guards. Fortunately, the Japs were a docile lot, which was not surprising when one considers the privations they had endured, and Harvey was able to account for all his charges when the time came to hand them over for transport to Australia.

Organised enemy resistance in the Buna area ceased on 26 January 1943. Advance New Guinea Force folded up and I found myself attached to the American 41<sup>st</sup> Division, which was entrusted with the task of mopping up the remaining Japanese troops, estimated to be about 2000. I received a request from the American Command for Angau personnel to act as guides for mopping up parties. As this meant combat duty, I decided to call for volunteers from the Angau labour camps, about seven in number, ranging between Soputa and Oro Bay. Many of the men in these camps had served in AIF units in the Middle East and Greece and had been transferred to Angau after the Japanese invasion of the Territory. Some of them complained to me that they had enlisted to fight and not to be condemned to mostly non-combatant duties such as required by Angau. My invitation met with the desired response and the Angau volunteers, supplemented by volunteers from my Native Police, were duly attached to American patrols. Unfortunately, two of the police were killed in one engagement near the mouth of the Giruwa River. The Angau warrant officer with them managed to escape by swimming the river under enemy fire.

Lieutenant Fred Bannigan (a pre-war Wau identity) was perhaps the most reckless soldier under my command. He accompanied several American patrols and had hand-to-hand encounters with the enemy. By the time fighting finished, Fred had an enviable collection of Japanese souvenirs, which he acquired the hard way, ie by first disposing of the enemy. The souvenirs ranged from swords to watches.

Before his departure, General Vasey decided to commemorate the work done by the carriers who had accompanied his troops across the Kokoda Trail by presenting them with Loyal Service Medals. As I was the Senior Angau officer in the area, I was instructed to translate his speech.

On the morning of the day when the awards were to be made, I reported to Colonel Canet of the 7<sup>th</sup> Australian Division and sought his advice as to the nature of the speech General Vasey would make. I explained that I would appreciate a preview so that I could memorise as much as possible for translation into Motu. Canet informed me that it was his job to write the speech and that he would be doing it that afternoon. He suggested that, in the meantime, I join the official party of Australian and American Generals and other high ranking officers who were about to make their first inspection of Sanananda after its capture. Accompanied by an American Major, I joined the official party. The Major had a jeep and driver and we were able to travel in it for about six miles from Soputa in the direction of Sanananda. Heavy fighting had taken place in the area and the bodies of enemy troops, some of whom had been dead for weeks, and others who had been killed a day or two before, littered the track. The stench was indescribable. The last stretch of seven or eight miles had to be traversed on foot and a man needed a strong stomach to avoid being sick.

When I got back to 7<sup>th</sup> Division HQ, Colonel Canet had just completed the General's speech. It was a very good one. It praised the carriers for their loyalty and meritorious contribution to the war effort and it conveyed the thanks of our Sovereign. The only part that worried me was where the General said that his troops would be returning to Australia to recuperate, and his speech finished with the wish that the carriers would also be sent home for a well earned rest. I knew that there was not the slightest possibility of us being able to release the carriers for some considerable time.

The General duly made his speech to the assembled multitude of more than 3000 carriers and hundreds of Australian troops. Then followed my translation, which was listened to in complete silence. It was a faithful translation until I got to the part where the General wished they could be sent home to rest. My rendition was that the Australians soldiers, who had fought with great loss of life to preserve Papua and its native people, were going home to recuperate so that they could come back and resume fighting until the enemy was beaten and that in the meantime it was necessary for the carriers and people like myself, who belonged to the Territory, to remain at our posts.

I had some doubts as to the reception that would be accorded to my concluding words, and it was an enormous relief when the natives broke into cheers of approbation. Then followed the presentation of medals to the ten selected carriers. The General read each citation, I translated it, and then he placed the chain to which the medal was attached over the recipient's head and round his neck. All went well until he came to a Mekeo (from the Yule Island hinterland) with a large thatch of frizzy hair. The General's struggle to get the chain around the Mekeo's neck caused a lot of amusement to Native and European spectators alike, and it was on this note that the ceremony ended.

