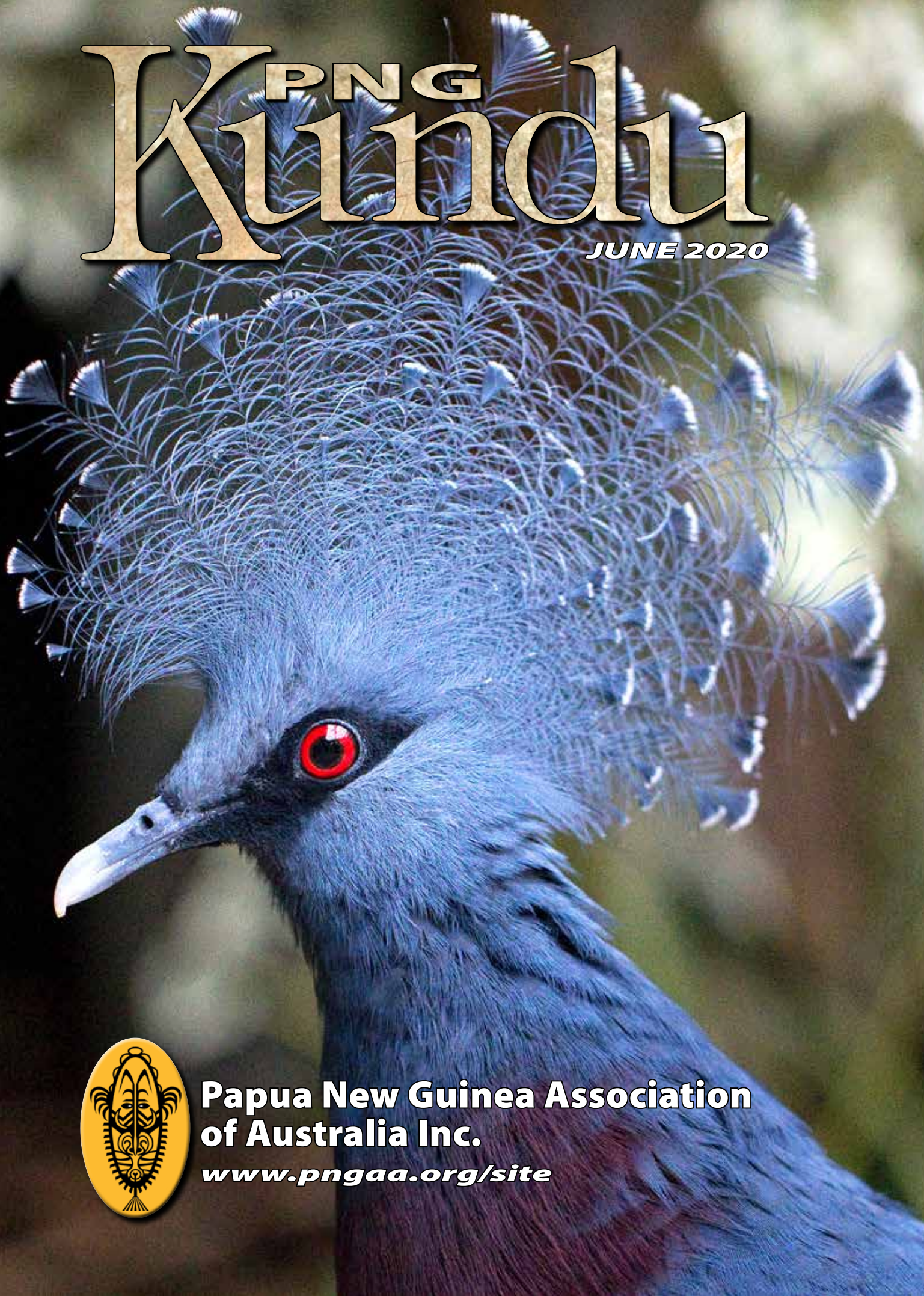


KPNG Kundu

JUNE 2020



**Papua New Guinea Association
of Australia Inc.**

www.pngaa.org/site



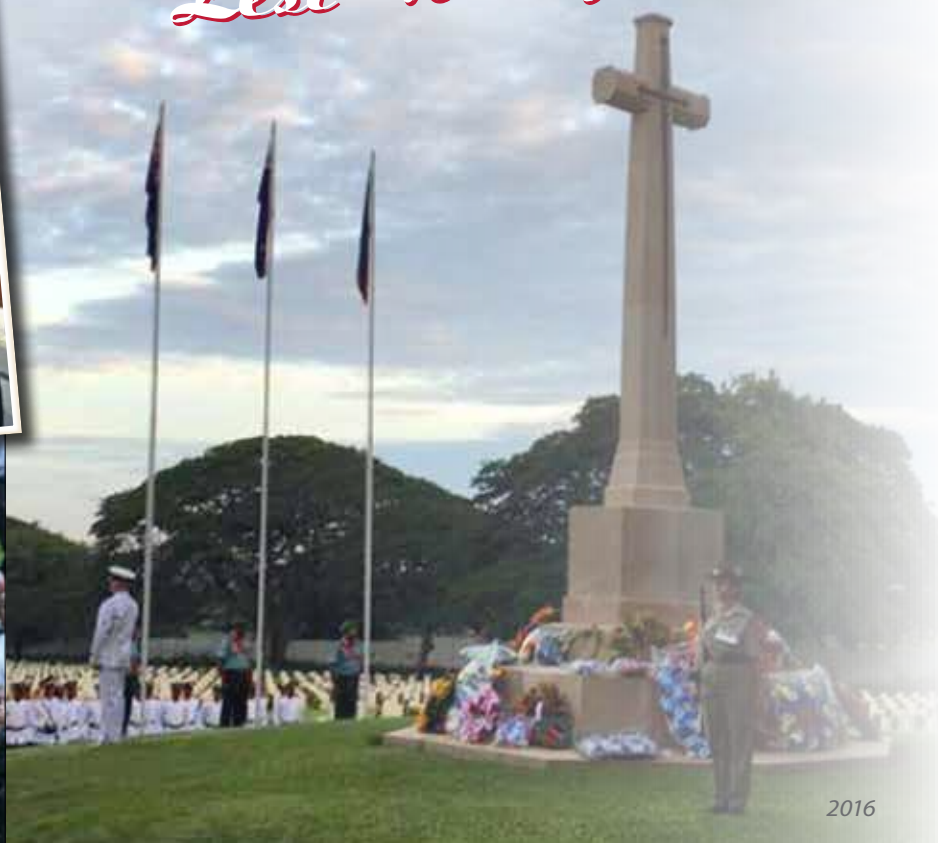
Anzac Day dawn services and wreath laying ceremonies in Papua New Guinea usually take place wherever an official Australian war memorial is located—Bomana (Port Moresby), Lae, Rabaul, Madang, Isurava, Kokoda, Milne Bay, Popondetta, Cape Wom, Wau and Sogeri—and are of particular significance because of the prominent actions by the Allied Forces during the Pacific Campaign in World War II.

“Anzac Day is not a time for glorification but for sombre reflection. The sight of so many graves at places like Bomana reminds us of the terrible cost of war. For Australia one of the toughest tests was here in Papua New Guinea during World War II, in places that are now part of the history we share with Papua New Guinea—Kokoda, Milne Bay, Buna, Gona and Bougainville, to name a few.”

Unfortunately, this year there were no formal ceremonies, either in PNG or Australia, because of the worldwide COVID-19 pandemic, but PNGAA honours and pays tribute to all the civilian and military men, women, children and indigenous people who either perished, or had their lives severely disrupted by war in the Pacific.

*They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

Lest We Forget



PNG KUNDU, formerly *Una Voce*, is the official journal of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc.

(Formerly constituted in 1951—incorporated in 1996)

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KUNDU is the *Tok Pisin* word for the hourglass-shaped drum after which this journal is now named, and forms part of Papua New Guinea's Coat of Arms. It is called GABA in *Hiri Motu* which remains, along with English and *Tok Pisin*, one of PNG's three official languages. The KUNDU has told fascinating stories for centuries, and through our PNGAA journal we will continue documenting history and the evolving special relationship between the two countries this association holds in its heart.

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

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PNGAA Membership:

This is available to anyone with an interest in PNG. Members, who receive four quarterly issues of our journal per year, have access to all parts of the website, and are encouraged to explore and become actively involved with all aspects of the PNGAA. Please refer to the *Treasurer's Corner*, at the end of this issue, for more details. Application forms also are available from the Membership Officer at membership@pngaa.net or our website. Membership operates on a calendar year basis and, for those receiving a printed copy of the journal, the address label shows the current status of your membership.

PNGAA Mail: PNGAA, PO Box 453, Roseville NSW 2069

PNGAA Website: www.pngaa.org/site

PNGAA Social Media:

FACEBOOK—<https://www.facebook.com/groups/PNGAA>

INSTAGRAM—https://www.instagram.com/png_association_of_australia/

LINKEDIN—<https://www.linkedin.com/company/papua-new-guinea-association-of-australia/>

TWITTER—https://twitter.com/PNG_ASSOC_AUS

PNGAA Collection:

For all donations to this collection (photographs, diaries, publications, etc.), please contact Cheryl Marvell at collection@pngaa.net or 0438 635 132.

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**Deadline for the September 2020 issue
Friday, 3 July 2020**

Please send all contributions to:

editor@pngaa.net

Contribution guidelines are available on the website
or by request from editor@pngaa.net

PNG KUNDU

JUNE 2020

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© Robin Chittenden	

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From the President

*History is a relentless master.
It has no present, only the past
rushing into the future.
To try to hold fast is to be
swept aside.*

John F Kennedy

Former US president John F Kennedy had a point about change.

His quote about history can be adapted to many situations, but it comes to mind when I muse about the PNGAA, and its need to refresh and invigorate itself and not 'be swept aside.'

This need to remain relevant and even become more active and engaged in promoting and nurturing the relationship between the two countries we all hold dear—Papua New Guinea and Australia—drives many a discussion at executive management meetings.

We have many exciting plans and projects in development, not least of all campaigning to relevant governmental bodies for a lease of land and buildings on Sydney's Middle Head foreshore to create a Pacific Centre of arts, culture and learning. This building would house our world-class library of books, documents, photographs, film and artefacts relating to PNG. At the moment our collection is in storage.

Our members constantly are involved in a variety of philan-

As well as PNGAA events, members of the Management Committee continue to network on your behalf, attending a wide range of events and activities, and encouraging new members and possible partnerships to keep our association vital and viable. Featured here are reports and updates from the committee, other news of interest and a welcome to new members.

thropic projects which support communities in PNG and your committee reaches out to the responsible federal members to lend an advisory ear to matters relating to PNG.

The present geo-political situation of PNG and the Pacific has arguably never been more relevant to Australia, and we see it as an obligation to help educate and inform Australians not only about the bonds of history we enjoy with PNG, but the need to constantly evolve and strengthen our ties as responsible neighbours, friends and 'family'.

But to be blunt, if we don't recruit new members, all this will be in danger of being 'swept aside', as President Kennedy warned would happen if we try to 'hold fast'.

PNGAA cannot hold fast with our current membership numbers.

We need to urgently and actively engage and recruit our daughters and sons and our grandchildren.

We need to pass the baton of history as it rushes into the future.

For them and for our forebears in PNG and Australia whose lives were so critically woven, we need to evolve and grow PNGAA so that a proud history is not lost, and it becomes the basis for new history being created each and every day.

We also owe it to the former custodians of this proud association who spent years and decades of selfless, volunteer work ensuring the joint PNG-Australia history

remains a part of the narrative of both countries.

So, this is a call out for members to not only urge the younger generations to embrace PNGAA, but to reach out to the many people of all ages with PNG history to become members. There are so many thousands of them in various PNG social media groups, sharing and enjoying stories of the past and present. Hardly a day goes by when there's not a popular revelation about the past, or stories and pictures relating to contemporary events.

There seems to be unending pride and nostalgia along with a thirst for lost or dormant stories and the incredible images that go with them. That in itself is a formula for membership of PNGAA. We just need to raise the profile of the association and what it offers.

Please do tap into your connections, alert them to our association and its objectives and



Max Uechtritz, PNGAA President

our journal, *PNG Kundu*, where they can share their stories, past and present.

Meantime, your committee plans to step up our already strong relationships with the various capital city groups of Papua New Guineans living in Australia.

We are already discussing holding joint post-coronavirus social gatherings in Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne when the time is right, possibly in September around Independence Day.

We will advise dates and locations for those and will be hoping that as many members as possible will attend and bring family and friends along for relaxed outdoor social outings with an emphasis on fun not formality.

MAX UECHTRITZ

AGM Postponed

The 69th Annual General Meeting of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc., scheduled to be held in Sydney on Sunday, 3 May 2020, was postponed until further notice. This is in line with the Australian Government's public health restrictions on large public gatherings in response to the COVID-19 pandemic.

Whilst the majority of our members use electronic communications, not all do and therefore PNGAA does not have a facility for an online virtual meeting. The PNGAA has received approval from the NSW Department of Fair Trading to extend the date to later in the year.

The Abridged Annual Accounts for the financial year are published on the following page. Any member requiring a copy of the Audited Financial Statements should contact the Treasurer on 0448 216 049 or by email: treasurer@pngaa.net

COVID-19 Event Cancellations

Well, what a six months we have all had! Fires, rain and now, the corona virus! I pray that all of you have kept well to date and coped well with the isolation. For those of us used to living on outstations, it is well within our abilities to cope. However, it has thrown a few plans awry.

Thanks to all the speakers, who had volunteered to be part of the 2020 program, and just accepted the decision to sit tight until a safer time. Your co-operation is much appreciated. Mind you, don't think you've evaded your commitments as I plan to recycle your offers and programs will recommence as soon as possible!

All PNGAA events included in the March *PNG Kundu* have been postponed until further notice in line with the Australian government's public health restrictions. As soon as events can recommence the management committee agrees that we need some relaxed 'welcome back from the COVID-19 pandemic' gatherings so watch this space! We will be in touch, so please keep in contact via the website (www.pngaa.org/site), Facebook, Linked-In and Instagram and watch out for an email from the PNGAA. If you have queries about any of the events please email events@pngaa.net.

Cairns Ex-Kiaps Gathering

Planned for 25 July 2020, this has been cancelled. Please keep in touch with Deryck Thompson if you are interested in getting together later in the year when restrictions are lifted: (mob.) 0428 207 558 or (email) dandy51@bigpond.net.au

Rabaul Commemorative Tour

(*PNG Kundu*, March 2020, p7) For further information about this ►

POSITIONS VACANT

Editor—PNG Kundu

This is a PNGAA Management Committee voluntary position. The person would need to co-ordinate the content for each issue, liaising with members and proofreaders as well as the Production Designer and the Website Manager on the final hard copy and electronic copy. Capacity to access articles via email and use track-changes in Word would be helpful; flexibility to learn about uploading items to the PNGAA website would be useful.

Some PNG history, a proficiency in written English, and some journalism or publishing experience would also come in handy. As articles are readied for publication, response periods are critical, requiring commitment to an 'all hands-on deck' approach. The volunteer's physical location in this instance is not relevant as long as they have good access to the Internet. It's a rewarding role for those interested in our Australian/PNG story.

Expressions of interest to be forwarded by email to editor@pngaa.net or contact Andrea Williams on (mob.) 0409 031 889.

Events Co-ordinator

This is a PNGAA Management Committee voluntary position

Add your personal touch to this exciting role which provides an opportunity to meet with a wonderful network of people, extend your skills and have fun.

Contact Sara Turner at events@pngaa.net or (mob.) 0401 138 246.



ABRIDGED AUDITED ANNUAL ACCOUNTS

For year ended 31 December 2019

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE

INCOME	2019 (\$)	2018 (\$)
Membership Subscriptions	36,818	38,394
Functions (gross receipts)	12,930	10,813
Net Receipts from Trading Activities	2,564	1,911
Advertising	-	254
Donations	607	-
Interest – Term Deposits	3,032	3,866
Other Income	162	-
TOTAL INCOME	56,114	55,238
EXPENDITURE		
Journal Printing & Distribution	34,195	37,347
Functions	9,884	9,952
Administration	3,610	3,907
Bookkeeping	600	4,928
Storage	2,983	3,756
Website	896	10,523
Subscriptions	150	227
Helpim Wantok Project	-	632
Income Tax Assessed	983	(939)
Other Expenses	401	-
TOTAL EXPENDITURE	53,703	70,333
SURPLUS / (DEFICIT) TRANSFERRED TO MEMBER FUNDS	2,411	(15,096)

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES – as at 31 December 2019

ASSETS	2019 (\$)	2018 (\$)
Current Assets		
Cash and cash equivalents	32,350	22,754
Inventories	13,454	15,635
Investments – Term Deposits	120,000	131,515
Total Current Assets	165,804	169,904
TOTAL ASSETS	165,804	169,904
LIABILITIES		
Current Liabilities		
Subscriptions in Advance (next 12 months)	20,079	21,163
Provision for Income Tax	829	(939)
Provision – Special Projects	11,606	12,605
Accounts Payable	-	1,650
Total Current Liabilities	32,513	34,480
Long-Term Liabilities		
Subscriptions in Advance (beyond next 12 months)	4,830	7,498
TOTAL LIABILITIES	37,343	41,977
NET ASSETS	128,461	127,927
Represented by:		
General Reserve	32,953	27,267
Historical Preservation Reserve	13,633	13,243
Rabaul & Montevideo Maru Reserve	81,875	81,010
Retained Earnings	-	6,407
TOTAL MEMBER FUNDS	128,461	127,927

Some numbers do not add up due to rounding to the nearest dollar



tour scheduled for September 2020 please contact John Reeves: (email) neradaq@gmail.com

183 Recce Flight Reunion, Mooloolaba

For further information please contact Dave Williams (mob.) 0427 529 195 or (email) daveandmaxine@bigpond.com

My Resignation

I would love to talk to anyone interested in taking on the role of Events Co-ordinator and suggest that they could work with me for the rest of my time, in the hope that it may make the transition easier.

I decided recently to step out of the role of Events Co-ordinator for the PNGAA. I had put myself up for the role initially to give back to PNG and believe that the PNG community in Australia, of which I am a part, is of great importance for many reasons.

It has been a great privilege to work with the different members of the Committee and appreciate the knowledge and abilities as well as the commitment that each person has contributed to the overall success of PNGAA.

I have enjoyed slowly getting to know different members and been thrilled to hear their stories. I have been most excited to have connected with other PNG groups.

In all my adventures, I am supported strongly by my family

and, for this, I thank them with all my heart.

It has been a growth period for me in so many areas and though I have not completed all I had wanted, it is a good time to open up the opportunity for a different perspective and ideas to develop. It is my hope to remain involved with PNGAA in some form or another.

Please see 'Positions Vacant' on page 3 for more details.

SARA TURNER

Happy Birthday

The PNGAA belatedly wishes Patsy Weaver happy birthday wishes after turning 104 on 20 March 2020.

Audio Visual Tapes of PNG

In connection with the University of Sydney (USYD) Pacific and Regional Archive for Digital Sources in Endangered Cultures (PARADISEC) the PNGAA Collection has been asked to assist in collecting audio-visual tapes that will otherwise deteriorate and be lost over time.

PARADISEC focuses on historical significance and influences in music, culture and languages from traditional, community, government and church events, ceremonies, festivals and any personal or private audio visual recordings.

If there are interested PNGAA members and friends who have personal collections of analogue records such as tapes, cassettes, reel to reel, VHS and Super8 video tapes, and are interested in ensuring they are preserved in digital format, our PNGAA Management Committee member, Steven Gagau, may be able to assist. With these items deteriorating over time, there is some urgency to digitise these records as soon as possible.

PARADISEC provides a service for access to interested communities by cataloguing and digitising archival materials of audio, text and visual images by preserving digital copies.

In this way, we can make records available to the people and communities and to their descendants. For further information and to assist with this collection please contact Steven Gagau on (email) steven.gagau@gmail.com. See website link: <https://www.sydney.edu.au/music/our-research/research-areas/paradisec.html>. PARADISEC website is; <https://www.paradisec.org.au/>

PNGAA New Members

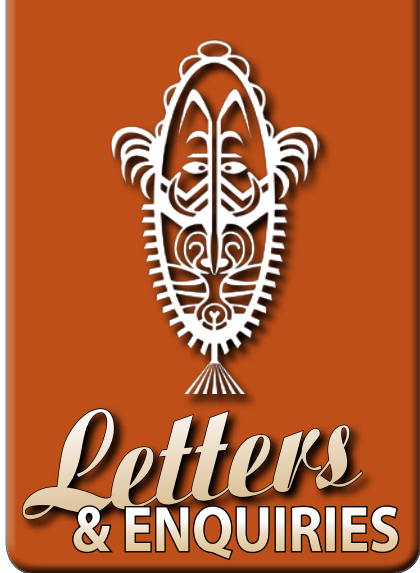
The PNGAA Committee welcomes the following new members: Jean-Philippe Beaulieu, Angela Connell, Brett Crabb, John Edwards, Robert Forster, Ian Frape, Cheryl Hayes, Merle Hayes, Simon Hoy, Michi Knecht, Ross Lockyer, Peter Maynard, Gordon Peake, Kevin Prior, Laurel Stanford, Bronwyn Vickers and John Wallace.

Treasurer's Corner Membership & Order Form

If you wish to renew your membership, have a friend or family member who wishes to join, order one of the publications and DVDs available, or book for a PNGAA function, then use the **Treasurer's Corner Membership & Order Form**, printed at the back of this journal.

Membership Details

Please help by keeping us up to date with your details, especially your email address, as this will facilitate access to the new website: www.pngaa.org/site, and ensure all our communications are delivered and not wasted. ♦



Administration Records

Recently some colleagues and I, who were veterinary officers in the then Territory of Papua & New Guinea (TP&NG), prepared a paper on the Territory's veterinary service between the end of World War II and independence. We would have liked to include a list of all veterinarians who, like us, spent some of our careers in New Guinea. We could not find any record of what we estimate to be about fifty such vets.

This raises a bigger question. Is there a record anywhere of people who served in the administration of TP&NG? This question applies not only to administration people but also to Commonwealth employees, business people, primary producers, miners and missionaries. All these people and their families contributed to an important part of the history of Australia and Papua New Guinea.

I would like to see the Association use its best efforts to find and record information about as many of these people as possible.

JOHN EGERTON

DASF 1956–64

Re: Track or Trail

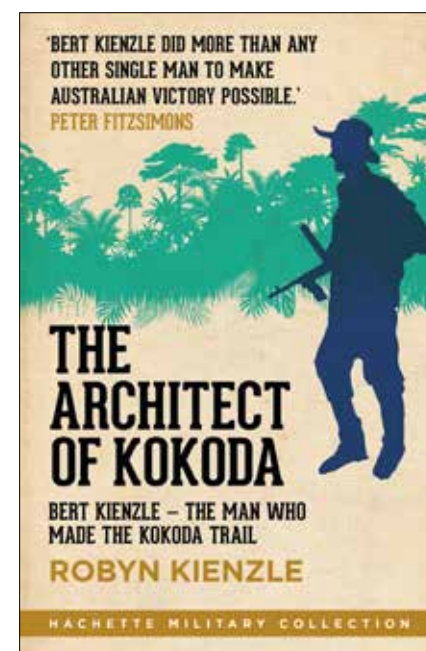
Further to the item 'Track or Trail' on page 10 of *PNG Kundu*, March 2020, the matter is explained in the book, *The Architect of Kokoda: Bert*

Featuring commentaries about previously published articles and news items, along with opinions of interest to PNGAA members. Also included are enquiries from those who require assistance with their research or finding someone from the past. Please send your contributions to editor@pngaa.net

Kienzle—*The Man who Made the Kokoda Trail*, by Robyn Kienzle, Bert's daughter-in-law (Hachette, Sydney, 2000).

What the diggers called the Kokoda Track was the particular pathway they happened to be using. In fact, the Kokoda Trail consisted of several tracks. When it was built, Bert Kienzle 'had to select from a series of tracks from village to village the best route over the ranges'.

Sometimes a track might be blocked by landslide, tree fall or washout and another track had to be used around it. Sometimes more than one track was used to go in the same general direction. For example, the map shows that the trail from Efogi to Templeton's Crossing consisted of two separate tracks, one via Kagi and the other via Myola (see page 15 of this issue). So 'The Kokoda Trail' was the generic inclusion of all these different tracks.



The definitive explanation of what it should be called was made by Bert himself: *We who fought knew it as the Kokoda Trail. A trail means a path through a wilderness and this is surely what it was for most of us. So, I appeal to you to revere and keep naming it Kokoda Trail in memory of all those gallant men who fought over it. Lest we forget.*

So—that is why it is called the Kokoda Trail.

CHIPS MACKELLAR

ED: The current official gazetted place name is 'Kokoda Trail'. This is used by the Papua New Guinea Government, the Australian Army and the Australian War Memorial, and was adopted by the Battles Nomenclature Committee as the official British Commonwealth battle honour in October 1957.

Please see pages 13–17 of this issue, where we feature more about the Kokoda Campaign, which commenced in July 1942, seventy-eight years ago.

Patron's Message

General Jeffery has asked me to write to you to tell you how much he enjoys reading *Una Voce* (and now *PNG Kundu*) when it arrives in our office. He reads it from cover to cover and is constantly impressed by the articles and the photographs. It is a superb product, one of which you should be very proud.

He especially enjoyed the article and photos of the 'Huli Wigmen of Tari', and commented that PNG is one of the few countries left in the world that has maintained its traditions and culture.

WENDY BUTTON,

PA to Major General the Hon. Michael Jeffery, AC, AO (MIL), CVO, MC (Retd)

Pilot's Name?

Would you know the name of the pilot in the Kompam Patrol Post crash landing of 1960s?

