



Journal of the  
Papua New Guinea  
Association of  
Australia Inc.

2015, No 4 – December

# Una Voce

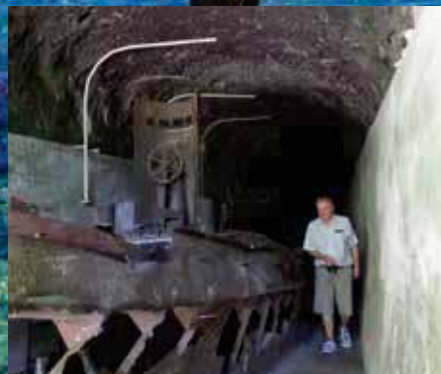
Patrons: Major General the Honourable Michael Jeffery, AC, AO (Mil), CVO, MC (Retd), Mr Fred Kaad OBE



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PNG Aviation History



A Pilgrimage  
to Rabaul



PNGAA  
Art Show 2015

[www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)





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

Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription is \$35 from January 2016. The membership year corresponds with the calendar year. An application form is available from the Secretary at the address below or on our website.

No receipts are sent for subscriptions as it would add to our postage costs.

#### 2015-2016 PNGAA Office Bearers

##### President

Andrea Williams  
Mob: 0409 031889  
Email: president@pngaa.net

##### Secretary

Rebecca Hopper  
A/H 02 9939 1607  
Email: admin@pngaa.net

##### Treasurer

Doug Wood  
B/H: 02 9956 7500  
Email: treasurer@pngaa.net

##### Membership Officer

Roy Ranney  
Mob: 0412 556593  
A/H 02 9439 4763  
Email: membership@pngaa.net

##### Editor

Dianne Guy  
Mob: 0414 262 762  
Email: editor@pngaa.net

##### PNGAA mailing address:

PO Box 453 Roseville, NSW 2069

**PNGAA Website:** If you do not have access to a computer and would like a hard copy of anything on the website please contact the Secretary, PNGAA. [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)

We encourage members to pay membership fees by direct deposit to the PNGAA account: BSB: 062 009 Account No: 0090 7724

Please ensure you include your Membership Number. It would be appreciated if you could also notify the Treasurer by email. Thank you!

##### Deadline for submissions to March 2016 issue of Una Voce: 1 February 2016

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

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## President's Update

As I write this we have just celebrated Papua New Guinea's 40th Anniversary of Independence. The PNG High Commissioner to Australia, His Excellency Charles Lepani, kindly invited our Management Committee members to Canberra to join the celebrations and what a special, memorable and very enjoyable day it was! As part of the week of celebrations the PNGAA DVD – *KIAP: Stories Behind the Medal* was shown at the National Film and Sound Archive in Canberra.

Our association commemorated this special 40th anniversary of PNG Independence by holding an art show, for two weeks, curated by committee member Julianne Ross Allcorn. The 2015 PNGAA Art Show opened at Space 145 in Glebe on 12 September 2015 and what a buzz there was in this beautiful gallery. A constant stream of people were fascinated by the artefacts displayed in the windows, inviting them in to look at the paintings.

One of the goals of the PNGAA is to promote civil links between the peoples of Australia and PNG. The art show set about accomplishing this with several PNG artists planning to attend with their artworks. Workshops, involving the PNG artists, were planned by Juli. It was an exciting concept - however, the day before the artists were due to travel, their Australian visas had still not been issued. It was an enormous disappointment to everyone when they were unable to attend the opening of the exhibition and their artworks did not arrive either.

Currently there is still hope that both the artists and their artworks will arrive to share one week of this special event. However the issue of Australian entry visas for Papua New Guineans is clearly a massive problem and needs to be addressed. Juli has worked hard to curate the 2015 PNGAA art show, sharing her skills and experience to ensure its success. This is greatly appreciated.

I am delighted at the positive feedback we are continuing to receive to the colour issues of Una Voce distributed so far this year – thank you. It's clearly a good move! I thank Dianne Guy and Greg Leech for the enormous time and passion they put in with their attention to detail to ensure that our quarterly journal, Una Voce, is a vibrant, fascinating and enjoyable read. Together with our broad network, Una Voce is a major strength of our association and I encourage members to share it with their friends and encourage others to join the PNGAA.

The quarterly Una Voce packing and posting day is a thoroughly enjoyable gathering at Chatswood. Last time we had a visitor from Lae join us so – if you are visiting Sydney – give Roy or myself a ring as there may be an opportunity to meet other members!

Keep an ear out for a screening of our DVD, *KIAP: Stories Behind the Medal*, coming up at the State Library of Queensland early in the New Year.

A meeting was recently held with the University of Queensland Librarian and the Manager of the Fryer Library regarding the



PNGAA Collection there. It has been necessary to instigate some criteria for the collection and to ensure that it becomes more easily accessible.

We would like the opportunity to include your photos and letters in Una Voce and on our website so please contact Roy Ranney, Dianne Guy or myself regarding items. Please read the information about the PNGAA Collection at Fryer Library in this issue.

It's a busy time of year coming up with Christmas around the corner. PNGAA members have the opportunity to attend lunches in Perth, Adelaide, Ballina and Sydney. The annual Christmas gathering in Sydney is on Sunday 6 December at the Killara Golf Club and we look forward to seeing you and your friends there. The PNGAA Management Committee wishes all our members a happy and peaceful holiday period over Christmas and the New Year.



# Letters



## PNG Flag

First of all let me congratulate you on the new format of our newsletter. I must admit that I had become rather attached to the old photo-copied version that, undoubtedly, would have been much cheaper to produce but more labour intensive than this new digitally produced version. Such is the price of progress.

I refer to the article on the production of the PNG flag on page 16 of the September issue of *Una Voce*. All that is said in the article is true but – have you ever pondered on where the stylised reproduction of the Bird of Paradise on the flag came from?

Here are the facts. In 1966 I, with my then business partner, Halsey (Hal) Byrne, started PNG Printing Company. Shortly after the commencement of business, with a bit of pushing from my old friend Bert Stubbs, of John Stubbs and Sons, I took an interest in the Port Moresby Chamber of Commerce, eventually becoming president of both Port Moresby and the PNG Chambers.

At that time our artist-in-residence was well known personality Graeme Ross. I had already noted that there was no Made in PNG logo available in the then Territory of PNG. I had discussed with Graeme the necessity for a simple outline logo that could be used on every product and could be stencilled on Copra bags. We were influenced by the stylised kangaroo used by Australia and the stylised kiwi used by New Zealand. Naturally we decided to follow suit with a bird that was most associated with PNG.

The Bird of Paradise immediately came to mind so Graeme's instruction was to produce a stylised Bird of Paradise. He came up with the bird now pictured on the flag, except that it was more in the vertical plane with the tail feather curved around to enclose the wording Made in PNG or whatever wording was required. We of course christened it The Squashed Cockroach.

How did this symbol get onto the flag? Well, in 1972 with the joining of Ansett and TAA to make Air Niugini, another well-known artist, Haldane (Hal) Holman, Lexi

Burns' older brother, the Artist in Residence at the Department of Information and Extension Services (DIES) was given the job of drawing up the livery for the new airline. We had previously had manufactured in New Zealand rolls of the new logo which were sold in our stationery shop in Badili (the old Outdoor Theatre).

We believe that Hal got hold of one of these stickers as he used the same stylised bird in the design for the tail of the aircraft. We subsequently challenged him on this and he did not dissent, merely giving his Mona Lisa smile, as only Hal can. As we had no objection and we had not registered the logo we did not, nor did we intend, to do anything about it. In fact we were quite proud that our design ended up on Air Niugini. I was present at the launching of Air Niugini in 1972 and, as you can well imagine, was quite vocal on origin of the design.

Fast forward to the design of the flag. You will note that, once again our bird was incorporated in the original design to be presented to the Select Committee and it was subsequently used

by Susan Karike in her design which, by the way, was also put into finished art work by Hal. As an aside, Hal also designed the PNG Coat of Arms and physically made the coat of arms adorning the then new Supreme Court Building in Port Moresby. I still have an original print of the design, signed by Hal, hanging in my office. The relevant Gazette, accepting the design, I have placed at the rear of the picture. It is possible that this is the only remaining original print.

**Sir Ramon R Thurecht, OBE**

### Minj Balls

Yes, Pamela Anne Jamieson, I remember the Minj balls vividly. Barry and I came from the Nebilyer Valley to stay with the Middletons at Wagamil for these occasions. Anna and I flaunted home-made ball dresses - full length of course

- and Jim and Barry grumbled into dinner jackets and black ties the tying of which almost caused Barry to go home. The kids were loaded into the back of vehicles - ours was a Land Rover and the Middletons probably was too; I forget. So the usually muddy parking area became a sort of car nursery for numerous kids all guarded by the local police. The Clubhouse was always brilliantly converted into a gala setting by the tiny group of Minj residents who also managed to provide a supper fit for celebrities.

While the adults danced and ate and drank the night away occasionally a kid played up and the police would seek parental help. Said elegantly-dressed parent (always the mother) would hoist the skirt and pick a delicate way through the mud to sort out the problem. Needless to say the children discovered this sort of interaction with

the police and their parents was great fun, but the cops eventually got the better of offspring uprisings. They were great days.

### Jude Blogg (Hollinshed)

Congratulations on the new format of Una Voce and the informative articles.

As a long term member who spent many years associated with PNG I have many lasting memories of my days in PNG and I have followed its development and progress since independence in 1975.

I am interested in any information members or their families have about their times in PNG.

### Leo Butler

8 Dickson Street, ECHUCA, VIC, 3564, 03 807551

(Some of Leo's memories will be published in later issues.)

## Membership

PNGAA members receive four issues of Una Voce per year and have access to all parts of the website.

To become a member follow the link:

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

**Membership Officer, Roy Ranney at [membership@pngaa.net](mailto:membership@pngaa.net)**

or refer to the yellow Treasurer's Corner insert.

Annual membership is currently \$30 (\$35 from January 2016).







# PNGAA ART SHOW 2015

PNGAA celebrated Papua New Guinea's 40th Anniversary of Independence with an art exhibition, showcasing both historical pieces and contemporary artworks.

The art show, at Space 145 in Glebe, Sydney was opened on Saturday 12 September 2015 by Jane Hopper-Cush, Director of the Goulburn Regional Gallery who spoke with great passion about the art, PNG and art therapy and its importance to our community.

A crowd of about 100 people took the opportunity to mingle and enjoy the art and refreshments.

The exhibition brought together many artists and friends who have great affection for PNG. The sales and feedback were good with many people asking for the show to be repeated.

Unfortunately the contemporary artists from PNG were unable to attend due to the delay in obtaining visas, but they remain positive and plan to visit Australia next year.

Many thanks to Juli Ross Allcorn for her hard work organising and curating the show.



**L to R:** Sumasy Singin, PNG Consul General, Juli Ross Allcorn, Daniel Luke, President Wantok Group, Jane Hopper Cush, Andrea Williams

## ▶ What's on?

27 Nov

### PNGAA Perth Christmas Lunch

**Everyone invited**

11.30 am Friday  
27 November 2015

Airforce Association  
Club at the RAAF  
Complex at Bull  
Creek, Perth, WA

**Cost \$25**

**RSVP:**

[lindam121@bigpond.com](mailto:lindam121@bigpond.com)  
or 94342628

6 Dec

### Annual PNGAA Christmas Luncheon 2015

11.30am Sunday 6 December 2015  
Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway,  
Killara, Sydney

Cost \$60

All welcome. Enquires to:

Julianne Ross Allcorn: 0466 521313 or  
[juliallcorn@gmail.com](mailto:juliallcorn@gmail.com)

RSVP by 13 November 2015. See  
back page for details

Complete the yellow Treasurer's Corner  
insert for bookings and payment

14 Nov

### 2015 PNG 40th Anniversary Gala Ball PNG Federation of Queensland Inc

Date: 14 November 2015.

RSVP 2 Nov 2015

Place:, Sofitel Hotel Brisbane

Cost: \$120 pp tables of 10: \$1000

[www.facebook.com/events/1001520383192422/](http://www.facebook.com/events/1001520383192422/)

## Kiap Reunion

**Date:** Sunday 8 November 2015

**Venue:** Kawana Waters Hotel,  
Nicklin Way,

Buddina, Sunshine Coast, Qld

**RSVP:** by 16 October 2015

**Entry:** Gold Coin

An invitation is extended to all  
Kiaps, their families and friends.  
Please tell all the Kiaps you know.

The venue is the same as the last few  
years. Informality will continue to

be the order of the day: definitely  
no speeches, everyone is far too  
busy catching up with friends.

Breakfast on Monday morning will  
be at Bellissimo's Restaurant on the  
Esplanade at Mooloolaba.

Please contact Denys/Helen or Bob/  
Heather for information about  
accommodation and to confirm  
your attendance.

Denys/Helen Faithful:  
07 5444 4484 / [denysfaithful@  
hotmail.com](mailto:denysfaithful@hotmail.com)

Bob/Heather Fayle:  
07 5444 7446 / [rjfayle31@  
gmail.  
com](mailto:rjfayle31@gmail.com)

For further details please see page  
32 of Una Voce,  
June 2015



# PNG's Integration into ASEAN

Whilst enjoying a relaxing break away from freezing Victoria on a warm, tropical Malaysian Island, I was intrigued to read a series of headline articles on PNG in the Malaysian papers The New Straits Times and The Star. On my return, not a single article on PNG and these events in Australian papers!

The articles had to do with PNG's desire to become a full member state of ASEAN (Association of South East Asian Nations) by the end of 2015; at the moment, PNG only has observer status, which it has held since 1981. Malaysia hosted the ASEAN 2015 meeting from 1 - 6 August.

ASEAN was formed in 1967. The full member countries are Vietnam, Thailand, Singapore, Philippines, Myanmar, Laos, Indonesia, Cambodia and Brunei, with a combined population of 625 million and a nominal GDP of US\$2.6 trillion. If it was a single entity, it would be the seventh largest economy in the world, after the US, China, Japan, Germany, France and the UK. ASEAN has plans to establish a form of Common Market, to promote the free movement of skilled labour, the integration of stock exchanges and to visa-free travel between member states by the end of the year.

Obviously, it would appear that PNG wants to 'get with the strength' by integrating with this rising economic and political grouping.

The PNG delegation was led by Ambassador Peter H Ilau, who doubles as the Ambassador to Indonesia. In interviews with the Malaysian papers he stated that PNG offers 'ASEAN a platform into Melanesia and South Pacific Island markets'. He went on to say

'through the Melanesian Spearhead Group (MSG) it can tap the potential of that group's member countries which also include Fiji, Vanuatu and the Solomon Islands'. All these countries have a lot of raw commodities such as agricultural products whilst PNG has vast quantities of oil, gas and minerals of great value and interest to ASEAN.

It was notable that the US Secretary of State, John Kerry, was pictured at this huge gathering, whilst the European Union sent its Foreign Policy and Security Policy Chief, Federica Magherini, to address the delegates; even Norway sent a representative who was 'optimistic in establishing a formal partner with ASEAN'.

Yet whilst PNG realizes the potential of ASEAN and the economic and other benefits to be found in integrating with the group, one could well wonder where the interests of Australia lie. Australia is only a peripheral member of a loose grouping of 27 current participants in something called the ASEAN Regional Forum which our Foreign Minister, Julie Bishop, condescended to attend on the 5 - 6 August and which didn't even rate a mention in the Malaysian press.

Good to see PNG making its own way onto the world stage.

**John Quinn**

## From the Treasurer - Subscription Rate Increases

While the committee is aware of the financial pressures on members and makes every effort to keep costs as low as possible in delivering value, we have incurred increasing costs over the years – especially in moving to a new format Una Voce which all members would have noticed. Postage cost increases have also eroded our ability to deliver our journal within the budget. We continually try to keep our fees as low as possible and have not increase subscription rates for three years. We are a not for profit organisation and rely heavily on volunteer participation to keep our fees low.

However, we must be able to cover our costs if our operation is to be sustainable. As from the first of January 2016, the annual subscription rate for PNGAA membership will be increased to \$35 (Australian Dollars) per annum which includes delivery of the quarterly Una Voce to addresses within Australia. Delivery to addresses outside of Australia will incur an additional charge for postage as follows:

Asia Pacific Region	A\$15 per annum
Rest of World	A\$25 per annum

Members may wish to take advantage of the situation by paying subscription fees at existing rates for up to three additional years before the end of this year.

## PNG to Ban Foreign Advisers

The Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea, Peter O'Neill, has announced a ban on all foreign advisers working for his government, saying they make local staff lazy, and they could be spying.

The ban, which will take effect on 1 January 2016, will have a significant affect. There are currently several hundred Australian advisers in PNG.

Follow the link for further information about the implications of the ban.

<http://www.abc.net.au/am/content/2015/s4284333.htm>

## Conflict Archaeology and Local Communities

Archaeologist Dr Matthew Kelly is leading the investigation of a number of WWII sites in PNG including:

- Eora Creek, a battlefield on the Kokoda Track, and
- Blamey's Garden - an intricate horticultural folly near Owers' Corner.

These sites are well known to the local landowners and villagers, but not to the wider community. The evidence to be found at these sites has much to add to the history of the Pacific War. Follow the link for further details:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q9DgLjP236E>

## Experience of a past disaster could save lives

As Papua New Guinea faces a worsening drought, can memories of 1997, when hundreds of people died, save lives over the next few months?

On Monday, PNG's Prime Minister, Peter O'Neill, warned that this year and 2016 could be even worse than 1997. It is estimated that more than 1.8 million people across PNG are currently affected by the extended drought and frosts of 2015. But the lessons learnt in prior droughts can be applied to reduce the impact and minimise the death rate. Follow the link for further details: <http://theconversation.com/as-papua-new-guinea-faces-worsening-drought-a-past-disaster-could-save-lives-46390>

## Enduring ties: half of PNG's visitors are still Australian

Australia remains the major source of visitors to PNG, contributing almost half between 1999 and 2013.

The number of visitor arrivals from every continent increased between 1999 and 2013. While the proportion of visitors from Australia, New Zealand and Oceania and Africa remained largely unchanged over the 15 year period, the proportion of visitors from Asia rose sharply, largely at the expense of visitors from Europe and the Americas.

Visitor arrivals from Asian countries increased the most, in absolute numbers and as a proportion of total visitor arrivals. The Philippines was the major Asian source country of visitor arrivals in both 1999 and 2013. There has been more than a six-fold increase over a 15 year period. The number of visitor arrivals from China and Hong Kong grew even more rapidly between 1999 and 2013, recording a more than seven-fold increase, albeit from a much lower base.

Overall, this analysis shows the enduring links between PNG and Australia, with the latter still accounting for almost half of all visitor arrivals to PNG. Yet change is clearly afoot. Asia is becoming a more important source region for visitors to PNG, at the expense, not of Australia, but of other regions.

### Serah Aupong

EM TV, Port Moresby

## Sir Michael Somare at 2015 Waigani Seminar

Grand Chief Sir Michael Somare reflects on how he helped build a nation in his address to the 2015 Waigani Seminar. Follow the link for further details:

[http://asopa.typepad.com/asopa\\_people/2015/08/pngs-grand-chief-reflects-on-how-he-helped-build-a-nation.html#more](http://asopa.typepad.com/asopa_people/2015/08/pngs-grand-chief-reflects-on-how-he-helped-build-a-nation.html#more)



## PNG A Dangerous Place for Women?

Papua New Guinea is said to be one of the most dangerous places in the world for women.

The Sydney based Australian Doctors International (ADI) reports domestic violence is rife and the country has a shockingly poor maternal health situation, resulting in large numbers of preventable deaths every year. According to ADI, an estimated two thirds of PNG women experience sexual and domestic violence, and at least one third of women are raped.

'In addition to shocking domestic violence, unbelievably, a woman in PNG is 75 times more likely to die in childbirth than she is in Australia.'

'PNG's maternal mortality rate - at 230 deaths for every 100,000

live births - is one of the highest in the world. Fewer than half of all pregnant women will have a midwife or doctor by their side when they give birth and, as a result, many women die from unnecessary bleeding and preventable birth complications.'