I was released from operational duties towards then end of March 1943. After 24 days Army leave in Australia I resumed duty as District Officer, Mambare Division. There was much to be done in a district, which had suffered severely from the ravages of war. Headquarters Angau gave the district priority in respect of staff and the provision of facilities necessary to enable us to undertake the task of rehabilitation. Capable and experienced officers such as Claude and Alan Champion, Jack McKenna, together with keen newcomers like Peter Kaad and Ron Galloway who later made a name for themselves in the post-war administration, were posted to the district.

Intensive patrolling became the order of the day and within a few months the whole of the district had been covered by our patrols. It was good to learn that the propaganda carried out by Angau officials prior to the enemy landing at Buna paid dividends. We learned that the bulk of the native population, including most of the officials, had heeded our talk and accordingly refrained, as far as they were able, from giving assistance to the enemy.

As was expected, a number of natives did go over to the enemy. The Europeans in the district were few in number – not more than forty - and the enemy came in their thousands. It was natural that the people would soon be convinced that there was a new master in the land and it was understandable that those with a grudge against the Government, or against Europeans generally, would flock to the service of the enemy. Then there were the opportunists who thought they saw a chance to obtain positions of power and authority for themselves.

One of the first things the Japanese did in the Buna area was to appoint a representative in each village. The representative was accorded the rank of Captain. All directions to village people were transmitted through him and the Japanese punished those who did not obey his instructions. Some of the Captains behaved like autocrats during their few months in office. Others had accepted office with reluctance, and only because the Japanese insisted on having a representative in each village.

Shortly after native administration was re-established in the district and the people were satisfied that the Japs had been defeated, they seized the Captains and brought them to Higaturu for punishment. My problem was to mete out justice to these men, to the satisfaction of the village people. They could possibly have been charged with an act of treason under the Criminal code. However, I did not think it would be right or proper to apply this law to people who had no knowledge of its existence.

The captains were taken into protective custody to shield them from the wrath of their people while I referred the matter to Headquarters for decision as to what should be done. A reply came from Headquarters to the effect that my reasoning was concurred with and that as there was no law under which a charge could be legally sustained the captains should be released. My quandary was that the village people were adamant that they should be punished. In a number of instances they asserted that if the government did not act they would mete out punishment themselves.

After much deliberation I thought I had the answer. I assembled the captains, about forty in number, and suggested to them that an honourable way to make amends for their treachery would be by signing up to work for the Army for two years. My suggestion was seized upon with relief. These men had been expecting some dire form of punishment and were glad of the opportunity to get away from the wrath of their people and allow time to cover up the scars, as it were. The erstwhile captains were

duly signed on to be sent overland to Port Moresby to work for the Army as carriers etc. in the forward areas.

Shortly after restoration of native administration Angau officials arrested an ex village constable named Embogi and a number of his compatriots for the betrayal and killing of the Ambasi potters named Hanna and Holyoak, the Gona Mission teachers Miss Hayman and Miss Parkinson, two European members of the P.I.B. and several American airmen. Embogi and four other natives from the Sangara area were sentenced to death.

One morning the A.D.O., Captain Frank Moy, and myself were in our newly constructed office at Higaturu preparing reports for Headquarters, when a jeep arrived from the airstrip at Popondetta carrying a passenger with the rank of Captain. The back of the jeep was piled high with rope. The new arrival introduced himself as Ron Hicks of Royal Police Constabulary Headquarters. He produced copies of warrants for the execution by hanging of Embogi and the four other condemned men. Hicks wanted to know if we had a gallows. I replied "No" and at the same time pointed out that one could not be constructed at short notice as the only tools on the station were one hammer and one saw. We had no nails.

Hicks then announced that a tree would have to do. Accompanied by Captain W. R. Humphries, who was at the time conducting investigations into major crimes committed during the enemy occupation, he went in search of a suitable tree. They arrived back a couple of hours later sweating but successful. Hicks was anxious to get the job over and done with. However, I informed him that, firstly, I would not act until the originals of the warrants had been received and secondly, the condemned men would have to be given the opportunity to farewell their relatives.

The hangings took place several days later in the presence of thousands of people from nearby villages. I addressed the multitude in Motu, explaining fully why the men were being executed. To make sure that the words sank in, the Station interpreter repeated what I said. It was a grim experience, which I shall never forget. Each man was given a chance to speak and each elected to do so. Embogi's speech had a profound effect on all present. He had a sonorous voice and was obviously a gifted orator. The gist of his speech was that he went wrong because he was uneducated and did not know better. He freely admitted his crimes and said that the punishment he was about to receive was just. He concluded by enjoining his people to heed what the Government said and to obey its laws.