I was a kiap from 1952–75. In the 1950/1960s I was in the Wabag Sub-district and am trying to recall the name of a pilot who was in a crash landing at Kompam Patrol Post in the early sixties. I knew him very well and he was very cranky about the type of Cessna he was driving.

The damaged aircraft was dismantled and local tribesmen were gathered to carry the parts to Wabag. I have a photo of a DC3 on Wabag airstrip being loaded. After I left the Highlands in late 1963 I never met him again. I did hear that many years later after he had retired he had done a lot of helping for others from PNG in Sydney. I heard he died a few years ago.

I have recently found that the DC3 is now a feature of the Qantas Museum at Longreach, and also that the Cessna still exists in private ownership; no longer of service, of course. I would be very grateful if you could help. Many thanks in advance.

GRAHAM HARDY

Articles in PNG Kundu March 2020 Brought Back Memories

What a great edition of *Kundu* (good name) March 2020. Max Uechtritz's centre spread, 'Huli Wigmen of Tari', is amazing photography. I've never seen PNG ceremonial photos of this powerful imagery, well done.

Sam Bateman's timely article reference to Lieut Karrie Frank brought back fond memories of he and Midshipman Jerry Singiroti babysitting my sisters and me at various times in the mid-sixties.



We would play my mother's 78 records and crack up at Alvin and the Chipmonks every time. Above is one of my father's photos, though can't actually identify any one in it.

If anyone can identify those in the photograph please contact me at: pb.barmarine@bigpond.com

PETER BARR

Wonderful Memories of a Beautiful Country

Just want to tell you how delighted I am to receive my first copy of *PNG Kundu*, and I have now read many articles with great interest.

My husband, Gordon Hayes, first went to Rabaul in 1947 as the junior officer in a group of five, to re-open the Commonwealth Bank after the war, and to get things rolling again. They managed to find an old Army Quonset hut and open up 'shop'. The Japanese were still in compounds then and the firing squad could be heard.

He met many famous identities of that time, including Golpak and the well-known Paul Mason of Coastwatcher fame.

It was after his return to Australia that I met Gordon and was fascinated with the many stories he had to tell, never dreaming that I would one day go there myself.

However, in 1970, because of his knowledge of the culture and

ability to 'tok pisin' we, as a family, moved to Port Moresby for four years during which time Gordon was the Deputy Chief Manager for the whole of PNG, covering thirteen branches of the Commonwealth Bank.

I have wonderful memories of a beautiful country and of its beautiful people and I am so glad that I joined PNGAA.

MERLE HAYES

Moem Barracks, Wewak

I am keen to hear from anyone who lived in Moem Barracks or Wewak in the period 1968–74. My late father, Padre Ossie Dale, served with 2PIR at Moem in those years.

My family also enjoyed a wonderful couple of years at the Patrol Boat Base at Lombrum, Manus Province, from 1975–77.

Please contact me on 0490 498 029 (mob.) or charlottedale1@dodo.com.au (email).

ROSS DALE

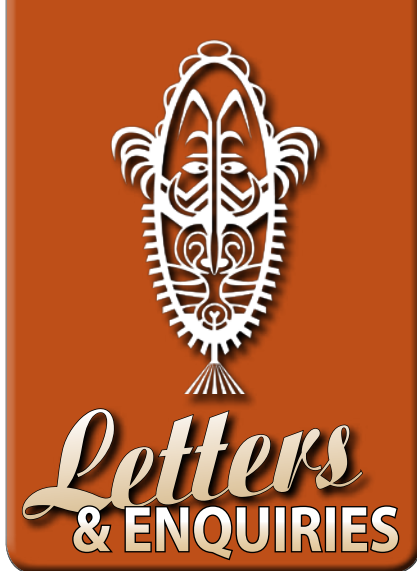
Charlie Scols

I have been asked by some local people at Bensbach, Western Province, to try and locate an Australian who was based at Weam sometime between 1964–71. He was in the Australian Army and his name was Charlie Scols. If anyone has information about this person could they please contact: garrickhitchcock@hotmail.com

GARRICK HITCHCOCK

ANMEF Website

My website, <https://www.anmef.com.au/>, is now live. It is nowhere near finished but with 200 stories written—about 20% of total, I thought I would load it up and keep working on it, hopefully with some contributions from the public. One good thing about the current lockdown is that I am well ahead ▶



in my research—if just a little stir crazy.

MICHAEL WHITE

Interview Online

Interview with WWII Pilot Fred Hargesheimer and Coastwatcher Matt Foley—Rabaul PNG, 19 May 1988, available on <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mtOx647NFsc>

Names of Gentlemen in Photograph

I would appreciate any assistance in identifying the unnamed gentlemen in the photo below.

If you can help, please email me at rabauljewel@gmail.com

WARREN YOUNG

Milne Bay Schools

Thank you for kindly putting the article about the Milne Bay schools in *PNG KUNDU*.

All the schools in PNG are like this. I must have sent the wrong



USB and it was not easy for people to realise the magnitude of the problem with the photos. I am so excited about the wonderful magazine we now have and would love you to put a message in the next one thanking everyone for the amazing information it has.

I found the article from Sam Bateman about the PNG and Australian Navy so interesting as my grandson, Tony Neville, is deployed on an Australian patrol boat and my granddaughter, Natasha, is in the Army with 141 Sig Sqn. My granddaughter, Chantelle, is in the RAAF and attached to the Institute of Aviation Medicine.

My son, Michael, and I had our garage packed to the ceiling with hundreds of boxes we had sorted and packed, but we had no way of getting them to PNG. Many Queensland schools were about to upgrade to computers and we were fortunate to be swamped with around 2,000 books as a result.

Then, with the help of the Australian High Commissioner in PNG and the Director of DFAT in Brisbane, the Wing Commander from Amberley, an RAAF photographer, as well as a captain from the Australian Army's 1st Signal Regiment and other soldiers all came with a large army truck. After morning tea, all boxes were packed into the truck and



4 boxes of books were delivered to Topa Elementary School in 2019

taken to RAAF at Amberley. The Coronavirus has delayed the trip to Port Moresby, but I am so grateful to our Defence Force for what they have done and know they will be on their way when things settle down.

COLLEEN NEVILLE

Yorishime Maru Tragedy

I am researching the WWII tragedy when a group of missionaries were taken on the Japanese vessel, *Yorishime Maru*, and transported to Hoteagan camp, near Hollandia (today Jayapura). The group consisted of Catholic and Lutheran missionaries, together with some lay people who were initially imprisoned by the Japanese near Madang, then moved to Manam Island before being transported to Hollandia, now Jayapura, on the *Yorishime Maru*.

On the way, on 6 February 1944 the ship was strafed by American bomber planes and several were killed.

I would like to make a complete list of those who were imprisoned in this group. I have some names of missionaries, although these are often first names only, and no names of the lay people. The majority of the survivors were taken to an American Army hospital near Brisbane in June 1944.

If you could assist, please email me at jozefem@gmail.com

**FR JOZEF MACIOLEK, SVD
Madang, PNG**



Andre Oberleuter and His Bassoon

Andre Oberleuter, grandson of Bernard Oberleuter (ex-Lae) and son of Jason, is a talent to watch! Andre is in his second year as Principal Bassoon of Queensland Youth Orchestra, and has played in youth programs of the Australian Youth Orchestra and the Queensland Conservatorium.

In 2019 Andre won first prize in the open section of the National Double Reed Competition and is a finalist in the 2020 Queensland Symphony Orchestra Young Instrumentalist Competition.

Andre is under the direction of the Associate Principal Bassoon of the Queensland Symphony Orchestra, David Mitchell.

In 2019, Andre was appointed



Jason and Andre Oberleuter

Featuring articles and news reports about contemporary Papua New Guinea—also included are the nation's sporting achievements and events, and stories about young people doing interesting things—we encourage young people to become involved in PNGAA to ensure the strong ties formed between PNG and Australia continue into the future.

Principal Contrabassoon of the Australian Youth Orchestra's Young Symphonists Program in Melbourne and has also been Principal Bassoon of the Queensland Youth Symphony for two years. He is also the Bassoonist of the Queensland Conservatorium-based Acetaria Wind Quintet and has had the pleasure of working with world-class musicians like Andrew Marriner (Ex-Principal Clarinet, London Symphony Orchestra) and Jeffery Crellin (Principal Oboe, Melbourne Symphony Orchestra).

He has been tutored by and participated in masterclasses with high-profile bassoonists such as James Aylward (Netherlands-based freelancer) and Whitney Crockett (Principal Bassoon, Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra).

In July 2019 Andre competed as a semi-finalist alongside his peers in the Acetaria Wind Quintet in the Queensland International Chamber Music Competition, as well as appearing as a soloist with the Queensland Youth Orchestra Chamber Tour to North Queensland. Andre has also had the opportunity to play with the Queensland Conservatorium Wind Orchestra and Australian Honours Ensemble Wind Orchestra.

Prior to COVID-19 Andre was scheduled to perform as soloist with the Indooroopilly Chamber Orchestra in Brisbane on 21 June, 13 September and 6 December 2020.



Further information from Email: icorchestra@gmail.com

Later in 2020, he looks forward to going to Canberra for the Australian Youth Orchestras Young Symphonists.

In the future, Andre hopes to study at university and do some training abroad.

PNG and the COVID-19 Virus

For a nation of nine million people, PNG has an extremely low rate of identified COVID-19 infections: a total of eight cases recorded. The government's response to the original two positive cases was swift and harsh—a state of emergency, nonessential business lockdowns, bans on domestic air and road travel, and restrictions on markets and roadside selling. Parliament further extended these restrictions in early April.

These restrictions may have been instrumental in controlling the spreading of COVID-19, but a few facts need to be noted.

Firstly, only a very small ▶



number of tests have been conducted—until recently about 350 within PNG. Secondly, the source of most of the cases has not been identified, which raises concerns that there may be widespread undetected transmissions through the community. Limited supplies of tests has meant that samples are having to be sent to Australia for testing, where 1,000 have now been undertaken.

In addition, the PNG health system, underfunded and fractured, is already stretched to the limit dealing with outbreaks of malaria, dengue fever, drug-resistant tuberculosis (TB), HIV and a recent outbreak of polio. There are 37,000 active cases and 4,700 deaths from TB. PNG has 600–700 doctors and

3,000 hospital beds, of which only 100 are intensive-care beds.

Port Moresby Hospital has been described as ‘already full of TB patients’. At the time of writing, there are only fifteen ventilators in the country, although more are believed to be coming. The new Health Minister, Jelta Wong, describes PNG as being ‘at the end of the queue for PPE gear.’

In addition to the testing being conducted for PNG in Brisbane, Australia has provided a \$20.5M support package to PNG, including provision for more personal protective equipment and increased testing capacity. It has also provided PNG with collection kits made up of swabs and other supplies required to collect samples from people who may be infected with COVID-19. Rapid response teams have also been deployed to PNG provinces, including the regions which border Indonesia’s West Papua, to collect samples.

The Australian Government has also waived payments until the end of the year for a \$300M loan provided in November last year. In the words of Shane McLeod from the Lowy Institute, ‘It’s the start of what should be an important and

ongoing role Australia can play in helping PNG to deal with the virus and its impact. It’s also one less thing that the country will have to worry about as it deals with what will be a massive challenge in the days ahead.’

VICKI LONG

Information based on articles from the Lowy Institute, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the *Canberra Times*, the *Guardian* and the ABC.

Dympna Leonard, PhD

PNGAA congratulates Dympna Leonard, who has recently gained her PhD for research into anaemia of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander children and their mothers in remote Far North Queensland.

Originally from Ireland, Dympna has worked on food supply, nutrition and health issues in remote Australia since 1992. Before that she worked in PNG (Gulf, Morobe and Milne Bay) for ten years, and also in Vanuatu, Myanmar, Samoa and Maldives.

Her PhD research showed that children who had been anaemic in early life (at age six to twenty-three months) were more likely to have developmental disadvantage at school age.

Anaemia is a condition where haemoglobin levels in red blood cells are low, and that impacts on the ability to transport oxygen through the blood. Anaemia can slow the young child’s learning and development. Prevention of anaemia helps protect early childhood development and helps children do well at school.

Dympna developed her speciality in nutrition for mothers, babies and young children during her years in Papua New Guinea from 1978 to 1988. ‘That’s where I learnt how to assess child growth, household food security, and so much more’ she says. ‘There was

a lot of malnutrition then. Now there are options to treat acute malnutrition—Ready to Use Therapeutic Foods (RUTFs)—that are life-saving. Another innovation since that time are the multi-micronutrient preparations from UNICEF to prevent childhood anaemia. Since then patterns of malnutrition in PNG and elsewhere have changed, with overweight and obesity increasing while child under-nutrition and anaemia are ongoing problems. Food security is another challenge, in urban settings and elsewhere.’

In Australia, Dympna said it would be good to see nutrition in early life included in the ‘Close the Gap’ agenda with an added layer of anaemia prevention for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander mothers and their children.

Footnote; Dympna originally went to Papua New Guinea in February 1978 for two years but after two months, crossed paths with kiap Deryck Thompson. The rest, as they say, is history ...

ANDREA WILLIAMS

(See the article on page 34 for Dympna & Deryck’s visit to Misima in 2018)

ANZAC Day Service in the Huon Gulf, Lae, PNG

PNGAA member Philip Franklin, MBE and his wife, Louise, were joined by Mr Paul Murphy, Australian Consul-General in Lae, Papua New Guinea and Paul Kembos from Salamaua Village aboard MV *Satisfaction* (owned by Philip and Louise Franklin) for a dawn service at sea in the Huon Gulf, adjacent to Scarlet Beach (Buso River) the site of the 9th Division landing commencing the Battle of Lae, 22 September 1943 (pictured).

The ceremony included reading of ‘The Ode’, playing of ‘The Last Post’ and singing the three National



Anthems of PNG, New Zealand and Australia.

It was very moving and surreal remembering those who had participated in this battle and thinking how peaceful and beautiful the landscape is today. In particular Phil remembered his father, Douglas Franklin, who served with the RAN in these same waters and his grandfather, Frederick Franklin, who served with the AIF in WWI, and became ►



PPE to assist with Papua New Guinea’s fight against the coronavirus arrives in Port Moresby and is handed to Jelta Wong, Papua New Guinea’s health minister, as part of the PNGAus Partnership. (Photograph: Kalo Fainu)



a POW in Hong Kong during WWII.

After the service we spent the day fishing near Finschhafen where Louise tagged and released a Pacific Sailfish.

A very memorable ANZAC Day.
LOUISE FRANKLIN

Porgera—Enga Province Gold Mine

After months of speculation and failed negotiations, a special *Government Gazette* (No. G229 published on 27 April 2020) officially proclaimed what many knew was coming—the refusal to grant an extension of Porgera Mine's Special Mining Lease (SML 1(P)) was officially notified by PNG's Governor-General (GG).

The GG's notice also terminates the Mining Development contract the Government has with Barrick, the operator and its partners, which include recognised landowner groups. The company had earlier

announced the decision of the Mines Minister and immediately started closing down its operations.

The Government's decision came despite strong support for Barrack, and fierce criticism of the government by the officially recognised Porgera Landowners Association. There are, of course, other landowner groups some of which support the Government's stand.

Such situations are inevitable where, over the years, the Government has capitulated to landowner demands and now hands out free equity and royalties worth tens of millions of Kina. Thus, land disputes have dramatically increased which often result in landowner benefits not being distributed and so adding to tensions.

The Government's decision has come on top of its refusal, earlier this year, to grant ExxonMobil and Oil Search et al a development licence over the P'nyang gas field

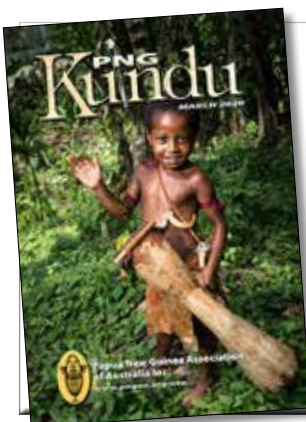
in the Western Province. Further, the Minister for Petroleum has signalled his intention to introduce a bill in the next sitting of Parliament which will further add uncertainty to foreign investors. He is proposing a new Oil and Gas Act as a Constitutional law containing production sharing as a basis for investment.

It is the uncertainty that such announcements create that make investors nervous. Stability is the key to investment and any decisions by governments that signal a change in policy usually end up in disaster. This is especially so when other less scrupulous countries and companies see an opportunity to exploit host-nation politicians with alternative offers.

Add the COVID-19 crisis to the equation, together with the drop in oil price to US\$20.00 per barrel, and it is little wonder that Oil Search shares trading at \$7.70 in January recently fell below \$2.50. ♦



Porgera Gold Mine



PNGAA Membership

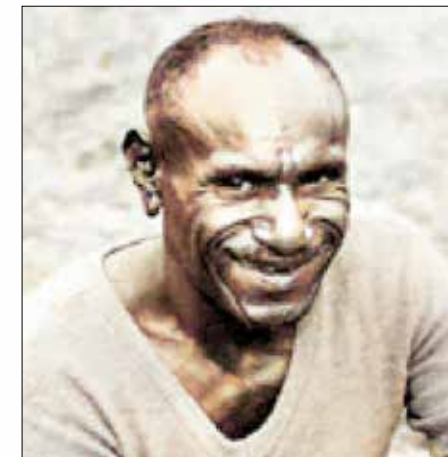
Annual membership is \$45.00 (overseas extra) and available to any person with an interest in Papua New Guinea

Members receive four issues of our journal per year, full access to all content on the website, receive email updates via *Tok Save*, network through events and social media and are encouraged to explore and become actively involved with all aspects of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc. For more details, please turn to the **Treasurer's Corner Membership & Order Form** at the end of this issue or follow the link: <https://pngaa.org/site/members/become-a-member/>

Robinson Sakiki, MM

**MAX UECHTRITZ
& JEFF KEOUGH**

Increased social media during the lockdown Anzac Day period prompted the emergence of extraordinary 'lost' history of Papua New Guineans who fought bravely alongside Australians and Americans in WWII.



Robinson Sakiki, MM (above) and the loribaiwa village on the Kokoda Trail (main)

ONE CAPTIVATING POST by Kokoda Angels Inc. Chairman and CEO, Jeff Keough, led PNGAA to make more inquiries about the feats of Robinson Sakiki of the Papuan Infantry Battalion, who won a Military Medal for incredible bravery fighting and gathering intelligence behind Japanese lines.

In one incident after being captured by the Japanese, a resourceful Sakiki turned their own machine gun on his captors. Sakiki died in 1996 aged ninety-five, and left two wives, seventeen children and ninety-seven grandchildren.

Jeff Keough met the war hero and became close personal friends with Sakiki's son, Daniel, who is on the board of Kokoda Angels Inc.

When war broke out Sakiki joined the Papuan Infantry Battalion (PIB) and his service number was 97. The PIB was a unit of the Australian Army formed in 1940. It was deployed on scouting, reconnaissance and surveillance patrols and operated in many campaigns including Buna, Kokoda, Salamaua, Markham Valley, Ramu Valley, Finschhafen, Madang and Bougainville.

They were so effective the Japanese referred to them as 'Green Shadows' (Ryokin) due to their ability to fade into and appear from the jungle unexpectedly.

Jeff Keough tells the story of Robinson's most famous incident: *One of his biggest challenges was between Salamaua and Wau. He was under the command of Australian Captain Jesse and was asked to deliver a letter about the situation to Wau.*

Dressed in civilian clothes, Robinson was detained en route by fifteen Japanese, but talked his way through saying he was travelling to his father's village. He made it to Wau but the town was virtually deserted except for one administrator, so Robinson set off by foot back to Salamaua. He ran into the same Japanese contingent who weren't as trusting this time.

They wired his hand behind his back and chained him to a post, sat him on the ground and treated him badly, spitting and beating him severely. They dug a hole where he expected them to kill and bury him. ▶



The Japanese captain scolded his men for beating him and took Robinson to his tent, ordering his men to fetch water and clean him up. The captain kept Robinson close to him, and told him he was to be his personal guard, even showing him the machine gun and how to use it. But while his captors slept, he planned his escape.

One early morning in the dark he took the machine gun and hid it up the mountain close by and returned to the camp to get magazines he had left. He had it set up before the sun rose and when the commander woke, he realised Robinson and the machine gun were missing. He woke his men, struck camp and the Japanese set off searching for Robinson. When they came into his sights, he fired on them killing the captain and thirteen others. Only one escaped.

He hid the gun and returned to Salamaua. To prove his story, he cut off all the fourteen men's little fingers and gave them to Captain Jesse in Salamaua. He took the Australians to the site.

A telegraph was sent advising that the commander of the Japanese force had been killed in Ioribaiwa, Kokoda, and Australian victory was in sight.

Robinson was involved in many other actions.

He was awarded medals and given certificates of recognition which were lost. He was given 1000 kina in 1980 which was put into a savings and loan society which was never recovered. He was elected

as village constable in 1946 and served the position until 1958 following in his father's footsteps, Hajae Sakiki (1906–30).

Robinson brought the first church into the village and built the first school, paying fifteen pounds to Father Holland, and established them as Anglican. He was elected as village councillor from 1960–70 and then became director of the ISI Co-operative Society, a cocoa exporting company—a Kokoda initiative. In 1982 he was elected as village magistrate. In 1984 he brought the Christian Revival Crusade to the village, and Daniel was sent to Bible College in Port Moresby:

I met Daniel in 1994 when I was building a mission sailboat. He became a crewman and for four years we travelled many areas of PNG.

My PNG wife, Dorcas, and I and a small committee started our charity in 2008 when Daniel lost his wife to cerebral malaria when seven months pregnant. We had ambulances donated which Daniel drove. He saved many lives delivering medical and village supplies. Babies were born in the back of the vehicles, including a set of twins. ♦

Robinson Sakiki is one of many brave Papua New Guineans who served and suffered alongside the Allies. Their stories should be revived and inserted into the PNG national narrative. PNGAA encourages members and others to contribute stories and research to ensure this happens.



Robinson Sakiki (centre) with his son Daniel and friends, 1994

Bert Kienzle: The Architect of Kokoda

ROBYN KIENZLE

CAPTAIN HERBERT THOMSON 'BERT' KIENZLE was born in Fiji in 1905 of Samoan, English, German descent. In WWI he and his family were all imprisoned in internment camps at Bourke and Molonglo because of their German names but in WWII, Bert would play a vital part in the success of the Kokoda Campaign.

In 1927, Bert had moved to Papua and by 1942 he had establishing his own rubber plantation in the Yodda Valley, near Kokoda. Bert was already fluent in *Motu*, the lingua franca

of Papua at the time, and was well-liked and respected by the local people, so he was the obvious man to put in charge of the carrier and labour lines being assembled at Sogeri for preparations being made along the Kokoda Trail.

Over the period of the ensuing battles, Bert earned accolades including 'The Architect of the Kokoda Trail' and 'The King of the Angels' and historians would say of him that without his presence the outcome of the whole operation may have been very different.

It was Bert who located and named the Myola Lakes, whose use as a drop zone for supplies proved a logistical turning point in the campaign. He also named Templeton's Crossing after Captain Sam Templeton, whom he had led across the Trail in July.

Bert's local knowledge and ability to communicate with the Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels was put to constant use by his superiors in planning military and logistical strategies, and it was he who helped reduce the number of desertions of Papuan carriers.

Bert and Captain 'Doc' Vernon had known each other before the war and supported each other throughout the Kokoda Campaign. Together they made a commitment to be sure the Papuans were honoured after the war and, although Doc died in 1946, Bert went ahead and arranged the construction of



the Kokoda Memorial at Isurava, which is the most recognised and symbolic of all the monuments on the plateau today.

Bert returned to Kokoda after the war and developed a magnificent rubber and cattle property which he called Mamba Estates. He was awarded both the MBE for his military service and the CBE for this civil service to Papua. As a result of reforms following independence in 1975, his plantation estate was compulsorily acquired in 1979, and he retired to Queensland. He died on 7 January 1988 while on a visit to Sydney.

In 1995, Australian Prime Minister, Paul Keating, opened the Herbert Kienzle Memorial Museum at Kokoda, as part of a set of facilities jointly funded by the government and Rotary International. ♦

© *The Architect of Kokoda: Bert Kienzle—The Man who Made the Kokoda Trail*, Robyn Kienzle, Hachette, 2000 and the Kokoda Historical website



The Kokoda Memorial at Isurava

Walking the Owen Stanleys in peacetime is in rather sharp contrast to fighting a war in the same country, and here is an unedited letter sent back to base during the Kokoda Campaign by Pte Barney Findlay, a young AIF soldier of Mangrove Mountain (NSW):

SOME OF THE OLD UNIT are so thin now that you would be shocked to see them. This trip is a physical nightmare. We have been overloaded all the way, and all of us are carrying on our backs more than native porters do. Remember those tinpot marches of two hours in the morning we used to grumble about? They weren't very much training for this. Yesterday we were twelve hours on the track and most of us were 'out on our feet', but we had to keep going. It's hard to explain how gruelling these marches are, but I'll try.

You spend four hours rising 2,000 ft painfully step by step with your heart pounding in your throat, resting every 100 ft of rise. And then, when you gain the top, it's only 15 ft wide, and you immediately start to descend 2,000 ft. This is dangerous as well as painful, because you get 'laughing knees', and only your prop stick in front of you keeps you from falling headlong. The farther down you go the weaker your knees become, but you don't lie down and die as you feel like doing, you keep resting and going on and on.

At the end of the day, after, say, eight bitter hours of travelling,

you have moved two miles onward, but you have surface walked eight or ten miles, and overhead you can see the planes roaring by, covering in fifteen minutes the distance it takes us five days to do. One of our chaps was a wreck at the finish.

