

PNG Kundu

MARCH 2021



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

www.pngaa.org

Vale

TO OUR PATRONS:

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

It is with deep sadness that we advise that PNGAA Patron, Major General the Honourable Philip Michael Jeffery, AC, AO (Mil), CVO, MC (Retd) passed away peacefully at home on 18 December 2020.

General Jeffery had been Co-Patron of the PNGAA since 2003, the same year he was appointed the 24th Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia (2005–08). Prior to this, General Jeffery was Western Australia's Governor and before that, a senior officer of the Australian Defence Force. In 2005 General Jeffery was awarded the Honorary Grand Companion of the Order of Logohu (GCL) by Papua New Guinea.

General Jeffery had two stints in PNG. He served as company Commander of 1 Pacific Islands Regiment from 1966–69 and, following a tour of duty in the Vietnam War during which he was awarded the Military Cross, he became the last Australian Commanding Officer of 2 PIR in Wewak in 1974/5.

He supported the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia as a patron and at various events. His fondness for PNG was palpable and, at any event, he would be delighted to participate in a chat highlighting some of those great memories and occasionally reverting to *Tok Pisin*, which he happily remembered too.

We were delighted that he not

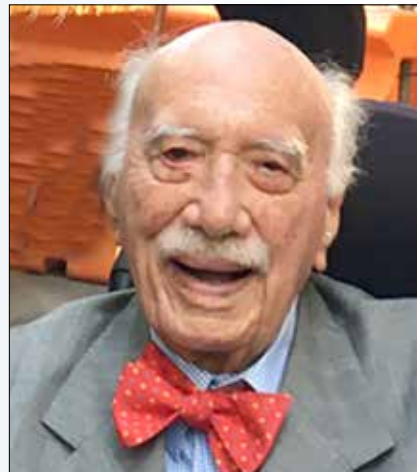
only remembered his days in Papua New Guinea, but that he remembered them with enormous fondness and continuing interest. General Jeffery was a keen reader of our quarterly journal, *PNG Kundu*, which he enjoyed receiving and reading throughout (see page 4).

He was kind and generous with his time and we greatly appreciated his support as Patron. Highlights included the 2014 PNGAA Anzac Commemorative Symposium where General Jeffery gave the Opening Address at the NSW Parliament House, being a special guest and supporter at various 'Rabaul & Montevideo Maru' events and his interest with our ongoing project for a Pacific community centre which he firmly supported.

Heartfelt thoughts go to Gaynor Kaad, to her sisters Amanda and Deborah and to the family of our long serving Patron, Frederick Peter Christian Kaad OBE, who passed away on 9 February 2021.

The Papua New Guinea Association of Australia salutes Fred, a former District Commissioner/Kiap, film star and respected lecturer at the Australian School of Pacific Administration in Mosman (Sydney) who turned 100 last year.

During WWII Fred served with the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit (ANGAU) in PNG. Seventy years ago Fred, as Assistant District Officer in charge, led the team engaged in rescue, rehabilitation, resettlement and area development following the Mt Lamington volcano eruption. Fred was active in the early days of athletics in PNG and the South Pacific, becoming President of the Amateur Athletic Union of PNG and Captain of the PNG athletics team at the Commonwealth Games held in Perth in 1962. The Boy Scouts



Association in PNG also benefited from Fred's involvement. As Secretary to the Select Committee on Political Development in PNG Fred was involved with the introduction of the first House of Assembly of Papua New Guinea in 1964.

Fred's close involvement with the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, and its predecessor, began in 1972 and continued until his passing. Fred served as Honorary Secretary and Editor until 1989, continuing on the PNGAA management committee for many years. In 2001, together with Roma Bates, Fred was appointed our PNGAA Patron 'in recognition of distinguished service to the community, to Papua New Guinea, and in particular to our Association'.

Despite incredible injuries sustained in an aircraft crash in PNG, Fred was always cheerful, spreading happiness and encouragement, and constantly inspiring those around him.

Further information about Fred Kaad is in the September 2020 issue of our quarterly journal, *PNG Kundu*, and more tributes to our patrons are on our website: www.png.org

General Jeffery and Fred Kaad were outstanding Australians, and the PNGAA is greatly privileged to have had them as patrons.

ANDREA WILLIAMS



PNG Kundu, formerly Una Voce,
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Association of Australia Inc.

(Formally 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 which forms part of Papua New Guinea's Coat of Arms. 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. Whilst *Tok Pisin* is one of the three official languages of PNG, please note that some authors still use the term *Pidgin* for *Tok Pisin*, and *PNG Kundu* supports both terms.

2019–2020 PNGAA Office Bearers

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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.

For members receiving a printed copy of the journal, the address label shows the current status of your membership.

PNGAA Mail: PNGAA, PO Box 250, Kilcoy QLD 4515

PNGAA Website: www.pngaa.org

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.