Embogi was one of the first people to report to me after our troops entered the Buna area and I had taken a liking to him. However, it was not long before I heard whispers that he had been on friendly terms with the Japanese, had played a major part in the betrayal of the Europeans and had actually participated in the killing of the P.I.B. Lieutenant and others. He was obviously a bloodthirsty type but he met his end like a man. The other four also spoke up like men. They freely admitted their guilt and said they were prepared to pay with their lives.

I lay awake that most of that night listening to the drums beating and the wailing of the mourners in the villages adjacent to Higaturu and re-living the events of the day. I had seen death in various forms during the preceding twelve months but nothing affected me as deeply as the hangings of Embogi and his fellow murderers. Perhaps it was the courage they displayed when the time came for them to die. Be that as it may, the punishment meted out to them was in accordance with their own tribal code of "an eye for an eye."



## LEST WE FORGET Kavieng 1975 by Shane Jenkinson

*Extract from Shane's memoirs 'My Life Behind Bars', a story of clubs, hotels in PNG 1965-1997*

From my first arrival in Australia in 1960 I could never miss ANZAC DAY and, over the years, I have attended many – Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Auckland, Bomana in Port Moresby, Rabaul town, and Kokopo Bitapaka but for pure simplicity Kavieng cenotaph, on the shore of the harbour, takes some beating.

On Anzac Day 1975 at dawn with our Colonel-in-Chief James White, ex British Army, sergeant majors (now ranking PNG constabulary officers) and a 'dads army' which included former foes, we united in a common bond to pay homage to the fallen warriors; a cassette playing 'Last Post' in the early dawn. I always prevailed in my career to committees and owners to know this important day and was never disappointed, always hosting the traditional gunfire breakfast. One year in Kavieng I put empty kegs in a blacked-out room, candles on kegs, the traditional fare of eggs, bacon, beans served in mess tins, coffee, rum and, by 8am, we were ready for anything.

In my memorabilia I keep and play cassettes and records of wartime tunes and songs, and on one nostalgic occasion Bobby Roberts and I soft-shoed and sang 'Underneath the Arches', a WWII favourite by Flanagan and Allen.

'How did you know that?' asked Jim Grose (a prominent planter member)

'I grew up during WWII' I explained

.....! 'Even the kids are grown up!'

At 10.30am we assembled, scrubbed up and smart, for the formal march and service. We marched from the club house down to the beautiful shoreline where Japanese troops landed in 1942, the Last Post and Reveille sounded by a trumpet. We sang traditional hymns and stood proud and respectful. The rest of the day we talked, remembered, listened to records, drank, slept, woke up and carried on – as surely as ANZAC DAY always will.

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

**David READ - LLB, PSM** (5 September 2006, aged 67 years)

Dave was born in Maitland NSW and completed his schooling in Hobart. He went to PNG as a Cadet Patrol Officer in early 1960, serving first at Ela Beach, Kairuku, Tapini, Woitape, and Guari, and then in Lorengau Manus Island, Okapa, Lufa and Goroka EHD and Port Moresby.

He ultimately became responsible for staff training for the Department of District Administration, including the induction of new field officers at Kwikila.

Following Independence in 1975, Dave's position was taken by a local officer. He went to Canberra, where he studied at the Australian National University and in 1978 graduated with a Bachelor of Laws degree.

He then secured a position in the Northern Territory where he worked in the Department of Community Development, extending local government through aboriginal communities, and then in the Treasury where he rose to become the Commissioner of Taxes. Other hats he wore in this position were Director of Gaming and Senior Director of Revenue. He was awarded the Public Service Medal for outstanding service to the Northern Territory Treasury in 1997.

In 1999 he retired to Cooran on the Sunshine Coast but continued to do consulting work. Retirement was not in his nature and so with a retired colleague from the Victorian State Tax Office, they started their own small company to assist the community in issues with Local Government and Government alike. Dave is survived by his wife Lucy and sons Michael, Craig and Lachlan.