The first night out we slept in a shelter of bushes many thousands of feet up, but none of us could manage sleep. Next day we were caught in a fierce storm, and staggered and slipped through it for two long hours. When we rested, we lay out in puddles in the pouring rain, panting and steaming and wet through in the fullest sense of the words.

But you had to keep going. Everything was wet and heavier now, and although not yet halfway we had to finish that dreadful 2,000 ft climb. At nightfall we staggered into a ramshackle native grass hut. It had no sides, and the rain was driving in on us all night. One of the men sat up all night.

At an altitude of 4,000 ft I lay on the bare ground all night in wet clothes. It was bitterly cold. As soon as we settled down the native rats started. One of them ran across my face and scratched my nostril with his sharp claws. They kept running over my body, and when I dozed off they started nibbling at my hair. The chap next to me had a patch nibbled completely out of his hair by morning.

He was very tired, and I kept waking up and disturbing him. The bugs got to work then and started biting my hips and my ankles, which were itching like fire that night and all next day. By



One of these days we'll get to Kokoda ...

SOLDIER'S GRIM STORY OF THE KOKODA TRAIL

Kokoda was arguably Australia's most significant campaign of WWII. More Australians died in the seven months in 1942 of fighting in Papua, and the Japanese came closer to Australia than in any other campaign.

mid-morning the chap I was with was in a pretty bad way, but we had a twelve-hour stage to do, and we had to keep going. It is usually half a day to climb a ridge and half a day to go down, and we had been doing a ridge a day. Now we had to go down a ridge, up a ridge, and down a ridge again.

It was the cruellest day I've ever spent in my life. Each time I stopped my calves cramped, and by the time I had walked the cramp away I was too tired to go on, and I had to. Then I'd get cramp again.

You might ask why I or anyone else kept going. You keep going because you have to, and because if you stop you stop nowhere, but if you keep going you might get somewhere.

Everybody vows that never, never will he do it again. But there are days of this ahead of us, and the Japanese somewhere beyond.

Gee, this is tough country. The farther you go the tougher it gets, but so long as a chap doesn't get sick he can hang on somehow. And Kokoda is somewhere over those ridges.

All the water has to be carried by hand, and it is very precious. No wood will burn unless it has been roasted over a fire for many hours. So far we haven't been able to live off the country, as it would be like slow suicide. But one of these days we'll get to Kokoda ...

On one section of the track where the country was comparatively easy, a young

AIF sergeant pointed out something to me in a copy of an old newspaper that had drifted around the jungle clearings. On one page was a report of the terrible fighting during the Allied retreat from the Owen Stanleys in the first week of September, when men were dying in this terrible jungle, and native carriers were scaling greasy precipices with clumsy homemade stretchers bearing haggard Australian wounded. On the back of the same sheet was a column of letters to the editor.

'It doesn't worry them much,' he said, pointing to the column of letters. I looked at them over his shoulder. There were seven letters. One was a complaint

that another man in the same business had a petrol ration greater than that allotted to the writer. One condemned morals of soldiers. Two were concerned with the government's ruling on holiday pay for Cup Day. One discussed the latest Mr Ward controversy, and two condemned the single cuff shirt as a false economy.

Well, those things were probably important to the people who wrote them. Nobody had thought the Owen Stanley battle worth writing to the editor about. Or perhaps people who really think about these things don't write letters to editors. ♦

Reprinted from *The Argus* (Melbourne), 9 November 1942
(Photo courtesy AWM)

In Don Wotton's role as environmental planner for Elcom (PNG Power) during the construction phase of the Yonki Dam project from 1990–1996, he engaged local PNG artists to produce brochures to educate villagers as to the impact and dangers of deep water resulting from the flooding of the Arona Valley, murals to combat graffiti on Elcom's property, and posters to illustrate the safe and beneficial uses of electricity. Below he describes the project to educate locals about the dangers of deep water.

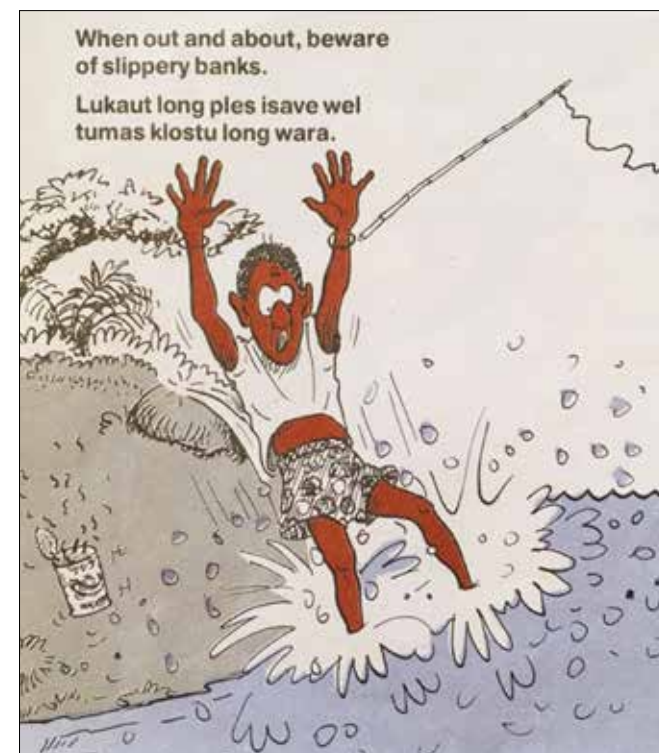
The Yonki Dam Project—Education on the Dangers of Deep Water

DON WOTTON

WORKING AS THE environmental planner employed by Elcom on the Yonki Dam project necessitated much field work among remote villages in the upper Arona Valley in the Eastern Highlands of Papua New Guinea. As I was not then conversant in *Tok Pisin* and the Agarabi and Gadsup peoples only spoke *tok ples* [their village language], the easiest way to communicate and educate was through drawings that graphically described the dangers of deep water. This program was one of many World Bank funding requirements for the project.

Prior to the Yonki Dam construction the villagers could wade across the river, but on completion of the dam they would be living adjacent to a massive lake of considerable breadth and depth.

I collected brochures from the NSW Surf Life Saving Society and then, on the recommendation



of my national colleague, sought out Albert Ipu. Albert, at that time, had his own business Ace's View and was the political cartoonist for the PNG national paper, *Post Courier*.

Together we sat down and redrew all the illustrations (*several reproduced here*) using PNG characters and resources. The posters and brochures were distributed throughout the villages and schools in the Eastern Highlands Province.

When this was completed, a team of national colleagues visited villages in proximity to the shoreline of the lake, which was forming behind the dam. They performed role plays with the villagers on aspects of water safety, based on illustrations in the brochures.

The brochures were well received and as a consequence Albert was given numerous commissions by Elcom in the production of further safety brochures and other illustrated material. ♦



The *Swamp Ghost* was the nickname given to a WWII B17E bomber wreck that was located inland of Dyke Ackland Bay, in the Agaiembo swamp, in today's Oro Province of PNG. The wreck rested approximately halfway along the commercial flight path between Popondetta and Tufi. Before relating my involvement with the *Swamp Ghost* I will outline a brief history of how it got there in the first place.

THE AIRCRAFT, a USAF B17E, serial No.41-2446, took off from Garbutt Airfield (Townsville, Australia) in the early morning hours of 14 February 1942 as part of a nine-bomber raid. Their mission was to bomb shipping in Rabaul's Simpson Harbour, and return via Port Moresby's 7-Mile airfield to refuel before flying back to Townsville. Only five bombers made it to Rabaul, the others aborting.

Over the target, Cpt. Fredrick (Fred) C Eaton (ASN 0395143), the bomber's pilot had to make a second pass due to a problem with the bomb bay, but finally dropped onto a freighter of 10,000 tons. On this second run, an anti-aircraft shell passed through the right wing without exploding. Results of the bombing were hard to observe due to clouds.

Off the target, the bomber was intercepted by A5M Claudes and A6M Zeros over Rabaul, and manoeuvred to escape them. The tail gunner, Sgt John V Hall, ASN 96710161, claimed one Zero shot down at 24,000 feet, after firing a burst of 400 rounds from a range of 200–300 yards. Waist gunner, Sgt Crawford, ASN unknown, claimed two more. Their plane was hit by the attackers' 7.7 mm and 20 mm fire.

After the battle, they flew as far as the north

coast of New Guinea, before running short on fuel. Eaton force-landed in a *kunai* field with the wheels up. He thought it was dry ground but, actually, it was a swamp. As the bomber touched down, it turned slightly, settling in the swampy ground. The crew walked away from the crash site unhurt, but utterly lost in this remote location.

Before leaving the wreck, Bombardier Sgt Richard E Oliver removed the top secret Norden bomb sight, shot it with his pistol and threw it into the swamp. The rest of the B-17 was left intact and undisturbed. The entire crew departed the crash site together, initially towing one of the life rafts with equipment, but soon abandoned it due to the swamp and thick *kunai* grass.

Lost, the crew pushed ahead for days and, at one point, suffering from heat exhaustion and fatigue they considered splitting up, but decided to stay together. Finally, they spotted a native Papua New Guinean and were taken to his village where they were fed and spent the night.

After the crash Australian Resident Magistrate, Alan Champion, at Buna had been told a B17 had gone down in his area and was told to search for the crew. He departed from Gona in a mission launch ►

and searched the area near Oro Bay and the Musa River. Unable to find them, he called into a village and found the crew in their care. The crew of nine were too numerous for his boat and required him to borrow a canoe from the village, to tow everyone back to Buna.

At Buna the crew waited for two weeks until MV *Matura* arrived and transported them from Oro Bay bound for Port Moresby. During their journey the vessel called into Samarai Island and Abau Island before arriving at Port Moresby, on 1 April 1942. In total, it was thirty-six days since their crash landing. Afterwards, the crew was sent to Australia and recovered in hospital, then returned to flying duty. The crew were:

Pilot: Capt. Frederick (Fred) C Eaton Jnr (0395142)
Co-Pilot: Capt. Henry M 'Hotfoot' Harlow (0398714)
Navigator: Lt George B Munroe Jnr (0412187)
Bombardier: Sgt Richard E Oliver (6578837)
Engineer/Top Turret: TSgt CA LeMieux (6558901)
Radio/Gunner: Sgt Howard A Sorensen (6581180)
Waist Gunner: Sgt William E Schwartz (6913702)
Waist Gunner: TSgt R Crawford (ASN unknown)
Tail Gunner: SSgt John V Hall (6710161)

The wreck was 'rediscovered' in 1972 with the help of an Australian army unit carrying out exercises in the area using an Iroquois helicopter. The *Swamp Ghost* nickname was coined by media articles and visitors to the wreck. It is not the aircraft's wartime nickname. The plane was nearly impossible to locate during the 'wet season', due to the high *kunai* grass and being half submerged in swamp water. Few visitors and no grass fires kept the plane in excellent condition

For many years the wreck remained seldom visited and undisturbed apart from my brief visit in 1972, and until 1989 when the US Travis Air Force Base Heritage Centre began to recover it. It was salvaged, though illegally, in 2006 and moved to

Lae wharf where it lay waiting for permission to be transferred to the United States.

By February 2010 the wreck had been released by PNG authorities and taken to the United States. Its final resting place is Hangar 79 at the Pacific Aviation Museum, Pearl Harbor.¹

My involvement with the *Ghost* started in 1972 when I was a patrol officer posted in the Northern District (Oro Province) at Popondetta. The wreck was well known to all of us living and working in the Province at the time. It was visible most times when one flew between Popondetta and Tufi. I had flown over the wreck many times, and had always wanted to visit it on the ground. Although many of my admin patrols took me near the crash site, I never had the time or resources to actually visit the wreck.

My chance finally presented itself in early 1972 when an Australian army unit was carrying out exercises in the area using an Iroquois helicopter. After a few drinks with the chopper pilots and some of the army unit officers in the Popondetta club one night I was able to persuade them to take me, and them, by chopper to visit the crash site. Thus the 'rediscovery' and birth of the *Swamp Ghost*.

When we visited the wreck, and up to well after 1975, the plane was still in incredible condition. All its interior equipment was pre-WWII Air Corps issue. Even the belted .50 calibre ammunition were manufactured in 1933, 1935 and an occasional 1938 round. Airframe corrosion was negligible and no damage aside from bent propellers during crash landing, and some broken Perspex glass. Radios, compasses and guns were still in place. These are depicted by the author of the book, *Pacific Aircraft Wrecks*, after his visit to the wreck in October 1974.

The day we visited the *Ghost* was a fine, sunny, still day and I was excited. I met the pilots early at the chopper parked on the Popondetta oval. We consulted maps, checked needed equipment, agreed on a time schedule and took off. We found the wreck quite easily, and managed to land the chopper on its wing without any difficulty. The B17 total wingspan was nearly thirty-two metres and, between the two engines on each wing, about five metres wide. So, the chopper had plenty of space to land on. Myself and a number of army personnel were left on the wreck while the chopper took off to perform other set tasks. It would return to pick us up in an hour or two.

Without delay we began to explore the wreck and it was certainly big enough to explore. Everything was intact and just as it was left in 1942, apart from a bit of rust here and there. There was about 30 cm of water on the deck, and the tail gun and belly ball turret guns areas were under water and inaccessible, but all other guns and ammunition were in good condition with a fine film of rust where the oil and grease had dried up. The cockpit had all the instruments intact. The turret guns were a little rusty as the Perspex dome covering them was broken. While the army boys were busy removing a couple of items from the instrument panel in the cockpit for their mess, I was exploring the rear of the plane.

I ended up where the radio man, the navigator and the bombardier were usually stationed. The bombsight was gone, but above the radioman's desk I found two twin-mounted Browning .50 cal machine guns which were retracted, so completely protected from the weather. On the deck beneath them was a metal box containing a continuous belt of .50 cal ammunition. The box was a type of magazine that was clipped onto the side of the guns when firing. The two guns were attached to a gimbal mount that allowed the guns to be moved in and out of the hatch and aimed up, down, left and right. These were in excellent condition and I was even able to cock them while still in their mount.

Along the port bulkhead inside the fuselage was a compartment about 180 cm long, 80 cm high and 20 cm wide full of endless belts of .50 cal ammunition. These were badly rusted and when I picked up a handful the links fell apart. But I still had the metal magazine box I could use.

I was able to remove these guns and ammunition from the wreck and take back to Popondetta with me. I kept one of the guns for many years and it went with me to all my PNG postings and, eventually, back to Australia with us when I went *pinis*. The other gun I sent to Kokoda sub-district office to be added to the 'trail' wartime memorabilia held there.

In 1992, back in Australia, my house was broken into and along with other household items the machine gun was stolen. Before I knew it I was being charged with possessing an illegal firearm. Luckily no conviction was recorded, but I had to make a hefty donation to the poor box. However, I

was working for the Australian Customs Service at the time and when Internal Affairs got wind of the matter they investigated me to ensure I had not used my position as a customs officer to facilitate the importation of the weapon. Fortunately, I was able to prove that when the gun entered Australia I was not a customs officer and all was forgiven.

Subsequently, the gun was recovered and during my court appearance I asked the magistrate to make a court order that it be donated to the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, and that is where it is now, rusting in peace. ♦

Further facts on the plane can be obtained from, these links:

<https://www.warhistoryonline.com/whotube-2/b-17-swamp-ghost.html>

<https://www.pacificwrecks.com/aircraft/b-17/41-2446.html>

<https://www.huffpost.com/entry/swamp-ghost-pearl-harbor>
www.bomber-hawaii_n_56200556e4b0c5a1ce62a803

Endnotes

- 1 Kenneth DeHoff, the Pacific Aviation Museum's executive director of operations, has called the *Swamp Ghost* a national treasure. 'It's one of those first-time original airplanes,' he told *The Huffington Post* in 2015. 'I'm just in awe.' *Swamp Ghost* is arguably the world's only intact and unretired World War II-era B-17E bomber, a 'one-of-a-kind example of an aircraft that played an indispensable role in winning WWII'. And it is the only B-17 in the world that still bears its battle scars. 'This airplane was such a fortress,' DeHoff said. 'We counted 121 bullet holes in it.'



The *Swamp Ghost* on display in Hawaii (top) and one of the guns recovered from the plane (below)



Be Prepared for the Unexpected

BELINDA MACARTNEY

When you get off the plane at the airport in Port Moresby, you're met with a large sign welcoming you to the 'land of the unexpected'. It's a phrase used often in relation to PNG but I was reminded of it first-hand when I revisited the city after a long absence.

Belinda at the Crystal Rapids (top) and the welcome home at the airport (below)

AS PAST EDITOR of the PNGAA's journal, I can reflect on many happy moments, but the following experience proved to be particularly rewarding. How it all came about is another story but essentially it was a chance meeting in 2017 with Don Wotton, a Brisbane-based philanthropic benefactor and curator of Papua New Guinea contemporary art. Eighteen months after that meeting, I found myself travelling to Port Moresby to assist with his 2019 exhibition; I had last seen this town as a young twenty-year old and I was very keen to see my childhood haunts one more time.

On arrival at Port Moresby airport I was surprised by the sight of two Huli Warriors in full ceremonial dress holding a three-metre-long handwritten sign saying 'WELCOME HOME BELINDA'. The unexpected 'meet and greet' caught me totally by surprise, but I soon realised Don's hand must have been involved in arranging the welcoming party. My hosts graciously agreed to show me the places of my childhood and the first afternoon Gima Segore took me on a tour around the suburb of Boroko—to the street where my family had lived, the primary school I had attended, and the hospital where my mother had worked.

The neat, well-cared for 'public service' house that had been our home was not recognisable and the street seemed so much shorter than the long, dusty stretch I would ride on my push bike visiting neighbourhood friends. The Boroko Shopping Centre hosts Port Moresby's main handicrafts market in the centre of the old square. However, many companies which once operated grocery supermarkets, furniture stores, restaurants and other social centres have moved away from Boroko in recent years, and many buildings in the old commercial centre are now empty and abandoned.

Surprisingly, the park was still there as was the kindergarten at the end of the road! Arriving at Coronation Elementary School after hours, I found there were a few students still around and I thought I should explain myself. I was quickly shown to the Administration Office and introduced to the principal. He and I sat in a small room, crammed with the messy paraphernalia of any hard-working school principal, discussing the changes in curriculum and resources since I had been there. On leaving I proudly signed the visitors' book as 'ex-student', sweetly acknowledged by shy giggles emanating from a few curious onlookers, who had gathered to see what the fuss was about.

Then on to the hospital where my mother had worked in the pathology laboratory as a biochemist; I had spent many hours there after school while I waited for her to finish work. Once the Port Moresby General Hospital, the old wooden buildings were now the Division of Obstetrics and Gynaecology, University of Papua New Guinea. Trusting my instincts, I asked a passer-by 'Can you tell me where the old 'path lab' might have been?' 'Yes. You're right here!' he explained and shook my hand warmly. He

was one of the resident gynaecologists and I thought how much my mother would have supported these developments.

Days later I was taken to Konedobu where my father worked in the Lands Office as PNG's Senior Surveyor and to the Koki markets and Hanuabada village. Again, all these places were changed out of any recognition. In particular, I was alarmed at the amount of plastic debris floating around the stilt houses over the water, but impressed by the re-located Koki Fish Market and its amazing choice of seafood.

At no point during my visit was I disappointed to find things so different from the past ... rather I had a great urgency to find out about the present. Since coming back, I have often been asked 'Did I feel safe?'. Absolutely!

For one week I was looked after like an APEC VIP guest. There was no chauffeured Maserati for me but by day I was with Albert Ipu at the wheel of his parish people-mover or with Don on a PMV local bus, and by night I shared stories at cocktail hour with my host at the Holiday Inn, Robert Coates and over dinner with PNGAA colleague Roy Ranney as we caught Phil Gia's final moments for the Australian Wallabies rugby team on a large television screen in a busy night spot (certainly unexpected!). However, I suspect it was the large pewter crucifix superglued to the dashboard of the parish van that gave me the faith to believe I would be safe. And I was!

The other place I was keen to see was out of town at Sogeri, but that would come later. First there was the matter of meeting the artists.

As luck would have it, the Holiday Inn was the perfect place to stay as the artists we had come to meet would set up daily in the street adjacent to the hotel entrance. Seeing Don negotiate with artists on the streets, patiently helping them to understand the nature of a gallery exhibition space as different from the dusty tourist markets, and the trust they showed by handing over their canvasses for him to take 'south' on consignment were all part of this extraordinary adventure.

As my time came to an end, I was glad to be taken to visit Albert's family in their home at Nine Mile. It was all smiles at the settlement SP Beer Shop where I was asked to pose behind the security grill as barmaid; given social media I'm not even thinking about where that image could end up!

One last place I was keen to see was Crystal Rapids—now a well-patronised picnic spot but for me the site of a family weekend that my father had built away from the heat and humidity of Port Moresby. I still recall the wide-eyed look of the traditional landowner, Bobby, when I arrived with my surveyor father's old title deeds to the property. Fortunately, I also had the paperwork passing the deed to another 'owner' and was keen to assure Bobby I held no claim over his rightful ownership of this lovely spot!

On our return to Brisbane, we were assisted through customs by a helpful officer enquiring about our rolls of painted canvasses and suitcases bulging with string *bilums*. Thankfully the dopey beagles were not at all interested! The 2019 exhibition was a success for Don and his artists. For me, what more can I say but that I was certainly not prepared for the unexpected joy of this visit—to a place I will forever remember so fondly. Thank you, PNG! ♦

POST SCRIPT

My grateful thanks to PNGAA member, Ally Martell, who put me in touch with Robert Coates, Holiday Inn and InterContinental Hotels Group (IHG) PNG Area general manager, and to his caring staff at the Holiday Inn Express for their hospitality during my visit. Note, this stay was personally funded.



The Coronation Elementary School (top) and Hanuabada village (below)



Gemo Island Hospital: In the Beginning

MYRA MACEY

In 1937, English nurse Constance Fairhall, known to her colleagues as Paul, started a hospital for tuberculosis and leprosy on an island in Port Moresby harbour called Hanudamava, better known as Gemo.

IN 1934, the London Missionary Society (LMS) had appointed Paul to work in Papua. She held clinics in the group of villages known as Hanuabada, close to Port Moresby. Paul observed a high incidence of tuberculosis and leprosy. Due to weakness and deformity, people with these diseases were unable to join in community work such as gardening, fishing and building projects, so they were left at home minding the children. Paul realised that caring in isolation was needed. The barren island in the harbour was suitable.

Representatives of government and mission negotiated with the twenty-nine landowners hoping they would agree to sell. Instead, to Paul's amazement, the people replied: *'If the hospitals are to be for us we will give the island unconditionally for fifty years'*. Thirty-seven years later, the same authorities of church and government returned the island to the owners, though it took the community some time to sort out just who were the owners!

In the 1930s administration of the Territory was simple. By visiting Government House, Paul got agreement from Lieutenant-Governor Sir Hubert Murray, and he sent his carpenters to build the hospital. There was a complication when the two buildings were built side-by-side. So Paul went back

to Government House. These are the words from her book, *Where Two Tides Meet*:

I was summoned into the presence of His Excellency. Uncurling his long legs, and looking at me from beneath his drooping eyelids, with sleepy eyes that yet see so much, Sir Hubert Murray said, 'I hear you are not satisfied.' I explained my dilemma, 'What do you want, another hospital?' I walked down HE's beautiful drive singing!

I have it on good authority that tea was served on visits to Government House and milk, in Territory style, was taken from the condensed milk tin, with toothpicks in two holes!

There were two wards for tuberculosis at the wharf end and one, for leprosy, a few hundred yards away. There was risk of patients with the two diseases living close, but it was a step in better care.

The rocky, almost treeless, hummock of 128 acres was about a mile and a half long, and three miles around its shore. In December 1936, Paul described it thus:

The Island is very beautiful in some ways. For almost eight months of the year the wind blows in from the sea, which helps in this climate. If we turn round we face the mountains, and sometimes in the hot wet season the wind blows straight across from them. The water around the island is lovely and calm for fishing, and so clear and clean that the villagers have long held the belief that if you bathe in the water after being ill, you receive back your strength. Sometimes the captain of a passing trading canoe will order his men to bathe there that they might be strong for the voyage. A pool of Siloam. It augurs well for the future.

The only flat land on Gemo was at the end where tidal changes created a pebble spit pointing towards the nearby mainland hills and Napa Napa Bay. The other side of the island faced Port Moresby and Paga Hill across three miles of sea. Hanuabada and a number of other villages hug the shore within the harbour. ▶

Continued on page 28



Gemo Hospital, and Sister Constance 'Paul' Fairhall (top)



**Kina Awai
from Baluan
in the
Admiralties
War Hero and a
Man for All Seasons
ELIZABETH THURSTON**

Kina was born on Baluan Island in the Admiralties, and for as long as I can remember this proud and charismatic man had been a player in many of the adventurous, larger-than-life, stories told to me by my father-in-law, Jack Thurston. Jack and Kina shared a lifelong bond as they had been through many tough times together—before, during and after the war—and life without the other was inconceivable.

UNDER THE GERMAN OCCUPATION, Kina was recruited to work on the copra plantations on Manus Island. The Germans were harsh taskmasters, but Kina's life was about to change when he met Jack Thurston, who had arrived in New Guinea in 1924. Jack was posted to Kavieng with the government but two years later he left the Administration and Kina became attached to him when he was mate on the *Meklong*, which belonged to WR Carpenter. Jack was involved in many ventures and, in 1926, he acquired land on the south coast of New Britain through Phebe Parkinson and this became Drina Plantation.

Not content to stay put on Drina, Jack, accompanied by Kina, set off to prospect for gold in the Nakanai mountains with Dyson Hore-Lacy. They came into the area on the heels of a syndicate led by ex-patrol officer, Ginger Nicholls, also looking for gold. The party had upset the local Nakanais who raided their camp and killed four of them: Collins, Fisher, Marlay and Page. It became known as the Nakanai Uprising.