ADI president Dr Peter Macdonald says ADI started sending volunteer doctors to New Ireland Province in 2011. Since then they've treated almost 11,000 people, mainly women and children, who would otherwise have had no access to a doctor or a hospital.

He said each month ADI's remote health patrol teams set out from the provincial capital Kavieng, often by sea in small boats, to treat patients and provide training for local health

workers in isolated areas. The patrol teams include maternal and child nurses, an HIV nurse, physiotherapist, dentists, an eye nurse and an ADI doctor.

Last year the patrols treated more than 700 women across New Ireland's 27 remote health centres and performed more than 1,300 pap smears and female HIV tests.

'Over the coming year we hope to see more than 2,000 women on our patrols - but we won't be able to do this without attracting greater public funding.'

*Don Hook*

Australian Doctors International,  
PO Box 954, Manly, NSW 1655  
02 997 60112 [adioffice@adi.org.au](mailto:adioffice@adi.org.au)

## 'For God's sake Australia, just have a look at the map'

Renowned Australian musician David Bridie shared the story of how he first came to know Papua New Guinea. These first encounters led to a lasting connection to PNG and Melanesia and were transformational for David's approach to music.

David's great friend, Mark Worth, who grew up on Manus Island, first sparked his interest in PNG. Mark bemoaned Australia's lack of understanding of its nearest neighbour, saying,

*'for God's sake Australia, just have a look at the map.'*

To be situated so close to this Melanesian wonderland and

ignore it, is foolishness in the extreme. Dip your toes into Melanesia and you will find evolving constitutions of emerging post-colonial states, an astounding array of species of flora and fauna, bright coloured coral fish, active volcanoes, kustom, culture and conflict.

As the map of the Torres Strait shows, PNG is surprisingly close; it's almost as if you could wade through this stretch of water at low tide.

Seven-time ARIA award winning songwriter and composer David Bridie is one of Australia's most innovative and classy artists. He is a leading expert on and producer

of Melanesian music. With PNG musician Airileke Ingram, David developed the Wantok Musik Foundation, a not-for-profit music label that aims to generate and foster cultural exchanges between Indigenous Australia and Melanesia by recording, releasing and promoting music from the region.

**Australia-Papua New Guinea Network, Lowy Institute for International Policy**

Follow the link for further details:  
<http://auspng.lowyinstitute.org/publications/gods-sake-australia-just-have-look-map>

# Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary Reunion - 2015

Firstly, a big thank you to all those who attended this year's reunion at the Wynnum RSL. It was very heartening to see so many ex-officers and families attending. We had in excess of 60 in attendance, the majority of whom indicated they are enthusiastic about attending future events.

The weekend kicked off early on Friday morning with the arrival of ex Police Commissioner Ila Geno who came from Port Moresby to attend his first reunion. Ila joined the Constabulary in February 1968 as an Officer Cadet and had worked with many others who attended. He was most enthusiastic to become re-acquainted with them.

After lunch on Friday guests began to arrive and a group of 13 gathered for dinner that night at the Waterloo Bay Hotel.

On Saturday guests arrived early at the RSL, eager to catch up with their old mates. After lunch we moved upstairs to a private function room where we were addressed by Jamie Loveday. He is currently a

AFP Officer based in Canberra but has recently returned from a 15 month stint in PNG where he was instrumental in organising Police Legacy and setting up their website and Facebook page. Whilst there Jamie discovered many relics from the time that most of our officers were serving and he provided a slide show of some of the photos he found.



**Rear, L/R:** Peter Hilder, Kevan Wilde, Col Holt, Allan Hodder (head turned) Gerry Bellis (partly obscured), unidentified (obscured), Col Boreham, John Blackwell, Russ Ames, John Monk, Jack Nystrom, Graeme Breman  
**Front L/R:** Allan Dyer, Jamie Loveday, John Dick, Bill McGrath (guest), Earl Sanders, Ila Geno, John Gorin, Ted Spackman, David Illsley, Graham Watkins, Jeff Brazier, Ian Johnston



Jamie was followed at the podium by ex-Police Commissioner, ex Head of Public Service and Chief Ombudsman Ila Geno who addressed the gathering and expressed his gratitude for the input of the officers he had worked closely with, and who had assisted so much with his career. Ila has a very good memory and recalled the names of all the officers he had worked with. He was delighted to be our guest and assured us he will return with his wife next year.



*Ila Geno on static motorbike at Queensland Police Museum*

We conducted a multi prize raffle with 28 draws during the afternoon and covered all the extra costs as well as donating \$150 to Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary (RPNGC) Legacy.

We arranged dinner at a local Thai restaurant to provide another opportunity for old mates to get together and chat. Breakfast on Sunday was at the Pelican's Nest on the Wynnum foreshore – and again more time to reminisce.

Mid-morning we were taken by bus to the Queensland Police Museum

in the city, where Museum Curator Lisa Jones opened the Museum for a private tour, followed by a trip to South Bank.

Then it was back to our accommodation for a BBQ which went on well into the night. Monday morning was the time for sorrowful departures as people headed for home.

Plans for 2016 Reunion

Due to the exuberance and willingness to travel of so many

in attendance we have booked the entire Wynnum Anchor Motel for three days from 5 – 7 August 2016. We hope for yet another successful event.

Many thanks to those who attended –your presence helped to make this year's event a most memorable and enjoyable experience for all of us.

We will gather as many photos as possible and make them available via email.

**Earl and Wendy Sanders**

**Back Row, L/R:**

*Janice Dick,  
Carolyn Bird, Helga  
Clegg, Wendy Sanders,  
Avis Gorin,  
Sandi Spackman,  
Doreen MacGowan,  
Jenny Breman,  
Jennifer Johnston*

**Centre:** *Nell Ames,  
Sara Boreham*

**Front row:**

*Jenni Hodder,  
Lyn Sutton,  
Jean Carter, Val Miles*



# Independence Day Celebrations

Celebrations in PNG and Australia marked the 40th anniversary of Papua New Guinea Independence on 16 September 2015.

## Canberra

The PNG High Commission held a reception on Wednesday 16 September.

Kiap. Stories Behind the Medal was screened at the National Film and Sound Archives on Thursday 17 September.

**To purchase the PNGAA DVD 'KIAP: Stories behind the Medal' please contact PNGAA by Email: [membership@pngaa.net](mailto:membership@pngaa.net) or visit the PNGAA website and click on the link.**



*(L-R): Andrea Williams, Ross Johnson, Chris Viner-Smith.  
Photo by Peter Smith*



## Perth

PNGAA members gathered to share views on independence and congratulate the PNG people on their achievements and wish the new country well in the future.

*(L-R) Kevin Lock, Kent Logie, Faye Schilling, Trevor Muller, Doug Stewart, Brian Lewis, Judita Lewis, Trudy Bostock, Theo Bredmeyer, Aida Sutherland, Audrey Bredmeyer, Paul Linnane, Murray Day, Michael Lowe, Linda Cavanaugh Manning, Ray Bray, Romantha Barron & Robyne Stewart Petricevic*

## Independence Day Awards

Dr Richard Michael Bourke was awarded the Office of the Order of Logohu (OL) for services to agriculture in the 40th Anniversary of Independence Honours List.

He received the honour for his work of more than 45 years

specialising in food crops, contributing to research, training and project management, as well as his leadership in the Mapping Agriculture in PNG Project.

Other recipients were Prince Andrew, Duke of York and former Australian Prime Minister,

John Howard who were both awarded the Grand Companion of the Order of Logohu (GCL).

*Post Courier  
– 40th Anniversary of  
Independence edition*



## Nuku, PNG

Close to 15,000 people gathered to celebrate Independence Day. George Oakes and his daughter Denise, together with Dr. David Tierney and his mother Margaret (wife of John Tierney who was Kiap at Nuku in 1964-65) were part of the official party. Their helicopter circled Nuku towing a banner with the PNG flag before landing.



(L-R): Rod Hilton (Australian High Commission), Joseph Sungi MP for Nuku, Tony Try, George Oakes

Cutting from Post Courier

# DVD FOR SALE \$25 Members \$30 Non-Members

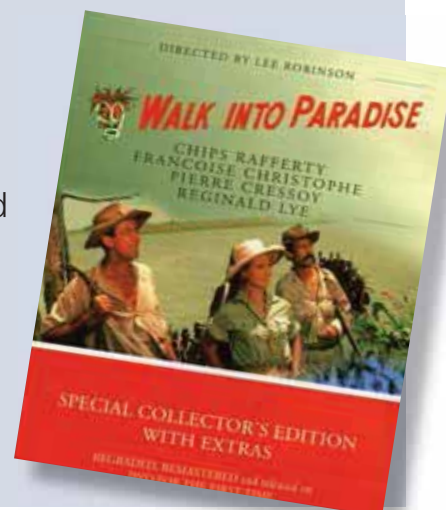
## WALK INTO PARADISE: Collectors Edition

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We will most likely never see cinematography of Carl Kayser's calibre and scope again. Surplus funds generated from the sale of the DVD will be used to further the objects of PNGAA, specifically "to encourage the preservation of documents and historical material related to Papua New Guinea" by way of digitisation.

*Please see separate Treasurer's Corner, yellow flyer insert.*



## Enchanting Rabaul: An Adventure and a Riddle

What is it about Rabaul that enchanted my Great Uncle Ted to entice him to stay there on and off for nearly 15 years?

Surely it was more than escaping Melbourne's dreary weather. Ted's curiosity about far flung places and a desire for a life unfettered by the expectations of the times drew him to Rabaul. His motivation was not much different from thousands of others who have descended upon Papua New Guinea and surrounds over the past 150 years. But Ted made his mark with consequences still being felt today.

You see Ted's job was to decide property entitlement after the Germans were seen off during WW1. Property holding in Rabaul and New Britain today has its genesis in the decisions that this Special Magistrate made in 1924. Yes, others gave him the imprimatur to do so but Ted was the actual decision-maker.

Edwin Tylor Brown was no bush lawyer; he was Wesley College and University of Melbourne (Ormond College) educated and had won a glittering array of prizes and scholarships along the way. He was tall, searingly intelligent (hidden by a sometimes mild demeanour), endlessly curious and had the advantage of seamlessly fitting into any society. His initial posting to Rabaul was as a Captain with the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force in 1917, aged nearly 28. This lasted for a couple of years but he stayed on until at least 1930. He was not a 'cut and run'

type but genuinely wanted to give back and give back he did.

Being loathed is a hazard of the legal job. When his appointment as a Special Magistrate ended, Ted acted as a barrister for the Chinese as well as other clients. The Chinese couldn't always pay him money but they paid him in kind. Ted brought back the objects d'art (shown in the photos) given to him by Chinese clients in Rabaul. Pewter, bamboo, cloisonné, cinnabar and china.

The hookah resides on the coffee table in my Melbourne sitting room. I've always wondered what the inscription on the goblets is; I understand that the tea set was made especially for Ted. If you read Chinese, please let me know what the inscription means!

Ted was comfortable acting for David rather than Goliath; the 'principle of the thing' was big with Ted. I would imagine there was many a grateful client whose labour may have been paid for in advance. Where were these labourers to go with the departure of their German masters? What if they had inter-married and wanted or needed to stay? Could they even go back home or would they have been stateless?

Ted took on the lot. Perhaps he remembered his mother walking the eight kilometres into Melbourne's CBD to sell flowers from his father's nursery in the 1890s depression and often returning home with the same flowers wilting.





Illustrious as Ted's legal career was, I'm more interested in Ted's love life! He was a bachelor until the age of 39, having dodged an army of keen women over the years. Ted was divorced a few years later. That's where I need your help. He was married in 1928 and divorced on 27 September 1932. There is no record of this divorce in Melbourne.

Ted lived in Rabaul during at least part of this period but I have no record of his wife's name. I have found a photo amongst his collection but this may be a red herring. Do you know her? Did she accompany Ted to Rabaul or reside in Rabaul before marrying and then divorcing him?

What became of Ted after Rabaul? Well, he took off for Russia and India in the 1930s, wrote books about their society and then spent time in Western Europe. He became an author, doing some legal work along the way to pay the bills. He married for the second time aged 54 to an Australian woman educated at the University of Oxford. Miss Jones was 42 when she married Mr. Brown. They divorced when he was 66 and he died aged 67.

Sir Owen Dixon, the Chief Justice of Australia, widely regarded as Australia's greatest ever jurist (Jim Spigelman, *Australia's Greatest Jurist*, Sydney, 2003) sent his deepest sympathy to my

grandfather, Ted's brother. The letter described Ted as a 'great loss to Australia, as he was such a cultured, widely travelled, talented and brilliantly gifted man'.

I sit here looking at a panoramic photograph of Rabaul harbour identified as possibly taken post-war (WW1) on Observatory Ridge at the top of Tunnel Hill road where it goes towards Nonga and the north coast. This view was mounted on Ted's wall for years. He loved the place and perhaps fell in love there too.

**Robyn Watters**  
*Ted's great-niece*



# My Cruise to PNG - February 2015

I learned about the February 2015 P&O cruise to Papua New Guinea through the Facebook page *I Used to Live in Papua New Guinea* from a group of kids who grew up in Moresby. My sister, Sally Wilson, and I decided to join them.

We sailed from Brisbane on 14 February 2015 and from our first day at sea we met up with friends from our past. It was wonderful to meet so many people who grew up in PNG. We had all been waiting for an opportunity to return home. (Both Sally and I were born in Wau.)

## Alotau

Our first port of call was Alotau where we were greeted by a singsing at the wharf. Most of us walked up town to the markets and Cultural Centre to see the singsings. Several Milne Bay tribes - the local people, the Trobriand and Ferguson Islanders, Rabu Rabu people and the fishermen across the harbour - put on a one day festival at the cultural centre.



## Madang

The biggest welcome and farewell was in Madang where thousands of people lined the shores of the islands on the way into the harbour and hundreds of thousands farewelled us as we sailed away.



Sally and I went to the Cultural Festival to watch the singsings. There were people from Madang, the Trobriands (boys and girls), mountain people wearing cus cus and tree kangaroo pelts from Mt Wilhelm, people from Tari in the Hela Province with yellow faces, warriors from Kerowgi in the Chimbu with the long black Bird of Paradise feathers, Tolais from the Gazelle Peninsula, Mudmen from the Asaro Valley near Goroka, the tapa cloth wearers from Oro Bay and some people from Bougainville who had little yellow spots on their faces. It was simply magnificent.

They danced their hearts out - jumping and singing and dancing - no weapons, only a few bows and arrows. It was not just the people inside the Cultural Centre, but everyone in the town and on the streets. One chap and his wife stopped their car and came over and talked to us near the Coastwatchers Memorial, shook our hands and asked if everything was alright and thanked us for coming to Madang.



Afterwards everyone said how fantastic their day had been and how much they loved Madang. We were elated. We felt like royalty with the welcome we received and we would like to thank the people of Madang who made this day possible.

As we sailed away a young Aussie teacher said that she loved Madang so much that she was going home to Mt Isa to hand in her resignation and apply for a teaching job there.

The town was clean and tidy and security was everywhere. Local residents were watching out for tourists and were very helpful.

### Wewak

We were disappointed that the ship couldn't get into Wewak. The ship moored about 400 meters off the main wharf and the captain declared that the swell was too high for the tenders to moor on the pontoon, so we sailed off without setting foot in town. Thousands had come from all over the Sepik to welcome us and bring their trade goods. We were devastated. As we were leaving a number of people in speed boats came alongside and begged us to return.

### Manam and Vitu Islands

We sailed past Manam Island and saw the devastation left by the 1994 explosion.

Next morning we woke up in the Bismarck Sea near the Vitu Islands. We sailed right into the



Garove Island caldera and the captain turned the ship around inside it. The sides were very steep and we could see an old church, a small settlement with a school, and some villages and lots of coconut palms. The captain sounded the ship's horn twice and the sound reverberated off the sides of the caldera after about ten seconds.

### Rabaul

Rabaul is still the picture postcard town that was on the cover of our exercise books in the 50s. Ash from 1994 explosion destroyed the area along Mango Avenue. Malaguna Road is mainly Chinese trade stores now and the airport, the tourist hotels and motels have moved around the bay to Kokopo.

The Tolais certainly feel the loss of their vibrant and historical town.

We visited the Blue Lagoon and the Japanese tunnels on Kokopo-Malaguna Road. There are more tunnels excavated now and these are a great tourist attraction.



A collection of old war junk has been removed from various plantations and is now located at the East New Britain Historical and Cultural Centre at Kokopo. The gardens there were magnificent - large rain trees with all sorts of aerial plants attached to them.

We had lunch on the deck of the very attractive Kokopo Beach Bungalow Resort on the black sand beach with a bird's eye view of the volcanoes. They served two types of chicko rolls, boiled pit pit with coconut, boiled white kaukau, green leaves in coconut juice, and roasted galip nuts.



The gardens at the Bita Paka War Memorial were exceptional with stately rain trees and all their associated epiphytes. The site is well kept with tropical plants such as crotons for colour. I felt very proud to be an Australian.

We stopped at the Japanese tunnels with the barges. The height and width of the tunnels have been increased, opening them up and making the barges more accessible.

It is easy to see why Rabaul has the reputation of the most beautiful town in the Pacific. It is still so physically beautiful.

### Kiriwana

We were met by almost everyone from the nearby villages. There were hundreds of sellers of wood carvings and shell jewellery. The kids had been let off school for the day and performed traditional dances - the boys and the girls separately. The boys certainly gyrate their hips in a very dramatic way! The girls were young and pretty. They used Christmas decorations in their bilas.

It was definitely hot on the island and we were both sunburnt. We enjoyed a swim in the cool shady waters. One of the fishermen had caught a two metre sailfish from a small canoe on a fishing line and he was going to share it with the villagers that night.

P&O and Princess had paid for the new jetty, some speedboats and motors, toilets and other facilities to develop this beach as a cruise ship destination.

### Kitava Island

Kitava is small coral atoll in Milne Bay near Kiriwina Island. It is an abandoned coconut plantation. Families were selling artefacts and there were caves with human skulls, a school, and a new baby and an albino child to photograph.

The main activity for the tourists was catching one of the outrigger canoes to the tiny Uratu Island for a swim. The canoeists raced each other back and forth showing off their strength and agility. Their sails were made from any available material, such as CSR bags, plastic sheets, building products bags all taped together. We didn't see any tapa cloth sails, but the lakatois themselves were more

or less of the traditional design. Some of the prows were very colourful and all had been well used.

We had lots of fun. We walked around the island - about 45 minutes - and had a swim on the white sand beach facing Kitava.

A fisherman had bought in a big catch of coral fish and painted lobsters. Some passengers bought lobsters and took them on board for the cook. There was a small sea turtle still alive there as well.

The wood carvings were of a high standard and a couple of people said that these island carvings were better than the carvings for sale in Madang. There were a lot of small carved wooden sea creatures such as turtles and sting rays. The next most popular items were the shells, followed by coconut raffia bags and purses. Customs in Brisbane allowed all these items into Australia without problems.

### Doini, Samarai and Kwato

We had a very historical day. We managed to get a speedboat from the tourist resort of Doini to take us to Samarai after the workboat that had been booked broke down.

### Samarai

Almost as soon as we stepped ashore in Samarai, one of our companions, Hal Kendall, saw his old home and the church where his father preached in the 1950s. His father was Father Kendall, later Bishop Kendall, of the Church of England.

The old abandoned church was in a very poor state - the roof was gone and a ceiling fan was suspended in mid-air. We walked to the old government wharf and noted that a pearl operation, Coral Sea Mari-culture PNG, had set up there. The oyster beds were within sight.

As we were walking up the main pathway that divides the island, one of the local meris was curious to know what we were doing. We explained that one of our party used to live on the island. She immediately knew it was Father Kendall's son and wanted to meet him. She was so happy he'd returned to the island after 50 years and stayed by his side until we left. Hal also met a girl who had been in his class at school.







The school was still operational and about 20 students had their desks outside under a tree. Some of our party brought books and colouring pencils for the local school.

The old Burns Philp building was an empty shell.