Wil Speldewinde

**Peter Ross Kennedy MURRAY**, aka 'Pitamari'. (8 October 2006, aged 81 years)  
Born Wellington. NZ. After completing the first civil course at ASOPA in 1946, he proceeded to Port Moresby where he was appointed as a Native Labour Supervisor and on 29.11.1946 appointed as a probationary Patrol Officer which position he held until 10.1.1947. On the following day he was appointed as a Clerk at Police Headquarters, Konedobu. On 12.2.1947 he was appointed as an Assistant Sub Inspector, and Warrant officer II, of the combined police force, 'Royal Papuan Constabulary & New Guinea Police Force'. Police personnel number 'P44'. During his tenure, he served as Assistant HQ officer at Konedobu, and at Finschafen and finally Rabaul in connection with the Australian War Crimes trials as an assistant gaoler. He resigned on 14.11.1947.

He served in the R.A.N. 1942-45 in South West Pacific area which gave him a liking for small ships taking up the role in 1948 of Mate on the *MV Kokoda* for two years. Following this he spent the years between 1950 and 1982 on plantations with long tenure on Baia Plantation, Kavieng. M. R. HAYES

**Des CLANCY** (28 October 2006 aged 84 years)

Des Clancy, who has died in Perth four months after being diagnosed with leukaemia, will be remembered as a notable and popular District Commissioner, one of the celebrated outside men, with an outstanding record leading patrols in often dangerous situations in unexplored country.

Des was born and educated in Sydney, and after service in the wartime RAAF in 1943-45 he became a patrol officer in 1946. He served at several stations before being posted to the huge Western District where, with ADO Syd Smith, he made a number of fine patrols in little known country.

In 1951 Des was Smith's companion in the re-opening of Ivan Champion's pre-war Lake Kutubu police post, and they went on to complete the initial post-war exploration of the Southern Highlands, in the process locating the sites for the present stations of Mendi and Tari. In 1954 Des led what J.P. Sinclair has described as "one of the greatest patrols ever made in PNG", escorting an Australasian Petroleum Company geological party on an incredible journey from Lake Kutubu to Tari, down the Strickland River to the Fly, and beyond.

Des occupied posts with equal distinction in many parts of the territory both before and after he was promoted to District Commissioner in 1966. A former kiap who worked under Des, Peter Barber, of Melbourne, wrote in a funeral eulogy: The indigenous people of the Southern Highlands respected him, indeed loved him, as he'd been one of the first kiaps to enter their world in the fifties and he returned in the late sixties to ensure that their new world was harmonious, progressive and the least traumatic he could programme. He built significant relationships with the Southern Highland leaders; he was a bridge across the cultures.

Des departed PNG with his wife, Margaret, and their two children, Sarah and Stephen, just after independence, when the Western Australia government offered him a position to devise and initiate a system of regional government for the State, starting with the Kimberley. After doing a successful job in the Kimberley he moved in 1976 to Carnarvon, where he established the Gascoyne Region.

He retired from the WA public service after 12 years, at the age of 65, but for the next five years was a director and consultant of the Pastoralists and Graziers Association, before retiring again. In all that time in the West the Clancys maintained contact with their many old friends of PNG days, and often remarked that they had settled so easily in WA because they found the pastoralists had the same attitude to life and work as the kiaps. (See Jim Sinclair's and Jim Toner's personal recollections on page 24 and 25)

**David ROSS** (24 November 2006, aged 76 years)

Patrol Officer, rubber planter and cattle breeder, David's was an adventurous, challenging and enterprising life. Born in Melbourne in 1930 one of three children of David Ross and his wife Molly, David was educated at Melbourne Grammar. He spent his early teenage years knocking about in various ordinary city and country jobs before choosing a more challenging career as a Patrol Officer in PNG. David attended the ASOPA Short Course and on arrival in Port Moresby in June 1949 was posted to the Central District stationed at Rigo and Kokoda. After home leave he was posted to Baluan in the Manus District where he supervised the development of the Baluan Native Council. Living leisurely in a world of shady coconut palms, sandy beaches, coral atolls and cobalt waters David had to remind himself that he was supposed to be working not holidaying. Selected to attend No 5 Long Course at ASOPA in 1954/55 David studied industriously and generated a life-long friendship with we four of his ASOPA classmates. Following ASOPA David was posted to the Gulf District where from Kerema, Kikori and Kukipi he patrolled the Lakekamu hinterland and surrounding rivers and swamps.