Jack was unaware of the hostility he'd walked into, and was sitting by the campfire one night cleaning his Colt when the locals attacked. Out of the darkness a spear pierced through his left thigh and into his right leg. Jack fired a couple of shots into the night and, in searing pain, he crawled out of the hut and broke the spear himself. Unable to walk, it was Kina who carried him out of the bush and down to the coast on a three-day trek.

Fast forward to 1935 and Jack, always ▶



Betty and young Jack Thurston were evacuated by Kevin Parer from the Sepik (top); Jack Thurston (below); Kina at Number One Gold in the Sepik (previous page)
Photos Jack Thurston

looking for opportunities, had taken out a lease prospecting gold in the Sepik with the Tudors. Kina was with them to supervise camp duties. When the Japanese invaded PNG in early 1942 there were no plans in place to evacuate civilians from Wewak. Kevin Parer had flown Jack's wife, Betty, and young Jackie down to Lae when all the Australian women and children were ordered to leave New Guinea just before Christmas in 1941, but the European men were left to their own resources.

Jack having served in the First World War was too old to enlist, but was eventually commissioned into the RAAF and provided intelligence to the United States armed forces because of his knowledge of the islands. In April 1942, with

no escape routes available from Wewak, he was instructed by DO Jones to lead a party of European men to the headwaters of the Sepik River, across the backbone of unknown PNG and down the Fly River to the Papuan coast. This epic journey began in April 1942 and finished in September at Daru.

Kina was supposed to accompany the party, but he was ill with dysentery and malaria at the time. However, Jack convinced Kina that the Australian forces would arrive and drive the Japanese out of New Guinea. He instructed him to help them when they came. 'You be spy,' he said.

Kina was captured by the Japanese and along with 200 others from Maprik, he was taken to Muschu Island, ten miles off the north coast. Remembering Jack's words, Kina toiled for two years as a slave for his cruel captors—all the while plotting his revenge. He kept his plans to himself as local islanders were friendly with the Japs and had become collaborators betraying mainlanders who criticised them. He saw many of his countrymen beheaded or mutilated.

By late 1944 Kina's patience and obedience were rewarded. Being a skilled boatman, he was given a job as a canoe courier between Muschu and Kairiru Island, which was also held by the Japanese. While delivering the enemy messages, he learnt that the Australian Infantry Forces (AIF) were pushing back the Japanese, and would soon be making an assault on the north coast. Early in 1945 with the AIF only sixty miles away, Kina decided it was time to join them or die in the attempt.

One night he stole a large canoe and with ten native women—who were all wives of the Maprik men the Japanese had butchered—and two children they set out for the mainland. Under cover of darkness, the group paddled for twenty hours before they reached the coast north of Wewak. Kina hid the women and children in the jungle and then, skirting Japanese machine-gun posts, he met up with forward patrols from the Sixth Division.

Kina had a plan. He told them the Japanese would be retreating to Muschu and he knew where their powerful gun emplacements were hidden in the valley. He insisted if the Australians could take him in one of their bombers, he would show them where the guns were.

A special correspondent from the *Sydney Morning Herald* later reported the story:

The AIF handed Kina over to the RAAF and from a Beaufort bomber he waged his own section of the New Guinea campaign. The RAAF crew strapped a Mae West life jacket around his torso and allowed him to sit behind the machine gun in the nose of the plane while he directed the pilot to the hidden gun positions.

At treetop level over Muschu, the navigator tried to shove Kina aside in order to operate the gun, but he would not budge. When they were right on target the air crew knew why. Kina was an expert marksman and he knew as much about guns as they. He also had a grudge to settle. While the Japs scattered from the plane's bombs, Kina mowed them down. In three runs over their positions he killed at least 200 Japs.

The RAAF gave him full written credit for his performance.

Commonwealth of Australia May 28, 1945

This is to certify that the Manus native Kina recently escaped from Muschu Island this day flew as a crew member in Beaufort Aircraft A9-647 for the purpose of locating enemy targets on Muschu and Kairiru Islands ... During the flight of two and a half hours, he successfully operated the nose guns of the aircraft, firing approximately 2000 rounds of .303 ball and tracer in strafing runs against enemy positions.

Signed JOF Barton, Wing-Cmdr, RAAF

The Australian government added further recognition of Kina's services when it named one of the Commonwealth Shipping Board's island workboats, *Kina*, in his honour.

After the war, Jack and Kina were reunited. It had been an extraordinary and brutal chapter in the history of the country, and many acts of unyielding bravery exhibited by Papua Niuginians throughout that time will sadly never be told.

Kina and Jack remained a formidable team for the rest of Jack's life. Both were strong willed, enterprising and independent: it was truly a partnership of equals. Whether it was on one of Jack's plantations or one of his cargo ships, Kina was never far away. He often accompanied Jack and Betty to Sydney, where he was a familiar sight crewing boats around Rose Bay and Vaucluse.

One of my cherished memories of Kina is watching a video of the Royal Wedding between Charles and Diana at the family home in Rabaul. The two of us sat up late into the night surrounded by Kina's royal memorabilia brought out for this auspicious occasion. They were kept in a special box



Kina in his Mae West with the crew of the Beaufort Bomber (top); Ben, Kina and Kanaui—Kina is dressed in 'Royal' regalia for the Queen's Rabaul visit in 1974 (below)

along with the books Betty had given him. Kina knew the names and rank of all the guests in the wedding party. The Queen's visit to Rabaul on the *Britannia* in 1974 had been one of the highlights of his life.

Jack and Betty died in 1985 within six weeks of each other. Kina continued to live in the house in Rabaul, but he never truly recovered from the loss of Masta Jack and Betty. He died in the hospital in Nonga after an extraordinary life lived to the full. He never considered himself a hero, but when the chips were down, Kina had risked his life for his country, the Commonwealth and his Queen. May his legacy live on with those of us fortunate enough to have known him. ♦

Gemo Hospital: In the Beginning

Continued from page 24

There was no road around the thirty miles. All transport was by sea.

The island had a unique life during thirty-seven years. Not only did it serve the people of Hanuabada, but patients from all over Papua New Guinea were treated there. The general hospital and medical school of Port Moresby brought students to learn, and streams of visitors, at times the bane of our life, but giving a better understanding of tuberculosis and leprosy.

The staff lived on the island with families growing up in this environment, educated at the same school as patients; the lifestyle that evolved was a microcosm of what was happening in Papua and New Guinea over the years. Students of Gemo school went on to higher education and university and some played leading roles in the formation of the nation of Papua New Guinea that was born on 16 September 1975, just a year after Gemo closed.

Paul's hospital was a combined project between LMS and the Administration. On 5 October 1937, an assortment of small craft sailed from Hanuabada to Gemo and Paul, and her small team, settled in to the daunting task ahead. The early days are chronicled in her book, *Where Two Tides Meet*. The tides meet in the spit of land where the first wards were built. It was Paul's hope 'that the tide of suffering and superstition would meet the tide of healing and love'.

Paul's drive, impulsiveness, pioneering spirit and adventurous faith led the small community of patients, relatives and staff through the years from

1937 to 1941. Fear of separation from the community, and the realisation that they might not recover were uppermost in many patients' minds. With no specific treatments, hygiene and a healthy diet played a big part. The waters around the island were rich in fish and shellfish. Basic rations were provided, but so, too, was a fishing line and even those too ill to walk could dangle a line from the verandah, or drop it through the holes in the floor, conveniently cut at intervals for sweeping and washing. There could be no boasting about the size of the catch when it had to come through a small hole!

Dressings were removed and burned on the shore and sores bathed in the sea. Toilets and showers were cubicles at the seaward end of the wards. The Administration doctor from Port Moresby visited periodically. There was school, handcraft activities, making things that could be used in the hospital, sports, games, music, prayers and Bible study, and despite the suffering, disabilities and death there was a spirit of happiness. Gemo earned the name Happy Island and the name stuck through good times and bad.

By December 1941 the Japanese had invaded New Guinea and were making inroads into Papua. The Owen Stanley Range that forms the ridge between Papua in the south and New Guinea in the north was proving a formidable barrier. A war was being waged between foreign forces and the local people were caught in the midst. Villagers were evacuated for safety. Papuans learned to eat rice as their staple diet. 'Raisi mo ianina lalo a hesikiu' is still a popular song and means 'I am tired of eating only rice'.

Gemo was vulnerable and had to be closed. Patients and staff went home, which meant the inevitable spread of the diseases. A few leprosy patients remained in a shack on the hill. Australian and Allied forces used Gemo as a base hospital. Paul spent time in Australia as an army nurse but her one aim was to return to Gemo which, I believe, is now involved in the LNG harbour terminal.

Constance Fairhall had three small books published by the London Missionary Society during her time in Papua. Copies may be in the PNGAA Collection. They are: *Where Two Tides Meet*, *Island of Happiness* and *Some Shape of Beauty*. ♦

Myra Macey lived in PNG from 1960 to 1982. In 2009 Myra published a book: *Gemo, a Happy Island in the Sun*.

Family Farm to PNG Development Bank—Story of a Didiman

MURROUGH BENSON—Part Four

February 1968 saw me back in Kundiawa, administrative centre of the Chimbu District, after my first leave of three months. I actually returned about a week earlier than originally planned, constrained by a broken wrist in plaster and seeking relief from heatwave conditions in Victoria. Having run out of money was a contributing factor too! I had even had to resort to selling my prized short-wave radio to cover the budget.

THE HOUSE I shared in Kundiawa was located directly across the road from the Chimbu Club, renowned for the annual Chimbu Ball, a rollicking weekend-long annual event that drew people from near and far. At other times there was a succession of events, including regular movie screenings that provided plenty of social outlet. Also very strategically located, next door was *haus sista* where four nursing sisters lived. Two of them worked in the hospital caring for the multitude of medical conditions that came their way, and the other two spent much of their time on the road conducting maternal and child health clinics in the villages of the District.

Houseboys did a wonderful job looking after the various household chores, sometimes in rather trying circumstances. I recall one particular dinner offering at my place that didn't reflect particularly well on the attention of us two bachelors to keeping the pantry and fridge well stocked: nothing but a

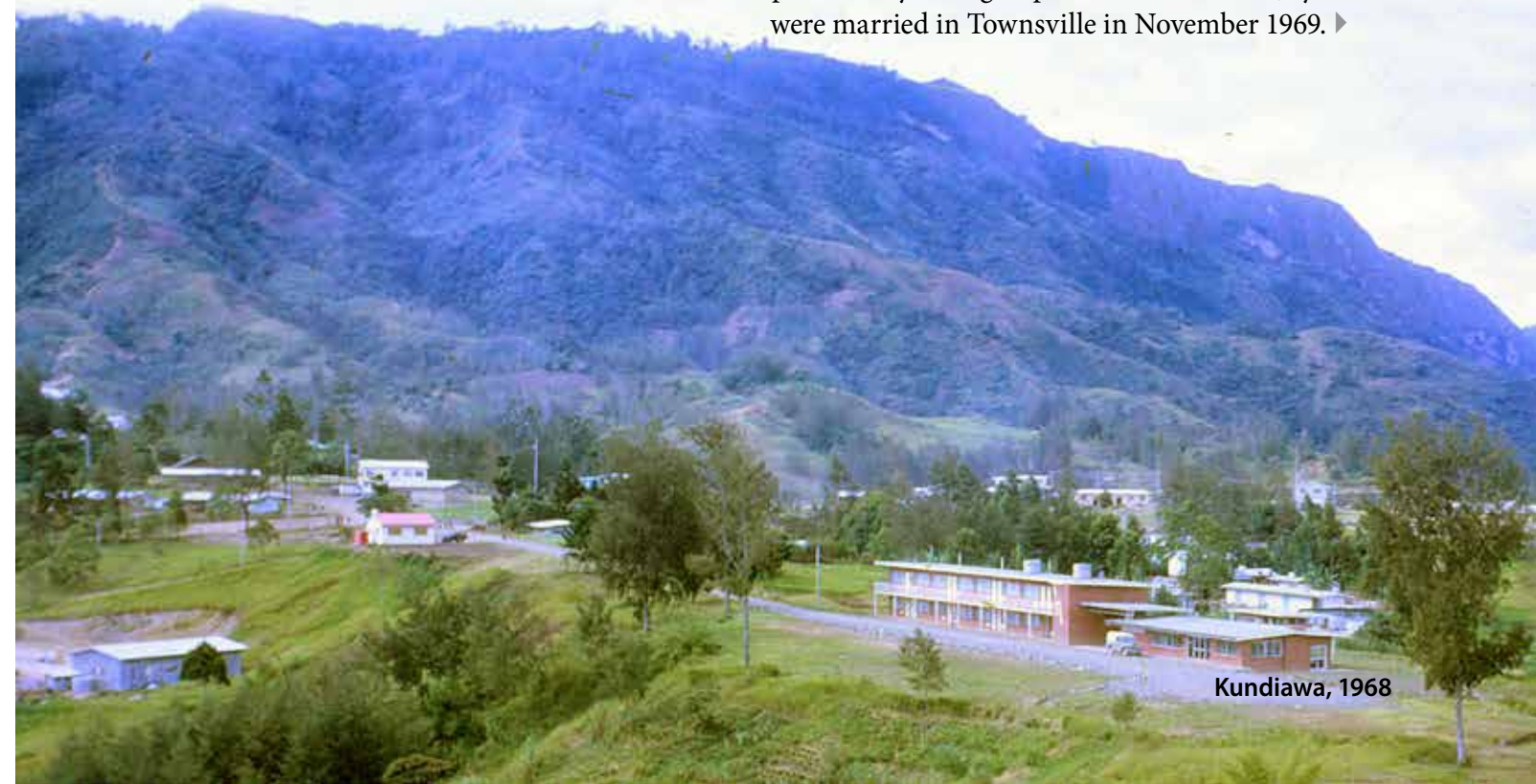
piece of grilled tripe in the middle of the dinner plate. Message received loud and clear!

The houseboys had their fun, too. Mekeso, who worked for me and my housemate, and Edward, who looked after *haus sista*, liked to play cards (*ple laki*), which just happened to be illegal. The venue was usually Edward's house and, from time to time, they were raided by the police and finished up in the lock up for the night. Usually someone would be alerted to their absence in the morning when Edward's wife, Maria, was asked where the breakfast was at *haus sista*. Someone would then go and bail out the miscreants and normal life would resume—until the next time!

As well as being obliged to patronise the local club, it also seemed that one should do the right thing and get to know one's neighbours. It was therefore not unusual to gravitate to *haus sista*. The social scene was therefore pretty much set for the next two years. One of the 'girls next door' made a particularly strong impression on me, and Joy and I were married in Townsville in November 1969. ▶



Hanudamava Island, better known as Gemo Island



Kundiawa, 1968



Haus Didiman at Kundiawa (top);
Plenty of manpower for road and bridge repairs (middle)
and the Gembogl Road (bottom)

In the first instalment of my story (in the June 2019 issue of *Una Voce*) I outlined the range of activities that kept a *didiman* busy around Kundiawa so I won't repeat them here. One interesting diversion was a cattle disease eradication campaign. This program involved accompanying a vet in a helicopter to visit all the cattle projects in the area and test the animals that the owners had been asked to contain in their yards beforehand. Needless to say, this was a far quicker way of covering the territory than the usual many hours, even days, of walking.

For a time I also had to cover at Gembogl for a colleague who was on leave, and who was then transferred to the fledgling oil palm development in West New Britain. Gembogl was about thirty miles north of Kundiawa, an 'interesting' two-hour drive—on a good day, that is, without punctures, breakdowns, bridge repairs or landslips. In wet weather it was sometimes necessary to call on some local manpower to help you up the steeper sections. Manpower was never an issue in that quite densely populated area and a few sticks of twist tobacco or a bit of salt was usually all that was required in payment, cash being of limited use to many of the people.

The main task at Gembogl was to look after the regular buying of pyrethrum. Being at a considerably higher altitude than the rest of Chimbu District, the Gembogl Sub-District

produced much more pyrethrum than elsewhere. The country was particularly rugged, lying in the foothills of PNG's highest peak, Mt Wilhelm (14,793 feet), and 'eye-level gardening' was pretty much the norm; flat land was certainly at a premium.

Along with a British medical student friend, Joy and I attempted to climb Mt Wilhelm in 1969. Setting off from Keglsugl airstrip, at an altitude of 8,300 feet, on the first day we walked as far as one of the lakes. The view from the hut where we spent the night was spectacular, looking across the lake to the rugged mountain beyond. There was not a cloud in the sky but the altitude of 11,000 feet or more meant it was fairly brisk and attempts to dry our saturated boots and socks largely failed. Trying to get a fire going in the thinner atmosphere was also a challenge, not helped by the lack of dry kindling and wood.

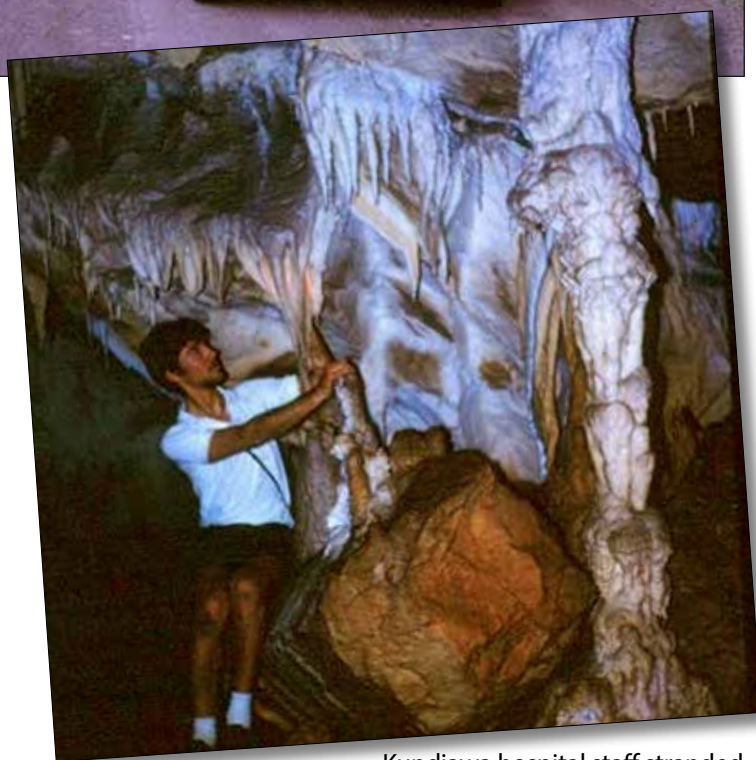
Undaunted, we set off again in the morning, walking through the soggy surrounds of the lake and across numerous icy small streams. After a couple of hours, Joy and I decided to call it a day, reasoning that our time could be better spent trying to organise a bit of a meal and a nice warm cup of coffee for our friend when he returned from his trek to the top. I don't recall how successful we were in our efforts, but our friend did get to the peak and back safely, albeit not without some scary moments of disorientation in the rarefied atmosphere near the top. He readily acknowledged, later, that walking up by himself was not the most sensible thing to do, but he did have the satisfaction of reaching the top. We were a little disappointed not to be able to make it all the way up, but it was nevertheless a great experience.

Shortly after I arrived in Kundiawa a new DASF office was built just down the road from the District Office. In not much more than a year, however, the office burnt down. My housemate woke me early one morning and, pointing across the valley towards the town centre, asked if the flames on the ridge were coming from my office. They were! So it was back to square one on the office front, not that I ever spent a great deal of time there. My main regret was that my tyre levers had been lost in the blaze; you could get by without an office, but no tyre levers on the Chimbu roads could be much more of an inconvenience.

Everyone worked hard but that didn't stop us ►



Keglsugl airstrip—stepping off point for Mt Wilhelm climb (top); Spectacular views a reward for effort at the halfway point on Mt Wilhelm (middle) and new DASF building at Kundiawa, before and after the fire (bottom)



Kundiawa hospital staff stranded in the Markham Valley (top); Markham Valley—a long way from Lae for parts but two doctors keeping the vehicle mobile (middle) and exploring the Chimbu caves (bottom)

having a lot of fun as well. Apart from our trek up Mt Wilhelm—and, yes, with the benefit of hindsight that does qualify as ‘fun’—a couple of times a group of us chartered the locally-based TAL Cessna 206 for a weekend of R&R at Madang. It was only about a half-hour flight from Kundiawa but what a wonderful place and a whole world away from our Highland home.

Another trip saw seven or eight of us pack into a ute hired from a local mission and drive down to Lae for the weekend; at least that was the intention. Breaking down in the middle of the Markham Valley on our way home and me having to hitch a ride back to Lae for parts put paid to any ideas we had of getting back in time for work on Monday. To put it mildly, the doctors in charge of the Kundiawa Hospital were less than impressed with having to cope with a severely depleted workforce that day, being down one doctor, one medical student and three sisters!

Closer to home, from time to time we would explore caves about half an hour out of town, slipping and sliding our way down through a *kaukau* (sweet potato) garden to reach the entrance just above the river. Further downstream, the Chimbu River, running along the bottom of *banis didiman* (the agricultural station), was also a good place to *gumi* (float on inner tubes)—as long as you avoided the raging torrent that the Chimbu could become after heavy rain.

My time in Kundiawa also saw me make a brief foray into the world of journalism. Our lounge room was home to the ‘printing press’—a borrowed Gestetner duplicating machine. With help from a number of other people, my housemate and I published a number of issues of the *Kundiawa Organ*, touching on a range of topics of local interest. Unfortunately, one article too many touched a little close to the bone and complaints from the manager of the Transport Department led to the demise of this august publication. It seems that people being offended is not a recent phenomenon!

The next instalment of my story will take us to a new posting with DASF in the Gulf District, quite different to the Highlands and, as it turned out, the catalyst for a career change to the PNG Development Bank and lots of exciting new experiences and opportunities for us both. ♦



Una Voce’s ‘Correspondent from the Northern Territory’: Jim Toner, BEM

James Bernard Toner was born on 7 January 1930 at North Wembley, Middlesex, England and passed away on 6 November 2019, just two months shy of his ninetieth birthday.

AFTER COMPLETING SECONDARY school, he served two years in the British Army—one year of which he spent at a posting in the Swiss Alps. After his discharge from the army he obtained a teaching qualification from Strawberry Hill Teachers College and then taught the fifth grade for a year or so.

Concluding that teaching was not for him and, against his parents’ will, in 1956 he decided to head for Australia. After he attended some events at the Melbourne Olympics, he secured a job as a tram conductor in that city.

In 1957 he responded to an advertisement for work in what was then the Territory of Papua and New Guinea (TP & NG) and, after an orientation course at the Australian School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA), found himself in Mendi as the District Clerk of the fledgling Southern Highlands District. Jim excelled in this role, providing extensive administrative support to Des Clancy, Ron Neville and other kiaps in all the then Southern Highland Province sub-districts. This role included many roles—stores manager, postmaster, treasury officer and bank manager. His widow, Mary, reflected he had to cope with testy tribesmen who could not withdraw cash from their account because they had forgotten their ‘hide name’ (password for illiterate people). After several years at Mendi, Jim was transferred to Rabaul where he worked with Jack Emanuel and the New Britain team.

In 1965 he transferred to Port Moresby to take up a position with the Australian National University (ANU). It was at the ANU Research Unit in Port Moresby, where Jim was the ‘Field Manager’, that he met PhD student, Mary Rogers, from North Carolina. Mary was undertaking an anthropology project at Bundi in the Madang District to complete her doctorate for the University of North Carolina. Mary sought a meeting with Jim at the ANU

Research Unit in Waigani for advice on living in the PNG bush, including the building of a latrine. Jim was amused but phoned her the next day for a date to watch the film, *Alice Doesn’t Live Here Anymore*. Years later he admitted to Mary that he had worked for hours to find the right venue that would appeal to her before ringing. If he had only known Mary would probably have been happy to watch any movie.

Mary and Jim were married in Port Moresby at a civil ceremony celebrated by District Commissioner Kingsley Jackson on 15 October 1971, at the Boroko Country Women’s Association meeting house. Fearing the Devil would get his soul, Jim persuaded Mary to also participate in a church wedding at the Catholic Mission Chapel at Bundi five months later. It must have brought good luck, as they were happily married for nearly fifty years at the time of Jim’s death.

In 1973 the ANU transferred Jim to Darwin to establish the North Australian Research Unit, where he remained until his retirement in 1993. In Darwin, Jim was awarded the British Empire Medal (BEM) for services to education.

Whilst Jim had been out of PNG for forty-six years he always had a fondness and love for PNG and its people. He always maintained contact with wantoks and attended almost every annual PNG Independence Celebration in Darwin. He certainly cherished the occasional SP when visitors from PNG turned up at his door with a six-pack of Greenies.

He was *Una Voce*’s ‘Correspondent from the NT’, keeping all the readers up to date with Northern Territory matters from 1989 through to 2016. This clever, highly-intelligent, man will be missed by all. ♦

MARY TONER

JIM TONER: Chief Clerk, District Office, Mendi 1957–59; District Office, Rabaul 1960–64; Field Manager, New Guinea Research Unit (ANU), Port Moresby 1965–73 See also:

<https://pngaa.org/site/blog/article/vales-march-2020/>

Misima After Thirty Years

DERYCK THOMPSON

In 2018 I was working in Papua New Guinea and, on one of my field breaks, I met my wife, Dymrna, in Moresby and we made a short visit to Misima Island, in the Milne Bay Province, where we had lived for two years in the late 1980s.



AT 7.45 AM ON 30 MARCH we checked in at the PNGAir desk to catch the 9.10 am flight to Gurney and Misima. We thought that we had arrived in good time to check in, but the check-in person advised us that the flight was full. We protested, and the manager appeared and said that there was one seat available and therefore one of us could travel.