## Kwato

There was no sign saying the island was the famous Church of England stronghold of Kwato. It looked fairly nondescript - just a concrete pad, a tin shed and a couple of timber dongas away from the shore line. We walked past the men lazing on the pad and into the heart of the island. Our guide took us up a bush track to a large house and further up a beautiful stone church, the Church of Kwato. There was a marker stone with three recent plaques stating:

*In this cemetery lie the founder of Kwato and his wife, and some of the pioneers. They believed that God had a plan for Papua, and lived to bring it about.*

**Charles W Abel** 1862-1939

**Beatrice Abel** 1869-1939

**Margaret Parkin** 1865-1939

**Tiraka Anderea** -1939

**Phyllis Abel** 1888-1955

## Doini

Doini is a resort on a small island owned by the Neville family. Several different school groups performed in the cleared area around the bungalows. They were mainly school kids from Sawasawaga Primary School and their bilas was fairly plain - white feathers in the hair and a long grass skirt similar to the people around Moresby. Another singing group was from the Isunaleilei Elementary School. The boys were dressed in cod pieces and the girls in skirts made of palm fronds with white feathers in their hair.

A single male in magnificent bilas danced for hours and hours dressed in a huge feather head piece, shells and croton leaves and beating a long drum.

We left PNG waters feeling satisfied that this was certainly a great way to see and experience PNG at her very best.

*Linda Cavanaugh Manning*







# Judo

Charles Betteridge writes: I write in reference to an article by Rod Noble on page 41 of Una Voce No.1, 2015, about Rothmans, reading in part: 'two expat school girls handing out free cigarettes to locals in 1964'

The Port Moresby Judo Club benefitted from Rothmans in November 1964 - but in a much healthier way. The Port Moresby Judo Club was the very first sporting organisation to benefit from the Rothmans National Sports Foundation. It paid for two senior Judo players/instructors to travel to Port Moresby and teach advanced Judo and perform grading examinations of all members of the Judo Club.

The two very experienced Judo players/instructors were John Peters, 3rd Dan, Black Belt, from Sydney, and Yoshinoru Takeuchi 5th Dan, Black Belt, from Japan - who was also the world Judo champion at that time.

During their five full days with the club we were put through a very rigorous training schedule and I remember nearly felling Takeuchi during a contest with him. It was his very quick reaction that countered my throw that prevented him from falling down altogether. He was 'stunned' for a moment - and I was only an orange belt. I joined the Port Moresby Judo Club in January 1961 when it was barely a couple of weeks old and had only six members. Over the next few

years it expanded dramatically and we ended up around 1967 with close to 100 junior and 70 senior members.

We practiced on Monday and Thursday evenings. By 1966 we had to move from the club room under the grandstand at the Boroko Rugby League grounds to St. Joseph's Hall in East Boroko which were much larger and we were able to expand out tatami mats for our Judo training.

By the late 1970s membership had fallen a lot as a lot of expat players left PNG to return to Australia and other moved to other parts of PNG. Many friendships that still exist today were made during those early years. The photos were taken in November 1964.



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A short excerpt is available here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8C52NlcXD6I>



*Tadashi as a young man (far left) with Michael Somare (third from left) and Japanese Royalty (two ladies in centre)*

## The Bone Man of Aitape

I had just finished the book *The Bone Man of Kokoda*, lent to me by that Aitape Big Man Robert Parer, when it occurred to me that I knew another Bone Man, Tadashi Nishibaki - the Bone Man of Aitape. It was around 1968, when a young Japanese man walked into my office at Aitape, West Sepik District. I wondered at the time how he got there as I had not heard a plane - it turned out he had walked up from Wewak taking nearly a month to do so.

He could make himself understood in Tok Pidgin and he had been informed by the Japanese War files that his father, a senior officer in the Japanese Army, had been shot to death in the clean-up operations at the end of World War II. Records indicated he had been shot near the village of Malol just a few miles north of Aitape.

Tadashi was keen to search for details. Not giving him much hope, I took him to Malol and put him in the care of a good friend Brere Awol, the head man of Malol.

When Tadashi returned to Aitape some six days later he had an amazing story. He had sat down with elderly villagers, some of whom still had a smattering of Japanese, and explained his search. An old woman apparently remembered the incident and took Tadashi to the site where they began to search. Apparently there were no burials as the two Japanese remains were found where they fell.

He opened up his bag and out tumbled two skulls, dog tags, some bones and bit of uniform he had collected at the site! The dog tags were his father's and his father's batman; both skulls had a neat bullet hole in the forehead and various buckles and bits were obviously army issue!!

I remember the day he returned we had the Franciscan Mission pilots and Engineers to dinner. When Tadashi produced the bones and held up the skulls saying, 'Good teeth! Good teeth!' our guests felt it time to go home.

As he could not take bones back to Japan we burnt the bones to ash on a sheet of corrugated iron and Tadashi headed back to Japan and fame and fortune with appearances on TV shows and newspaper interviews.

He returned to Aitape a few months later escorting a multi-millionaire, Ryoshi Sashagawa and we made



*Tadashi as Cooroy knew him, with his first grandson, Yuna, about 6 years ago*





*The completed war memorial as constructed on Catholic Mission land at Wewak around 1969*

arrangements to visit him at the end of 1968. However, I was selected to attend the 1969 ASOPA long course in Local Government and Tadashi married and moved and we lost touch.

In that year Tadashi hosted a visit to Japan by Michael Somare and, at different times, Rob Parer and Peter Williams. He even met with Japanese Royalty as his efforts were recognised by the Japanese public.

He returned and erected a large war memorial on Catholic Mission land at Wewak, dedicated to both allied and Japanese Soldiers killed in the war. He shipped a huge stone from Japan and, with Bishop Leo Arkfeld's approval and a little help, erected the memorial with the following inscription:

*In memory of the brave soldiers who paid the supreme sacrifice for their countries Japan, Australia, America and New Guinea during World War II from 1941 to 1945 and in sincere Hope that our men will never again engage in war, but a deep spirit of friendship may exist between us all. Then their sacrifice will not have been in vain.*

Tadashi named his second son after Bishop Leo but with the limits of the Japanese pronunciation it came out as Ryo. For 35 years we lost touch, Tadashi had married and moved, letters I sent were returned, I was posted to Bougainville and finally returned to Australia.

Unknown to me the memorial was damaged and around 2003 Tadashi returned to Wewak to undertake repairs. Rob Parer was in Wewak, went to renew acquaintances and was asked if he knew where I was. Tadashi obtained my phone number and address.

He rang me as soon as he returned to Japan and was on the next plane to Australia! Still only speaking Tok Pidgin he took the town of Cooroy by storm. Sitting in the lotus position in his Kimono he held court at the Cooroy RSL on Australia Day 2004.

On ANZAC Day 2014 we lost him at the Rainbow Beach Surf Club, only to find him talking to two ex-RAAF wartime New Guinea Pilots he had convinced that he was a war time Zero pilot! He was born 5 March 1936.

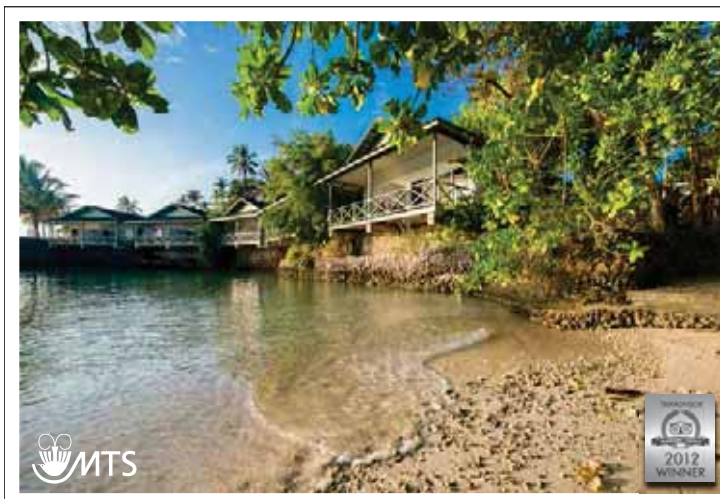


*Cuttings from a Japanese newspaper that published the story and some photos.*

Since then there has been a progression of visits - us to Japan three or four times for Cherry Blossom time and he and his family four or five times to Cooroy. We became very close and just farewelled Tadashi's wife, Yoshie in June 2015 after her last visit. She flew to Australia to nurse my wife Betty after a full hip replacement.

Sadly Tadashi passed away in late June but his memorial is still in Wewak and the story of him producing the skulls and dog tags of his lost father lingers on. He is well remembered in Cooroy, especially by those ex New Guinea Pidgin speakers for that is the only way he could converse with us at the RSL.

*Harry Roach*



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# A Pilgrimage to Rabaul

As a small boy I was aware that my uncle John William Hayes went to war and I remember having my photo taken with him in uniform on what would have been his last leave home to Hamilton, Victoria in 1940. My grandmother received official notice of his death from the War Department in October 1945, after wondering for three years what had happened to him as a POW of the Japanese.

*The beautiful site of the United Church School for Skills and Leadership at Malmaluan.*

My grandmother was very anti-Japanese but before she died in 1961 she suggested I visit Rabaul. I learnt much later that two of my mother's cousins, brothers Basil and Rex Wythe were also part of Lark Force 2nd/22nd Battalion and were on the Montevideo Maru with John. It has taken me 54 years to make the journey to Rabaul.

My wife, Barbara, and her family also have connections with men who were captured or escaped from New Britain and New Ireland. Her father, Cecil Diprose, owned a property near Cavendish, Victoria and the next door neighbours were the Saligari family. The eldest son of the family was Edward (Ted) Saligari, a member of Lark Force who escaped.

We have also come into contact with other people who have Rabaul connections, many of them children of Missionaries who were victims of the Japanese. Since 2008 I have been the Almoner for the Brighton RSL (SA) Sub-Branch and have met many men, such as Bruce Reid, who had connections with Rabaul and listened to their stories.

When flying to Canberra in June 2010 for the announcement by the Federal Labour Government of the Contribution to the Montevideo Maru Memorial I sat near Norm Furness who noticed my RSL badge. Through conversation we established that he had enlisted with my uncle John at Caulfield. Norm stood in front of John in the queue. Their enlistment numbers were Norm VX23557 and John VX23568. They were great mates but lost contact on 23 January 1942 when the Japanese invaded Rabaul. In Canberra I met Lois Newman from Bendigo who heard me mention the name Wythe. She said her friend, Jan Myers, was the daughter of Basil Wythe. Lois said her friend was not aware she had any living Wythe relatives. In 2011 we made contact with Jan and her husband Ron and they were very excited to learn she had many Wythe cousins.

## Our Journey to Rabaul

As a result of Andrea Williams' visit to Adelaide in October 2014 we finally decided to visit Rabaul.

As suggested by Andrea we made contact with Susie McGrade and arranged to stay at the Rabaul Hotel. Both were most helpful in discussing an itinerary and transport.

On Monday 13 July our guide Albert Koni with his driver and assistant took us to the 2/22nd Lark Force and Montevideo Maru Rock Memorial, at Simpson Harbour. The loss of the Montevideo Maru, still today Australia's largest maritime tragedy with over 1053 hundred men and boys who died in Subic Bay off the island of Luzon on 1 July 1942. We then visited the 'Hot Springs' past the original airport site, where the water temperature is up to an amazing 100°C. Next we went to Yamamoto's underground Bunker and across to the New Guinea Club, now Rabaul Historical Society Museum where we had a brief stop to look at the many items of WW11 memorabilia. The New Guinea Club was the last bastion of Colonial Rule in the islands. Originally a Gentlemen's club with strict guidelines. It was destroyed in both world wars, was rebuilt in





*Standing beside the Decapitation pit used by the Japanese for executions.*



*Ken beside the Montevideo Memorial with our guide Albert Koni and his helper*



*Barbara, Ken, Susie McGrade (standing) and David Flynn holding two Brighton, SA RSL banners Ken presented to their History Society.*



*One of the plaques with details of the first casualties of WW1 and the AE1 Submarine lost in Subic Bay at Luzon.*



*Barbara and Ken with the Principal of the School, the Rev Abraham Toroi.*

the 1950s to its former glory only to be destroyed again by fire in 1994 with further damage by the 1994 volcanic eruptions. It has since been partially restored by a few staunch members who wish to preserve Rabaul's history.

On to the Japanese plane wreck 'Big Betty' partly covered by pumice and jungle growth and then up to Tunnel Hill and the Volcano Observatory and Lookout. This is where seismic activity is monitored and it provides a magnificent view of Rabaul and Simpson Harbour.

On Tuesday we learnt about the activities of the Japanese and visited many of the underground tunnels, which included the underground Hospital and Barge tunnels. There are an estimated 500 miles of tunnels and caves. The hospital on three levels covers a huge area with many steps and stairs cut into the rock. We were provided with

torches and moving around was quite a challenge. The barge tunnels go deep into the mountain side and three barges are available for public view. Bruce Reid, one of our local veterans, clearly remembers the site of the rail lines and the Japanese barges from his days there in 1945/46.

A Japanese Floating Crane has been left on the shore line as a reminder that the Allies were able to bomb it before it was able to be used.

A major highlight was the visit to the Bita Paka Memorial War Cemetery where we found the names of Ken's relatives on the *Missing In Action* panels. In the June edition of *Una Voce* there is an informative article about the site written by Don Hook.

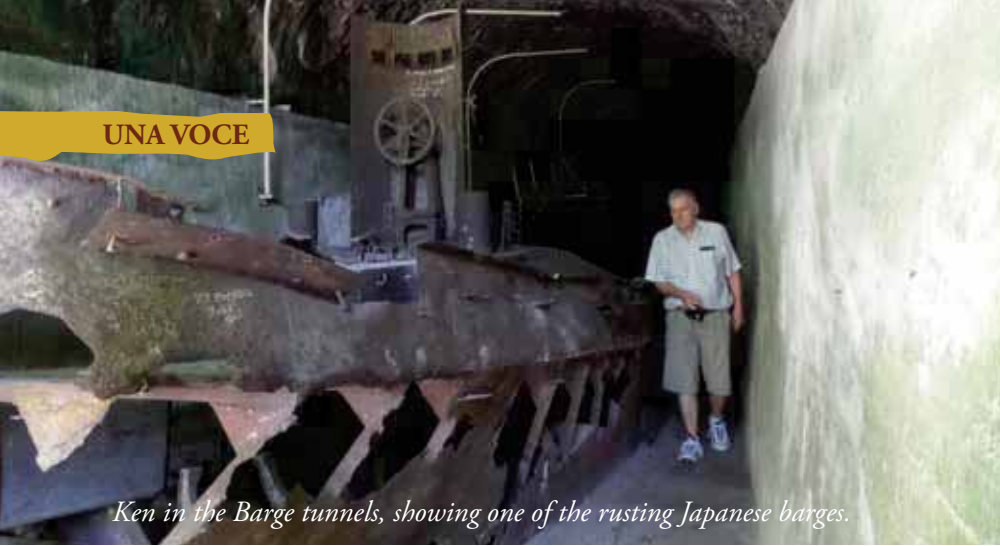
On the third day we visited a United Church Technical High School in Rabaul and met the Chaplain before going to the Mask

Festival in Kokopo. This is an annual event which attracts people from all over the world. Papua New Guineans wear colourful national costumes and perform dances. Stalls sell crafts and food and sponsors advertise their businesses. The evening program was a Fire dance.

On Thursday we travelled to the Village of Malmaluan, high on the ridge, to visit Principal Rev Abraham Toroi at his United Church School for Skills and Leadership. It is a very happy and beautiful place, badly in need of improved resources. We then went on to Tung Naparau Memorial Reserve which commemorates the death of the first Christian Missionaries of 1878.

We went to the Historical Society Museum with Susie and daughter Rosie and met with the Curator and David Flynn. They are working





*Ken in the Barge tunnels, showing one of the rusting Japanese barges.*



*Left to right: Oswald Dyson (Wythe cousin), John Hayes, Doug Dyson brother of Oswald and Ken in front.*

very hard to obtain resources to preserve the local history.

We enjoyed a visit to the local markets with the Hotel 'Girls' to buy supplies. All were very friendly and helpful.

We were also reminded of the WW1 sites and visited many of them including the HMAS Berrima landing site.

Much of Rabaul has not been rebuilt since the severe 1994 volcanic eruption. Most of the major business and administration has been moved to Kokopo, which is now the capital of East New Britain Province.

We enjoyed a very busy and memorable visit.

**Ken Hayes**

**Bruce Reid's Story**

*This is the story of Bruce Reid, aged 91, of Brighton RSL, S.A Sub Branch as told to Ken Hayes in May 2015.*

I enlisted in 1942 at Keswick

Barracks in Adelaide, South Australia. I worked as an office boy at the Chamber of Manufacturers both before and after WWII, a total of 47 years.

After enlistment I went to Cowra, New South Wales for some months of basic Infantry training, then to Bonegilla near Albury for many months. I attended Signals Training School much longer than necessary because men were coming back from the Middle East and the Army was not looking for reinforcements as not losing many fellows then.

I spent a lot of time maintaining the camp and environs and did a course on Morse wireless operation and simple Flag Semaphoring and Heliograph, learning the craft of wireless operator. The latter two were not used in the islands.

I next transferred to Queensland, Anoonba Camp (unsure of the name) near Brisbane, then to Townsville for several months awaiting embarkation. Whilst



*John William Hayes VX23568, taken on his final leave before embarking for Rabaul with the 2nd/22nd Battalion*

waiting for transport which was interminable I was finally posted to the 5th Division Signals in Jacquinot Bay. It was in the New Britain area. They started to reinforce the AIF Divisions as they were forming up for the Borneo Campaign.

I was taken off that draft and finally posted to the 9th Divisions Signals, attached to the 2nd/8th Field



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Regiment. We camped at Ravenshoe on the Atherton Tablelands for some time, I really don't know why, I suppose we were getting ready for the invasion of Borneo. Then we embarked for Morotai. We were there for a period and we then moved to Borneo. Our unit was posted to Brunei and went over on landing craft Infantry which took several days. We had a beach landing at a place called Brookton on the mainland.

At the end of 1945, early 1946 we were preparing to go back home and in fact I had had my Pay Book made up when we were transported from Borneo back to Rabaul on a ship. Then there was a strike on the ship, men wouldn't get off, but the army cut off the water supply, so they won. Lots of trouble but I was not involved, I knew the Army would win.

All Australian men who were in the islands further north than New Britain had to come back via Rabaul. Discharge was based on a points system, married men with children first, married men second and so on down the list.

As I was very young and had not been overseas very long, I and a younger fellow were pulled off the draft and we were literally living in two man tents on the beach. We were waiting for transport; but that wasn't on.

At the end of the war there were about 100,000 Japanese POWs at Rabaul. I pondered on what the numbers were, many camps of about 30,000 each all around the Rabaul area after the Japanese POWs were transferred to Rabaul from Jacquinot Bay and other islands such as Morotai, Bougainville and possibly New Guinea. There were brought down to Rabaul probably because of the harbour which had deep water and could take large vessels.

The town of Rabaul was totally destroyed, rubble everywhere. In the harbour there were at least 25 hulks sunk by Allied bombing as it had been a Japanese base. I also remember that there was no masonry standing except one bit of a wall, I think it was the hospital.

I remember a Japanese Aircraft carrier arriving in Rabaul Bay to collect Japanese POWs to take them home to Japan.

A small group of three or four us were sent up to a POW camp in the mountains and we were responsible for communicating back to headquarters in Rabaul, it was quite a distance.

I think it was one platoon of infantry to guard the thousands of prisoners. They were allowed to go free during the day and they ran their own camp but were required to be back behind barbed wire before nightfall.

We just had a small tent with a wireless set in it about 40 yards from the main gate of the compound.

If there was a *breakout* we would have been sitting ducks. We didn't sleep very well for the first few nights but we soon got over that. The actual camp was a wire camp like you would see in pictures. What the boundaries were, I haven't the foggiest notion.

Another memory: Rail tracks coming up from the beach at Rabaul into the caves used by the Japanese to protect the barges, also many, many tunnels in the mountains behind Rabaul Harbour.