David was always looking for challenges for his practical talents and felt his role in the administration did not meet these. In 1957 he noticed a Government Gazette inviting tenders to a lease of the government rubber plantation at Kokoda. He submitted a winning tender, resigned from the Administration and moved to Kokoda in January 1958 where he spent the next 10 years as a rubber producer. In 1969 the Government required him to surrender the lease or face expropriation. Agreement was finally reached in 1975. David had also branched out in a partnership in breeding Droughtmaster cattle which he also withdrew from in 1979. He settled his family in Perth in 1969 where he assuaged his restless spirit in several building projects but returned to Kokoda and Port Moresby a number of times until his business interests were liquidated. He moved to Brisbane in 1996 and remarried the same year.

David's health deteriorated in the last years of his life culminating in a stroke from which he did not recover. He died in Brisbane's Wesley Hospital. He leaves us with fond and lively memories of his irrepressible, assertive and rambunctious spirit.

David is survived by his wife Janice with whom he shared the last years of his life in happy retirement and his three children Cameron, Elizabeth and Judith from his first marriage.

Bob Blaikie, Ken Connolly, John Norton and Graham Taylor.

**Arnold S KEMP** (9 November 2006, aged 88 years)

Arnold went to New Guinea in 1963 as an employee of Lands, Surveys and Mines, after which he worked in Wau, then Rabaul. He also worked with the Soldier Settlement Scheme, the Development Bank when they took over that, and then the Department of Trade and Industry. Arnold moved to Grenfell in 1973 after building a home there.

Pamela Kemp

**Reginal John Luis HARRIS** (19<sup>th</sup> January 2007, aged 78 years)

Reg went to PNG around 1946 or 1947 with the Dept of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries. He was involved in the development of the new tea industry at the experimental station at Garaina in the Middle Waria Valley of the Morobe District before moving to Keravat Agricultural Experimental Station out of Rabaul for three years. In 1952 he joined a private family company and assisted in the development of cocoa and copra at Langu Plantation in the Witu Islands for six years before returning to Queensland. Reg is survived by his wife Margaret and her children, Wanda and David.

Andrea Williams (nee Coote)

**Bill GUEST** (1 December 2006, aged 85 years)

Bill first went to New Guinea in 1941 as a 20 year old serving in the infamous 39th Battalion, whose exploits and achievements at Kokoda and Isurava have been well documented. In 1952 he was posted to the PIR, then the PNGVR based in Lae. In 1954 he married Pat and in 1958 Annette (Bubby) was born. Bill retired from the Army in 1963 and moved to Adelaide where he found work with Australia Post. In 1964 the family returned to New Guinea, initially to Lae where Bill worked for New Guinea Company (Carpenters) and then to Goroka where he became Manager of New Guinea Company there. The family went 'finis' in 1979 and settled at Kipparing, Queensland. However Bill did not accept retirement well and went back to work for Carpenters in Mt Hagen and Madang as manager of their supermarkets until 1983 when he finally came back to Australia.

Bill was involved in many clubs in Goroka, as President of the Goroka Sports Club, Goroka Bowling Club and the Goroka Rotary Club to name a few, as well as serving on the Goroka Council. Bill, Mick Nailon and Terry Gleeson were the founders of the Goroka Dingo Derby and the Roman Chariot Races, which many would remember being held at the front of the Goroka Sports Club. Bill was always available to help - he was well known for his good nature and his great sense of humour. Bill's heart was forever in New Guinea. He loved the country, the lifestyle and the people - food was always *Kai*, dessert was always *sweetkai*, church was *lotu*, a torch was always a *shootlamp*, petrol, benzine, rubbish was *pipia*, even after 24 years, he never called them anything else.

Bill is survived by his wife, Pat, daughter Annette, son Scott, and six grandchildren. Because of Bill's love for New Guinea, we will be spreading his ashes at Kokoda or Isurava. 'Masta bilong New Guinea Company Goroka' will be going home.

Pat Guest and family

**David STEWART** (19 December 2006, aged 82 years)

David Stewart grew up in Sydney, and joined the AIF on his eighteenth birthday. He was posted to New Guinea in 1943 and served in Madang and Lae and finally with the Australia New Guinea Production Control Board in Port Moresby. After his discharge in 1946 he was admitted to Parramatta District Hospital where he met his future wife, a nurse there. In 1947 he joined the PNG Production Control Board in Port Moresby and almost a year later they were married.