After some negotiations, including pointing out that we had paid for our tickets in November the previous year, the manager went into the departure lounge and persuaded two ticketed passengers to surrender their seats. They came to the check-in counter to get re-ticketed, so we were able to talk with them and we thanked them and gave them K100 for their inconvenience.

Soon after we took off in a PNGAir Dash 8, fully loaded with thirty-six passengers. Upon landing at Gurney, we Misima passengers, thirty of us, were told to disembark and go into the terminal. There we were advised that there was bad weather at Misima and that we would have to wait for a weather report.

Most of the passengers were men from Misima who were working at Lihir and Simberi mines fly in-fly out (FIFO). The PNGAir ground staff handled the situation very well saying, 'You are all miners and we understand that you want to get home to see your families on Misima, but this is a matter of safety and you all understand the importance of safety. We need to make sure that it is safe for you and our aircraft to land at Misima so we need to get an airstrip report first.'

Everyone was quite happy with that—no doubt

thinking about the Cessna Citation that had crashed on Misima airstrip in bad weather in 2010 and killed four passengers.

Several minutes later an airstrip report was received and we took off and finally landed on Misima at 12.15 pm. I was happy to arrive in Misima safely but I did notice that there was no rain about and that the airstrip was not wet.

We were met at the airstrip by Bill and Sandra Callister who, after forty years on Misima with the Summer Institute of Linguistics translating the Bible, were preparing to finally 'Go finish'. We then spent five fabulous days with Bill and Sandra in Siagara village, on the north coast of Misima Island, and managed to catch up with many old Misima friends, including Salot Imatana and family, Poate Edoni and family (*pictured above*), Naomi Collins and Diba Samano.

One aspect we enjoyed was walking over the old mine road from Gulewa to Eaius, now mostly overgrown, and driving through the famous Gama Gama Yowa tunnel on the south coast.

All too quickly it was time to depart, and early on Tuesday, 27 March we departed Siagara by vehicle for the airstrip at Bwagaoia Station. It was a beautifully clear morning and at 9.30 am we checked in to catch our PNGAir flight back to the outside world.

There was no mobile coverage at Bwagaoia that morning and so we sat around in the heat and waited— but the aircraft never arrived. No one knew what was happening because the PNGAir ground staff had no radio communications with Gurney.

Finally, at 2 pm, the Digicel mobile network started working. The PNGAir ground staff rang Gurney on their mobile phones and were told that when our aircraft had landed at Gurney, they had called Misima for a strip report and, as they could not get one, the aircraft turned around and went back to POM.

This lack of communication happened because PNGAir apparently does not have an independent radio network and relies on the Digicel network to communicate with their ground staff. Normally, the next flight out of Misima would have been on the following Thursday but, because of the FIFO miners, PNGAir decided to put on a special flight the following day and so we were all booked onto that. With some considerable difficulty we then had to rebook our Moresby to Cairns tickets and spend the night at the Misima Guest House, which was managed very pleasantly by Violet, the eldest daughter of Salot Imatana.

The following day we checked in again at the airstrip and started the long wait for the PNGAir aircraft. Fortunately, the Digicel network was functioning, albeit at a low level, and we were able to send text messages and have some voice conversations.

At around midday one of the ground staff advised us that the aircraft was on the ground at Gurney, but had developed a problem and would probably be cancelled. Much to our surprise, the aircraft actually arrived and we took off for Gurney and then onto Moresby where we landed at 4 pm. Our luggage

arrived swiftly and we walked immediately to International Departures. Air Niugini had just closed the Cairns flight, but fortunately for us, they opened it again for us. With the formalities of security and migration negotiated, we boarded the waiting aircraft and took off at 5 pm. It must be a PNG record for the fastest domestic-international transit time.

As a postscript, the flight delay gave us time to look around Bwagaoia Station including visiting the grave of Eric Ryan, who arrived on Misima in 1936 and was buried there when he passed away in 1992. Eric held onto whatever documents and personal correspondence that passed over his desk, and his son, Roger, managed to salvage it all and carry it down to Brisbane.

At the end of 2018, I visited Roger and he gave me the opportunity to look through the collection of several hundred letters and cards sent by those who had been posted to, or visited, Misima over the period 1946 to 1992. I also came across a copy of a telegram from Flight Lieutenant Dusty Miller to Winston Churchill in May 1940 (which cost 15/- to send), and letters from the likes of Fraser Esdale, Peter Moloney, Bill Speldewinde, Geoff Littler, Jon Bartlett and many many others including Dusty Miller, John (Jack) Wilkinson, (EMA) Bill and Lili Bell, Hugh and Jean Osbourne, Chips and Diana Nichols, and Peter McNab.

After departing Misima, these people wrote to keep in touch with Eric and many of these letters give a fascinating insight into life after Misima— both elsewhere in PNG and 'down south'. ♦



With DCA in PNG

SUSAN WOODWARD (WALKER)

My late father, John Walker, a long-term member of PNGAA, had two spells in PNG with the Department of Civil Aviation (DCA). The first was in 1946 when he was appointed officer-in-charge of Jackson Airport, Port Moresby, taking over from the RAAF.

HE ARRIVED ON 20 April 1946, just after a flood caused by twenty-five inches of rain that fell at Jackson, causing a portion of runway No. 3 to fall into the creek.

Flight Control Officer Charles Rowles was living in a shack at one end of the aerodrome, while his colleague Mr Bonney was living with RAAF aerodrome controllers.

They had no transport and were living on rice and tinned meat until the meat ran out. Mr Bonney and Mr Rowles had to wade through water up to five feet deep to get to the tower during the flood, where they found a single RAAF operator trying to keep himself and the instruments dry.

All point-to-point receivers were under water but, fortunately, the aeradio was less affected. Rowles managed to get some Sisalkraft paper to give Mr Bonney and the instruments some protection, and aeradio functioned on and off until about

noon. The main road to Moresby was under water and RAAF personnel were unable to get to the aerodrome from their quarters at Wards Strip.

A few days later my father arrived and was initially accommodated with Mr Rowles, sleeping on an army stretcher, which he said was more suitable for a corpse. With no transport, they continued dining over Easter on tinned meat and rice.

At the time, the Provisional Administration was in a somewhat confused state. Many assets that existed at the end of the war had been removed, damaged or fallen into disrepair.

Living costs had increased so that butter cost 2/9d, an average cut of meat was 2/9d per lb and a head of lettuce was 2/-. Fresh fruit and vegetables were hard to come by. My father's salary at the time was about £500.

As well as these shortages, technical expertise was hard to come by. DCA was looking at employing carpenters from south to get housing moving for employees. My father had some difficulty employing a part-Chinese technician as Chinese were not allowed in Papua, but their need for him won the day.

Most of this information was contained in letters that my father retained. They contained some startlingly frank staff assessments, much more so than any you'd see these days.

I was born at the end of November 1945, so was about four months old when my father went to Moresby. We joined him when I was eighteen months old. He had accommodation in 'Taldora', a fairly primitive house (wooden shutters, unlined and pit toilet) out of town. By now my father had use of a jeep in reasonable running order.

There were not a lot of expatriate children and quite a few men missing their families. Our fridge was always filled with chocolate that people would give my mother for me. She was most particular about my diet and doled it out sparingly. Otherwise I ate tinned vegies and drank Malanda milk.

My mother loved New Guinea and very much enjoyed not having to cook or do housework, though looking after a toddler was trying. 'Taldora' had concrete verandas with potholes so I almost always had bruises from falling over and one time had to be rescued from a snake hanging from the rafters over my bath.

Life was fairly carefree, lots of young men and women somewhat euphoric postwar. My parents had some great parties. Beer was an item that called for celebration when supplies came in. Otherwise rum was the drink, particularly Rhum Negrita. My unmarried aunt was a very popular visitor.

Our second stint in PNG with DCA was in Lae. We lived in Coronation Street. We were in Lae for four years, from 1956 to 1960. My mother was delighted to be back in PNG. Some friends from Moresby were living in Lae, in particular Heather and Kel Kelly.

Heather was Heather Murray and had been living with her parents and brother Stewart in Moresby during our earlier stay in PNG. I have an idea her father was Colonel Murray. She worked for Laurie Crowley in Lae. We'd usually meet up at the Hotel Cecil on weekends for a swim or go to the Lae Club, where I would read if we hadn't taken a friend for me. The Kellys always served spaghetti bolognese when I came home from boarding school in '59 and '60.

Social life was very active and fairly sophisticated. Australia was still in the 'meat and three veg' stage for our peers. We went out for dinner and ate Chinese. I remember progressive dinners that usually ended up at the Kellys as they had a piano. We had LPs of *South Pacific* and *My Fair Lady*, not available in Australia at the time, acquired from visitors to Hong Kong, which also got a work-out.

DCA was a big employer of expatriates. I remember going to school and being introduced by another DCA daughter (Rayleen Lonsdale): 'She's DCA and she's DCA but she's not.' I enjoyed Lae Primary, coming from Adelaide where I was the fiftieth class member when I arrived.

We made a movie, as was our headmistress's wont. I was an elderly lady pleading with Robin Hood to save my son from the wicked Sheriff of Nottingham. Just like Dallas years later, I think the various sequences were a dream. It started off with



A Qantas plane at the Jackson aerodrome

'Pedro the Fisherman' and I think the littlies had some nursery rhymes to act out. I also remember playing Cluedo at lunch time.

One thing that impressed me was the fridge where we could put our lunches. Having grown up with unrefrigerated school milk, which turned me off milk for life, this was great.

While we were living in Lae, rubber thongs made their first appearance. In our school photo, I am the only one wearing shoes and socks. My mother had a thing about hookworm.

Transistor radios also made their appearance in Lae before reaching Australia. I had one and was able to listen to the Melbourne Cup in French class and pass the word around, to the amazement of the teacher, when we'd left Lae.

In '59 and '60 I had to go south for school. I passed the subsidy exam, coming sixth in English and sixty-fifth in arithmetic out of 132. We used to fly in a Super Constellation, which was very luxurious. We saved the menu all year to drool over when eating Repeater and Murder in the Mud at school.

From Lae we went to Coffs Harbour but the connection with Lae remained. Our neighbours from Coronation Street were employed in Coffs—Max Honan and his family. Max later went back to Lae and worked for Brian Bell. He could tune pianos as well as work as a communications officer. The Lonsdales were also in Coffs at one time.

We had very happy times in PNG. I could never hear 'Island in the Sun' without thinking of the country. I subsequently returned to PNG with husband and family, but that's another story. ♦



A party at our home, 'Taldora'. My father is the man posing in the centre of the photograph

The Royal Australian Navy and the PNGDF Maritime Element

SAM BATEMAN
(Part Two)

Part One of this account of the Navy in PNG in the last *PNG KUNDU* traced the story through to Independence. This part takes up this story of the Papua New Guinea Defence Force (PNGDF) Maritime Element ('the PNG Navy') from then until the present day.

MY LAST POSTING TO PNG ended in late 1974 but I have returned several times over the years mainly for projects related to Australian assistance for the PNGDF, particularly the Maritime Element. Most recently it was during 2017 to undertake a study for the Australian and PNG governments of border and maritime security in PNG.

The first major development post-Independence occurred in the 1980s when the five Attack-Class patrol boats were progressively replaced by four Pacific Patrol Boats (PPBs), members of a class of twenty-two patrol boats built by Australia and donated to twelve South Pacific countries. The Attack-class boats were progressively paid off—my old vessel *Aitape* was sunk as a dive site inside the reef south-east of Port Moresby, while rumour has it that sister-ship *Samarai* served for a period, ingloriously, after being paid off as a floating brothel in Port Moresby.

The PPBs were constructed between 1985 and 1997, although the four PNG boats were among the earlier ones to enter service and were all in service by 1989. With a length of 31.5 metres and a top speed of 20 knots, these vessels were slightly smaller and slower than the Attack-class vessels. This fact was the cause of some displeasure in the PNGDF which was looking for larger patrol boats and hoped that Australia would provide the Fremantle-class vessels then being built for the RAN as the replacements for its Attack-Class boats.

The PPBs are now being replaced largely on a one-for-one basis by the larger and more capable Guardian-class Patrol Boats (GPBs). These vessels are 39.5 metres in length and capable of speeds over 20 knots with a 3,000 nautical mile range at a speed of 12 knots. The first of these vessels, HMPNGS *Ted Diro*, named for the first indigenous commander of the PNGDF, was commissioned in February 2019. In October 2019, it was reported that *Ted Diro's* engines had broken down, and she had to be towed back to Cairns for repairs. The later three GPBs for the PNGDF may not be delivered until 2022.

The provision of the new GPBs to PNG is part of Australia's Pacific Maritime Security Program (PMSP). This also includes up to 1,400 hours of aerial surveillance each year across the central and western Pacific through two dedicated long-range aircraft based in the region.

The original two Landing Craft Heavy (LCHs—HMPNG Ships *Buna* and *Salamaua*) gifted by Australia are still in service. With the general paying off by the RAN of the Balikpapan-Class vessels, Australia gifted the LCH HMAS *Labuan* to PNG later commissioned as HMPNGS *Lakekamu* in December 2014. The *Lakekamu* is used as a training ship with a RAN commanding officer and chief of the boat as part of Australia's assistance to the PNGDF. On 6 December 2017, *Lakekamu* conducted the first ever Freedom of Entry Ceremony in PNG history and sailed up the Lakekamu River in the Gulf Province with the Hon. Christopher Haiveta, Governor for Gulf Province, and Colonel Siale Diro, PNGDF Chief of Force Preparation, as the guests of honour.

The patrol boats and LCHs were active during the Bougainville crisis between 1988 and 1998 in supporting PNGDF operations in and around Bougainville. A PNGDF patrol boat was responsible for a diplomatic incident in June 1996 when it fired on the Solomon Island

village of Liuliu on northern Choiseul. Then, in July 1996, there were media reports that a PNGDF patrol boat had attacked Solomon Islands National Reconnaissance and Surveillance Force (SINRSF) personnel at the Solomon Islands border post on Ovau Island.

PNG is an archipelagic nation with a large exclusive economic zone (EEZ) and long and complicated borders with its neighbours. The EEZ measures about 2.5 million square kilometres (*see map overleaf*). However, despite being a large archipelagic country with extensive maritime interests, PNG appears to give low priority to these interests. Internal issues of law and order and infrastructure attract most political interest.

Some parts of the EEZ, including far-flung islands, are very remote. Surveillance and patrol of this large area to maintain sovereignty, protect resources and prevent illegal activity is a challenging task. Illegal, unreported and unregulated (IUU) fishing is a major problem across the EEZ. If its borders and waters aren't secure, then illegal immigrants, drugs and other prohibited goods can readily move into the country. The situation is also worse because the PNGDF patrol boats are not operating in the large area of EEZ around Bougainville due to the PNGDF's interpretation of the restrictions imposed by the Bougainville Peace Agreement (BPA) on operations by the PNGDF in and around Bougainville.

The Maritime Element remains the 'silent service' of the PNGDF, whose thinking and strategy are dominated by its Land Element. The PNGDF appears to allocate priority to implementing its plans for force expansion rather than the conduct of current operations. Existing and planned aircraft of the PNGDF Air Transport Wing are unsuitable for maritime surveillance. PNGDF patrol boats have insufficient resources to undertake extensive patrolling of PNG's waters, and PNGDF units based in Kiunga and Vaimo, near the Indonesian border, lacked resources in 2017 for any worthwhile patrolling of the border area.

Australia's Defence Co-operation Program (DCP) with PNG is currently worth \$42.7 million. Much of this is directed towards Land Element training and exercises. Australia's current maritime security assistance to PNG is largely focused on bringing the new patrol boats into service but



Sam Bateman on the right with colleague, Dr Anthony Bergin, and the Commanding Officer of PNGS *Tarangau* on Lombrum wharf April 2017

Australia should also be concerned about how these vessels are employed.

Australia's support for maritime security through the DCP distorts the way in which the PNGDF's patrol boats are employed. Much of their effort is allocated to 'naval' activities, especially exercises with other navies, largely funded through DCP. The patrol boats had a particularly active year of operations in 2016, with a long deployment to Padang in Indonesia for exercises with the Indonesian Navy and successful participation in Exercise Kakadu off Darwin. They regularly participate in the Kakadu exercises as well as in other exercises with the Royal Australian Navy and PPBs from other Pacific countries. These exercises are beneficial but they take the patrol boats away from national priorities of sovereignty protection and maritime law enforcement.

PNG's naval bases are severely run down. The Port Moresby base is being reclaimed for port development without a satisfactory alternative. The location of Australia's Regional Processing Centre within the base area of PNGS *Tarangau* at Lombrum has had a deleterious impact on both the morale of PNGDF personnel at *Tarangau*, and the day-to-day functioning of the base.

Australia and the United States have agreed with PNG to redevelop the naval base at Lombrum. A refueling facility is a basic requirement. Re-development should also include the Momote airfield to allow Australian and American maritime patrol aircraft to be based there.

The PNG Defence White Paper released in 2013 ►

set out an ambitious plan to increase the force to 5000 personnel by 2019 and by 2030 to have 10,000 personnel. It recommended an expanded, reorganised and better-equipped force, including a Reserve Force, and placed emphasis on the PNGDF's role in supporting national development. Plans to expand the size of the force, particularly the Land Element, would seem unrealistic considering the costs involved. These plans also ignore the problems of 2001–02 when maintaining a larger force led to low morale and difficulties with maintaining discipline among under-employed soldiers.

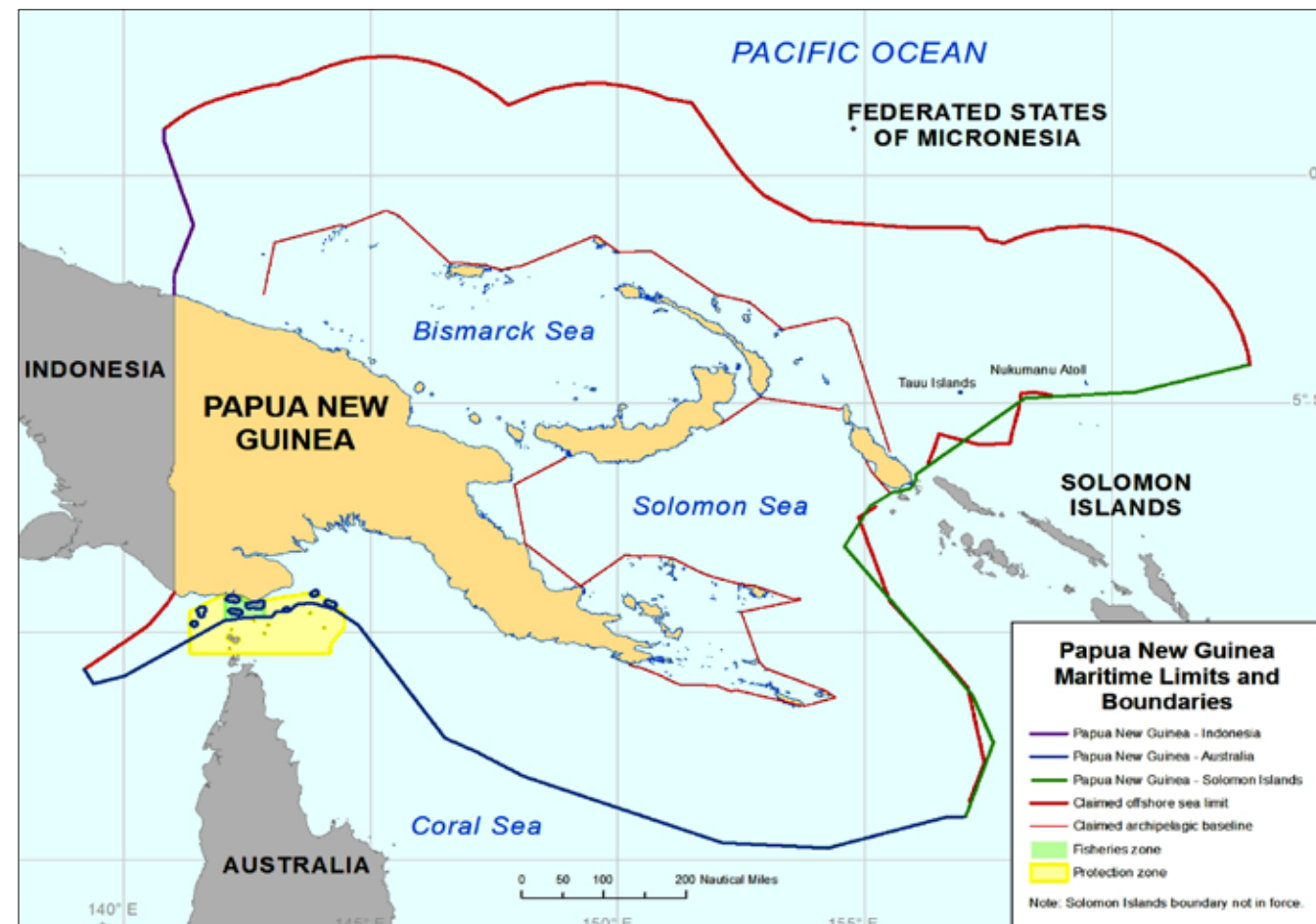
PNG faces no external military threat. Arguments for expansion of the PNGDF Land Element, including the raising of a third infantry battalion and reserve battalions, revolve around its largely self-motivated involvement in civil emergency assistance and nation-building. The resources committed to preparing and expanding for these tasks might be re-directed to current operations, especially maritime security.

Despite all this, Australia appears to support PNGDF force expansion. This is largely due to the

Australian Army being the dominant external military influence in PNG. The RAN has shown relatively less interest in PNG and the RAAF almost none at all. Australia could adopt a more balanced approach to its military influence in PNG, as well as encouraging PNG to act more strongly on its maritime and border security.

Consideration might also be given to whether PNG's maritime security would be best provided by splitting the Maritime Element from the PNGDF to form a PNG coast guard with its own command arrangements, priorities and policies.

This idea of a separate maritime force was actually floated by the Australian Department of Defence representative in Port Moresby during the establishment of the PNGDF. He was alert to the consequences of the Australian Army having most influence over the PNGDF but the idea was strongly opposed by the military establishments in Canberra and Port Moresby. Wider national factors, especially the importance of the country's national maritime interests and the security of national borders, might also be considered. ♦



Map of PNG's Maritime Jurisdiction from US State Department Limits in the Seas No. 138 at: <https://www.state.gov/wp-content/uploads/2019/12/LIS-138.pdf>



Mt Fubilan, Ok Tedi & Other Tales

(PART ONE)

FRED PRATT

Fred Pratt is a surveyor and engineer who lived and worked in PNG from 1961 to 2014. He worked at Ok Tedi over the period 1969–83, and again briefly in 2014, and pens the following story about one of Cadet Patrol Officer Harley Dickinson's exploits:

IN HIS LATER YEARS Harley Dickinson claimed that as a cadet patrol officer he had climbed Mt Fubilan in company with acting ADO Richard (Len) Aisbett, while on a patrol from Telefomin to the upper Ok Tedi area, to investigate tribal fighting between Wopeimin (Wopkai) and Kamfegolmin (Faiwol) sometime in 1958–59. The *Wikipedia* entry for Dickinson gives the date as June 1958. A published photo of Dickinson at 'Mt Fubulan [sic] village' (Bultem) is dated 1959. It appears that this is unsubstantiated by official patrol reports.

A search of the patrol reports from Telefomin Station for the years 1957–58 and 1958–59 shows that Aisbett made three patrols in 1957–58, and five patrols in 1958–59. ADO Bill Brown took over from Aisbett at Telefomin in July 1959.

Dickinson accompanied Aisbett on two of these eight patrols—Patrol No 3/1958–59 in November 1958 through the Telefomin Census District, and Patrol 2/1958–59 in October 1958 to investigate reports of tribal fighting between the Wopeimin and Kamfegolmin.

Aisbett had visited the Wopeimin and Kamfegolmin area in June 1958 on Patrol 6/1957–58, but on that patrol he was accompanied by CPO Jim Fenton. That patrol visited Sogolomik and then turned east to the Olsobip basin. Therefore, it must have been during Patrol 2/1958–59 that Dickinson claimed to have ascended Mt Fubilan.

A brief extract follows from Aisbett's 1958 diary for that patrol, which comprised Aisbett, Dickinson, twelve police, one native medical orderly and one interpreter:

17 Oct: Departed Telefomin [sic].

19 Oct: Crossed Kam River, camped Wopeimin village Sobolmorovip (location unknown).

20 Oct: Reached Kamfegolmin area, south west of Sobolmorovip, camped. Took census.

21 Oct: Returned to, and camped, at Sobolmorovip.

22 Oct: Crossed Kam River to Wopeimin Bultemvip. Arrived 10.50 and camped. Village comprised 'haus Tambaran' and 12 houses. A crowd of around 50 people was assembled and given a stern warning against attacking the Kamfegolmin.

23 Oct: Depart Bultemvip 6.40. Headed north around western end of Hindenburg Wall. Camped at 8,000 ft.

24 Oct: Camped Tifalmin.

25 Oct: Arrived back at Telefomin [sic].

Aisbett's report contains these comments: 'A census of the Kamfegolmin showed eighty-one people. The Wopeimin were too elusive for a full census to be undertaken but their numbers were estimated at around 250 ... The Wopeimin have had little contact with us. They are not a warlike people.'

Aisbett's Patrol Report makes no mention of crossing the Ok Tedi and climbing any mountain. ▶

Seen from Bultem Village, Mt Fubilan is not a prominent peak and there would be no apparent reason to have selected this peak from other surrounding peaks as a mountain to climb. Like Mountains Ian, Robinson, Anju and Bourke, it is an intrusive plug punched through the limestone, and on the south and east is surrounded by high limestone ridges, and on the west by Mt Binnie. As the crow flies it is 17 km almost due west of Bultem Village. The prominent peaks as viewed from Bultem would be Mt Ian (Karik), Mt Robinson to the south and Mt Binnie immediately west of Fubilan.