I was sent back to 11th Divisional signals, a division which hadn't seen any action and was comprised largely of young men who had enlisted later in the war and hadn't been there long enough to be sent overseas and sent up as a garrison force.

While we were there, there was both wireless and telephone

communication. I wasn't in Rabaul after the Japanese left. I left in about May/June 1946.

I left Rabaul on the *Ormiston* to travel to Sydney. It was an old peacetime boat requisitioned as a troop carrier. Then back to Adelaide by train.

I wasn't able to get a discharge because there was a shortage of wireless operators. I was at Keswick living out and was driven down to Warradale each day by jeep and we operated the wireless link between Adelaide and Melbourne. This was a major installation.

At this stage I was clever enough to say I was used to operating one man sets. It took three men to carry them. They had wet cell batteries and a large power unit, they were massive machines.

At this stage I had reached the glorious heights of being a Corporal. There was a sergeant there in charge and he was very rigid. I spent most of my time chatting with the young lady. When a message came through she would be required to deliver it to the appropriate unit.

Then I was able to be discharged to my relief. I was worried I wouldn't have a job to go to. There was an Government Act that said an Ex-serviceman had to be given his job back on his return, but when I began work I took the place of a man who had enlisted in the early days of the war and they were obliged to give him work instead of me. But the organisation had grown during the war years due to the increase in industry so I was given my job immediately in the Industrial Relations Department.

I didn't go back to Rabaul and I refused to go Japan although I had the opportunity.

# A Didiman's Diary

A continuing story of people, places and patrols in the life of an Agricultural Extension Officer (Didiman) in the Territory of Papua New Guinea from 1956.

(For Part 1 see Una Voce, September 2015.)

## Part 2

The nearly 10 years in the Territory had an enormous number of highlights. Great friendships; lengthy patrols into areas of contrast – to those of little or no development or contact and to areas settled by Europeans more than 100 years previously. By foot; on an old BSA 125cc motorbike (later graduating to 150ccs); government workboats; chartered speedboats; various types of hollowed out river and sea craft logs and one or two other makeshift forms of conveyance!

Aircraft - some very old, some very, very old and some not so old to fly into and out of patrol locations. A book could be written on my aircraft experiences; the airstrips and the pilots- bless them all.

Fieldwork, by patrolling, was the essence of our work. This commenced a few days after arrival. A very steep learning curve for a 19 year old. Quoting from James Sinclair's book *The Money Tree Coffee in Papua New Guinea*,

'I did my first patrol (early September 1956) under the direction of Noel Fowler, the PO in charge. He and his wife (Margaret)

were lovely people, helped me a lot. I went up to the Upper Dunantina with a police sergeant with me and two trained fieldworkers. A magnificent experience. Major Casey had established a coffee plantation in the Dunantina and the village people wanted to follow suit. They were setting up small hand pulpers and fermenting vats and producing dried beans for sale. We established coffee seedling nurseries.'

The patrol was not without incident. The Upper Dunantina people were smart and sharp. I purchased half a dozen fighting spears – my first native artefacts. These were carefully packaged into bamboo cylinders and bound for transport by the carriers. On arrival back at Henganofi Patrol Post I opened the package to find the spears had been substituted with pit pit – a tall cane like grass. Noel Fowler dispatched a couple of policemen to recover the goods and apprehend the offenders.

One of the outstanding features of the government Patrol Posts and Sub-District out-stations was the park like lawns and gardens. The Kiaps, the Police and the staff took immense pride in the presentation

of their Stations. Ross Johnson, a former Kiap, has an excellent collection of Henganofi Patrol Post (1957) photos on the pngaa website.

Of particular note on this patrol was the abundance, size and quality of European potatoes possibly grown from peelings obtained from Mick Casey's kitchen! Strangely, my career pathway on return to Australia was focused for 45 years on potatoes. More to this story later.

Each of the villages had a 'village book', akin to a visitors' book. This was presented, proudly, by the village Luluai to a visiting official on arrival. On the completion of a visit the book was endorsed with the work undertaken, arrangements made for follow up visits and signed. Some 50 years later I paid by cheque, an earthmoving contractor, Steve Gibson, for work done on our NSW south coast property. Steve looked at the signature and said that it had not changed in the 50 years since I signed the village books in New Guinea. Steve was a Kiap and worked in the Eastern Highlands and a number of other Districts.

My area of responsibility extended west to the Upper Asaro Valley



and east to Henganofi. We were equipped with strong steel boxes and basic camping equipment. Trade goods of axes, knives, salt, twist tobacco (cured tobacco leaf mixed with a molasses and what else?) These items were exchanged for food or for carrier services as we moved from village to village. The only acceptable form of cash was the New Guinea shilling with a hole in the centre. One hundred of these were wrapped, as a cylinder, in paper and called a fuse!

Fieldwork was wide ranging, and area visits were often accompanied by native fieldworkers who had received basic agricultural education. A number of trainees would work with the village people during the patrols. Purpose built village rest houses were reserved and maintained for use by officials and other visitors.

After my first patrol I made the personal decision not to request a police escort, not to carry a fireman and not to take alcohol. This remained so for all my time in PNG.

A lot of the development work in coffee, pine tree planting and establishing small dams for pond fish was in the Bene Bena. On my first visit riding the faithful 'Beeza Bantam' I negotiated the infamous Bena Bena hill; the road was gravelled with a suicidal mix of all sizes of crushed stone. At the bottom of the hill Ian Fraser was managing a coffee plantation on a kunai plateau at a location called Sogopego. Ian, like myself, had only been resident in the Territory for a few months and the new development was his first challenge in coffee growing. A 'house' needed to be built first, two rooms constructed with native

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## After my first patrol I made the personal decision not to request a police escort, not to carry a fireman and not to take alcohol. This remained so for all my time in PNG.

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materials and, as always, a detached hauskuk. I called in to introduce myself: 'Ah, you're the new lik lik Didiman. Come in, take a seat' was Ian's welcome. Ian was the first of the European settlers I had met. After inspecting his coffee project Ian asked me if I would like a feed? I thanked him for the offer whereupon he called out to his hausboi – a local lad 'suitim kai kai'. Lunch was served – tinned spaghetti topped with icecream! Ian's re-action best left unsaid. I complimented him on the lunch and his culinary delights. From then on we have been close friends.

The meeting with Ian was important as he introduced me to many of the people who pioneered the commercial development of the coffee industry in the Central Highlands of New Guinea. It did not take long to get to know most of them and respect their determination to succeed.

The inter-Territory town rugby league competition was a 'ticket to travel'. The competition commenced in 1953. A match roster involved team aircraft charters between the main Territory towns, generally by DC3's and occasionally the Junkers. I joined the team for the 1957 season and played alongside a number of class footballers notably Brian Johnson and Neil Latimer both of whom played rugby union for Australia. The football team tours were an opportunity to meet and socialise with many people throughout PNG.

Dennis (Junior) Buchanan - later Sir Dennis – was a friend in those early days and at the time he was the traffic clerk for Territory Airlines Ltd (TAL). Having discovered the ready availability of European potatoes in the Dunantina I perceived a ready market for them in Port Moresby. Purchasing them at 2d per pound and retailing in Port Moresby at 2/- a pound. Dennis agreed on a backload rate Goroka to Port Moresby at 6d a pound! The margin looked pretty good with transport from the Dunantina compliments of the Administration. Following the first successful shipment, guilt set in as I knew my side enterprise was contrary to Public Service Regulations.

Very soon after the first shipment, a smartly turned out police constable arrived at our donga and handed me a note: 'Please come and see me at the Residency this afternoon,' signed Bill Seale District Commissioner. I immediately concluded my days were numbered. On presenting myself, Bill's wife, Heather, said: 'Come in David - Bill and I would like you to join us for dinner next Saturday evening.' A sense of relief and a mental note to do what I was supposed to be doing. The bonus of that evening was the presence of two lovely girls visiting from Australia.

In the first 12 months I flew out of Goroka many times, either on official duties, football or private charters. One particularly memorable trip was a TAL Cessna

170 charter to Mt Hagen with two didimen; Francis Xavier Ryan and Mick Belfield. John Downie was our pilot. What an experience, flying low up the Waghi Valley, seeing the start of the European coffee developments. The occasion was the wedding of Jim Kingston, the District Agricultural Officer, Western Highlands District to Mary Camp, daughter of Noel Camp, a pioneer coffee planter. I stayed at Dan Leahy's (Snr) 'Kuta' home. Meeting Dan and his Papua New Guinean wife and listening to their stories of the early pioneer days was special.

Next day John flew the three of us to the Mission airfield for the wedding service at the Mission church. Two minutes in the air and back again to Mt Hagen for the wedding breakfast. A memorable event. No less memorable the return flight. Skimming the towering white cliffs of Mt Elimbari thousands of feet above us; over pretty Chuave Patrol Post, before descending into Goroka.

I flew a number of times with Peter Manser - Gibbes Sepik Airways (GSA) chief pilot. On one occasion he was flying me to Kundiawa in a Norseman. Kundiawa was to be my next posting. On take-off from Goroka I urgently drew Peter's attention to the fuel pressure warning light showing red. He gave a nonchalant wave, commenced a right bank and climbed up and on to a safe landing 20 minutes later at Kundiawa.

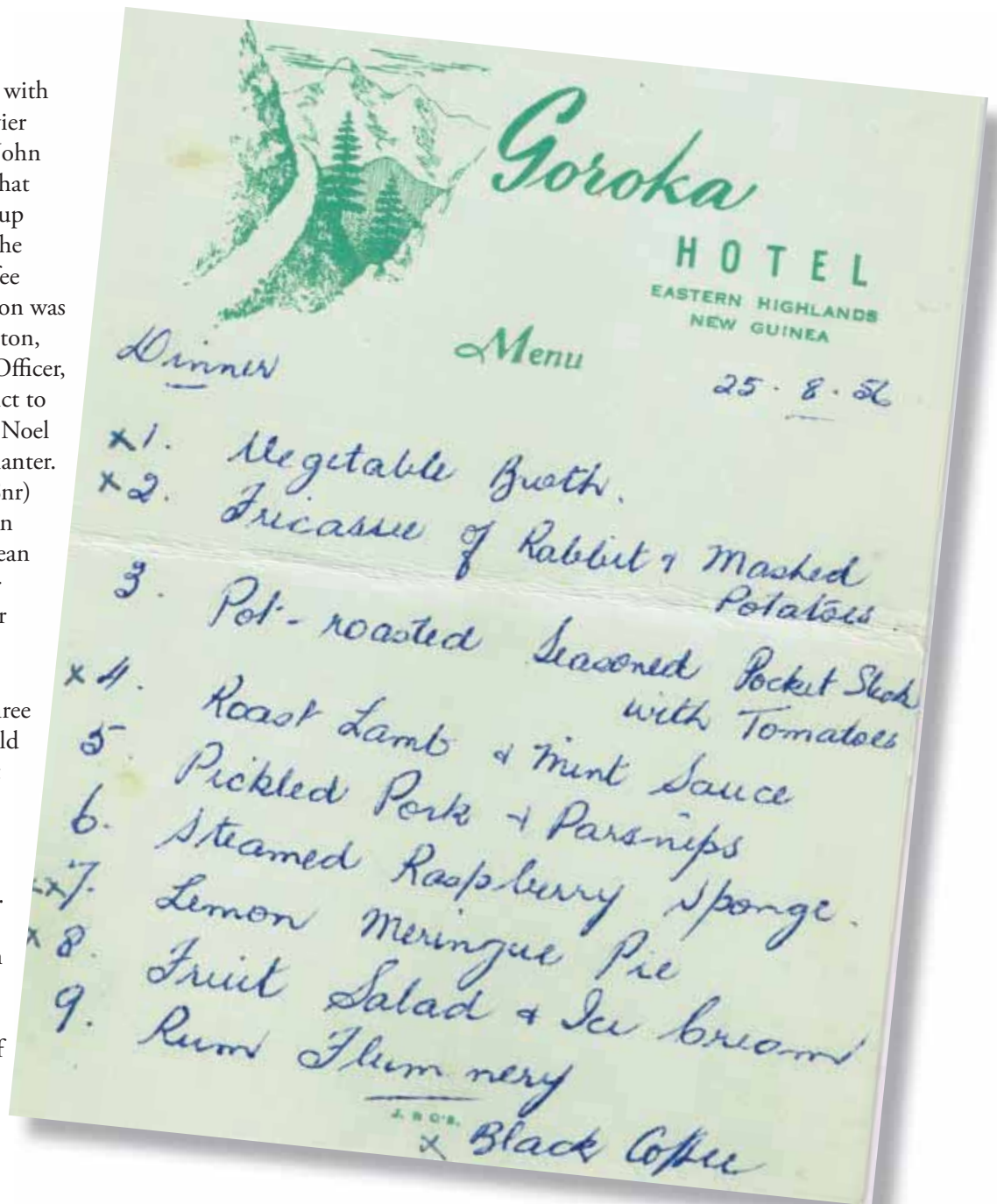
When all was quiet (conversation in flight in a Norseman was impossible) he explained that the fuel warning light leads had been reversed when the aircraft had been serviced. Had the light gone out we would have been in trouble!

The Chief of our Agricultural Extension Division, Bill Conroy, without consultation, had decided that, since I was unmarried, I would have 'roving' responsibilities!

My next story will cover my work in the in the Chimbu Valley in the Kundiawa Sub- Districts.

To view photos go to [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)

**David Montgomery**





# Notes from the Northern Territory

Harry West OAM, who died on 13 July aged 92, spent 28 years in PNG so was known to a large number of our members. As his clerk at Mendi and Rabaul for almost four years I got to know him well and enjoyed visits with him at Canberra and Sydney post-Independence. Fred Kaad OBE, in *Una Voce* June 2008, described Harry as 'Gentle Man and Gentleman' and I need do no more than echo that.

One of the now much reduced band of wantoks who settled in Darwin, Harry Cohen (ASOPA 1958-59), has a somewhat more vivid memory about District Commissioner West at Rabaul in 1971. Prior to the outbreak of violence by the Mataungan Association in the Gazelle Peninsula the younger Harry was Headmaster at Matupit Primary School. He received an unexpected visit from three Tolais including ToGita who was minus one hand. They instructed him to cease teaching the Matupit children anything to do with Australia or the Government. When Harry rejected this demand they jammed him up against a wall with the stump of ToGita's arm thrust under his throat and warned him of the lethal penalty for non-compliance.

On learning of this thuggery Harry West offered his namesake a police guard and authorised possession of a firearm. 'Chalkie' Harry accepted the former and declined the latter. But he has not forgotten the personal interest the long-time kiap took in the welfare of a staff member and family. Harry went on to become principal at the Bavaroko school, Moresby before moving to Darwin and a post at the NT Supreme Court.

In my own case 1971 was rather more memorable for matrimony than Mataungan. Harry West, seated in the chair of the Nambawan Kiap at Konedobe, previously titled Director of Native Affairs, was a most welcome guest at my wedding. Which thought reminds me that back in 1958 he had arrived at Mendi as DC Southern Highlands shortly after his own wedding. Kerry Leen, the sub-district ADO, for whom I also clerked told me that one evening he had thought it necessary to go to the Residency to apprise Harry of some problem but on arrival about 7.30 pm found all the lights out. Ever

mischievous Kerry said he had contemplated arousing the presumably dormant occupants but decided to abide by the Australian principle of 'Fair Go' and left the newly-weds alone until next day.

Rest in Peace, Harry

Jim Toner

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## My Expatriate Life

This is the second part of Diane Bayne's story. Part 1 was published in the September 2015 issue of Una Voce. Watch for further instalments.

### Part 2 - Daru

The company sent pilots around to different places at whim, probably because most were single and that was the kind of job it was anyway. We had been in Lae for only short time and then we were transferred to Daru. Daru is a very small island off the coast of Papua, north of Thursday Island, very flat and dry, only two kilometres wide at its widest point where there was a sealed runway. Most of the islands in the Torres Strait belong to Australia but Daru is part of Papua New Guinea. The airport there was nothing much more than a hangar and we lived in it! That was the company accommodation. Inside the hangar, at the back was an office and above the office, upstairs, we lived in a small very basic two bedroomed flat. I became the 'agent', wrote tickets, organised the manifests and 'cargo boys' who loaded and

off loaded the aeroplanes, and kept communication via the two way radio. One of the first things I had to do was to learn to drive and get a driver's licence. There was a small company truck and Eric taught me to drive it. It had a gear shift on the side of the steering wheel and I wasn't at all confident but after a while we went to the Daru police station and I got my PNG licence. I walked out with it, no test required, and drove back home to the hangar, bunny hopping all the way with our little daughter sitting between us saying, 'Mummy, bumpy car!'

My husband flew the charters and the regular public transport flights which kept up the supplies to outposts in Western Papua. There were plenty of mosquitos, cockroaches and crocodiles. Luckily the crocodiles didn't venture inland but there was a crocodile farm. Our little girl, now nearly three, called everything 'croca-

atches'. To her it seemed to cover every living thing, apart from people. I was there during the day by myself with the local people, the 'cargo boys' who worked with me. Eric would be away most of the day but other small aeroplanes would come and go.

The older 'cargo boy', Anakai, was much older than me at that time. He was a village elder, very respected by his people, highly capable, and a good worker. My pidgin improved a lot, thanks to him, as he would speak more slowly when talking to me. We noticed he'd developed a limp. Eric asked him about it but he just said, 'Me no savvy,' (meaning he didn't know why he was limping). Eric took him aside and drove him to the hospital. The Filipino doctor said he had venereal disease and would have to take medication. We rightly assumed his wife would also be taking the medication and wondered how this would be explained to her?



No, it wasn't a problem, explained the doctor. As a respected elder and a wage earner, it was accepted that he had the rights to all women in his village. It was the way it was, a part of their culture. There was no problem other than the disease itself.

Living in the flat in the hangar, we were of course, the first port of call for any aeroplanes coming up from Australia and Thursday Island. One day a beautiful Citation jet landed from Australia with a group of wealthy travellers headed for a week of barramundi fishing at Bensback Lodge near Weam. The pilot and his passengers asked to be cleared by customs so I rang the number for them, explaining that an aeroplane had just landed from Australia and needed to be cleared.

'No sorry' was the answer.

'What do you mean, No, sorry?' I asked.

'Customs officers not here. In jail' I was told.

'Customs men in jail? Why?' I asked.  
'They are needed here, at the airport. Now.'

'Sorry. Not here. They got drunk. Now in jail. You have to call the jail' was the reply.

I called the jail.

'There's an aircraft here from Australia,' I explained, 'You have to let the customs men out of jail so they can clear the aircraft and passengers here at the airport.'

There was a blunt refusal, 'No, sorry, they are drunk. They stay in jail.'

The pilot spoke on the phone but it was no use.

'You come to the jail to see the customs officers,' he was told.

The pilot and his passengers were wide eyed and incredulous! So was I. So there I was, driving the company truck with Citation pilot and his wealthy passengers loaded in the

back, bumping along the rough Daru roads, to be cleared by the drunk customs officers at the Daru jail! Sounds like a story but it's true.

Daru was not especially beautiful in a tropical way. The landscape was a lot like much of outback Australia. It was dead flat with a few scratchy trees and bushes but it was very hot and humid with a dry and wet season. There was a constant smell of fish being smoked and dried by the locals. The rest of the world felt far away. It was completely quiet, except when aeroplanes came and went. The population consisted of about 3,000 local people and around 20 expatriates. There was an open air movie theatre and a pub, a club, two trade stores, a small hospital, government offices and two schools. There was also a Catholic Mission based there with French speaking Canadian missionaries. Sometimes they would fly out to visit different outposts. They made a name for themselves as when the supply boat arrived in Daru once a month they were often the first ones down there buying out all the chocolate on board! The publican and his wife were real characters. But that's another story. There was a fish factory across the road from us run by an older expatriate Australian couple. They worked really hard, seven days a week while the wife constantly drank Avocaar liquor, adding milk, 'To steady my stomach,' she'd say. We lived on barramundi and crayfish and the only other food available on Daru were potatoes and sweet potatoes, although some of the locals grew their own vegetables. Apart from this we would get our supplies from Goroka, in the highlands, when the aeroplane went in for a service.