The Production Control Board became known as the Copra Marketing Board, and David worked in Kavieng, Samarai and Port Moresby. He had started as a member of the accounting staff and assumed the position of General Manager in August 1973. In 1982 he was awarded the Imperial Service Order for services to agriculture and primary production in PNG. He retired from PNG in 1984 and subsequently accepted a position with the United Nations Development Programme to advise the Commodities Marketing Board in the Solomon Islands and to establish a programme similar to the one he had overseen in PNG. David's last visit to Papua New Guinea was in 1997 for the official opening of the Stewart Research Station, at the invitation of Sir Michael Somare, Prime Minister of PNG.

David's wife died in 2004 and some time later David moved to the Cheriton Hostel to be closer to medical care. He is remembered by his family as a kind and generous person and a devoted family man. He is survived by his children Ruth and John and two grandchildren.

From David's daughter, Ruth Stewart.

**David Peter MCLAUGHLAN** (26 November 2006, aged 79 years)

Will be sadly missed by his sister, Jean, and family. Info from Tweed Daily News 4/12/06

**Veronica Adelaide TOWNER** (20 October 2006, aged 94 years)

Born in Maryborough, Queensland, on 4.10.1941 she married at Bauple, Qld., Frederick Ernest TOWNER, who had joined the New Guinea Police Force on 15.12.1939 and resigned on 23.3.1941. He was then employed by Carpenters at Rabaul for a while but decided to return to Australia and join the RAAF in which he served for three and a half years. After Fred's war service with the RAAF he returned to TP&NG being reappointed to the R.P.C & N.G.P.F. on 20.1.1947. Veronica joined him when scarce housing then became available. Prior to Fred's retirement in 1969, they spent time in Wau, Lae, Madang, Kavieng but mainly in Kokopo and Rabaul. She is survived by a daughter, Pat, and a grandson Peter. She was a charming and gracious lady.

M.R. HAYES

**Gordon TRIPP** (22 June 2006, aged 70 years)

Gordon Tripp, the noted artist and cartoonist, died last June in the Kyneton region of Victoria, where he had settled with wife Cheryl. His health deteriorated after contracting golden staph following a minor operation.

Gordon had many gigs in Port Moresby in the sixties and seventies but none more tempestuous than one I happened to share with him when we both freelanced for the notorious *Black and White* magazine. *Black and White* was widely circulated and widely anticipated in Moresby during the 70s. Trippy's cartoons were spot-on - though some were perhaps a little politically incorrect in today's situation.

*Black and White* published 27 issues between 1966 and 1969 and I contributed to three or four of the early ones before bailing out, as I think Gordon did also.

In recent years Gordon contributed cartoons to *The Kilmore Free Press*. Fran Bailey MP, the Federal Member for McEwen and controversial Minister for Small Business and Tourism, wrote that Gordon had a knack of capturing the essence of an issue with a few deft swipes of his pen. She has even included some of her favourite cartoons on her website 'even if they don't always show me in the best light!'

Gordon is survived by his wife Cheryl, and a son and daughter.

Extracted from Keith Jackson's ASOPA web pages ([www.asopa.typepad.com](http://www.asopa.typepad.com))

**Osmond Joseph DALE CBStJ** (12 November 2006, aged 72 years)

Ossie, as he was always known, grew up in Queensland. While still at school he felt that God was calling him into the ministry and as soon as he finished secondary school he worked for the Methodist Church's Youth Department. Following ministerial service and theological college, he was appointed to Chermshire - while there he was ordained, and married Patsy. In 1961 the Dales went to PNG as missionaries with the Methodist Church, serving at Kimadan on New Ireland and then at Kavieng, until the end of 1967. Ossie then served as a Chaplain with the Pacific Islands Regiment at Wewak, 1968-75 and at Manus Island 1975-77. The family returned to Queensland in 1978 and Ossie served as a minister of the Uniting Church at East Ipswich and then at Nambour. His final appointment was as full-time Chairman of the Presbytery of Mary Burnett for ten years. He also served part-time as an Army Reserve Chaplain and as Chaplain for St John Ambulance, and was made a Comrade Brother in the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St John of Jerusalem. After retirement from full-time ministry in 1996, Ossie and Patsy went to England, where Ossie served for three years in the Methodist Circuit of Burton-on-Trent. His ability to get people moving in the right direction led a fellow-minister to describe him as a 'Gentle Bulldozer'. He leaves many fond memories of his ministry in Australia, PNG and England. He is survived by Patsy, children Ross, Annette and Marc, and extended family members.