To reach Fubilan from Bultem on foot would mean following down the Ok Kam to the Ok Tedi junction, then down the east bank of the Ok Tedi to the gorge upstream of the Tabubil plateau (Ok in the local language means river). The gorge is only around three metres wide at its top, and the Ok Tedi is easily crossed on a small log bridge. One would then follow the west bank of the Ok Tedi north to the base of the Finalbin Ridge, cross the Finalbin Ridge and then follow the ridge between the Ok Gilor and the Ok Ningi to reach Fubilan, a journey of over 20 km.

Due to the high copper values in the soil, Fubilan was a vegetation anomaly. It was covered in a dense bamboo-like vine that grew shoulder-high. On the east slope there were sparsely-scattered Brown Pine and on the west slope were sparse New Guinea White Cedars along with the Brown Pine.

To the immediate north, across the Mt Taranaki

Editor's Note: Mount Fubilan was described as a copper mountain with a gold cap previous to mining operations. Exploratory drilling in the area began in 1969, and was run by the Kennecott Copper Corporation. In the early 1980s, BHP was granted a special mining lease and the first gold was mined at Ok Tedi in c.1985. In 2002, BHP Billiton withdrew completely from the project, transferring its majority shareholding to the PNG Sustainable Development Program in response to the ongoing Ok Tedi Environmental Disaster.

The Ok Tedi Mine is an open-pit copper and gold mine in PNG located near the headwaters of the Ok Tedi, in the Star Mountains Rural LLG of the North Fly District, Western Province.

All mining operations at Fubilan have had their headquarters at Tabubil.

Mount Fubilan, being located in a remote area of PNG over 2000 m/6600 ft, in a region of high rainfall and frequent earthquakes, means that mine development has posed serious challenges.

saddle, was the moonscape of the massive sulphides of Sulphide Creek, and downstream from there the brilliant blues and greens of copper staining. At the base of Fubilan in the Ok Ningi and Magnetite Creeks were the massive outcrops of magnetite and skarns.

Perhaps because of this weird landscape the Wopkai declared it a sacred place and it was off-limits to all and sundry. The Wopkai had a legend that one of their ancestor-figures was out hunting on Fubilan when his hunting dog was snatched by an evil spirit in the form of a huge eagle, and after that Fubilan was *ples tambu* (off-limits). The Wopkai, very few in numbers, occupied a vast area and so being denied the Fubilan area would have had no impact on the resources available to them.

The Wopkai villages at that time were: Bultem, Finalbin comprising about four houses by the river at the base of the Finalbin ridge, Kavorabip and Gigabip in the Ok Kauwol valley west of Mt Ian, and Migalsimbip, then out in the Ok Menga basin. The villagers lived in isolation from one another and only gathered irregularly at the Bultem *Haus Tambaran*.

To reach Fubilan Aisbett and Dickinson would have required guides from Finalbin, the closest hamlet to Fubilan, and as Fubilan was *ples tambu* it is unlikely that the Finalbins would have co-operated. Had guides been provided the party would then have had to cut a track from somewhere above Kennecott's original campsite to the Fubilan summit, as Mt Fubilan being 'off-limits' would have had no hunting tracks leading to its summit.

Once on the edge of Fubilan they would have had to hack a path through the dense bamboo-like vine. Myself and fellow surveyor Mal Murdoch (who worked with me for CRAE at Panguna 1965–67) laid out a 400 ft grid over Fubilan and the chainmen had to hack survey grid lines through this bamboo vine, and that was very, very slow going. For Aisbett's and Dickinson's party to hack their way to the top of Fubilan through the bamboo vine would have taken several hours.

An ascent of Fubilan from Bultem would have taken at least two days, and that is after they had spent at least a day contacting the Finalbins to obtain guides. There is no mention of this in Aisbett's Patrol Report. It would certainly not have been a one-day jaunt from Bultem.

In some articles in the Australian press Dickinson claimed that the patrol went in to put an end to a fierce tribal fight involving up to 100 warriors. The Faiwol (Kamfegolmin) were driven out of an area east of Olsobip sometime in the late 1940s. They sought refuge in the west and settled on the shores of Lake Sogolomik and created Wangbin village. The lake is on the plateau/ridge above the Tabubil Plateau, which the Wangbin also claimed; both were on Wopkai (Wopei) land.

As a result of this incursion on to Wopkai land there were on-going minor skirmishes between the Faiwol Wangbins and the Wopkai Bultems and Finalbins. The numbers involved in these skirmishes would have amounted to no more than thirty total. And as Aisbett noted in his report: '*They (the Wopeimin) are not a warlike people.*'

Dickinson has also claimed that he was given special permission by the Wangbins to take fish from the lake. In 1969 Kennecott PNG management planned to install a secondhand hydro plant that they had purchased from Batlow NSW. They planned to use Lake Wangbin (as the name of the lake became synonymous with the name of the village on its shores) as a water source.

I spent three weeks over Christmas/New Year 1969–70 camped on the opposite end of the lake to Wangbin Village which, at that time, consisted of a men's house and five or six small houses. I mapped and sounded the lake and investigated the surrounding area. The lake is a drowned sink-hole, 130 ft (40 m) deep at its deepest point. It is fed by an underground stream. There is no egress from the lake. The lake is a dead lake as it is filled with limestone sludge in suspension. The only fish in the lake are minnows about 5 cm in length which live in the shallow sunlit and aerated water around the lake's edges. Fred Parker, a kiap on leave and collecting for the Bishop Museum, camped with me on Boxing Day. Fred had hoped to collect fish specimens from the lake but all he obtained were these minnows.

Aisbett's report makes no mention of them visiting Sogolomik. The lake was 'discovered' in August 1957 by Patrol Officer Booth, and was visited by Aisbett on his June 1958 patrol to the area.

As a surveyor I spent most of my time camped out. In both 1969 and 1970 Fubilan recorded over 500 inches, or 12,700 mm, of rain for the year, with



Harley Dickinson (1938–2008)
Patrol Officer PNG, Officer in the Department of the Administrator of PNG, and member of the Victorian Legislative Assembly

June-July-August averaging 100 inches, 2,540 mm, per month. There were many days confined to camp. I spent some of this time talking to the local labourers who were cutting the survey lines, and hearing and recording their stories and legends. Most could recall Fitzer's patrol of 1963, and the various government patrols to Wangbin and Bultem. There was never any mention of a government patrol crossing the Ok Tedi from Bultem and violating the sacredness of Fubilan.

Anthropological reports describing the life of the Wopkai in the 1960s–70s that would support the status of Mt Fubilan as a sacred site are very limited. American medical anthropologist Robert Welsch worked with the Ningerum in the late 1970s–early 1980s, and also worked with the Wopkai to ascertain their interactions with the Ningerum. He was engaged by Ok Tedi Development Company to prepare the anthropological report on the Wopkai, Faiwol and Ningerum for the BHP-led consortium's submission to the government for mining leases. The report is unpublished but would be somewhere in the Ok Ted Mining Limited and government archives. The other treatise is Barry Craig's and David Hyndman's, *Children of Afek* (1990). Hyndman spent several years in the late 1970s living in Bultem Village.

Aisbett's Patrol Report, Telefomin 2/1958–59 of October 1958, which is the only recorded patrol by Dickinson and Aisbett to the upper Ok Tedi, makes no mention of climbing Mt Fubilan, and had the patrol done so there would have been a description of Fubilan's unique vegetation and of its mineralisation. There would appear to be no available documentation that supports Dickinson's claims. ♦

PART TWO TO BE CONTINUED

Patrol Reports are now available online through 'The Library', University of California, San Diego—see: <https://library.ucsd.edu/dc/collection/bb30391860>



Samuel Warren Carey

ROB PARER in conversation with Dr Harley Carey

SAMUEL WARREN CAREY (father of Dr Harley Carey), was the geologist in charge of Oil Search Ltd in the Sepik district from 1934 to 1942. Many of the places he went to were in uncontrolled territory. At the age of twenty-three, Carey sailed to Boram, five km east of Wewak, on SS *Montoro*. He spent two years in the Sepik district working on foot, followed by two years in the Gulf region of central southern Papua, where field work could be done by boat.

During his time there he produced geological maps and reports that were highly sought after for many years. His field work in New Guinea also provided an excellent background for the next stage in his career, a spell in a special commando unit within the Australian Army. Samuel Carey was Foundation Professor of Geology at the University of Tasmania from 1946 until retiring in 1976.

Samuel Carey had an interesting life and his biographical memoirs (written by Patrick G Quilty and Maxwell R Banks) provide a fascinating glimpse into a young geologist's life in PNG in the 1930s. Work in these conditions, where self-sufficiency for long periods in the field was absolutely necessary, brought out the attention to detail that was to mark the rest of Carey's career.

The full memoir is available at the website following. Some short excerpts are reprinted from, and with acknowledgement to, the Australian Academy of Science.

https://www.science.org.au/fellowship/fellows/biographical-memoirs/samuel-warren-carey-1911-2002?fbclid=IwAR3hKN6XSarjMqzCDSourzwlvwWdUSDW0_hTHzm6N_bvmkUIS5jOCISx6e4

In the high humidity, the glass in the eyepiece of a theodolite telescope is subject to fungal growth, especially where etched with vertical and horizontal cross-hairs. The diaphragm with cross-hairs was thus replaced with glass bearing spider-web cross-hairs that lasted longer than the etched variety. He collected spider-web thread on a card with a slot in it, after a lengthy process of getting 'his boys' to collect the right type of spiders and choosing the individual spider that produced the best single thread (hence the personal word 'spidering'). Applying the spider web to the eyepiece often had to be done several times to get the spacing absolutely correct ...

Carey had many medical experiences including regular stitching of surface and deeper wounds. He also treated yaws and sexually transmitted diseases, malaria, pneumonia, diverse parasites, some measles, typhoid, deaths. All to be cared for by a non-medically-qualified geologist in his early twenties! His principal guidance came from a ship's captain's medical book and from the company doctor. His background in Scouts, Rovers and the Sydney University Regiment had given him some relevant experience. While taking so much care for others, he contracted tropical typhus and survived on beef tea until strong enough to walk out of the base camp.

He carried a few bags of rice, blue peas (soak overnight and carry damp in hessian bags during the next day so they sprout and produce vitamin C, to prevent scurvy) and some canned bully beef in case all else failed. He made bread regularly but had to keep the yeast alive. Meat was

what could be shot. Self-discipline was highly developed to prevent him developing any tropical diseases and camp routine was strict, including a daily bath, sick parade, and administration of 'bush justice'. He learned to identify key fossils in the field and developed his own means of polishing rock slabs to examine with hand lens the fossil foraminifera therein, using the field guide prepared for the purpose by Professor Martin F Glaessner.

Carey made great contributions to the understanding of the geography and geology of Papua New Guinea and the country left a very strong mark on him because, in contrast to the age and stability of the areas in which he had worked in his earlier research, it is geologically young and one of the most active places on Earth. It is a land of growing mountains, active volcanoes (and many others that have been active very recently), earthquakes, and vigorous erosion and sedimentation regimes.

He experienced first-hand the natural violence of the local environment. He was very close to the epicentre of the Torricelli Earthquake of 20 September 1935. This was the then most violent earthquake recorded in Papua New Guinea and caused the seismograph recorder at Riverview Observatory in Sydney (3,500 km away) to go off-page and to react violently for many hours. His records of the earthquake illustrate again his attention to detail in that he recorded the frequency of various types of vibration, the effects on local material (suggesting acceleration greater than g), and the different types of vibration. There were major landslides and it took months for the shocks to die down and the effects to become fully evident.

His experience and observations of landslides and mudslides were to stand him in good stead in teaching about past environments when he eventually assumed a professorship. ... He made predictions that took many years to be proven correct, and the knowledge base he left in company reports and papers has been an important element in the successful search for hydrocarbons in the area. His interests in tectonics were enhanced extremely and he never lost his interest in this part of the world.

Notes from Rob Parer:

Rob Parer tells PNG Kundu of his family's connection with Samuel Carey:

Bob Parer (Rob Parer's father) was prospecting for gold, inland from Yakamul, in July 1937 when his wife, Mollie, gave birth to twins, six weeks prematurely, at Wau. Wally Hook had a trading station at Yakamul, thirty-five km east of Aitape, and passed the news on to Bob. This news had been delivered by the weekly policeman's postal service where one policeman would leave Wewak and another leave Aitape, meeting half-way at Suain/Matapau to exchange mail bags.

Later, when Bob Parer wanted to build a bush material house in Wewak in 1937 after the twins, Carolin and Rob, were born, he was provided assistance by Samuel Carey.

Oil Search had just recruited over one hundred workers to take bush and, as they didn't have an immediate job, Samuel Carey offered them to Bob Parer to help get the materials in the bush and to start building the house. The house was later called 'Haus Kranki' as some of the foundation posts started growing.

And in another note, Rob Parer writes:

Geologist Samuel Carey knew the Sepik District so very well and I was amazed that he also explored and surveyed the Bulldog area. What a man!

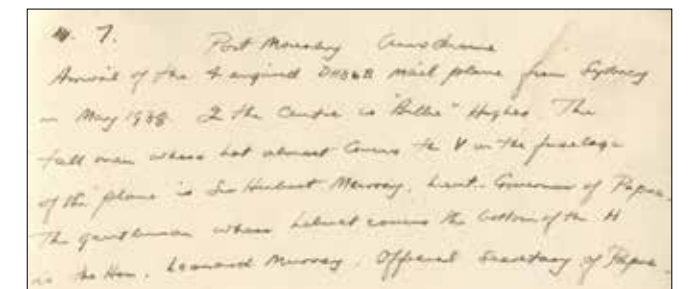
I have learnt from his diary that the first place an aircraft landed in the Sepik was in 1935 on the beach at Suain, and it was piloted by Ray Parer in his Fairy Fox. This aircraft was in the 1934 Great Air Race from England to Australia. Ray flew it up from Australia.

Some years later the engine blew up; as it was water cooled and due to the radiator leaking, it over-heated. Ray left it at Maprik and went up the Sepik exploring and prospecting for gold. He did not know that his kind younger brother, Kevin, had found a spare engine and left it at Maprik for Ray to install. But war started and the aircraft fell apart.

After the war the aluminium propeller was found and Roy Worcester had it in his yard at Kaindi in Wewak. When he was leaving PNG to return to Australia, I asked him how much would he like for it—and he said a bottle of Black Label Whisky.

So I took it to Aitape and had it on display in our front garden at St Anna Plantation. It is still there.

Post Script: I am not sure if Ray landed at Suain to get water from a creek, or if he was on charter to Oil Search, as there is a creek near Matapau called Kerosene Creek that was found in 1929 to have oil leaking out. ♦



FEATURED PHOTOGRAPH (opposite page): William 'Billy' Hughes, Sir Hubert Murray, and Hon. Leonard Murray at Port Moresby Aerodrome in May 1938 following the arrival of the 4-engined DH86B Mail Plane from Sydney. Dr Harley Carey found this in his father's collection and sent it to PNG Kundu via Rob Parer. Attached to it was a note, handwritten by Samuel Carey (above), which says: Port Moresby Aerodrome. Arrival of the 4-engined DH86B mail plane from Sydney in May 1938. In the centre is 'Billie' Hughes. The tall man whose hat almost covers the V on the fuselage of the plane is Sir Hubert Murray, Lieut-Governor of Papua. The gentleman whose helmet covers the bottom of the H is the Hon. Leonard Murray, Official Secretary of Papua.

The Free West Papua Movement

JOHN QUINN

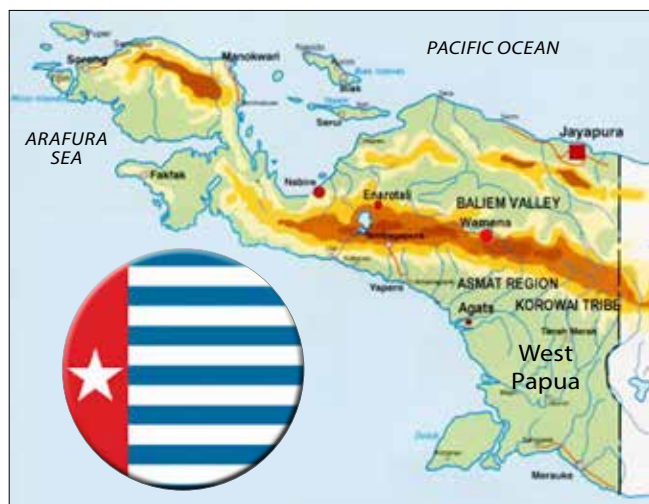


PNG Kuntu readers may remember seeing on the news in October last year graphic pictures of unrest in the now Indonesian-controlled province of West Papua. Rampaging groups of Papuans with troops firing on those fleeing groups, flames consuming burning buildings, Javanese immigrants being airlifted out to safety by the Indonesian Air Force, and all the other signs of a society in turmoil. All started, it seems, from reports of Javanese sneeringly referring to Papuans, allegedly, as ‘monkeys’ and ‘rats’, with the Papuans reacting violently to these slurs and racial taunts.

AROUND THIS TIME, I came across a tiny, three-line notice, in a Ballarat paper concerning a meeting of the ‘Free West Papua—Ballarat Support Group’ at the Ballarat Trades Hall and, never having heard of such an organisation, decided to attend. What an eye-opener this small (only four people plus my wife and I) meeting turned out to be!

But first, a boring bit of history.

The people originally living in West Papua are ethnically akin to the people living in Papua New Guinea—with over 312 separate tribes living a subsistence life. All these tribal groups lived undisturbed until the Dutch, who controlled the ‘Spice Islands’ of the then Dutch East Indies, planted posts on the shore at about 141 degree of longitude in the mid-1800s and arbitrarily declared that all land to the west now belonged to the Kingdom of Holland.



Except for a few small coastal settlements, Dutch control was minimal with early Christian missionaries, who landed in 1855, being given responsibility for whatever health and education there was. And so West Papua slumbered until the Japanese onslaught on the whole Dutch-controlled area in 1942, which collapsed like a house of cards. After the war, the Dutch were forced out of the Spice Islands, which became the Republic of Indonesia. Dutch New Guinea was retained with belated attempts being made to explore the highland areas and to provide some basic governmental services.

The Dutch encouraged West Papuan nationalism with the eventual aim of independence by 1970. This was not to be with Indonesia launching armed incursions and stating that it regarded West Papua as part of their state. Australia initially supported the independence idea, but appeared to get involved in various ‘Great Power’ machinations, which reflect no credit whatsoever on the UN, the USA, Australia, Indonesia and Holland. Ignoring the wishes of the estimated 800,000 West Papuans, a so called ‘Act of Free Choice’ by a carefully selected 1025 ‘representatives’ voted unanimously for incorporation of their country into Indonesia. This is widely recognised today as ‘The Act of No Choice’.

Prior to the Indonesian takeover, nobody bothered about the border—the local people maintained their traditional trade, the Dutch administered the Waris and other tribes on the PNG

side, Australia looked after a piece of South West Papua, Europeans on both sides happily visited with no such necessities as passports, visas and customs declarations. Suddenly, all this changed—the border was rigorously enforced and marked, patrol posts such as Imonda in the Waris tribal area of the Sepik District established, PIR patrols carefully mapped border trails and incursions to and fro across the border became the norm. The sad thing in all this was the fact that a clansman on this side became a PNG citizen whilst his brother, perhaps living in a hamlet 500 metres away was now an Indonesian.

Indonesia quickly realised what an asset it had grabbed—pristine forests to be logged, natural gas and oil fields to be tapped, the world’s largest gold, copper and silver deposit to be exploited, namely the Freeport Mine with, in 2016, over one billion pounds of copper, over one million ounces of gold, two million ounces silver extracted with, unfortunately, downstream river systems swamped with millions of tons of debris. The Freeport Mine is the largest economic entity in Indonesia and the biggest taxpayer. And, lastly, one of the largest transmigration programs in the world with Javanese moved out of their densely-populated island to, supposedly, vacant areas of West Papua.

The Australian Government’s official position ‘is that it unreservedly recognises Indonesia’s territorial integrity and sovereignty over the Papua Provinces’. But not so with other nations and small groups of concerned and dedicated people, not only in Australia, but right around the world. There have been organised public gatherings (musical evenings, book launches, wreath laying ceremonies, etc.) not only in Ballarat, but in Melbourne, Canberra, Brisbane and by Aboriginal groups in the Northern Territory.

Somebody has actually scaled an abandoned wheat silo at Sunshine in outer Melbourne to paint ‘Free West Papua’, which is highly visible to any passing train! International swimming events in the lake at Geneva, the HQ of the UN, Fun runs in various countries, support by Jeremy Corbyn, the then British Labour Party leader, all demonstrate the international support for the cause.

There is a ‘Pacific Coalition for West Papua’, consisting of the various Melanesian and Polynesian nations of the South Pacific with this group being supported by various African and Caribbean

countries and there is actually a declared ‘Federal Republic of West Papua’ with its Department of Foreign Affairs, Immigration and Trade based, strangely enough, at Docklands in Melbourne!

I will mention a couple of the West Papua websites, so that anybody with an interest in the subject can do their own online investigation:

www.dfait.federalrepublicofwestpapua.org

www.DecolonizeWestPapua.com

Indonesian Special Forces and police have been ruthlessly trying to crush any flicker of pro-Independence activity in West Papua and some of the sights on the various websites can be confronting, so be warned. Foreign journalists are banned because they are ‘suspected of dangerous activities, endangering security and public order’. But the brave West Papuans trying to fly their banned Morning Star flag and protesting against human rights abuses cannot be stopped; their cause may seem to have no future—but let us remember East Timor, another former colony invaded by Indonesia, which eventually gained its independence and is slowly prospering today.

Where does PNG stand in this matter? Whilst many PNG citizens naturally support their compatriots over the border and provide a haven for refugees, the PNG government has to be much more circumspect. Indonesian forces have conducted covert incursions across the border and PNG obviously has not the means to defend itself if push came to shove. Australia has closed its eyes on the matter and keeps its fingers firmly crossed as the last thing it wants is to become involved in any fracas between its two closest neighbours.

So there the situation stands today. ♦

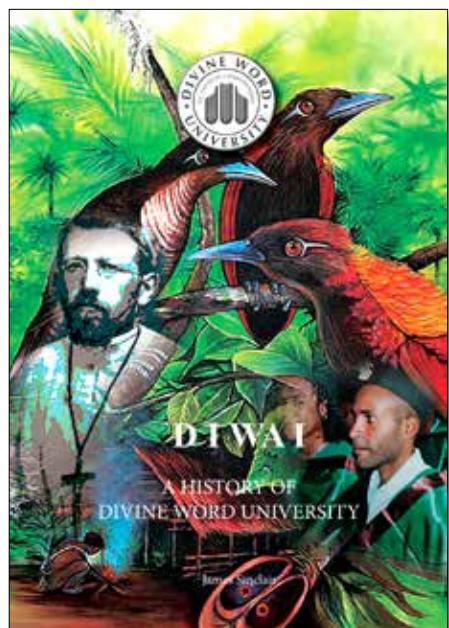


Indonesian troops and the West Papuan protestors in 2019

A Four-Day Visit to Madang for the Launch of Diwai: A History of Divine Word University

JAN SINCLAIR

James Sinclair OBE, CSM (Commander of the Star of Melanesia), D Litt. (ANU), Fellow of The Explorers' Club of New York was a well-known PNGAA member, a famed post-WWII Kiap, explorer, photographer and prolific author of forty-one books on Papua New Guinea history.



In about 2010 Fr Jan Czuba, the President of Divine Word University (DWU), Madang, asked the late James Sinclair to write a history of the university going back to the time that it was a high school, then an institute and finally a university run by the Divine Word Missionaries, but with a council made up of clergy and private citizens. Under the presidency of Fr Jan, it has become one of the most respected universities in PNG which is open to all and supported by funding from the Australian Government, the Catholic Church, along with various business arms involving travel, supermarket, pharmaceuticals and construction. Students also pay fees, some of whom are supported by the National Government.

After completing the manuscript, it lay idle for several years and, finally, the book was funded by the Melanesian Foundation under the Chairmanship of Sir Peter Barter who for twenty-one years was the longest-serving council member and former Governor and State Minister in the National Government.

Sir Peter invited Jan Sinclair to launch the book at the university in February 2020 in the presence of Professor Fr Philip Gibbs, Vice-Chairman of the Council, Archbishop Anton Bal, Archbishop of Madang, and other clergy, lecturers and students in the Noser Library of DWU. Jan Sinclair's story starts here:

LAST NOVEMBER Sir Peter Barter started a search to ask me to attend the official launch of Jim's last book to be published—*DIWAI: A History of Divine Word University*. The search was unsuccessful until February. It ended when someone suggested that Andrea Williams might know. She just happened to be in New York. The time was Monday late on 3 February 2020. She suggested contacting Pat Johnson in Sydney. Pat phoned me and said to get my running shoes on as I was required to be at the launch on 7 February. Wonderful!

So to my passport which, to my horror, had expired on the day Jim died, i.e. two years out of date. The PNG visa did not bother me as I thought I could get that on arrival. On Tuesday I phoned the Passport Office to try to arrange a new passport. Dire warnings were made about having to have a good reason and, of course, paying a large fee on top. The punch line was 'You might not get it anyway.'

I was told to be in Brisbane at 9.20 am next day. By Tuesday afternoon I learned that visas were no longer issued on arrival in PNG. After cancelling my appointment for the Wednesday morning, Sir Peter provided me with an email confirming I could travel, as the visas rules were still the same.