There was a crocodile farm on Daru, run by an Australian crocodile hunter who lived there with his wife and children. He bred them but he also kept two of these huge reptiles as

pets, both about 14 feet long, kept behind chicken wire. We would go there to see them. Their eyes would look at just above the water in complete stillness, until Dave threw a chicken over the fence for them. The immediacy of strength and speed of a large leaping crocodile is a fearful spectacle! One day a government officer spoke to him, saying it was illegal to have such huge crocodiles in captivity. The government would have to take them but not just yet. That night Dave apparently released them. One headed for the sea and the other was found the next morning under the government building! The government officers were scared off going to work that day. It caused quite a bit of excitement on the island but the reptile was eventually caught. We were once invited to Dave's for a tasting of barbecued crocodile tail. I wasn't too keen at first but it tasted a lot like chicken.

The most beautiful part about Daru was the huge sky against the flat Daru horizon. It seemed to diminish the land on which we stood and even more so when the sunsets took precedence over everything, when the temperature would drop a little. This is when the flights would finish for the day and I would sometimes take my daughter for a walk in her pusher along the length of the runway. The sky would become a massive brilliant glowing of reds and oranges to start with, then dissipating to almost every other colour until the sun went down. There was a real presence and it was all so quiet. Then the mosquitos would come. We took our antimalarial tablets religiously.

One aspect I didn't like in PNG was the attitude of many expats towards the local people. There was a fairly strong element of derision and racism by some, especially in the bigger towns like Port Moresby and Lae where there was also lots of petty crime. We were living in

their country and had so much by comparison; money, cars, clothes and possessions. Being a 'wantok' (extended family) sharing culture, my thinking was that they would see it as unfair. So when Eric arrived back in Daru one day with two very 'bushy' passengers in loin clothes, and rudely told them in pidgin to sit on the hangar floor and not move, I objected. They were skinny and small and fearful looking.

'The way you just spoke to those passengers was so rude,' I said.

'Don't worry,' he replied, 'They're cannibals. They had an eating near Nomad River. I'll phone the police to come and get them. Never been in an aeroplane before and never seen a building as big as this hangar! They're pretty scared.'

I looked at them. They didn't match the mental image I had of cannibals. I felt sorry for these cannibals.

While in Daru we improved the efficiency and organisation of the Daru base. My house girl, Daisy, was lovely. She cared for Robyn, our daughter, while I was working. During the day other flights would arrive and depart, mostly aeroplanes and pilots working for the same company. I would organise their offloading, reloading and manifests via the cargo boys. These pilots were an interesting, if not eccentric lot. One I particularly remember. He was about 6'4" tall with dark eyes, very long black hair and beard and spoke with a loud, expressive voice. He had to fit into a small Beech Baron aeroplane (a six seater) so he did calisthenics in front of the aeroplane each time before he could fit into it. I think his passengers thought he was quite mad. He was very passionate and dramatic, always talking about his philosophy of life, using his massive hands to emphasise a point and quoting his

favourite book, 'Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance'. There was also another pilot who wore a crash helmet when he flew. Apparently he was an ex-military helicopter pilot. He wore it, he told me, in case he crashed. He developed a real affinity and respect with the local people. He learnt to speak Motu, a dialect in the Moresby region and chewed 'betel nut' as the locals did. The sad thing is that much later he did crash, due to a missed approach to an airstrip in a very narrow area, and he was killed. The locals for whom he had so much respect, were devastated we were told. There was also 'Dangerous Dave' who would sometimes fly into Daru. He was really well mannered but hyped up most of the time and he too, spoke in an overly dramatic way. I was never quite sure of what he was on about. He'd walk to his aeroplane with long, fast steps. 'Get in,' he'd say to his passengers. 'I'm feeling dangerous.'

Then there was Robo. Like all the others, flying was all that mattered. He'd always be joking and he'd literally bounce out of his aeroplane with a smile, always ready with a humorous quip. One day I said to him, 'Robo, if you couldn't fly, what would you do?' He looked at me with a smile, 'Lay back on a roast spud and tread jelly!' he laughed. 'Tread jelly?? Yes, they were an interesting lot.'

The two way radio I used most days was essential to the operation and organisation over remote parts of PNG. It also provided continuous and endless information and gossip. Everyone heard everything when anyone spoke and the humorous quips and comments were all part of the radio waves culture. Most voices were male, those of agents and pilots using minimal words in very Australian accents. So I was all ears one day when I heard a very much

older woman's pukka British accent, 'Port Moresby, Port Moresby. This is Wanigela...Over...' 'Yeah Wanigela. Gow ahead,' was the Aussie reply. 'Would you please make sure our cream cakes are on board today? We are expecting some American tourists. Please will you check that they are on the aeroplane. You know how the Americans love their cream cakes...Over...' There was a silence. Then the Aussie reply again, 'No worries....Yeah.' Silence again. Another Aussie voice came on, 'This is the 'bay bay say' news!!' (ie BBC news). I don't know who this lady was or what she thought of all this.

It was when we were living in Daru in 1975 that PNG gained its independence from Australia. It was a very proud day for the people and there were great celebrations all over the country. PNG had been a territory of Australia's since 1902. There were celebrations on the island and it was a public holiday. I can't remember any immediate noticeable changes but of course since then there have been many changes with its governance and decision making as an independent country. We worked very hard in Daru, Eric flying and me organising it all on the ground. I was paid 5 percent of the company earnings so there was great incentive. Others thought we were crazy to actually enjoy living in such a place but it was a challenge and we saw it as an amazing experience. Living in the hangar at the airport, we rarely got a day off. We both worked very hard and I was starting to feel Robyn needed more of my attention. After 18 months we were feeling we'd had enough. Eric asked for a transfer and the company sent us back to Lae.

*Diane Bayne*



# Father Gulielmus (Gerhard) (Gerard) (Wilhelm) Weber SM

Father Gulielmus (Gerhard) (Gerard) (Wilhelm) Weber SM, was born in the diocese of Paderborn, Germany on 21 March 1905. He was professed in the Society of Mary on 17 April 1929 and ordained in 1932. He undertook parish work in Germany before arriving in Sydney towards the end of 1935. He and spent time at the Marist Novitiate at Mittagong and at Villa Maria, Hunters Hill. He sailed for Kieta, Bougainville, on the Malaita in January 1936.

Father Weber was at the Catholic mission station at Tunuru near Kieta from March 1935 until taken prisoner by the Japanese in February 1943. Father Weber 'did the building' of the station. With the help of Brother Xaverius (Francis Koch), a 'large and very beautiful church was erected; schools and other buildings went up. But Father Weber's work was mostly pastoral'. Tunuru became

'one of the flourishing Stations of the Mission'. When the Japanese arrived Fr Weber, like all the missionaries, were initially left alone, but this practice changed with the American landing on Guadalcanal in August 1942.

In the latter part of 1943 Fr. Weber and some of his colleagues were confined to the Japanese 8 Area Navy HQ at Buin. About May 1944 the HQ 17 Japanese Army obtained permission from the Navy to employ Fr Weber on native pacification work in the area under its control. He was at Numa Numa engaged in this pacification work and religious teachings until late 1944 or early 1945 when he was given permission to visit the areas in and around Vito, where he had been engaged in missionary work before the war. He remained in the Vito area until about April 1945. In the meantime the other European missionaries who had been confined at Buin had escaped into the jungle, and the Japanese forces at Ereventa had soon after been heavily bombed by Allied forces. Fearing that Fr Weber might also attempt to escape and relay information to the Allies, Lt-General Kanda Masatane, General Officer Commanding 17 Army and his Chief of Staff, Major-General Magata Isao, ordered Fr Weber be executed.

A grave had been prepared in advance near the Japanese cemetery on the Mabiri Plantation. At the gravesite Fr Weber extended his

hand to all those present to shake and then stepped forward, facing the grave, and began to pray. He was then shot. Fr Weber was buried in the grave, and later his clothes and personal effects were buried in the nearby jungle.

In August, 1945 Fr Weber's grave was located by catechists and parishioners. His grave was opened and his remains easily recognised. In July 1946 his body was formally exhumed and buried at Tunuru. The Church records Fr Weber having died on 8 May 1945. In an account published in the Pacific Islands Monthly in December 1946 it was reported that when Fr Weber's grave was opened in August 1945 it was found that the body had been 'decapitated, with the severed head resting on the chest'. Although Church publications continue to repeat this claim, war crimes investigation reports state that Fr Weber was shot in the back of the head.

Australian war crimes investigators drew up charges against seven Japanese officers for the murder. In April 1949 the Captain J.G. Godwin, Investigating Officer, 2 Australian War Crimes Section, reported that the matter was ready for trial. However, the trials did not eventuate, preference being given in the trial list to Australian victims and service personnel over civilians.

**Philip Selth OAM**

# PNG Aviation History

## Papua New Guinea was a very different place before Independence.

A fascinating place filled with unbelievable characters and real achievers. It had a unique history from the days when the British ran Papua and the Germans ran New Guinea, to the Gold Rush era of the 20s and 30s and the Japanese invasions in WW2.

With earthquakes and torrential rain, birds that were totally unique to PNG, over 700 different languages and groups of natives who had lived there for thousands of years, beautiful islands and coral reefs, volcanoes and 15,000 foot mountain ranges – it was different all right.

It is a most interesting and dangerous place to fly aircraft. Many airstrips are steep, rough and slippery and over 5,000 above sea level – one at 8,000 feet above sea level.

Enjoy this taste if you haven't been there. Those of you have lived and worked in PNG, take a short trip back in time and reminisce with me.

For those not in the loop, Sypho, GCS and Syphers is the one bloke – yours truly.

### Graham Syphers



### Wau Airstrip (1966)

The famous Wau airfield was built by gold mining pioneer Cecil Levien in 1927. The first landing was by Pard Mustar in a de Havilland 37 belonging to Guinea Gold Airways, Lae.

Shortly thereafter many aircraft types, including the giant Junkers G-31 tri-motors, were landing huge loads at Wau in support of the mining operation there and up at Edie Creek (centre above the cloud base). At 3,475 feet above sea level and with an almost 10 percent slope, it was an ideal New Guinea airfield.

In January 1942, Japanese forces from Salamaua via the Black Cat Gap attacked Wau and were defeated by the Australian Kanga Force. The Japanese got to the bottom boundary of the airfield before Australian soldiers, landing in DC-3s with artillery, pushed them back.



### Talair plane over Wahgi River

Graham Syphers in Talair C/185 VH-GKC (1966) near Omkalai, above the Wahgi River  
*Photo by Garry Honour*



### Wonenara Airstrip

North of Marawaka and north of the Kratke Range. Poison arrow country.





**Wahgi River (1967)**

Flying down the Wahgi River.



**Cessna at Marawaka**

A Cessna 185 landing at Marawaka, in rough country. Like Wonenara, it is the land of the Kukukukus, the most feared tribes in New Guinea.

**DC3 Seating (1966)**

New Guinea style travel in a side saddle DC3. It was noisy and quite cold above 10,000 feet. Freight was tied down in the middle, also providing seating.



**Goroka Show (1966)**

Bikpela Sing Sing. The Australian Governor General, Lord Casey, showed up in a three piece swallow tailed suit, complete with top hat. He wore many rows of campaign ribbons, gongs and medals.

The locals looked at him and said Emi i-wanem samting? (What is this?)

Casey's speech went along the lines of, you Australians are taking great risks being here, especially to your health.

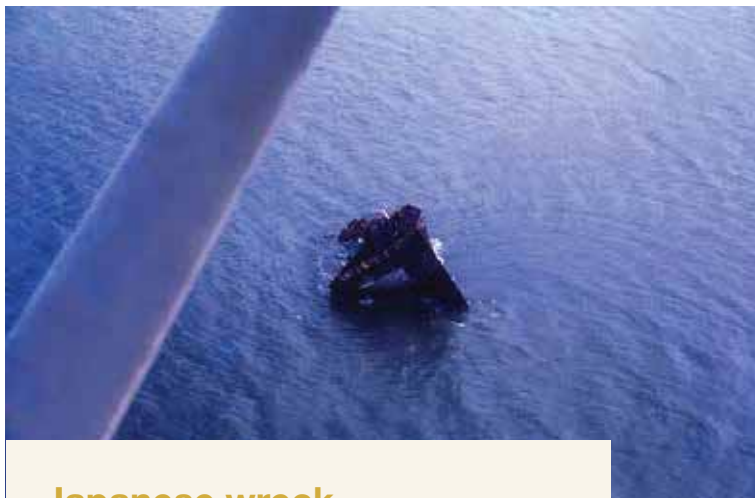
He must have been referring to the Aussie Expat's beer drinking habits. When the Kukukukus displayed, a great hush fell over the showground.





### Wonenara (1966)

Canadian pilot, Charlie Weir, at Wonenara. It was very tight after take-off, if heavily loaded.



### Japanese wreck

The WW2 Japanese wreck, Tanyo Maru off the end of the runway at Lae.

Airliners with radar (DC-4s and Lockheed Electras) used it to get to the threshold of Runway 32 in minimum visibility and very heavy rain.

### Asaloka Gap, near Goroka (1966)

A minimum altitude of 7,600 feet was advisable to comfortably get through the gap, using correct New Guinea bush flying technique.

Always use the oblique approach when crossing a gap. With a draught, engine failure or misjudgement you can more easily turn away, a shallow turn rather than a full 180 degree turn. Such gaps, when almost clouded in (imagine only the sharp V being open here) could be very tempting to try to fly through.

Many fatal crashes happened because pilots took the chance. There are some big mountains around here, nearby Mt Wilhelm is 14,793 feet high.





# Crocodile Prize Winners

Writers from across PNG are 2015 Crocodile Prize winners. The nine prizes awarded in this year's Crocodile Prize – Papua New Guinea's national literary awards – were spread across seven provinces. And one of them, 20 year old medical student Hazel Kutkue, not only won the Martens' Award for Young Writers but also the national short story prize – a prodigious achievement at such an early age.

The Ok Tedi Mining Award for Book of the Year saw Baka Bina's *Man of Calibre* selected from a strong field of 10 books while the inaugural SP Brewery Award for Illustration went to another Eastern Highlander, Emmanuel Landu, brother of two-time Crocodile Prize winner, poet Lapieh Landu.

The other winners of the K5,000 awards were Philip Kaupa Gena (poetry), Busa Wenogo (essay), Joycelin Leahy (writing for children), Ronnie Dotaona (heritage writing) and Daniel Kumbon (tourism, arts and culture writing).

The writers' ages range from 20 to 56 and their professions include economist, teacher, court officer, journalist, artist and student.

All winning entries have been published, together with other great writing from PNG, in the 400 page Crocodile Prize Anthology 2015, supported by a generous donation from the PNGAA and available from Amazon.

## The Winners

<b>Ok Tedi Mining Award for Book of the Year</b>	Baka Barakove Bina for <i>Man of Calibre</i>
<b>Government of Papua New Guinea Award for Short Stories</b>	Hazel Kutkue for <i>When Life Gets Tough in January</i>
<b>Martens' Award for Young Writers</b>	Hazel Kutkue for <i>Papa</i>
<b>Kina Securities' Award for Poetry</b>	Philip Kaupa Gena for <i>We Are Poets</i>
<b>PNG Chamber of Mines &amp; Petroleum Award for Essays &amp; Journalism</b>	Busa Jeremiah Wenogo for <i>The Shadows in My Eyes</i>
<b>PNG Government Award for Tourism, Arts &amp; Culture Writing</b>	Daniel Ipan Kumbon for <i>From the German Doctor's Idea a Great Project is Born</i>
<b>Cleland Family Award for Heritage Writing</b>	Konetero (Ronnie) Dotaona for <i>Suau: The Sons of Seafarers</i>
<b>Paga Hill Development Company Award for Writing For Children</b>	Joycelin Kauc Leahy for <i>The Song of the Turtle</i>
<b>SP Brewery Award for Illustration</b>	Emmanuel David Landu for <i>Coffee Tree</i>

Keith Jackson

## We are poets

*By Phillip Kaupa*

*This poem won the 2015 Crocodile Prize - Kina Securities Award for Poetry. Philip, 27, is a third year biology student at the University of PNG. He is from Simbu Province and likes football, poetry and playing guitar 'but really hates gossipers'.*

Art is an expression  
and we express words  
They have a pottery project  
we have a poetry project  
They are inventors  
we are designers  
They learn music  
we write their lyrics  
They carve the wood  
we carve the words  
They sew the bilums  
we stitch the alphabet  
They paint to express  
we paint words to impress  
They're professionals with skills  
we're professionals with knowledge  
They follow the grammar  
we write the drama  
Our thoughts are personal  
but speak to the general  
They have dreams  
that we cream  
They're on a mission  
we have visions  
They have ideas  
we have imagination  
Because we are poets  
we write in style  
If Shakespeare can sound forever  
forever we can sound  
Because we are Poets

# Help Wanted

## German Headquarters Rabaul

Can anyone tell me where the Imperial German Headquarters (not District Office) was located in pre-1914 Rabaul? It would have been a substantial concrete, not wooden, building. A photograph would be very welcome.

**Dr Peter Cahill**

07 3371 4794 / p.cahill@uqconnect.net

## Rabaul Tunnels

Can anyone tell me in which series Map 19 – Location of Tunnels, Rabaul New Britain Map - is included? It covers the Gazelle Peninsula.

It is an extract from a postwar (Australian Army?) map which I can't trace. The only clue is the note, Map to be read as shown in example in the top right hand corner grid. Thanks.

**Dr Peter Cahill**

07 3371 4794 / p.cahill@uqconnect.net

## David Martin

Does anyone know an Australia geologist name David Martin. He went to Lae, PNG in 1970 – 80 and lived there for 24 years. If you know David, please contact -

**Margaret Preece** marg.parry@specbus.com

## Robert (Bob) McGregor

My scuba diving friends and I are trying to locate our old dive buddy from Madang, Bob McGregor. Bob went to school at St.Peters Lutheran Collage, Brisbane and worked for TAA Madang as a Traffic Officer from 1965 to the early 70s.

He lived with his parents and two sisters near Watsons Bay on the coast in Madang. His father worked at the Madang Hospital.

Any information about his present whereabouts would be appreciated, Thank you,

**Kevin Kirk**

07 4060 8307 / kevin Kirk46@gmail.com

## Girl Guide Association

### – Donated Items

I recently passed on to the Girl Guide Association of Queensland archives various guide books, uniforms, etc from my time in PNG.

Jill Hogrefe, their archivist was more than happy to add them to their collection. She already has a collection of items which were donated by Nancy Eastick (nee Kemp) who was the Guide Trainer in the 1950s and 60s.

She would like to know more the items from Nancy's collection which are shown in the photos. Her questions are:

What wood is the table from Tatana, made from?

Where is the pot from and what was it used for?

I hope one of our members may be able to help.

**Marjorie Head**

midgery@spiderweb.com.au



## Elephant in Goroka

Does anyone have photos or personal memories of the elephant that SP brought to Goroka in the early seventies? I have the flyer from the Fryer Library. Please contact.

**David Lornie**

postbuka@gmail.com



## The Shadows in my Eyes

By Busa Jeremiah Wenogo

*This wistful essay for what Papua New Guinea has become won the PNG Chamber of Mines and Petroleum Award for Essays and Journalism in this year's Crocodile Prize. Busa Jeremiah Wenogo, 30, born in Port Moresby, is an economist and freelance writer. His writing reflects an array of socio-economic issues that confront PNG today. He publishes the Facebook page, 'Black Economy - The truth about the other side of PNG' and the blog, 'PNG Informal Economist'.*

What are these shadows in my eyes? They stand on the side of the road helplessly watching their future drift away from them.

When evening comes they sit idle on the sidewalk gazing up into the starry sky hopelessly wishing for a better world than the present one.

Forced to forage for whatever food they can find for the sake of survival, they become oblivious to the dangers of life. Such is their struggle that whenever I look at their faces they chase the sun away with their wretchedness and bring me to despair.