Rev Neville Threlfall

**Nita WHITELEY** (10 November 2006, aged 90 years)

Nita grew up in Taree, trained in nursing and met up with Norman Whiteley when he was a patient. Norman, in partnership with Tony Edgell owned plantations in Manus and Nita readily adapted to life out there. She and Norman spent their final years at Mt Riverstone, Norman predeceasing Nita by several years.

Linda Evans

**Richard John (Dick) Kelly** (1 December 2006, aged 72 years)

Further details in the June issue.

**Albert Edward (Bert) GAZZARD** (29 October 2006, aged 96 years)

Bert obtained his Electrician's Certificate and later his Diesel Mechanics Papers in Sydney. During the Depression Bert had many jobs, mainly in mining or whatever else he could find. In 1935 he went to PNG with his young wife Alice - his job was to electrify a mine. Their daughter was born in 1936 and in 1937 the family moved to Baiune where Bert joined Bulolo Gold Dredging. In 1941 he joined the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (NGVR) - his wife and daughter were evacuated prior to the Japanese invasion.

Bert was one of the small band of men involved in the daring rescue of hundreds of soldiers and civilians fleeing down the west coast of New Britain after the invasion. NGVR members on the New Guinea mainland located and commandeered a number of small vessels, among them the 'Bavaria' which was crewed by Bert and three others. Bert utilised his diesel mechanic's training to repair the 'Bavaria' and ensure she was ready for the open sea.

In 1945 the family returned to Bulolo and Bert was placed in charge of the huge operation of salvaging the enormous gold dredges that had been deliberately submerged at the start of the war. After stints in Newcastle NSW and with Placer Development Ltd in Canada, Bert was appointed Assistant Manager of Bulolo Gold Dredging Ltd and Commonwealth-New Guinea Timbers Ltd, and became General Manager in 1956. In 1969 Bert advanced from Managing Director to Executive Vice President of Placer Development Ltd and relocated to Canada for 20 years. He retired in 1989 and he and Alice returned to Australia.

Bert's wife Alice predeceased him. He is survived by his daughter Judith Anne, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Adrian Leyden

**Maurice Thomas HEALY** (11 August 2006, aged 87 years)

Maurice was born in Port Moresby in 1919, the youngest of five children. His father, Michael, was a gaol keeper at Koki but died when he was very young and the family moved to Ela Beach under the care of the Catholic Church. Eventually a lease on a block of land was given to his mother, Agnes Healy, by Sir Hubert Murray and the family were able to build a home in Durville Street. Part of his education was at Nudgee College, Brisbane.

The family were evacuated in WWII. Maurice served full time in the Citizens Military Forces from January 1942 to January 1946, which included active service outside Australia for 1308 days - in PNG. Maurice lived in Pt Moresby for most of his life and was well known and respected - he worked for Burns Philp Trading Company in charge of their bulk warehouse. He retired to Australia after Independence in 1975 and spent some years in Ipswich before moving to the Gold Coast.

Maurice lived alone, and led a quiet and happy life - he was well versed in current affairs, he had a great interest in astronomy and weather patterns in the world and he followed the stock market religiously. He lived and breathed PNG - his heart never left his birthplace of Port Moresby.

From Maurice's niece Janice Margaret Murray - nee Lukin

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

	<u><b>From</b></u>	<u><b>To</b></u>
Mr J BOWERS	St Philip's Church, 3 York Street, Sydney	71A Palmerston Road, HORNSBY NSW, 2077
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Mr T J HEWETT	9A Strombus Avenue	PO Box 253, TRINITY BEACH, QLD, 4879
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Mr C SAVAGE	Belfast	4 The Stables, Islandmagee County Antrim, BT40 3NX, UK,
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Mr R THOMSON	Ashmore	'Resident' Eric Franks Nursing Home, Golden Age Retirement Village 60 Ridgeway Avenue, SOUTHPORT, QLD, 4215
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Mr P VAN DER EYK	Buderim	PO Box 764, MANUNDA, QLD
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## WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

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Mrs E A BARTLETT	12/41-49 Darley St East, MONA VALE, NSW, 2103
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