I called the Passport Office to ask for another appointment that day. It was at 1.30 pm. Armed with paper I spelled out my case. Same thing. They would take the money and nothing could be guaranteed. I was told to go away and be back before 4.00 pm because the doors would be shut by then.

Meanwhile, I went to Flight Centre to arrange flights. Tickets could not be issued without a passport. It was chicken and egg stuff. I arranged for all the tickets on a temporary basis until I had my passport. Back to the Passport Office to sit in the air-conditioning

and hope. After a while the lady on duty asked if she could help. She said a few passports had just come in. Mine was one!

So off for the tickets. The problem was I had to be at the airport at 6.30 am, the next morning. Peak hour in Brisbane CBD is not the best time to head back to the Sunshine Coast! But back I went through heavy rain to pack my bag and drive back to Brisbane as soon as possible.

With the new passport and my ticket, I thought I was on my way. Fronting up at the airport to check in I was officiously told I could not go because I did not have a visa—company policy. My letter did not matter. Another Qantas gentleman saw my distress and advised me to go to Flight Centre, which was close by, and get an E-Visa as there was enough time. This happened painlessly but, of course, with another fee. Gratefully I went through the gates and was told to make sure I collected my bag at the carousel in Port Moresby because, otherwise, I might never see it again.

Arrived Port Moresby most thankfully. Not having been to PNG for over ten years I wondered what I would find. The International Terminal is lovely—and cold! Leaving there I headed down to the Domestic Terminal. It is a good hike. Knowing

I had hours to wait I ambled along. I was asked by a number of Papua New Guineans if I needed help—maybe my age showed.

On arrival at the Domestic Terminal I had not a clue where to check in. More help was given and I was then shown where to enter to wait for my ongoing flight to Madang. There were hundreds of people there with, of course, mobile phones. It was interesting to note there were many passengers waiting outside, as the area could not accommodate all travellers. As planes were moved off more passengers came in. I had several hours wait and, during that time, was approached by a number of Papua New Guineans asking whether I had been in the country before, could they help in any way, where was I going, was I on holiday or a resident, etc. Just charming people. Lastly, a young female mining engineer sat beside me. In conversation she found that I had worked in Mendi in 1958. She came from there. I was duly taken to the gate by a happy group of her *wantoks*.

I felt great nostalgia as I flew to Madang. The airport there was efficient. Busy Bee, a genial employee of the Madang Resort guided me through. Sir Peter met me and off we went to the resort, sampling quite a few potholes and local traffic. ▶



Jan Sinclair (centre) at the book launch in the DWU Library



My son had been horrified that I was going to PNG. Having listened to and read various media reports he was afraid I might be harmed. On the first night I arrived he emailed Sir Peter to see if I was still alive. Sir Peter's lovely response was 'that she is not on the menu'.

At dinner Sir Peter asked me to make a speech at the launch next day. I had a pen but the only paper I had was a block of pad for shopping lists—as it turned out, ideal as palm cards. I chose the topic of 'Jim the Man', as most knew about his books.

Friday, 7 February 2020: The launch was in the University Library, which also contains the wonderful Noser Research Centre. I felt honoured indeed to see Jim's last published book, recognised and made possible by Sir Peter Barter's generosity. Lunch followed at the Staff Club.

That night I was asked to make that same 'speech' the next night to the First Year students. My palm cards had to be rescued from the rubbish bin! Students on Saturday nights at 8.00 pm can take or leave an unknown speaker. It can be one or one hundred attending. In fact, many more came.

Dr Kevin Pambe, PhD, graduate of DWU and lecturer, was MC, and during the launch he found a photo of his grandfather in Jim's book, *The Highlanders*, and he was so excited. He had not seen a photo of his grandfather before (pictured above).

I asked the audience if anybody knew what a kiap was. Not a hand went up. I tried to weave a

thread through my speech. At the end out came so many mobile phone cameras. It was such a rewarding experience to meet those young interested people.

On Saturday Busy Bee and I visited Bilbil Village which specialises in making pottery, but not before he bought a delicacy from the market—hot pork sausages (red-skinned frankfurts). The potholes were shallower and the villagers most welcoming. We travelled on to another village where a young woman was enticing eels of all sizes to the side of a stream and feeding sausages to them by hand. I asked why she was feeding the eels and was told 'When they are big enough, they will be eaten'. The fat telapea knew to stay away. Children were playing in the surf just as they do anywhere in the world. Throughout the journey Busy Bee philosophised about all sorts of things. He was a Highlander, but quite at home in Madang. Mobile phones and village television sets have resulted in great interest in current events.

On Sunday Sir Peter took me to Alexishafen where we visited a mission. The dedication of these people has to be admired. We travelled through well-kept villages, then on to a copra plantation where disadvantaged young men are being taught useful skills.

Dinner that night was on the vessel, *Kalibobo Spirit*, with some interesting town folk. I was taken

Jim Sinclair conducted extensive exploratory and pacification patrols in Morobe and the Southern Highlands, opening the Koroba station in 1955, the Lake Kapiago base camp in 1956 and exploring then uncontrolled areas as far as the Strickland River. In 1959, he was appointed as officer in charge of the Wau Sub-district, later serving in similar roles in Finschhafen and Lae before moving to the Eastern Highlands in 1968, where he remained until 1974 as the last Australian District Commissioner. Sinclair retired in 1975 around the time of Papua New Guinea's independence and embarked on his second career, becoming a full-time author and a prolific recorder of PNG history. His first book, *Behind the Ranges*, had been published in 1966 and told of his exploratory patrols in Morobe and the Southern Highlands. Ultimately, he became the author of forty-one books on Papua New Guinea.

aback to find I was Guest of Honour. It was just beautiful. *Kalibobo Spirit* is an unsung gem, moored and based on Madang Harbour, at the marina of the Madang Resort. I was delighted to hear that this magnificent motor yacht, 30 m long, takes small groups, all found, to various PNG destinations for about six to eight days. What a wonderful way to cruise PNG!

The Madang Resort and Kalibobo Village, located on the waterfront, enjoy relaxing views across the harbour and, with 7.6 acres, ensures a wonderful spot to unwind and re-energise. The *Haus Win* is large and lovely with the most beautiful fish tanks I have ever seen. The grand piano beckons, too. The food is excellent with a New Guinea bent and many friendly staff who have been there for a long time. The units are spacious and on arrival a 'welcome' in flowers on the bed must be unique. Stroll through the cool gardens and see the koi under a bridge, or check the tennis courts and the infinity swimming pool. Just past that you may come face to face with an inquisitive kokomo. The most beautiful sight is that of fifty-eight Victoria Crown Pigeons (see our back cover) going about the gardens, not worried about anybody.

Madang had felt safe and friendly and Monday arrived too quickly. Busy Bee was there to take me to the airport. There was a long transit in Port Moresby and I thought I would get a local newspaper, but none were available in the terminal. I went outside having been told there were shops across the road. Again, helping hands were there and one young girl took me to the shop, made sure I got a paper, and pointed me in the right direction.

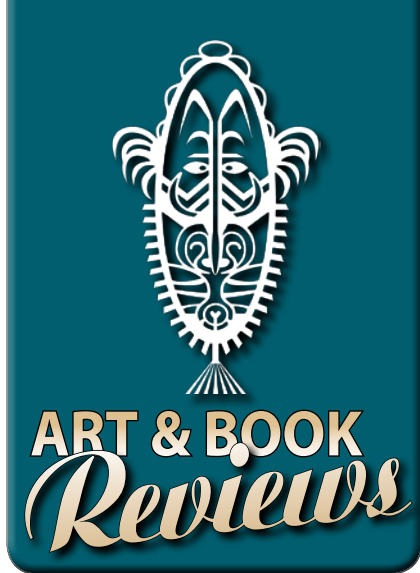
At the entrance to the International Terminal I saw two Huli wigmen looking for customers for photographs. They spoke to me for quite some time in English. Jim was well known in their area.

It was a welcome relief to return to the cool terminal again and I felt so pleased I had come back to PNG. So much so that I will go back again. ♦



Jan's guide, Busy Bee, with the pigeons (left) and the Madang Resort (below)





Playing Their Part: Vice-Regal Consorts of NSW 1788–2019

Edited by Joy Hughes,
Carol Liston & Christine Wright

Very little is known about the NSW Vice-Regal Consorts. This book which has twenty-five writers and co-edited by Joy Hughes, Carol Liston and Christine Wright sets out to correct this oversight.

The book gives readers a glimpse into the lives of the women (and one man) who were NSW Vice-Regal Consorts between 1788–2019. The book covers a 230-year period and examines how the Vice-Regal Consorts interpreted and performed their roles, their contributions to Australian history, and what this tells us about the broader historical trends and attitudes that they had to negotiate.

One of the testing times for



Featuring new books about Papua New Guinea and reviews, art and craft exhibitions, interviews of interest to members and information for authors, artists and craftspeople—please send your articles and photos to editor@pngaa.net

the NSW Vice-Regal Consorts was the Second World War when Lady Margaret Wakehurst was the NSW Vice-Regal Consort. In the chapter written by Joy Hughes on Lady Wakehurst, Joy notes that in 1945 Lady Wakehurst with her husband the NSW Governor, Lord John Wakehurst, with General Sir Thomas and Lady Blamey, went on a tour of Australian troops in Alice Springs, northern Queensland, Papua New Guinea, Bougainville and the Solomon Islands. Lady Wakehurst visited hospitals at forward bases such as those which were at Jacquinot Airstrip on the New Guinea island of New Britain.

In the overview of the Vice-Regal Consorts written by Carol Liston, Carol includes a photo from the Australian War Memorial of Lady Wakehurst chatting with Private Alec Jones of Launceston, Tasmania, at one of the Casualty Clearing Stations at the Jacquinot Airstrip, New Britain on 29 March 1945. <https://www.awm.gov.au/collection/C377185>

The book is very well written and produced. It is soft cover and in full colour.

ISBN 978-0-646-8112008

252 pages with both colour and black and white photos, published by, and available from, the Royal Australian Historical Society, 2020, limited print run.

Contact: admin@rahs.org.au

Price range \$30–\$35.00

Patrick Bourke

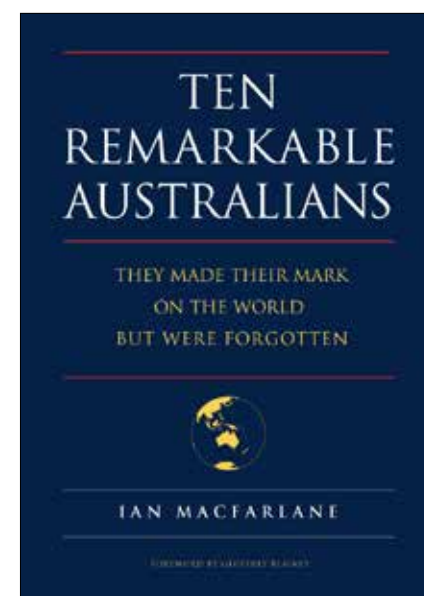
IAN MACFARLANE

Ten Remarkable Australians

In his book of essays about ten Australians who were born in colonial Australia, Ian Macfarlane shines light on the lives of nine men and one woman who made their mark on the world, but were forgotten.

The achievements of the ten Australians in his book—Harry Hawker, George Finch, George Morrison, George Wilkins, Ethel Richardson, Lyndhurst Giblin, John Russell, George Murray, Reginald Baker and Frederick Kelly—do need to be recalled as they were world leaders in their fields.

Ian Macfarlane does make personal judgements on the character of these Australians to explain their lives. However, his use of the narrative is not excessive. In his assessment of the Australians' characters and



achievements he makes use of several different reference sources. His bibliography list is extensive.

The chapter on George Murray also includes George's brother, Hubert. Hubert Murray was the Governor of Papua from 1908 to 1940. As Ian Macfarlane states in his book the two Murray brothers had very different personalities, yet their achievements were outstanding. Another connection to New Guinea in the book is the adventures by George Morrison in the country in the 1880s. In 1883 George Morrison was seriously speared in the stomach and below the right eye by the indigenous people whilst he was leading a small expedition into the interior of New Guinea.

I found the book quite informative and very engaging. It is well written, with a foreword by Geoffrey Blainey.

ISBN 978-1925826524

292 pages with photos, hardback, published 2019, Connor Curt Publishing Pty Ltd, Redland Bay QLD 4165. Available from your local bookstore. RRP \$49.95

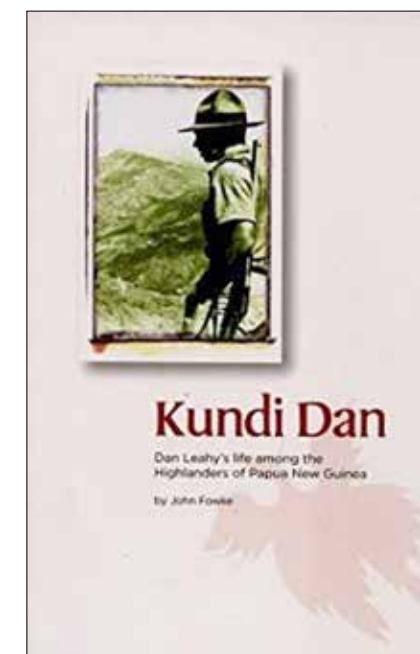
Patrick Bourke

JOHN FOWKE

Kundi Dan

John Fowke, author of *Kundi Dan*, the story of Dan Leahy's life among the Highlanders of Papua New Guinea, has kindly donated a few remainders of the second printing (2010) of the book, first published in 1995, 263 pages. PNGAA is charging \$30.00 a copy which covers postage within Australia. Each copy is signed by the author.

John Fowke's detailed knowledge of the highlands and his no-nonsense prose makes this a must read! Please note—limited supply! Please email editor@pngaa.net

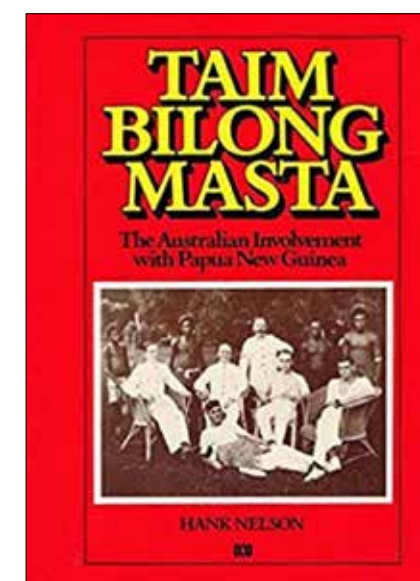


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HANK NELSON

Taim Bilong Masta: the Australian Involvement with Papua New Guinea

Based on the 24-part ABC Radio series, *Taim Bilong Masta*, produced by Tim Bowden and



first broadcast in 1981. The book, published in 1982, is accessible through ANU's Open Research Repository and available for download. Access it either through:

<https://openresearch-repository.anu.edu.au/handle/1885/126312>

or directly at:

https://openresearch-repository.anu.edu.au/bitstream/1885/126312/1/Taim_Bilong_Masta.pdf

Scroll down under the book on the following link you will find audio versions of the old MP3 audio discs of this book ... so you can also listen:

https://bclcomments.blogspot.com/2019/08/taim-bilong-masta.html?fbclid=IwAR0v_

ROSS LOCKYER

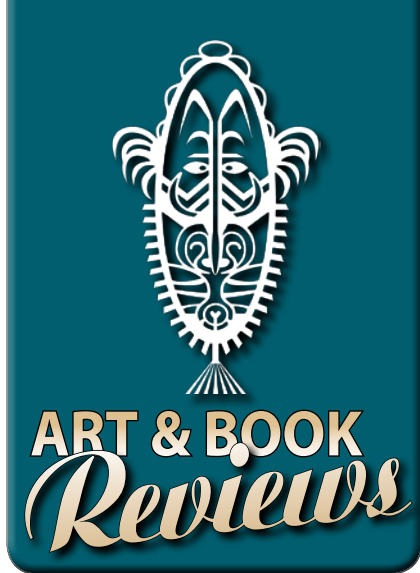
Cannibals, Crocodiles and Cassowaries

Now in his seventies, Ross Lockyer spent much of his life living and working in the forestry and logging industry in remote locations in the Pacific and Asia (Papua New Guinea, Irian Jaya/West Papua, Borneo, Sumatra, Burma and more).

With a gung-ho approach to life (and his own safety), Ross threw himself into his work and immersed himself in the local culture and communities wherever he went, learning the languages and customs that helped him fit in and do his job. He had many hair-raising adventures and close scrapes, and he encountered many amazing people wherever he went.

This book is about Ross's time in pre-Independence Papua New Guinea (1967–73), and captures a particular time in history when real adventure was still possible, and a young man's attitude made those adventures happen.

His retelling is as fresh as if it►



happened yesterday and there is never a dull moment. The book includes some sixty coloured photographs from Ross's vast collection (see below), which richly illustrate his writing.

A thoroughly enjoyable read written in a warm intimate kiwi style (often humorous) that really draws you in to Ross's experiences. At times I felt like I was there with him facing the myriad of challenges, joys, hardships and fun of a kiwi bushman's life in late sixties' PNG. What's so great about this story is that it's equal part personal experience, PNG

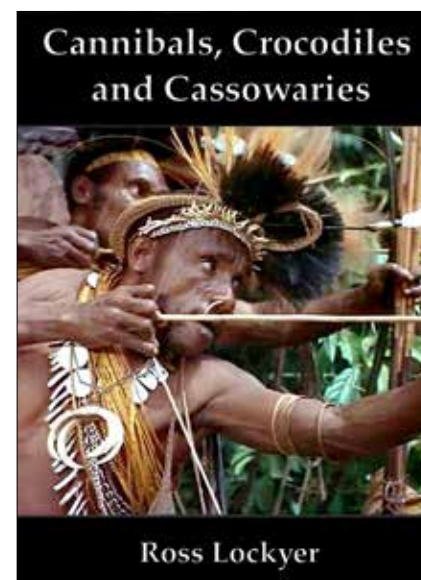
people and culture, environment and nature and Ross's work life in forestry.

It's told from the kiwi bloke adventurer perspective in language that's easily relatable—although very informative, it doesn't come off as an academic 'study' of PNG. On the contrary, it strikes a great blend of personal recounts, observation and information based on the context of the events.

This is an inspiring tale, especially in a modern age where we're overly tempted to take the easy route and live vicariously through digital domains such as social media—this will light a spark in every youngster to get out there and LIVE!

Brent Strathdee-Pehi, Kaikohe

Reading this made me feel more than a little envious of Ross. While I was doing a miserable daily commute on the London underground to work in a dingy office, he was off in the wilds



of PNG doing all the things adventurous young men dream of. From dynamiting tree stumps to visiting tropical atolls, lunching with natives to hunting crocodiles and piloting small aircraft to remote jungle, and a host of other exotic escapades, he had more interesting experiences in a week than I had in years.

It wasn't all madcap frivolity—he also helped save lives and created a collection of local artefacts that he donated to a NZ museum—but youthful high spirits pervade the narrative.

Ross writes with enthusiasm, wit, and impressive recall. Plenty of good yarns and a cast of colourful characters make this easy reading, but at the same time it's a history of a world now past that few foreigners ever experienced.

Martin Bayliss

ISBN: 978-0-473-43618-6
Published November 2019 by Ross Lockyer, 208 pages, paperback.
Available in NZ from the author via website: www.rosslockyer.co.nz
Available in Australia through: <https://www.fishpond.com.au/Books/Cannibals-Crocodiles-and-Cassowaries-Ross-Lockyer/9780473436186>
Cost in Australia: A\$37.56 incl p&h



Ross Lockyer with a captured crocodile



Kiaps Gathering, Woodend, Victoria

Woodend is a small town an hour from Melbourne by road or rail. Once the Calder Highway ran through the main street but now it has been bypassed and is a quieter place, an ideal distance from Melbourne for a Sunday drive (when we are allowed to take a Sunday drive again). It is ideal for a coffee and cake in one of the numerous cafes, or a meal and a drink in one of the two pubs, one of which boasts a mini brewery.

On Saturday 14 March a group of former kiaps and their wives and partners gathered at The Victoria Hotel in Woodend for lunch and a catch-up. Fifty in all (the original expectation was for about seventy-five but some dropped out because of the COVID-19 issue). The day started with a drink, standing near the log fires. We had the whole dining room exclusively for our gathering, which allowed people to move about from group to group. Many stories were told and retold and could be inspired by the slogan 'The older I get the better I was'.

A pre-lunch platter of snacks was passed around then lunch was ordered from a special menu with prices dropped for a 'senior's discount'. The main complaint about the food was that meals were too large.

Featuring reviews of events, festivals and reunions held throughout Australia and Papua New Guinea, and attended by PNGAA members—if you and your friends or other members have been 'out & about' recently, please send your reviews and photographs to editor@pngaa.net



At 4 pm we were forced to vacate the room to allow staff to set up for dinner guests. A number adjourned to the bar next door to continue the telling of stories. Some of the group overnighted in various accommodation and gathered at a café for the customary group breakfast.



The group enjoying the chance to catch-up with comrades

Bookings will be taken for a return gathering planned for 2022.

PHIL BROWNE



(Photo: Ray Romalus)



AYLING, David
d. 11 January 2020

CARSWELL, Agnes
(née Gangloff)

d. 19 March 2020, aged 82

We hope to have further information next issue.

CONNOLLY, Ken
d. 17 February 2020

No further information at this time.

CORRIGAN, Josephine Mary
d. 1 March 2020, aged 96

Jo was born in Newcastle, NSW, in September 1923. She was one of six girls. In 1942 she joined the Australian Women's Army Corps as a stenographer and spent most of the next four years at Advance Land Headquarters at St Lucia in Brisbane. Jo was chosen to be the private secretary of General Sir Thomas Blamey for three months, a role she was extremely proud of. He



Jo Corrigan

The recent history of Papua New Guinea is intimately bound up with the people who made PNG their home and, in many cases, their life's work—it is therefore fitting, but also with deep regret, that we record the passing of members and friends—please send any information for this section to editor@pngaa.net

later became Australia's only Field Marshal.

In 1946 she was discharged from the Army, leaving with the rank of sergeant. She then spent time in the private sector, working for TAA in Melbourne before beginning the next chapter of her life in PNG.

Jo arrived in PNG in late November 1955, having travelled from Sydney to Port Moresby by ship with her husband and two small children. They then spent a few days at the Papua Hotel before boarding a Norseman and finally landing in Mendi, in the Southern Highlands, where her husband, Brian Corrigan, was stationed. Brian was a patrol officer and had been in PNG since 1946.

In early 1956 the family was transferred to Erave, a small outpost also in the Southern Highlands. Brian continued with his patrols, often for weeks at a time, leaving Jo with Kerry, aged seven and Cathy, then seven months, as her only real company. She didn't speak pidgin well at that time, had no running water, no electricity and food and other supplies were flown in only if the weather permitted. In saying that, Jo was never happier, she loved Erave, its people and her new life.

Jo and Brian started a coffee plantation in Erave after Brian left the public sector; another new adventure which she relished. Jo maintained a beautiful home and garden with her favourite flowers, roses, ordered by catalogue from Langbecker Nurseries in Bundaberg,

Queensland, and flown in. It was a paradise in the middle of the PNG highlands.

Jo was also well known for the wonderful parties she and Brian hosted; everyone was invited and nothing was too much trouble. She was definitely the 'hostess with the mostess'. She was a self-taught cook helped by *The Women's Weekly Cookery Book* which became her bible; the delicious meals that came from that book and the old wood stove were impressive. Curries were a specialty, as was her after dinner coffee that was always a hit. It may or may not have had a little alcohol added - she kept the recipe a secret for many years.

The David Jones catalogue also played a huge part in Jo's life. It was her lifeline to the outside world and she loved it. I'm sure David Jones also loved to receive her usually large and extensive orders.

In late 1962 Jo and her family moved again, this time to Banz in the Western Highlands, where Brian became manager of a coffee plantation in the Wahgi Valley. Jo once again entered the workforce. She used her secretarial skills and started working in the private sector, continuing to work in various roles in Banz and Mt Hagen until she returned permanently to Australia.

After leaving Mt Hagen for the last time Jo returned to her birth place of Newcastle, NSW. Never one to sit still for too long she bought a small takeaway food shop in the city; it kept her very busy and she loved it.

In late 1979 Jo and Brian sold

their home in Newcastle and moved to Brisbane to be closer to their children and work in the family newsagency. In 1986 Jo and Brian moved again. This last move was to the Gold Coast, again to be with family and, once again, Jo started work. This time part-time—it kept her young, she said. Jo worked well into her eighties.

In her spare time Jo learnt quilting, upholstery and mastered the art of lead lighting. Many family and friends are lucky enough to have one of Jo's beautiful handmade quilts to treasure.

She may have only been 4'11" but she was a strong, independent and determined woman.

Problem solving was her special skill. She tried not to let anything beat her. She gained her driver's licence at the age of sixty-five so she could travel to see her granddaughters, Sarah and Hannah, whenever she wanted. Jo was also very young at heart. In her eighties she mastered the mobile phone and sent daily messages to family and friends.

Patience was a virtue Jo had in abundance; she needed it for the hard times she endured and the many challenges that came her way.

Jo had many roles in her long and amazing life—she was an excellent cook, seamstress, knitter, school teacher, doctor, nurse, friend, aunt, sister and wife—but the role she loved the most was being a nanna and a mum. A very special lady that we loved so much.