They obscure my vision with their plight and misery that the brighter future we all hoped for is slipping away from our grasp. In their hands they no longer offer me innocence but guilt and mistrust, for we have driven out their innocence with our arrogance and selfishness.

From their naïveté they emerge to feed their hunger for survival and desire for adulthood. At such tender age they indulge in drugs, promiscuity and alcohol consumption so as to be accepted by their peers.

Their childhood is replaced by hardship. For most of them life has been too harsh, not permitting them to enjoy their childhood. Instead, life has them running and dodging the hand of authority.

They are not animals but children, men and women created to be God's children. Why should they eat from the grubby palm of their hand?

Out into the world they go in search of food to ease their malnourishment and water to quench an interminable thirst. They are more scavengers than men. Yet we parade on the front pages of the world news boasting of our economic miracle.

From afar their shadows stretch beyond the width of my eyes as if they are giants. Yet, when they stand in front of me, I see kids struggling to find their identity and purpose. I see young men and women who see no hope yet still dream of it.

Even as they grow old, they wake up early each morning to find that hope. What are we doing to our people?

All around me I see the evil of revolt lurking deep inside every eye I stare into. We are creating enemies from within through our own hypocrisy. It is a calm awaiting a storm.

It's sad that our people stand alone to write their destiny instead of clinging to each other. Even when in tears, they would rather not cry on somebody's shoulder. And so divided we see them falling from grace into death.

The ugly face of animosity and bigotry is tearing at the walls of our nationhood. Instead of embracing each other in brotherhood we crush each other with jealousy and allegiance to our ethnicity. Why can't we stand united and together change our nation and our world?

Shadows in my eyes, where are your true selves? Come out of your hideouts to the light and chase hopelessness away. This is your land, your pride and joy. Your red, black and gold.

Where is the beautiful kumul and the sweet romantic kundu beat? Hold your head high and promise never to trade your birthright for a shallow, ephemeral richness.

I am overwhelmed that the shadows of my people envelop me. In the night these shadows give way to loneliness and hopelessness. In their hopelessness they beg for a way out, yet these echoes die before they reach the corridors of Papua New Guinea's parliament, the Haus Tambaran.

Hope comes to them only in dreams for reality holds only despair. They know there is no use chasing the sun when there are only shadows. Above, high in the sky, the guardians of their trust soar on ill-earned wealth.

These so-called guardians burn my eyes with their lurid character. I cannot stand the sight of them. If only they could see the shadows through my eyes they would understand my indignation.

The world they look at is not free of oppression and suffering. The world we have built is no refuge for the downtrodden.

The shadows in my eyes deserve the same chance, their fair share, their place in the sun.

# BOOK NEWS & REVIEWS

## Stone Age Moon

**By James O Hunter, Self-Published, 2015, ISBN: 978-0-646-93973-5, Paperback, 308 pages, colour and B&W photos, maps. Available from: PO Box 591, Bowen QLD 4805, 07 47851285, [huntedon@bigpond.com](mailto:huntedon@bigpond.com)**

**Cost: AU\$65 plus \$15 postage within Australia, Cheque or EFT payments to: JO & JL Hunter BSB: 084562 Account No: 7718 33676 (NAB)**

**Description: The 1960s era, one of development preparing the Territory of Papua New Guinea for nationhood, is the main period covered. The author worked there then, on outlying river and coastal stations in the Sepik District and the Southern Highlands District as an Australian Government Patrol Officer and Assistant District Commissioner.**

## REVIEW

In 1946 New Guinea became a Trust Territory of the United Nations to be administered by Australia and in 1949, the Australian Parliament passed legislation joining Papua and New Guinea as a unified Territory in one legislative, judicial and administrative authority under the Australian Government.

From 1949 until 1974 the Australian Department of Territories employed hundreds of adventurous young Australians as Patrol Officers. Almost all had just completed their secondary education to matriculation level and they were all men.

They were given at least one year's basic training at the Australian School of Pacific Administration in Sydney and then deployed throughout Papua New Guinea. Their duties would include administrator, magistrate, policeman, medical worker, teacher and explorer.

Most joined out of a sense of idealism and adventure. They were confident in their mission as leaders and unafraid to carry out their responsibilities. The Patrol Officers were told they could expect lifetime careers.

This is the story of one of those Patrol Officers, Jim Hunter. It is a very personal account not only of the duties assigned to him by the Australian Government but, above all, of the way he managed his authority as the 'Government' among tens of thousands of people in his charge.

The young Jim Hunter was fortunate to have served in the Sepik District – an area notably rich in cultural tradition. For the young 'Kiap' Jim Hunter, his first sighting of the Sepik River Region and the Highlands Region must have been wondrous.

Not long after his arrival at Ambunti on the Sepik River, Jim was asked to investigate a complaint made to the Administration by one of the Christian Missions in the area. The Mission was concerned that young Sepik men were being lured away from the Mission back to their village to participate in traditional 'initiation ceremonies'. The Mission complained that these initiation practices would damage 'young prospective Christians.'

His insightful understanding of initiation ceremonies and his decision not to condemn these practices as 'wicked' and 'disruptive' mark Jim as an astute student of social anthropology. Jim, the 'Government' man, would allow the Sepik people time to adjust to the irresistible encroachment of western religion and standards of behaviour. His actions would not go unnoticed by the leaders of the local people and would strengthen the trust between the Administration and the Sepik people.

Most of Jim's time at Ambunti was involved in ensuring that Government services operated smoothly. Jim complains in a letter to his fiancée of going to the 'office' to 'strangle self slowly in red tape.' But, it is apparent from his reports and correspondence that he found the experience of government exhilarating and fulfilling - notwithstanding the challenges of bringing peace and order to the people in the face of personal danger, risk to health and loneliness.

The news of Jim's 'first contact' patrol south of Ambunti in late 1962 received wide newspaper coverage not only in PNG but also in Australia and overseas. Jim had made a peaceful first contact with more 100 'Stone Age' people known as 'G'Hom'. A later patrol by Jim in early 1963 located other clans and groups previously not contacted. Details of his report of this expedition were eagerly sought by the media. Newspapers covered the story extensively.

Jim's reports of both patrols were praised by his superiors for his





good work. The Director of his Department, the legendary J.K. McCarthy, recorded 'Mr Hunter appears to have handled his initial contact with the people in a most competent manner.' Jim had established himself as an energetic and self-sufficient Patrol Officer.

At the end of January 1964, Jim was posted to Tari, headquarters of the Tari sub-District in the western Southern Highlands – an area not too remote from the West Irian (Indonesian) Border. This was also a time of tension between Australia and Indonesia which demanded watchful concern of the border between PNG and West Irian.

In late 1966, he led an intensive investigation of the massacre of 10 villagers at Pumi, near Mendi. During the investigation he survived an attack on his life without resorting to firearms and was able to successfully complete the investigation. Jim's competence and admirable leadership abilities in bringing this crisis to a successful conclusion were acknowledged by thousands of local people gathered at Mendi when he returned with his prisoners. His superiors once again commended him on a job well done.

The years spent by Jim in the Southern Highlands were filled with unending administrative duties but relieved by two extremely important exploratory Patrols.

Jim's Report of his patrol into the Pagaia – Strickland River region in April 1968 and his contact with new people of the Pagaia linguistic group was full of invaluable information for the Administration.

Observations range from the health of the local inhabitants, their subsistence methods and curiously, their subdued acceptance of the coming of the Government.

Photographs taken of these 'Stone Age' people during this Patrol offer an invaluable and unique portrait of 'first contact' peoples.

These photographs were prized by the Administration. For this Report and his Report of his subsequent Patrol of the Strickland River region in late 1969, Jim was again singled out for praise from the highest levels in the Administration. He had established his reputation with his superiors as a competent and reliable explorer of some of the remaining wild areas of PNG.

By the end of 1968, Jim Hunter was appointed to the senior position of Assistant District Commissioner in charge of the vast Koroba sub-District.

Stone Age Moon is a very personal memoir of Jim's achievements as an administrator and explorer during the 10 years he worked as a Patrol Officer or 'Kiap' in the wilds of PNG.

Although Patrol Officers were few in number and were given limited resources, they established the foundations of a State. Over a relatively short period of time, it was the 'Kiap', who - day by day - performed the administrative tasks of bringing good government to a 'Stone Age' people.

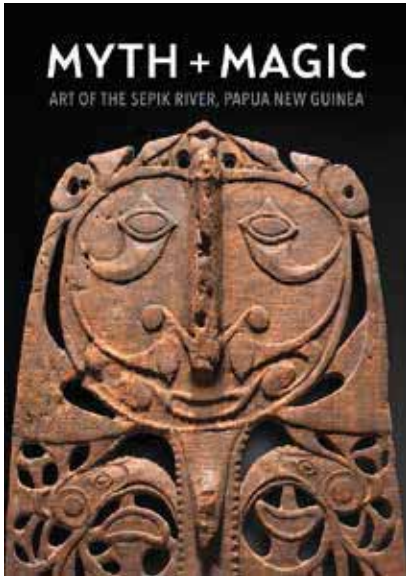
So successful were they in bringing a primitive people to the international table of nations, that PNG is almost unique among former colonies world-wide in achieving a peaceful transition to democracy, peaceful transfers of parliamentary power, freedom of religion, freedom of the press, an independent judiciary and a general acceptance by the population in the institutions of western democracy.

I hope many Papua New Guineans will read Stone Age Moon as it is an authentic history of an Australian idealist without illusions who spent the most vigorous years of his life on their behalf.

**The full review can be read on the PNGAA website.**

*Eamon Lindsay*

*Eamon is a Townsville solicitor who served as a Defence Counsel at the Public Solicitor's Office in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea (1967 – 1970) and was later elected to the House of Representatives as Federal Member for the seat of Herbert.*



## Myth + magic: art of the Sepik River, Papua New Guinea

**Myth + magic: art of the Sepik River Papua New Guinea, by Crispin Howarth, The National Gallery of Australia, August 2015, ISBN 978 0642 33455 8 (pbk), ISBN 9 780642 334572 (hbk). Paperback RRP Aus\$49.95, hardback RRP AU\$69.95, plus freight. 232 pages, 134 images, 290 x 205 mm, full colour. Distributed in Australia by NewSouth Books, 45 Beach Street, Coogee, NSW 2034 Australia**

For enquiries and orders [ecom@nga.gov.au](mailto:ecom@nga.gov.au) Also available from the NGA online shop: [shop.nga.gov.au/exhibitions/myth-magic-art-of-the-sepik-river-papua-new-guinea](http://shop.nga.gov.au/exhibitions/myth-magic-art-of-the-sepik-river-papua-new-guinea)

Papua New Guinea's mighty Sepik River has been home to many communities for over a thousand years and yet how much do we, as outsiders, as Australians with our long history of involvement with PNG, really know and understand the culture and visual arts of this region?

Myth + magic: art of the Sepik River, Papua New Guinea provides

a rare opportunity to encounter masterpieces from the Sepik, works of art that speak of a time and place where spirits and ancestors were integral to daily life.

This publication celebrates the unique cultures of a country that is now celebrating its 40th anniversary of independence. The Sepik River is home to an array of art-producing communities distinguished for their visual arts, including sculptures of supernatural beings, masks and other fascinating objects that beguile and bewilder all who encounter them.

Myth + magic presents the greatest examples of Sepik River art held in the southern hemisphere. It provides the best possible platform to acknowledge what these objects truly are—markers of culture, beyond their ethnographical worthiness, and powerful works of world art.

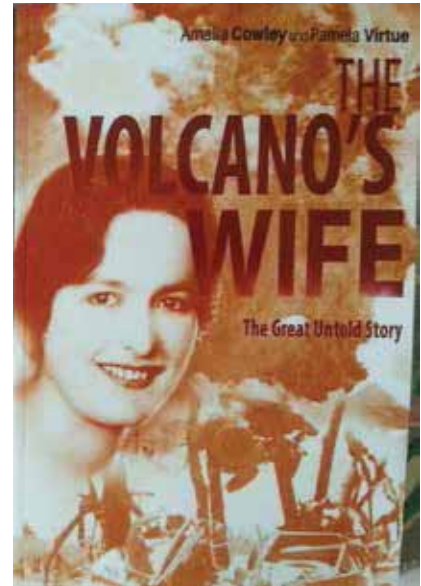
## The Volcano's Wife: The Great Untold Story

**By Amalia Cowley and Pamela Virtue, Inspiring Publishers, Calwell, ACT, Australia, 2015, ISBN 9781925152951, 208 pages, Paperback, Photographs, maps, index. Category: Memoir/Biography.**

**Available from Pamela, [pamela@virtue.net.au](mailto:pamela@virtue.net.au) 0 411 466 411, \$24.95, Postage and packaging within Australia \$4.70.**

### REVIEW

This absorbing and heart-felt story will appeal to anyone with a soul and a love for Papua New Guinea and its people. It has some harrowing parts — as you might expect from a book about the great human tragedy of the



disaster at Mount Lamington volcano on Sunday 21 January 1951 — including stories of the survivors who were left with life-long grieving if not psychological trauma. But, make no mistake, the human spirit shines through and your own spirits will lift in reading *The Volcano's Wife* through to its conclusion.

Pamela Virtue, one of the authors, was just 12 years old when a catastrophic and unexpected 'lateral blast' from near the top of Lamington volcano swept northwards down over her family's home at Higaturu, the Australian Administration's headquarters in the Northern District (now Oro Province) of Papua. The 'blast' killed both her father, Cecil Cowley, the Australian District Commissioner at Higaturu, and her 16 year old brother, Erl. They were just two of the thousands of people who perished in what some people (but not the authors of this book) have called 'Australia's greatest natural disaster' — a debateable moniker if ever there was one, given that the great majority of the victims were Melanesian Papuans, and Australia at the time was a governing colonial power of the then Territory of Papua and



New Guinea, later to become the Independent State of Papua New Guinea.

The intensity of the disaster trauma experienced by Pamela in 1951 meant that 52 years were to pass before she could brace herself to return, with her husband Gerry in support, to the killer mountain south of present-day Popondetta, and thus face the childhood memories and nightmares that had haunted her well into adult life. But the experience of returning in 2003, and again in 2004, and accepting the warmth and understanding of the elderly Papuan survivors — who had their own life-long traumas to deal with and still remembered her as the daughter of the well-respected District Commissioner — was cathartic. Ceremonies and shared weeping started the healing of what the reader will soon recognise had been a troubled soul.

The local Papuans gave Pamela the name of Ruja during her visit in 2003. 'Mount Lamington' is the European name for the volcano, but the mountain in local Orokaivan culture is associated with the male-ancestor figure or spirit known as Sumbiripa who lives at its summit together with his wife, Ruja. The reader may therefore conclude that Pamela

Virtue is the 'volcano's wife' in this book. But there remains some ambiguity about this when you see the design of the front cover. The title of the book, *The Volcano's Wife*, overlaps with a wonderful portrait of Amalia as a young woman, giving the strong visual impression that she, rather than her daughter Pamela, could be identified as Ruja. The shared experience of the 1951 disaster and the loss of Cecil and Erl make the closeness of mother and daughter seem indivisible in this book, so the ambiguity is totally understandable and acceptable.

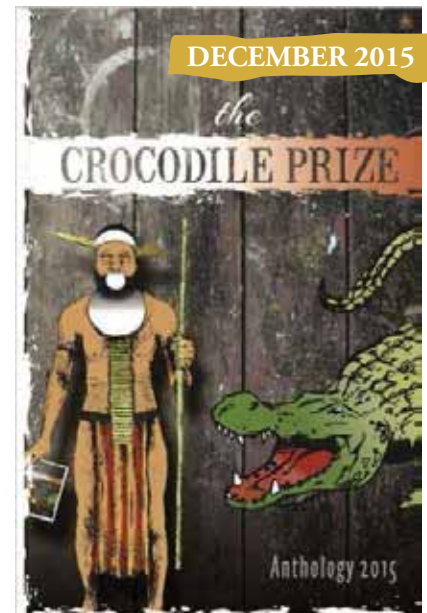
**The full review can be read on the PNGAA website.**

*Wally Johnson*  
*Volcanologist*

Geoscience Australia natural hazards booklets

<http://www.stuartmcmillen.com/commissioned/geoscience-australia-illustrations/>

Follow the link for some interesting background information about books published in 2013 as a joint project with geological agencies in PNG. The books were designed to educate people in Papua New Guinea about natural hazards, specifically volcanoes, earthquakes and tsunamis.



### Crocodile Prize Anthology

**The Crocodile Prize Anthology 2015, Philip Fitzpatrick & Keith Jackson (eds), Pukpuk Publishing, 388 pages, ISBN-10:1515182630. Available from Amazon (paper \$US9.17 + postage; ebook \$US3.00).**

**[http://www.amazon.com/Crocodile-Prize-Anthology-2015/dp/1515182630/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1438725374&sr=1-1&keywords=crocodile+prize+anthology+2015](http://www.amazon.com/Crocodile-Prize-Anthology-2015/dp/1515182630/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1438725374&sr=1-1&keywords=crocodile+prize+anthology+2015)**

**PNGAA sponsors the Crocodile Prize publishing program, publishing the annual anthology of the best PNG writing. For the names and profiles of the winners and links to their winning entries together with the judges' comments go to: [http://asopa.typepad.com/asopa\\_people/2015/08/writers-from-across-png-feature-in-2015-crocodile-prize-winners.html](http://asopa.typepad.com/asopa_people/2015/08/writers-from-across-png-feature-in-2015-crocodile-prize-winners.html)**

## Congratulations! to the 2015 Crocodile Prize winners

### Your essays, poetry, journalism and stories continue to inspire!

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## Vudal and the Mataungans – 1970

*During 1970 Gordon Dick served as Principal of Vudal Agricultural College. It was a year made difficult by the Mataungan land claims and the militaristic response of the Australian administration. The first in his series of recollections from that year was published in the September 2015 issue of Una Voce. Here are the next two instalments in the series. Watch out for more in future issues.*

### The Police offer a guard

I had been at the College a week or so when a black car drove up to my office and I could see a truck loaded with PNG. police on the road outside. Two uniformed expatriate officers came in and told me that they had come to establish a guard on the college. I asked who had proposed it and, to their confusion, indicated that I did not want it. I explained my authority at the local level for the College, but indicated that I would consult headquarters. When they left I sent a telegram to Agric Konedobu (the Department's HQ in Port Moresby) advising that I had refused the offered guard as 'it is my opinion that it would be better to abandon the College than to defend it, for if we withdraw some day we may come back.'

This incident set the pattern of antagonism between me - and unfortunately to some extent, between the College - and the police and administration authorities for the coming year. The visit of the police was a surprise and my response was reflexive. Certainly it was inconsiderate of the staff - who were not consulted - and who in the days ahead would have taken comfort from having a garrison to guard us.

Bill Conroy told me later that my telegram came as a jolt in Port Moresby. No-one had considered the situation which would have followed a successful removal of the Tolai people from their gardens and homes in the Trans-Vudal area, properly settled under their practices, and the creation of a large foreign-owned plantation in their place.

### Learning a little about the Tolai and their situation

Ken Witting was a Lecturer in Farm Economics at Vudal. He had spent years on the Gazelle Peninsular working with the Tolai people. Early in my term at Vudal Ken gave me a paper which he had prepared for the Waigani Seminar, to be held in May. It was timely and informative.

Briefly, the Tolai people had suffered severely under the Japanese occupation. It was estimated that their population had been reduced from over 40,000 to less than 30,000 at war's end. Tolai society was matrilineal and inheritance of land was via a maternal uncle to a youth approaching manhood. Always with tribal consultation the uncle indicated an area where the young man could clear the bush and make a food garden. This was within the area where the tribe had established rights (for gathering bush foods, hunting etc.) At first the young gardener could only plant short-term food crops. If at this stage other Tolais laid claims to the site, it became a matter for the elders to adjudicate. If, however, there were no objections and the food crops were harvested, more long-term plants could be introduced. If there were still no objections and these perennials were harvested, then the land was considered to belong to the new young farmer.