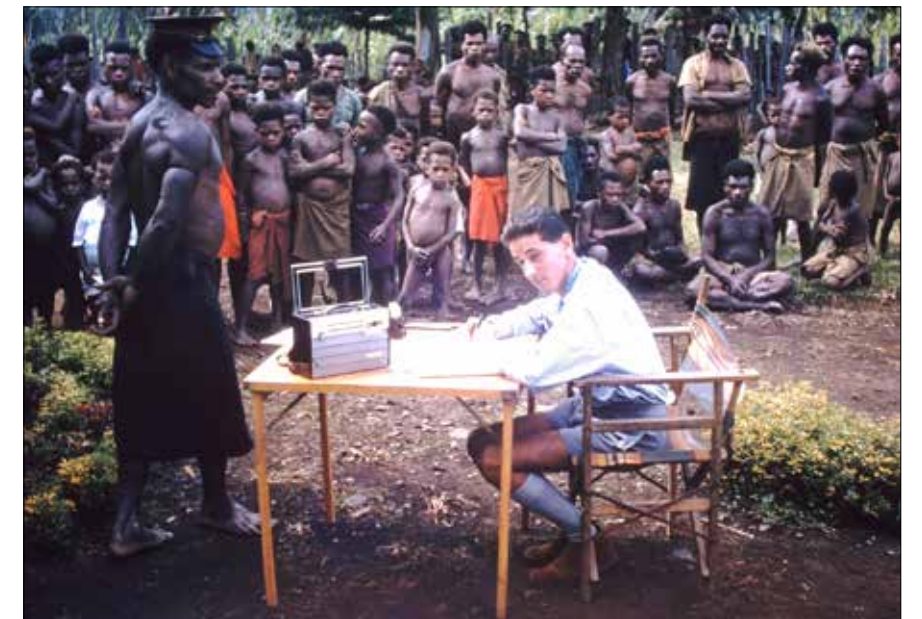
Cathy Rolfe

EYRE, David P

d. 29 January 2020, aged 85

David Eyre was born in Hobart on 28 September 1934, the second to arrive of twin boys.

As a teenager he acquired an interest in aviation, becoming



David Eyre, as a medical student (Photo: Daryl Binning)

successful in joining as a cadet in the Australian Airforce Air Training Corps where he attained the rank of a flight sergeant. David married nurse Frances Sadler in Tasmania. He travelled to Port Moresby in 1957 so he could take up a position as medical assistant with the Public Health department with Frances joining him a short time later. During the ensuing years he travelled extensively throughout PNG, predominantly with the tuberculosis eradication team headed by Dr Wrigley.

Having previously obtained his private pilot licence in Tasmania, David soon became involved with the Aero Club of Papua at Jacksons airstrip where he began his studies for his commercial, and later, his instructor's licence. Subsequently, he was employed as an instructor at the club and later became the Chief Flying Instructor of the South Pacific Aero Club which had evolved from the original aero club.

In 1977, with the education of their four young girls to consider, the family returned to Australia. David worked as a community nurse in Western Australia however it was not long before he succumbed

to his true passion—aviation. During the following years he was Chief Flying Instructor at several aero clubs before establishing his own Jabiru Flying School at Bundaberg in Queensland and later at Port Pirie in South Australia.

While in Bundaberg in 2006 he married, for a second time, a young pilot Dr Angela Kohler. The pair eventually purchased a country property near Orroroo in the outback of South Australia where they built an airstrip and hangar for their Jabiru light aircraft.

David eventually succumbed to lung disease on 29 January 2020, being diagnosed with terminal pulmonary fibrosis. Reluctantly he had surrendered his flying licences in 2018 after accumulating a record 22,000 hours in the air, but now grounded, and spent his remaining months confined to bed at his local hospital. A memorial service was held on 4 April in his home town of Hobart.

He left a legacy of hundreds of aspiring pilots who now have the skills to enjoy the unique freedom of flight.

Daryl Binning



HARRISON, Joan

d. 19 February 2020, aged 97

Mum and Dad (Charles) migrated to Australia from India in 1952, and began working on an Aboriginal station as matron and supervisor, in Boggabilla, NSW. Following this they both worked for Walton Sears in Brisbane before Dad went to PNG to work. Our mum was a loving, caring, generous woman loved by all who knew her from all walks of life. She was a good friend and confidante, a nurse (often needing to do jobs that doctors and psychiatrists usually would).

Moving from Australia to Mt Hagen in 1959, we met up with Dad who worked for the Department of Labour and, not long after, Joan started work at the Department of Works until we went to Kokopo in

New Britain from 1961–65. Mum owned and operated a crèche where she nurtured and cared for several babies to toddlers.

The next transfer took the family to Madang, where she again worked for Department of Works and, for a time, managed Smugglers Inn. Dad was transferred to Port Moresby from 1969 until he retired in 1974. During this time Joan worked as Mess Supervisor of the Bomana Police Barracks and then managed the Colts Cricket Club.

When Dad retired, he and Mum returned to live in Australia, settling in Werrington, NSW, until Dad passed away in 1998. Mum then came to live in the Illawarra to be near my family.

Joan passed peacefully in her sleep after a short time in hospital and her life was celebrated on 27 February by many family from QLD, NSW, ACT and SA.

She was a wonderful mother to Charles Jnr, Raymond and Elizabeth, a grandmother of nine, great-grandmother to twenty and soon to be a great-great-grandmother. She will be sadly missed but her life celebrated by her family and those that knew Joan!

Elizabeth O'Brien



Charles and Joan Harrison



Caroline Laws

LAWS, Caroline

d. 24 February 2020, aged 82

Born Caroline Cameron Waller, she was the beloved wife of legendary Australian broadcaster John Laws.

Caroline initially married Dick Hagon, a New Guinea planter, and they lived on Gumanch Plantation, a coffee plantation in the Western Highlands of PNG in the early 1960s. They had four daughters before divorcing.

Returning to Sydney in the mid-1970s, Caroline was reunited with John Laws after they had first met at a North Shore dance in Lindfield in 1951, when she was a fourteen-year-old student attending Abbotsleigh, and he was sixteen and a student at nearby Knox Grammar.

Radio listeners were familiar with the nickname 'the Princess' that the broadcaster bestowed on his wife. They married in November 1976. The two went on to become regular fixtures on the Sydney social scene, rarely apart. Caroline died of ovarian cancer at her Woolloomooloo home.

Caroline 'was a wonderful wife and over many years a fantastic and gracious host ... people like me loved to be in her company,' long-time friend Maggie Tabberer said.

PHILLIPS, Kenneth MacDonald

d. 29 April 2020, aged 89

SELTH, Philip Alan, OAM

d. 3 May 2020, aged 70

See our website for more details.

SHANAHAN, Peter

d. 13 November 2020, aged 79

Peter died peacefully in Cairns. Born on 9 December 1940, he and his mother, an American-Samoan descendent of New Britain's Queen Emma, were evacuated from New Guinea in 1942. Tom, his New Zealand-born father, stayed on to fight the Japanese.

Educated in Sydney private schools Peter forgave further studies to expand his parents' copra and cacao plantation. Gaining experience in land surveying and plantation operations in Rabaul, he was recalled to manage Wau Coffee Estates.

He also became a fauna collector for the Bishop Museum, Honolulu and gained a degree in biology in the United States.

Peter moved to Australia in 1981 and joined the Queensland Department of Forestry. He then took a position in the inaugural team raised for the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Authority.

A former lecturer and



Peter Shanahan

interpretive officer for the Cairns Botanic Gardens, he was elected president of Friends of the Gardens.

In recent years he wrote two unpublished memoirs, *Jungle Shan: Growing up in New Guinea* and *The Birdman of Wau*.

Peter's grandparents were Juanita and Carl Wilde of Emira. Juanita was the daughter of Franz and Caroline Stehr of Manuan plantation in the Duke of York Islands. Peter enjoyed a menagerie of 'friends' at his rainforest retreat in Kuranda, Queensland. He is survived by his sister Gail who also lives in Kuranda.

Martin Kerr

SMITH, Robert Laurence

d. 18 January 2020 aged 81

Bob passed away at Coffs Harbour. His first posting as a cadet patrol officer in 1958 was to Milne Bay and subsequent postings to the Eastern Highlands and Madang districts. He transferred to Department of Law and was Resident Magistrate at Mt Hagen, Madang and Port Moresby.

In 1979 Bob and his family returned to Australia. Bob resided at Coffs Harbour until his death earlier this year.

He is survived by his wife Maureen, sons Cameron, Frazer, Kiernan and daughters Shelly and Rebecca.

Maureen Smith

STEVENSON, John

d. 6 January 2020, aged 93

John was in various places in PNG for sixteen years from 1949–65. He was an electrician with Department of Public Works and he also worked on plantations and ships.

He thoroughly enjoyed his years in PNG and regularly supported PNGAA and its events.



Ron Storer

STORER, Ron

d. 18 February 2020, aged 91

Ron was born on 15 August 1928 in Adelaide; one of seven children—five boys and two girls.

In his own words he would say he 'wasn't academic', but he was very good at sport and loved hockey at which he represented South Australia at the National Level.

On 25 July 1950 at the age of twenty-one he went to PNG; firstly, to Port Moresby where he joined the Department of Civil Affairs, which later became the Treasury. His entire working life in PNG was within the Treasury in various roles.

His initial posting to PNG should have been Goroka, however, a gentleman called Alan Roberts had a curious but great effect on Ron's future. Alan was absent from Port Moresby when Ron first arrived on 25 June 1960 and was, therefore, not available to approve his first posting to Goroka. Instead Ron was eventually posted to Wewak. Had he gone to Goroka he would never have landed in Wewak and he would never have met his beloved Josette in 1958—it was love at first sight. They were married in Lae on 17 May 1961 by Horrie Niall, District Commissioner. ▶



During his early days in Port Moresby Ron played hockey, and was heavily involved in the Boy Scout movement. In 1953 he took a contingent of Boy Scouts to London for the Queen's Coronation. One of those scouts was John Guise, later to become Sir John Guise, Speaker of the House of Assembly and first Governor-General of PNG.

As Australian Officers in PNG were entitled to three-months' leave after twenty-one months' service, Ron took advantage of these opportunities while still single to explore Europe on a Vespa motor cycle.

Following their marriage Ron and Josette were posted to Rabaul in 1962; Ron's appointment was as District and, later, Area Finance Officer. They remained in Rabaul until 1971. During those years two children were born: Paul in Adelaide on 5 July 1962 and Nicole in Rabaul on 15 December 1964. Ron was also stepfather to Josette's children from a previous marriage, Christopher and Michelle.

In 1972 Ron was encouraged to return to Port Moresby to accept the post of Area Finance Officer for Papua. So Ron and Josette reluctantly left Rabaul and settled in Port Moresby where Josette, the ever astute businesswoman, bought and operated a toy shop in Boroko Arcade.

PNG's independence date had been set for 16 September 1975 so, from 1973, permanent officers started leaving Treasury and PNG, and farewell gatherings were held for each departure. It was soon realised that the occasion would arise when no one would be left to farewell or be farewelled. Thus 'The Finance POO's Farewell Club' was formed.

Ron was instrumental in the POO's Club's formation and he became secretary, treasurer and president. There is no record of the first meeting but adhering to the five-year plan set out in the rules the first reunion was held in Bali and other reunions were held regularly up until 2015.

Those in Adelaide continued to get together somewhere every 16 September following Independence, having their first dinner on 16 September 1975 at the Hotel Australia. The following year they issued an open invitation and up to 200 attended. There were door prizes that year, the first prize being a flight to PNG. The second prize was two flights (just joking about the second prize). Adelaide POO'S and ex-Treasury staff still meet on 16 September each year.



Tim Terrell

In 1975, prior to Independence, Ron and Josette left PNG and returned to South Australia where they purchased newsagencies which they ran successfully into the 1980s, and it was the right time to sell and settle into retirement.

Ron was actively involved in Probus in Adelaide from 1997 until 2016, when he moved to Mooloolah QLD in 2016 to see out his twilight years.

Ron's beloved Josette died in 2006. He is survived by Paul, Nicole and stepdaughter Michelle, and their families. Speaking at Ron's funeral, Paul recounted words of wisdom from his father: *'Be kind and respectful to others and treat them as you'd like to be treated and if you can't pay cash you can't afford it.'*

Ron will always be remembered as a kind, intelligent, gentle and polite man.

David & Jan Martin

TERRELL, Charles Edward Timothy, AM
d. 10 March 2020, aged 90

Born in Darjeeling, India to Alec and Joyce Terrell, Tim lived a remarkable life devoted to helping others all over the world, particularly the most vulnerable in PNG.

Tim was a gentleman, a man of integrity, commitment and humility. He is deeply loved and missed by his family, friends and colleagues. His wisdom, generosity and kindness live on.

Dearly loved husband of Judy (dec.) for sixty-two years, adored father of Holly and Kim, father-in-law of Geoff and Maree, treasured grandfather of Jaimie, Kiri, Christabelle, Elise and Rian and their partners Brett, Evan and Dave. Loving great-grandfather of Henry and Mallee. ♦



Anzac Day 2020 Rabaul RSL Cenotaph Reflections

Good afternoon, ladies, gentlemen, boys and girls. My name is Albert Konie. We reflect on not just those who perished on the field of battle overseas, but also those who paid the supreme sacrifice in East New Britain.

The thirty New Guineans and the first Australians to die in the Great War, at the battle for Bitia Paka, the courageous members of Lark Force and those who went to their watery graves on board the *Montevideo Maru*, those who were massacred at Tol and Toleap and the brave Coastwatchers.

Not forgetting the residents of Rabaul who perished as a result of the occupation.



Albert Konie, Anzac Day, 25 April 2020

The Rabaul & Montevideo Maru Society was established in 2009 and integrated into the PNGAA in 2013. The society encourages students and adults to explore the significance of WWII in the Papua New Guinea islands and what the start of the Pacific War in 1942 meant for Australia, including its worst maritime disaster—the sinking of *Montevideo Maru* on 1 July 1942. If you have news for the members, please contact Andrea Williams on admin@memorial.org.au

Our native brothers and sisters, the Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels, our local Chinese population, the prisoners of war from India, Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain and America and eleven-year-old Dickie Manson, executed on a charge of espionage.

We also remember the contribution of the Rabaul clergy and sisters imprisoned at Ramale and the civilian nurses who were captured and transported to Japan as prisoners of war for three and a half years.

In closing, we remember our own Rabaul Historical Society members who passed away this year, Melly Paivu, OBE, Anthony 'Tony' Stout from Lasul Plantation, Paul Bowen from Nonga, Daniel Gillam from Australia—Rest in Peace.

*On Anzac Day honour the fallen,
cheer the survivors, care for the
wounded and reach out to a friend.*

Lest We Forget

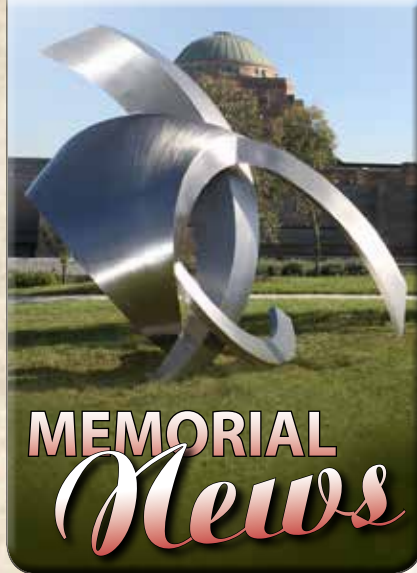
ALBERT KONIE
Rabaul Historical Society



Memorial for the Unknown

The Rabaul Memorial at Bitia Paka War Cemetery, located approximately fifty kms south of Rabaul, commemorates over 1,200 members of the Australian Army (including personnel of the New Guinea and Papuan local forces and constabulary) and the Royal Australian Air Force, who lost their lives in New Britain and New Ireland in January and February 1942, and in New Britain from November 1944 to August 1945, and who have no known grave.

The memorial takes the form of an avenue of stone stelae leading from the entrance building of the cemetery to the Cross of Sacrifice. Bronze panels bearing the names are affixed to the faces of the stelae, which are silent reminders of the brutal Japanese occupation, and a central stone lectern at the commencement of the avenue carries a bronze plate with the following dedicatory inscription:



MEMORIAL News

*Ad majorem dei gloriam
In this place are recorded the
names of officers and men of the
British Commonwealth of Nations
who died during the 1939–1945 war
in the New Britain area, on land,
at sea and in the air, but to whom
the fortunes of war denied the
known and honoured burial given
to their comrades in death.*

In January 1942, after three weeks of air bombardment, Rabaul was attacked by the Japanese from the sea, and overwhelming odds soon broke the defence.

It is estimated that against the original garrison of 1,400 the Japanese landed 17,000 men in the immediate vicinity of Rabaul. The defenders split into small groups and while some 400 managed to escape by sea a great number were killed or captured.



PNGAA's education package encourages students and adults to explore the significance of WWII in the Papua New Guinea islands. It complements the Australian History curriculum for secondary students and can be taught in one or two lessons. All information is available online through our Rabaul and Montevideo Maru website:

<https://www.memorial.org.au/Education/index.htm>

Of the latter, some 160 were murdered by the Japanese near Tol in February, whilst most of the remainder, plus some 200 civilians, were drowned when the ship, MS *Montevideo Maru*, whilst moving them to Hainan, was torpedoed and sunk on 1 July 1942—1,053 souls lost their lives in the tragedy.

Nevertheless, a number of the original garrison ran the gauntlet of the Japanese patrol and reached Australian territory in small vessels, overlooked when the Japanese commander sent destroyers steaming up and down the coast smashing all the boats to be found. Small forces on New Ireland, which lies near and north-north-east of New Britain, had been attacked and overwhelmed on 21 January 1942.

Thousands of troops participated in a series of operations against the Japanese throughout the country, including the Kokoda Trail Campaign from July to November 1942.

However, it was not until November 1944 that New Britain was again the scene of fighting, when the 5th Australian Division landed at Jacquinot Bay, and the 11th Division at Wide Bay, and the Japanese were contained until the final surrender in August 1945.



Bandmaster, Sgt Arthur Gullidge, conducting the 2/22nd Battalion Band, most of whom perished on the MS *Montevideo Maru*

When the War Came: New Guinea Islands 1942

Published by PNGAA to commemorate the 75th Anniversary of the Fall of Rabaul and the sinking of MS *Montevideo Maru*, Australia's greatest maritime disaster, tells the stories of the civilian and military men, women and children caught in the leadup and aftermath of the Japanese invasion and occupation of the New Guinea Islands in 1942.

The book brings into focus the actions and characters of young men who left home to willingly serve their country, and then literally vanished off the face of the earth; of nurses and missionaries who volunteered to stay to help both the war effort and the local people; and of civilians—both men and women—caught at home on WWII's Pacific front line.

Alongside are incredulous stories of escape and survival in an environment that threw every obstacle in their path, with a Foreword by the Hon. Peter Garrett, AM and introductory piece by Max Uechtritz.

Cost: \$60.00+\$20.00 p&h within Australia. To purchase, please fill in the details in the Treasurer's Corner Membership & Order Form opposite, or order from our website: www.pngaa.org/site



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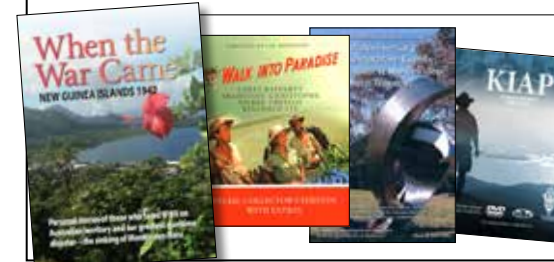
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Members receive four issues of our journal per year, full access to all content on the website, receive email updates via *Tok Save*, network through events and social media and are encouraged to explore and become actively involved with all aspects of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc. All rates are on a calendar year basis—2020 rates shown; 2021 rates subject to review

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www.pngaa.org/site

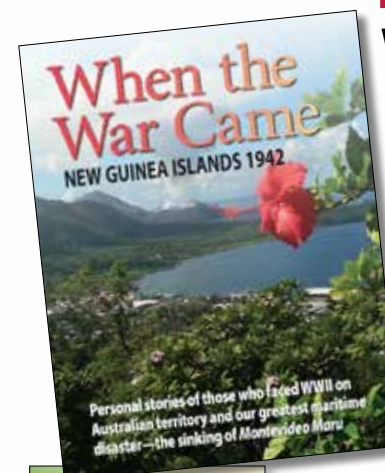
This is our new website address, and your user name is your email address or nominated *User Name*—you can use either one. If you have forgotten your password, select the option 'Forgot password' and a new password will be sent to your email address. It will be a complex computer-generated password, but you can overwrite it to something with more meaning for you. If you do not receive the password email, check your Spam Folder. If you are still having trouble, let me know and I will reset your password.

The website is a source of a lot of interesting articles, but it is also a means of contacting other members. However, many of our members have not yet logged onto the website and registered their details. Only about 470 out of our approximate 1,000 members are listed on our website. To see the list, first log onto the website, then go to *MEMBERSHIP* and then select *MEMBERSHIP LISTING* from the drop-down menu. If you do not wish to scroll through the many pages of names, you can type a name in the 'Search' box to find someone you are looking for.

However, we produce a comprehensive Membership Directory each year at the end of June which is available to all members in a digital format on request. Alternatively, a printed version can be purchased for \$10.00 (more details overleaf on the Order Form).

Roy Ranney, Membership Officer—membership@pngaa.net

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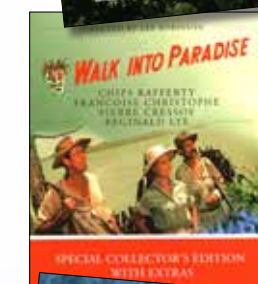


With every purchase you make, PNGAA attracts funds for ongoing work of the Association through the generosity of these writers and creators. To purchase any of these items, please fill in the details in the Treasurer's Corner Membership & Order Form on the previous pages or order from our website: www.pngaa.org/site

WHEN THE WAR CAME: New Guinea Islands 1942

Published to commemorate the 75th Anniversary of the Fall of Rabaul and the sinking of *Montevideo Maru*, this book is a collection of personal stories, memories and reflections that enhance the history of civilians and soldiers living in Rabaul, Kavieng and the New Guinea islands at the outbreak of the Second World War.

\$60.00 (+ \$20.00 postage within Australia)



WALK INTO PARADISE: Collector's Edition

Starring Chips Rafferty and our own Fred Kaad, this unique film showcases fabulous scenery, and an authentic sing-sing with thousands of fantastically adorned tribesmen and women. Surplus funds generated from the DVD sale will be used to further the objects of PNGAA.

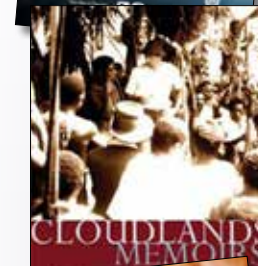
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KIAP: Stories Behind the Medal

Some 2,000 young Australian men served as patrol officers (known as kiaps) in Papua New Guinea between the end of WWII and PNG Independence in 1975. In this film the men, their wives and children, tell their stories of living, working and growing up in Papua New Guinea.

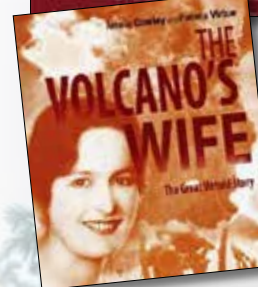
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CLOUDLANDS MEMOIRS—Laurie Le Fevre

The author uses individual life stories to show how remarkably successful Papua New Guineans have been in various fields and by giving readers a thoughtful overview of some of the big issues facing the country today.

\$15.00 (+\$3 postage within Australia)



THE VOLCANO'S WIFE—Pamela Virtue & Amalia Cowley

The great untold (true) story of Amalia, who marries in 1933 and is catapulted from Australia to the wild heart of PNG, walking the trail with convicted murderers to her first home, Kokoda, where she erected its first Australian flag and raised their two children in a land of serenity and great beauty.

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Victoria Crowned Pigeon

—*Goura victoria*

The majestic Victoria Crowned Pigeon was named in honour of Queen Victoria for its delicate blue crown and its regal poise.

The bird's feather crest, a beautiful display of dark blue lace with unique white tips, makes it easily recognisable. Stunningly beautiful and intelligent, they have powdery-blue feathers, red eyes, a dark mask and maroon breasts. A lighter shade of blue highlights their wings and tail feathers.

The birds originated in the tropical lowland forests of the north coast of Papua New Guinea, particularly Madang and Astrolabe Bay, the Sepik Basin and Collingwood Bay—as well as surrounding islands—where they are usually found at or near sea level but may venture up hills to 600 metres.

They are the largest living pigeon and the closest relative to the extinct dodo bird, growing to 73–75 cm long and can weigh up to 3.5 kilograms.

The birds are docile by nature and easy to tame; able to live twenty-five years in captivity with good care. They are happiest in pairs, roaming freely together or in small parties, and they like plenty of space and foraging for food on the ground.

Whilst able to fly short distances they will only fly when necessary, usually when startled, in danger, or in need of a high roost, usually 10–25 m above the ground, in the trees for the night. Their diet consists mainly of fallen fruits (including figs), seeds, grains and small invertebrates, including insects.

Victoria Crowned Pigeons are a monomorphic species, with males only slightly larger than females and both similar in appearance. When defending their territories, they make deep 'whooping' sounds, i.e. *whup-up, whup-up, whup-up*, which can be loud and surprising.

The male pigeons have an elaborate courtship dance, and their mating call consists of a deep *hoota-hoota-hoota-hoota-hoota* sound, similar to the other two species of crowned pigeons. Both the male and female incubate up to three eggs each year, which take around a month to hatch, and then raise the young squabs.

Previously hunted for their meat and feathers, the species are now only common in remote areas. Due to hunting and habitat destruction, the wild population declined rapidly, endangering the species to near extinction. Deforestation of its natural environment still occurs, but *Goura victoria* remain protected under PNG Legislation, and has improved from being a 'threatened' species to 'near threatened'.

www.pngaa.org/site

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Photos Sir P Barter & various