By 1970 the Tolai people had not only recovered from the ravages of war but their population was increasing rapidly. They had established cash cropping - especially cocoa- and their villages were of increasingly better standard with the use of more permanent materials. Although attendance at school was not compulsory, some 90 percent of primary school aged children were attending school - and 90 percent of the teachers were themselves Tolais. (In making outstanding contributions to PNG's growing education efforts, men like

Toliman and Tololo had not forgotten their own).

In opening the Kokopo Show (about October 1970) Dr. John Guise (who would be Speaker of the House of Assembly, then Deputy Prime Minister and finally the first Governor General of independent Papua New Guinea) said words to the effect: 'I congratulate the Tolai people on their social cohesion and their families. Our masters from Australia don't have families. They rely for their population needs on countries far to their north. So far they have not told us which countries to our north we might look to to meet our population needs.'

It was against this background of progress and consolidation that the Australian Administration announced the allocation of some thousands of acres in the Trans-Vudal area to an expatriate (Australian) plantation company. The view from Port Moresby was that the land was already 'alienated', ie was not owned by Papua New Guinean villagers. Much of the Gazelle area (over 40 percent) had been 'alienated' by the German administration pre 1914. Most of this was farmed in 'plantations'. The justifications for such plantations were that they provided models of systematic use of the land as well as opportunities for employment and would strengthen the economy. The Tolais had given up working for very low wages long ago and labour was recruited from the Highlands with dubious social, economic or educational results.

There were a number of problems with the allocation of the Trans-Vudal. The first was that much of it was already under Tolai influence - indeed there were houses, gardens and even bearing coconut groves. Another was that the best evidence the Department of Lands could find to the title for the area was a reference to a lost German document. In retrospect it was all much too late in the colonial day.



# The Kula Ring

a story of survival in the Solomon Sea

When the search for the missing MH370 Malaysian Airways jet is finally over, it will be an amazing story to tell. But there is another amazing story of loss at sea, not as spectacular as that of MH370 but with a happy ending.

I was Assistant District Commissioner Trobriand Islands when one day a blind man on Alcester Island lay down on a beached canoe in the warmth of the afternoon sun and dozed off to sleep.

No one on the island took any notice of him as they were used to seeing him asleep on beached canoes. But later, when his family went to fetch him for dinner, they found the canoe had gone.

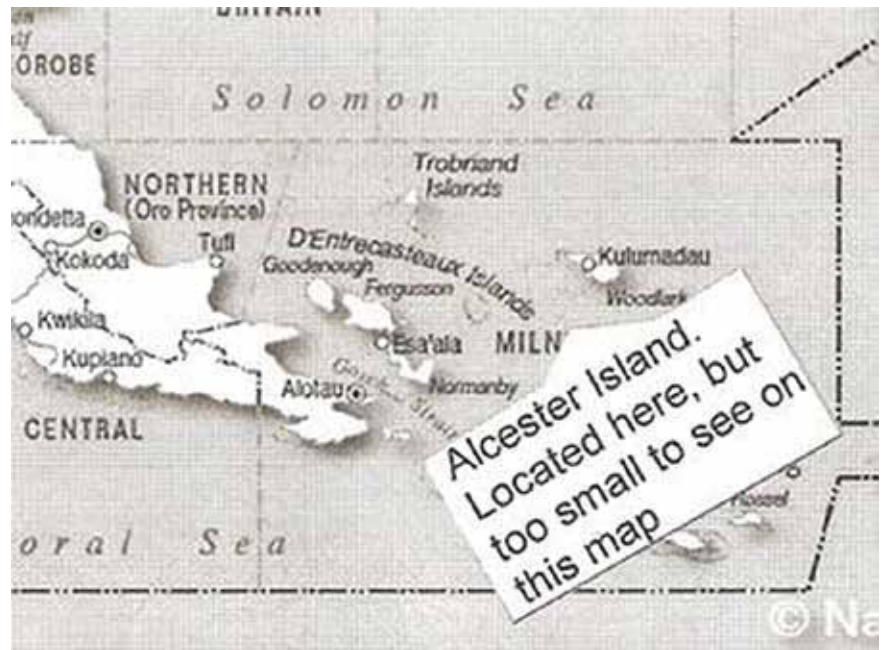
By then it was dark and the canoe was nowhere in sight. The tide had come in, lifted the canoe and it just floated away with the blind man still asleep on board.

The alarm was raised and people ran up and down the beach calling frantically to the blind man, but there was no response.

In desperation, they took to the sea in other canoes, and paddled around the island in the dark but still did not find the missing blind man or the canoe.

The search went on all night until the first light of dawn, when it was obvious that the sea was empty in all directions. The canoe had disappeared.

Reluctantly, the search for the blind man was abandoned because there was nothing else the islanders could



do. Although Alcester is an idyllic island in all other respects, it is a speck in the ocean, miles from anywhere.

There was no radio on the island, no power boat, the only communication with the outside world was by their own canoes or visiting canoes from other islands or passing coastal vessels bound elsewhere.

Fortunately one such vessel called in at the island a few days after the blind man went missing. It had a radio aboard and contacted with District Headquarters at Samarai, raising the alarm and beginning an air-sea rescue operation.

Scheduled flights to the Trobriands were diverted south. Flights to Misima were diverted north.

Chartered aircraft out of Alotau searched north-east. And coastal vessels plying the Solomon Sea were

asked to keep watch.

The Trobriands were considered too far north of Alcester Island to be useful in the search so we were not called on to assist. However, we followed the progress of the search by listening to radio reports which came in from time to time.

But the blind man and the canoe were not found, so after two weeks of disappointment the search was called off and he was officially declared probably lost at sea.

This is not the end of this story. About a month after the search had been called off, villagers from the southern end of the main Trobriand island of Kiriwina brought the blind man to the Sub-District Office at Losuia. He was seeking assistance to return to Alcester Island.

I could hardly believe it. Not only was he alive. He was very well. I sent him to the doctor, just to make

sure. The doctor said the blind man was fit to return to Alcester Island and had suffered no ill effects from his ordeal.

And what an ordeal it must have been. Yet when I told him about the air-sea rescue which had been mounted to find him, the blind man couldn't understand what all the fuss had been about.

The blind man explained that, when he woke up on the canoe, he knew it was dark because he could no longer feel the warmth of the sun on his skin. He also knew the canoe was floating in the sea because he could smell the water and feel the canoe rocking when he moved, a situation confirmed when he put his hand in the water.

He called for help to get back to the island, but received no reply. He assumed that people on the island would also be calling out for him but he could not hear them, so he knew the island was out of earshot.

He felt around the canoe and found a paddle. He could have paddled back to the island if he had known where it was. One problem was that the sea was big and the island was small and, even if it had been visible, he could not see it. So he did not know in which direction to paddle.

He also knew that if he paddled in the wrong direction, he might never make landfall alive.

Adrift and alone in an empty sea might have been bad enough for ordinary people, but for a blind man alone in a canoe, it was infinitely worse.

"So what did you do?" I asked him in Motu.

"Well, Taubada," he replied, "since I did not know where Alcester Island was, there was no point in

attempting to return there.

"I knew that Woodlark Island was directly north of Alcester, and it was a larger island and therefore more easy to find, so I decided to head for there, until I could beach the canoe either on Woodlark Island, or here in the Trobriands."

"These island are miles apart," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "but even if I could see, there was no way I could compensate for drift and current, so by heading north the chances were that if I missed Woodlark, I might still land in the Trobriands." I was astonished at his good, sound reasoning.

"Have you been here before?" I asked.

"No, Taubada," he said, "I had been to Woodlark before with other people in another canoe. But I have never been here before."

I was amazed.

"So how did you know where the Trobriands were?" I asked.

"From stories people told," he said, "you know Taubada, the Kula."

Ah, yes, the Kula Ring. The customary system of ceremonial exchange which formed the traditional social bond between people of different islands.

We had several anthropological publications about it in the office at Losuia. Malinowsky, Fortune, Uberoi and the rest. I had read them all. They explained that from the Trobriands in the north to Wari Island in the south, from Milne Bay in the west to the Laughlan Islands in the east, the people of 18 different island groups across the Solomon Sea were connected by this invisible ring of ceremonial exchange.

Invisible to us, that is, but to them it was a social bond more real than the strongest kinship ties. No one knows how it all began and it is overlaid with myths and legends and magical rites and rituals. But it has a powerful practical purpose.

The Kula Ring involves strong mutual obligations to provide hospitality, protection and assistance to partners of the same Kula artefacts. Thus, any Kula associate from any one island in the Kula Ring, blown off course, marooned, washed overboard, or in any other way distressed from the sea, must be provided with sanctuary, protection and assistance from any other Kula partner on any other island in the Kula Ring.

Even if they have never met before, the bond between them has already been established by the ceremonial exchange of Kula artefacts passed on from one man to another from other partners on other islands elsewhere in the Kula Ring.

In other words, the Kula establishes an invisible bond of indissoluble brotherhood which is spread unseen across reefs and islands and coral atolls to the far reaches of the Solomon Sea.

So, unable to find Alcester Island, and confident that he might find safe haven somewhere else in the Solomon Sea, the blind man paddled his canoe in the direction of Woodlark Island.

"But how could you navigate your canoe," I asked, "if you could not see where you were going?"

"I could not see," he said, "but I could feel the sun's heat." And he went on to explain that if he kept the sun on his right side in the morning, and on his left side in the afternoon, he would roughly be heading north. So by paddling



his canoe in this way he headed for Woodlark Island.

“You could not see the stars,” I said, “so how did you navigate at night?”

The wind was blowing from the south-east, he told me, so he knew he was travelling northward because of the sun’s heat during the day, and when heading this way he could feel the wind on his back.

So, he said, when the sun had set he paddled with the wind on his back until morning, then, with the sun rising on his right side again and the wind still at his back, he knew he was more or less, on course during the night.

And so, long after the official air-sea rescue had ended, the blind man’s own search for a safe haven continued.

“But you were paddling your canoe for weeks,” I said, “What did you eat and drink?”

He said he felt around inside the canoe and found a bailer shell. Sometimes it rained, he said, and the rainwater would collect inside the hull of the canoe. Instead of bailing it out, he left the rainwater to slosh around inside the hull and he used the bailer shell to scoop it up and drink it.

“And food?” I asked. There were flying fish, he said. They skipped across the sea and over his canoe, but some did not make it across and fell into the hull whence they could not escape.

He said he could hear them jumping around inside the rainwater in the hull and after a while they died. He said he could not see them, but by feeling around inside the rainwater, he could catch them and eat them raw. There weren’t many, he told me, just a few every day, but enough to keep him going.

“And landfall?” I asked, “Tell me about that.” After a few weeks of paddling in the direction of what he thought was north, he told me he could hear the surf breaking on a shore somewhere.

He did not know where, but he could hear sea birds flying overhead and he could smell land: palm trees, smoke from cooking fires, the smell of a village. So when he knew he was close to shore because of the back swell from the beach, he began to call out the name of his Kula artefact.

He called and called and called, he said, and soon he could hear voices from the village and some shouting. Then amongst the shouts he could hear the name of his Kula artefact being repeated by one of the village men who identified himself as the local Kula partner of that artefact. The blind man then knew that his search for a safe haven was over.

People swam out through the surf and guided his canoe to the beach, and that is how he made landfall. “I missed Woodlark Island,” he said, “but I found the Trobriands instead.”

His Kula partner, whom he had never met, fed him and cared for him in the village until he was fit enough to continue his journey, and then the village people brought him to my office.

As soon as I received the doctor’s report, I sent a signal to District Headquarters in Samarai and everyone there was just as amazed as I was that the blind man had made it safely to the Trobriands.

I was told to put him on the scheduled air charter from Alotau the following day, and from Alotau I heard that he went by shuttle vessel to Samarai and from there by government trawler back to Alcester Island.

From Alcester Island to the Trobriands, the blind man had paddled and drifted for approximately 320 km. In an open canoe travelling solo, it would have been a remarkable feat of survival for anyone, for the blind man travelling alone it was almost a miracle.

Yet when I discussed the blind man’s miraculous survival with the Paramount Chief of the Trobriand Islands, he was signally unimpressed. “We have been sailing across the Kula Ring for a thousand years,” he said. “Canoes get lost, blown off course, break up in rough seas, or get swept on to coral reefs and atolls.

“It doesn’t happen very often, but when it does happen we know what to do. Your search with ships and planes could not find this blind man,” the Paramount Chief continued, “but he knew what to do, and it was his own search for a safe landing which saved him.”

“But he was blind,” I insisted.

“Yes,” the Paramount Chief continued, “but he still knew what to do, and that is the way it is in these islands.”

I was astonished that the Paramount Chief was so unimpressed by the blind man’s ordeal.

“It was nothing special,” the Chief continued, “it was just another event of life in the Kula Ring.”

It might have been, but I will always remember the amazing feat of endurance, determination and skill of a blind man paddling a canoe solo for 300 km in search of a safe landing, out there in the solitude of the Solomon Sea

*Chips Mackellar*

# The PNGAA Collection

The Fryer Library in Queensland maintains the PNGAA Collection which documents the personal experiences of Australians living in Papua New Guinea during the Australian administration up until independence in 1975. This collection grew from an idea of Mr Doug Parrish (former President of the ROAPNG) that an archive should be created from material donated by members of ROAPNG - which later became the PNGAA. This Collection has evolved over the years through the dedication and expertise of Dr. Peter Cahill.

For quite some time the PNGAA has been working to achieve greater access to the Collection for its membership. Following a recent meeting, the Fryer Library has agreed to update its online catalogue for the PNGAA Collection and will also be undertaking some selective digitisation in conjunction with advice from Dr. Peter Cahill and the PNGAA. We hope that we will soon be able to make some of this material available for members to view on-line.

If you would like to donate material to the PNGAA Collection, please express your interest initially to Andrea Williams, Roy Ranney or the Editor, Dianne Guy, at the PNGAA by describing the proposed donation. Whereas the Fryer Library is substantially

interested in pre 1975 items, the PNGAA is interested in both pre and post 1975 items. The PNGAA may wish to use some material on the PNGAA website or in a future Una Voce.

The PNGAA will assist the donor to liaise with the Fryer Library regarding whether the material is appropriate for the PNGAA Collection at Fryer given their strict criteria for acceptance. The Fryer Library's 'Expression of Interest' Donations Form must then be completed by the donor.

Fryer Library has established that they would be interested in accepting material for the PNGAA Collection only if it meets the following criteria:

Original personal material in the following formats, dated and identified and prior to

Independence in 1975:

- Photographs and slides
- Oral history recordings
- Diaries and personal papers
- Correspondence
- Personal films
- Newspaper cutting books

Whilst other options can be considered, the following item formats cannot be accepted as part of the PNGAA Collection at the Fryer Library:

- Tribal artefacts
- Publications
- Broadcast material subject to copyright restrictions
- Government records (any material that properly belongs in the National Archives including official documents not of a personal nature).

*Andrea Williams*

## Donations to Fryer Library

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

- Robyn Watters, on behalf of Edwin Tyler Brown
- Robyn Watters
- Jill Taylor
- Greg Ivey
- Dr Peter Cahill
- Charles Betteridge

A complete list of the donations will be added to the PNGAA website at:

[pngaa.net/Fryer/December2015.htm](http://pngaa.net/Fryer/December2015.htm)



# Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary (RPNGC)

## Police Reserve Important notice to former reservists RPNGC 1959-1974

The RPNGC Reserve was established in 1968 as a volunteer auxiliary uniformed force and it existed until early 1972. It was open to all races, both males and females, who were over 18 years of age, had English literacy skills and were willing to devote specified hours each week to serve in uniform at their local police station. I am writing the history of the Reserve.

The Police Overseas Service (Territories of Papua and New Guinea) Bill introduced to the Federal Parliament provided for a medal which may be awarded to members of Australian police forces who served in the Territories of Papua and New Guinea for a period of 30 (or more) days between 1 July 1949 and 30 November 1973, inclusive.

For the purposes of this Bill Australian police forces means

a police force of Australia or a State or Territory, including the RPNGC. In the last two years this medal has been awarded to members of the Constabulary and Patrol Officers. Former Papua New Guinean members of the Reserve have no entitlement to this medal as this is purely an Australian award.

As members of the Reserve were sworn members of the Constabulary, a precedent has now been established with the medal awarded to Reserve Constable 1, Sgt 2/c John Lewis of the Port Moresby detachment. The medal has also been awarded to Sgt 2/c Judy Race of the Rabaul detachment. Her husband, Syd Race, a serving officer of the Constabulary, has also been awarded the medal making them the first married couple to receive the award. More applications are

in the pipeline and one family of husband, wife and son have applied.

When at Konedobu Constabulary HQ and Waigani archives in 1997, I compiled a list of the names of Reservists. Although it is not complete as many files were missing I have a list of the names of 224 males and 23 females.

Anyone who believes that they served in the RPNGC Reserve should apply to: Recognition & Awards, Human Resources, Australian Federal Police, Canberra, ACT 2600 for an application form with explanatory information.

I regret that I am not in a position to assist any applicant for this medal.

**Maxwell R Hayes**



*Rabaul Detachment, Reserve, first march past on review, 18 April 1968*



*Syd and Judy Race wearing their medals*

## Sentimental Journey to PNG

Friday 24 April, 1997 was such a significant day for me. My husband, Ian, and I flew to Port Moresby, fulfilling a promise I had made to myself that I would spend my 60th Birthday in the town in which I was born, Rabaul. I was born on 8 May 1937 in the Namanula Hospital and had never returned.

The last time I flew across the coral sea was on my way to Australia on 28 December 1941 with my mother, Rita Anderson, who was eight months pregnant. We were evacuated from Rabaul because of the imminent Japanese invasion.

We were living on Pondo Plantation, where my father, Dudley (Andy) Anderson was a Clerk/Accountant with W.R. Carpenters and Co. He had been working in New Guinea since 1928, with Burns Philp and then with Carpenters. After marrying in Melbourne in 1935 my parents lived in Rabaul, then moved to Kavieng, before Father was transferred to Pondo.

Mother and I travelled to Melbourne by steam train. Her only possessions were in one small suitcase. We stayed with her sister in North Brighton where my sister, Barbara, was born on 25 January 1942.

My father stayed on Pondo plantation, together with other civilian men. We were reunited in Melbourne in April 1942.

Ian and I arrived in Port Moresby on 24 April 1997. The next day was Anzac Day and we attended the Anzac Day Service at Bomana War Cemetery. It was a short Ceremony but very moving, so full of sorrow and appreciation.

Back in Port Moresby we found the original Burns Philp Building

shown in an old photo of mine taken from a wharf in the 1920s. It is now dwarfed by high rise buildings, but still there.

From Port Moresby we went to Goroka where we visited neat and tidy villages with flowers and vegetables surrounding the round, thatched roofed houses. Scarlet poinsettias were everywhere. We also attended a performance at the Roun Roun Theatre and visited the Mud Men.

Then it was on to Mt Hagen, Madang, Kavieng and, finally, Rabaul.

Flying in to Rabaul we could see the smoking crater of Tavorvur. I could hardly believe that I was actually seeing the harbour with the volcanos I had heard so much about. The Bee Hives were clearly visible and we glimpsed Rabaul in the distance. Mother and I (three weeks old) were among the women and children evacuated when Tavorvur and Vulcan erupted on 29 May 1937.

On the way into Rabaul, Tavorvur roared and belched and spewed out a cloud of steam and dust. A wonderful greeting after 56 years! We were shocked to see the complete devastation. Tree stumps, bare trees, broken branches, some tall palms waving in the warm gritty breeze, rubble, the remains of buildings covered in metres of ash, roads undefined. Everything was grey, including the water.

We walked up to the site where the old Namanula Hospital, where I was born, used to be.

On Thursday 8 May, my birthday, we visited the sights of Rabaul: the devastated town, the Vulcanologist Observatory, hillsides where the

Japanese dug tunnels during their occupation, Submarine Base and Nodup beach.

After dinner a Birthday Cake arrived, Happy Birthday was sung and Champagne poured. My wish had come true. I spent my 60th Birthday in the town where I was born – Rabaul.

*Janet Johnston*

### Jan wrote the following about the Japanese Memorial in Rabaul:

I was so interested in the feelings of the Rabaul residents about the building of the Japanese Memorial. As I mentioned, it was interesting and a surprise to see it sitting up there but I must admit I did wonder how they were able to get approval to build it and in such a prominent position after the terrible acts they committed during their occupation of the country during the War.

I am reading Patrick Lindsay's book *The Coast Watchers* at the moment. He describes so well the history and events of those terrible days during 1941–5 and the people who were involved. Such hardship and how brave and committed they were.

I looked at the web site of the Rapopo Plantation Resort and was amazed! Has it been built on the original site of the plantation home where Ian and I had morning tea all those years ago with Gail and Mike Luxmore? If so, what a beautiful position. I have a photo taken then, standing on the lawn, white coral beach in front looking out over the harbour with the two volcanoes in the distance. Smoking Tavorvur on the right, Vulcan on the left. The house and plantation were behind me.



## WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mr John Richard BAULCH	P O Box 1755 TOWNSVILLE	QLD	4810
Mrs Patricia June BESTIC (nee Johnston)	PO Box 826 SINGLETON	NSW	2330
Mrs Di CARTER	The Cottage "Pembury" 308 Pembury Road, BARRABA	NSW	2347
Mr John EDDY	10/8 Grasslands Close COFFS HARBOUR	NSW	2450
Mr Murray FLETCHER	c/o The Professionals P.O. Box 4000 LAE	PNG	
Mr Terry GOUGH	1 Main Road SAIBAI ISLAND	QLD	4875
Dr Sally HINTON	PO Box 6031 TWEED HEADS SOUTH	NSW	2486
Mr Paul Douglas JACKSON	P.O. Box 231 CREMORNE	NSW	2090
Mr Peter LOVELL	123 Beeleigh Link CHELMSFORD	ESSEX UK	CM2 6PH
Mr Arch McCARTHUR	PO Box 360 KURANDA	QLD	4881
Mr Robert PRIEST	Unit 5 42 Silva Street, ASCOT	QLD	4007
Mr Sydney RACE	7 Norman Street GOSNELLS	WA	6110
Mr Keith Roland STEBBINS	74 Victoria Pde East COOCHIEMULDO ISLAND	QLD	4184
Prof Glen SUMMERHAYES	2nd floor, Richardson Building Otago University, PO Box 56 DUNEDIN	NZ	9054
Mrs Katherine Jane TOYNTON	21 Castle Street MOLONG	NSW	2119
Mr Goetz (Gus) von SCHWEINFURTH	44 Lorilet Street PEREGIAN BEACH	QLD	4573
Mrs Sally WILSON	37C Aquarius 4 - 12 Old Burleigh Road SURFERS PARADISE	QLD	4217

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mr Tom NEWTON	23/10 Marco Way PARREARRA	QLD	4575
Mr John BROWNE	57 A Killeaton Street ST. IVES	NSW	2075
Rev. Neville CLARKE	22 Thackeray Drive WARRNAMBOOL	VIC	3280
Mr Andrew MARKE	203 Low Head Road LOW HEAD	TAS	7253
Mr Peter RYAN	Apartment 2, The Connault 41 - 45 Yarrabat Avenue BALYN	VIC	3103
Mrs Phyllis SMITH	25 William Street BELLINGEN	NSW	2454
Mrs Shan MORBEY	Unit 3/9 Belt Street WALKERVILLE	SA	5081
Mr David CAMPBELL-WILLIAMS	100 Hargrave Street PADDINGTON	NSW	2021
Mrs Vera TAYLOR	P.O. Box 9105 DEAKIN	NSW	2600
Dr John MUIRDEN	Unit 210 9 Chatham Road CANTERBURY	VIC	3126
Mr Ian WHYTE	Unit 95 146 Boundary Road PASCOE VALE	VIC	3044

# Obituaries

## Donald James Buckley, 26 July 2015, aged 81

Don was born in Armidale, NSW on 26 September 1933. His family was well known and respected in Armidale and the surrounding district. He came to PNG in 1957 via ASOPA and was posted to Samarai with the Department of Customs and Marine. After a two year stint in Samarai, other Customs postings to Moresby, Madang and Wewak followed.

Don left PNG in the early 1970s. Subsequently, he worked in England for a period and finally in the Accounts Section of the with the University of NSW from which he retired to Armidale in the mid 1980s.

Don was a man of quiet demeanour, who was highly regarded for his intelligence and integrity by his Customs colleagues and those in the private sector with whom he interacted. He loved his time in PNG with its unique challenges and responsibilities and the enduring friendships he made there.

He was an excellent tennis and squash player in his time. A lover of Corgi dogs, he owned a succession of them in his sunset years.

Don is survived by his brother Norman, sister Barbara and their respective families.

‘Still waters run deep’.

*Derek Baldwin*

## Peter Frederick Davis, December 2013, aged 72

Peter previously served in BSA Police Force (Rhodesia) from 1961 to 1964. Together with Norman Simmons (NSW Police on secondment) he set up the first fingerprint bureau at Konedobu. He resigned on 1 April 1967 to become the full time General Secretary of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary (RPNGC) Police Association.

Peter left for Australia in 1968 and for many years he worked as an Industrial officer in heavy industries and at Hammersley. He was the only RPNGC officer to have been born in the Falkland Islands.

Peter died after a long illness. He is survived by his second wife, Daphne, and family.

*Maxwell Hayes*

## Victor Leslie Davis, 18 January 2015, aged 75

Victor served in the NSW Police Force from 18 February 1957 to 21 June 1966. He was appointed to the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary (RPNGC) on 24 June 1966 and served in Port Moresby, Lae, Madang and Rabaul. He resigned on 14 January 1971. His first wife, Val, was a member of the RPNGC Police Reserve.

Victor died after a long illness. He is survived by his second wife, Dawn.

*Maxwell Hayes*

## Betty Evelyn Dent, 21 June 2015, aged 96

Betty Dent went to PNG in 1959 when her husband Oswald was posted to Wewak as the District Surveyor. She worked in the District Office for several DOs and ADOs and became a proxy mother to many a young patrol officer coming to the Sepik. She was a wonderful cook and hostess and many visitors graced their dining room table and some became lifelong friends.

Moving to Lae in the early sixties she continued her working life in Dick Davis' office she joined the Girl Guides Local Association and was instrumental in raising funds to build the Guide Hut there.

In 1977 they retired and moved to the north coast of NSW and travelled widely in Australia and overseas. In 1996 a second retirement saw them move to Buderim on the Sunshine Coast to be closer to their family.

Betty enjoyed good health until she had a fall and broke her femur, but she never lost her love of life nor her quirky sense of humour. We will all miss her deeply. She is survived by children Cecily and Christopher, grandchildren Michael, Megan, Rosemary and Bronwen and great grandchildren Angus and Nicholas and their extended families.

*Cecily Odgers*



## David Alexander Bruce Dryden, 16 June 2015, aged 74

David was on an 'E' Course for teachers at Pila Pila in Port Moresby when he joined the Reserve Constabulary of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary (RPNGC) on 12 March 1968 at Port Moresby. He left on 3 September 1969 with the rank of Senior Constable. He joined the regular RPNGC on 23 March 1970 as an Assistant Police Inspector and served at Kieta resigning on 30 June 1971.

Around 1997 he returned to Port Moresby and worked for Sika Fire later going to Lihir Island Gold Mine as a Safety Officer.

He was married to IRA and had three daughters.

*Maxwell Hayes*

## Jonathan Yeatman Hancock, 22 June 2015, aged 81

Jonathon was born in April 1934. He became a medical officer cadet on 1 July 1958 while a student at Adelaide University and married Judith Masterman. They had three children: Rachel, Bridget and Andrew.

After graduation in 1959 he worked in the Sepik, Mt Hagen in the Highlands, Okapa and Goroka and eventually in 1965 became Superintendent of Angau Hospital in Lae. He left Papua New Guinea in 1966.

He obtained further post graduate qualifications in Australia and was at times Director of the Northern Territory Health Services and Chief Medical Officer at Australia House in London.

Jon recently developed prostate cancer and had a minor operation which resulted in septic arthritis with a staph infection.

*Roy Scragg*

## Val Fisk, 18 August 2015, aged 75

Val was the wife of long serving Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (PNGVR) member WO2 Joe Fisk who served in most centres of PNG. He was a founding member and an active office bearer of the NGVR & PNGVR Ex-members' Association. Joe died a number of years ago.

Val had been suffering from emphysema and was admitted to a nursing home some weeks ago.

*Phil Ainsworth*



## Janet Lucas (nee McKelvie), 9 June 2015, aged 74

Born in Brisbane in 1941, Jan led an adventurous life after leaving school, working on sheep stations in the Riverina, completing one year of a science degree and then teaching biology in a couple of girls' schools before governing on a Northern Territory cattle station. She then worked in retail in a department store while learning bookkeeping at night school.

In 1963 she went to Port Moresby to work in Posts and Telegraphs. There she met patrol officer Neil Lucas and they were married in May 1964. Neil's postings included Kwikila, Magarida and Kupiano before moving to Lae in 1970. After a couple of years they moved to South-east Queensland and had several small businesses.

From 2000 to 2007 Jan worked in administration at the Maryborough Hospital. They then retired to Kumbia, a neat little town near Kingaroy. Both were experiencing declining health and Neil died in August 2009, after major surgery. In June 2011 Jan moved to Orana Nursing Home in Kingaroy where she died. She is survived by a daughter, Rosalind, and son Robert.

For the four years in the nursing home Jan was dependent on 24 hour oxygen: we visited her whenever we could and were inspired by her positive attitude and sense of humour during what were very difficult years.

*Graham and Patricia Hardy*

## George Leahy, 27 August 2015, aged 66

George Leahy is the name behind one of the most successful enterprises to come out of Mount Hagen. Eldest son of Danny Leahy and Koka, George owned Oilmin Field Services, a company he started with two kiaps in 1992, which today is the leading organisation of its kind in PNG.

I knew George as a tough man who, like his father, was firm and uncompromising in his pursuits. His young family learnt early what was right and what was wrong. Yet a kind and generous person, who as a young man would often bring his failing father from Korgua to visit us at Alimp, lower down in the Nebilyer Valley. George had numerous interests, among them tennis at which he excelled. Ensuring the education of his children in Australia was an imperative and I know that he was also responsible for building a school for his tribal people. Like others of his siblings he was determined that the roots of the Leahy dynasty at Korgua and Mount Hagen should be perpetuated.

Often when I think of our time in PNG I am reminded of George's generosity when he accommodated my sons and I before driving us to Alimp to bury my husband, Barry's, ashes. He picked us up at Kagamuga airport and showed us every consideration. We had much to thank George for. The Blogg family stayed in George's old house in Hagen but he showed us, with typical modesty, around the impressive semi-completed building which he would call home. And

we were not the only people George cared for in this respect. With George's death goes the brass plaque which, because of a typical PNG stuff-up by a builder, was never used to mark Barry's grave and I still worry about that.

His business flair derived from his ability to understand the needs of the highlanders and of the people attempting to explore the country's potential. Oilmin Field Services was designed to service mining and petroleum companies. Today it provides a complete range of field services and logistical solutions incorporating all aspects of exploration from camp construction and catering in the most remote parts of PNG, transport solutions and land-owner negotiations (never a straightforward process) also buying and trading in gold.

George bore the scars of a tragic aircraft crash near Porgera in 1996, in which he was the only survivor. It seems terribly sad that this remarkable man, who somehow managed to crawl from the burning aircraft and who worked so assiduously to restore his fitness, should have died so early. PNG will feel his loss deeply as will his extended family and his friends, even those who now live far away but are grateful they had the opportunity to know him at one time.

### Judith Blogg (Hollinshed)

## Ann Theona Graham (formerly Smith, nee Young-Whitford), 16 June 2014, aged 83

Ann was born in Armadale, on 28 April 1931 to William and Gwen Young-Whitford. Her two older brothers (both Kiaps) were Fenton St. John (aka John) and Dudley (both deceased). In the 1930s the family moved to Rose Bay, Sydney and Ann attended Brighton College in Manly, then St. Catherine's in Waverley. In the late 1940s Ann trained and nursed at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children in Glebe, with lifelong friends Phil Clifton and Lorraine McCulloch. In 1953 she married long-serving PNG Kiap and WWII army captain, Sydney Stephen Smith who was down on a biennial break with Ann's brothers at the time.

In the early years of their marriage, Syd and Ann lived in Lumi in the Sandaun Province (or West Sepik District) near Aitape where Syd was Assistant District Officer. Son Ian arrived in 1954. In 1956 a posting for Syd as Native Lands Commissioner saw the family move first to Kokopo and then to Rabaul.

Ailsa arrived in 1958 and Greg completed the family in 1960. Ann worked at the local pharmacy before becoming the district school nursing sister. She blossomed in the tropics, pursuing an active life of sporadic but enthusiastic gardening, parties, amateur theatre, sailing, water-skiing, picnicking at local beaches and being the world's greatest mum.

The surname Graham had its beginning in 1967 when Ian, on



enrolment to Knox Grammar School, Wahroonga, was found to be one of three or four Ian Smiths currently boarding at the school. This prompted the rather peculiar decision (possibly Ann's) for Ian to adopt the name Graham at school to avoid confusion, thus sparking a gradual transition to Graham for all the Smiths, except for Syd.

On Syd's retirement from his post as Land Titles Commissioner in 1970 the family spent a year travelling Europe and the UK in a caravan, followed by settlement in Wahroonga, Sydney. Ann briefly resumed her nursing career before commencing a long stint in village management with the Anglican Retirement Villages network until her retirement in 1993. Syd and

Ann moved to Faulconbridge in the lower Blue Mountains in 1981 and a year after Syd's death Ann moved to Marsfield, Sydney in 1996.

In 2005 Ann moved to Forster to be close to Ian and his wife Patricia and finally to AVEO Peninsula Gardens, Bayview in 2007. A neighbour there described her as a beautiful, colourful butterfly flitting up and down the stairs to and from her unit. Ann had many interests, including music, opera and theatre, and from the mid 1970's onwards, she travelled widely within Australia and overseas in pursuit of those interests. Throughout her life Ann generously volunteered her services to several organisations including the PNGAA as late as 2013.

Ann was PNGAA Secretary in 2001/2002 before she went to Tasmania. When she returned to NSW she was again Secretary from 2007 to 2009. She had the best interests of the association at heart and was always present when things had to be done, for example the dedication of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial in Canberra and our AGMs and Christmas lunches.

Ann also supported many charities and will be greatly missed by her family and friends.

**Greg Graham (Smith)**

## Vale Summary

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

<b>Vivi Bignold</b>	29 July 2015, aged 100
<b>Donald James Buckley</b>	26 July 2015, aged 81
<b>Peter Frederick Davis</b>	December 2013, aged 72
<b>Victor Leslie Davis</b>	18 January 2015, aged 75
<b>Betty Evelyn Dent</b>	21 June 2015, aged 96
<b>David Alexander Bruce Dryden</b>	16 June 2015, aged 74
<b>Val Fisk</b>	18 August 2015, aged 75
<b>Ann Theona Graham (formerly Smith, nee Young-Whitford)</b>	16 June, 2014, aged 83
<b>Jonathan Yeatman Hancock</b>	22 June 2015, aged 81
<b>John C Harley</b>	20 June 2015, aged 84
<b>George Keta Leahy</b>	27 August 2015, aged 66
<b>Janet Lucas (nee McKelvie)</b>	9 June 2015, aged 74
<b>Paul Moxham</b>	June 2015
<b>Bruce Reid</b>	4 October

# Christmas LUNCHEON 2015

Sunday 6 December 2015  
Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway,  
Killara NSW, 11.30am onwards

RSVP:  
13 November  
2015



**This year's Christmas lunch will have more time for mingling and networking, both before and after lunch. Forty years of PNG Independence is a good reason to celebrate together - bring your friends and meet new ones. We look forward to seeing you there!**

**Everyone is welcome...so please organize the date now! Seating is limited.**

The cost is \$60 per person. RSVP and payment is due by 13 November 2015 although it helps with organisation if you respond promptly.

Drinks are available from a cash-only bar.

Please let us know if you have special dietary requests.

Seating is at tables of 10. If you wish to be seated with family or friends please advise on the order form OR make up your own table of 10.

## DIRECTIONS

From the train take the exit on the western side of Killara station. If driving, the entrance is after Fiddens Wharf Road, immediately after Noodle Blast restaurant on the Pacific Highway as you travel north. Free parking is available.

Our Event Coordinator, Julianne Ross Allcorn, is planning an exciting Silent Auction. If you can donate an item (jewellery, artworks, PNG crafts, books, alcohol) please contact Juli at: [juliallcorn@gmail.com](mailto:juliallcorn@gmail.com) / or 02 94161430 / 0466 521313.

## BOOKINGS

Please complete the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow Treasurer's Corner insert and return as soon as possible or by 13 November 2015.

Note: When transferring funds by EFT to PNGAA please also email: [membership@pngaa.net](mailto:membership@pngaa.net) advising your name, membership number, amount and what the payment is for.

Thank you

**TREASURER'S CORNER – December 2015**  
**Payments to – PNGAA, PO Box 453, ROSEVILLE, NSW, 2069**

If you would like to:

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

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

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

Membership number (if known) \_\_\_\_\_

Full name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Postcode \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_ Mobile \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail address \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

If you have an e-mail address, or have recently changed it, please let us know as it makes communication with members much quicker and more efficient

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

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON – Sunday December 6, 2015

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

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

If possible, I would like to be seated with \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Number of vegetarian meals (if any) .....

Please feel free to make up your own table of Ten . . . . . for \$600



## ORDER FORM

	Quantity	\$
<b>PNGAA Membership Renewal (if paid before 31 Dec 2015)</b>		
<b>Resident in Australia</b>		
2016 : \$30                      2016/2017 : \$60                      2016/2019 : \$90		
<b>Resident in Asia/Pacific Postal Zone</b>		
2016 : \$42                      2016/2017 : \$84                      2016/2019 : \$126		
<b>Resident in Rest of World Postal Zone</b>		
2016 : \$46                      2016/2017 : \$92                      2016/2019 : \$138		
<b>PNGAA Membership Renewal (if paid after 1 Jan 2016)</b>		
<b>Resident in Australia</b>		
2016 : \$35                      2016/2017 : \$70                      2016/2019 : \$105		
<b>Resident in Asia/Pacific Postal Zone</b>		
2016 : \$50                      2016/2017 : \$100                      2016/2019 : \$150		
<b>Resident in Rest of World Postal Zone</b>		
2016 : \$60                      2016/2017 : \$120                      2016/2019 : \$180		
<b>Walk Into Paradise DVD</b>		
Member Price ..... \$25		
Non-Member Price ..... \$30		
<b>'Kiap – Stories Behind the Medal' DVD</b>		
Member Price ..... \$30		
Non-Member Price ..... \$35		
<b>Montevideo Maru 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary DVD</b> Price ..... \$30		
<b>PNGAA Christmas Luncheon – Sunday 6 December 2015 – Killara Golf Club</b>		
Cost per person .....\$60    Tables of 10.....\$600		
<b>TOTAL COST</b>		

### PAYMENT DETAILS

*Please circle method of payment*

Payment is accepted by    cheque,    bank draft,    money order,    MasterCard, Visa, or  
EFT through our web site:    “www.pngaa.net”

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

### CREDIT CARD PAYMENTS

Type of card:    MasterCard    Visa    Expiry date \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_

Card number \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_

Name on card (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

Signature of card holder \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

*All payments must be in Australian currency*

## Commemorating the 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary – 2017 Montevideo Maru and the New Guinea Islands



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

### **ABOUT THE PROJECT**

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

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

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

### **SUBMISSION CONDITIONS**

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

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

## FURTHER ENQUIRIES

Project Team Manager – Gayle Thwaites: Email - [stories@memorial.org.au](mailto:stories@memorial.org.au) or Mobile: 0477 000 771

PNGAA President – Andrea Williams: Email - [president@pngaa.net](mailto:president@pngaa.net)

Stay up to date with the project via Facebook at [www.facebook.com/RabaulandMontevideoMaruSociety](http://www.facebook.com/RabaulandMontevideoMaruSociety)