PNG KUNDU EDITOR:

John Egerton—Mob. 0400 311 320

Deadline for the June 2021 issue

Friday, 16 April 2021

Please send all contributions to:

editor@pngaa.net

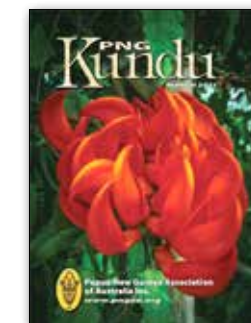
Contribution guidelines are available on the website or by request from the editor



PNG Kundu

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Front Cover:

Featured on the front cover is the beautiful *Mucuna bennettii*, commonly known as New-Guinea Creeper or Scarlet Jade Vine. The species was formally described by Victorian botanist, Ferdinand von Mueller, in 1876.
© Alexius Sutandio, 2018

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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.

From the President

The PNGAA is mourning the loss of both our beloved co-patrons within two months.

Only a week before Christmas, Major General Michael Jeffery, AC, GCL, CVO, MC (Ret'd) passed away and then, on 9 February, Fred Kaad, OBE died five months after he celebrated his 100th birthday.

Our association was privileged to have two such distinguished patrons and exemplars of the passionate and enduring bond between Australia and Papua New Guinea. Extensive tributes can be read at the front of this issue and on our website but, again, the collective hearts of the PNGAA

family go out to the families of Major General Jeffrey and Mr Kaad.

Both gentlemen were proud of their roles with us and kept a close eye on our activities and progress, especially during what was a strange, disconcerting and sometimes awful 2020.

The past twelve months somehow, incredibly, was also a year of quiet achievement and building ... our story, our collection and our development.

In 2020 our journal began a new life as *PNG Kundu*. It now has a new editor in John Egerton, who already has received plaudits all round. Others, like Andrea Williams and Jeannette Gilligan, have sweated 'blood and tears'

to keep the journal going. Most will never know the arduous and demanding task of putting out such a publication.

A very special event was held at the Australian War Memorial to mark the 75th anniversary of Japanese surrender at Rabaul. Chief of Defence Force, General Angus Campbell, AO, DSC, was among the many dignitaries and made the keynote address. It was heartening that the military/political establishment added its weight. It hasn't always been thus. Andrea Williams responded graciously on behalf of the PNGAA. It was truly a landmark occasion for us.

I have spoken before on the continuing importance of recording our history and telling our shared stories of PNG and Australia. In that sense it has been a fabulous year for our collection, with the energy, passion and stewardship of Cheryl Marvell (*see her report on the following pages*). It's been a year of unearthing of treasure troves, artefacts, documents, books, letters, photos, films and manuscripts.

Donations include the Sepik collection of Richard Lornie and the collection of Geoff Burfoot. Our historical mandate, of course, is not just about Australians but of the Papua New Guineans who paved the way to Independence.



Matt Anderson, PSM, Director of the Australian War Memorial; Andrea Williams, representing the PNGAA; General Angus Campbell, AO, DSC, Chief of the Australian Defence Force; Colonel Mark Goina, PNG Defence Attache; Michael White, NGVR/PNGVR Ex-Members Association at the ceremony

We are privileged to have an extraordinary repository of such information and history.

Only recently we received a 1964 document listing the history—German and Australian—of every single administrative centre in PNG. This is unique.

Cheryl also came across an historical treasure in an envelope in a book donated by the Conroy family. It contained a manuscript by famous war correspondent and ABC journalist, Frank Legg, titled *Island Dunkirk, Fall of Rabaul*. It added considerably to our collective understanding of this under-reported event.

Another story unlocked was of Jock Laird, an old-timer who spent four months plying the waters around New Britain and New Ireland—defying the might of the Japanese Imperial Navy—to rescue groups of Australian civilians and soldiers.

The PNGAA collection is of national and international significance and we will explore ways to leverage donations or collaborate to catalogue and digitise items to make the collection available and accessible to the wider public.

Through *PNG Kundu*, we continue to tell the stories, not just of Australians, but also of Papua New Guineans in Australia and internationally. These achievers and role models include Dr Yalinu Poya, the trailblazing chemistry research graduate of the University of Glasgow. She has won many awards in Europe and was named the 'Face of Plutonium' on the Periodic Table for young chemists.

Yalinu was inspired as an eleven-year-old by former US Secretary of State, Condoleezza

Rice, who has reached out to congratulate the young woman from Lae and seek a personal meeting.

The PNGAA committee has voted to extend honorary membership to Dr Poya and we're delighted she has accepted.

We have also told stories of others like Benson Saulo, the first Australia indigenous/PNG person to be appointed a Consul General for Australia (in Dallas, USA).

We have chronicled the achievements of the Kama siblings. Dr Shera Kama was the first endodontic specialist in PNG and her brother Dr Bal Kama wrote an award-winning thesis at the ANU. He was a Commonwealth Young Person of the Year. Their Kama Foundation is empowering villages by funding health, education and development.

Featured in the September issue of *PNG Kundu* was Bill Brown's tribute to our late patron, Fred Kaad, OBE, celebrating his 100th birthday. It was a staggering portrayal of an amazing life. Fred's century should be an 'Australian Story' episode, if not a movie!

I am of the firm belief that telling the contemporary stories as well as those of the past help the association to continue to evolve.

On behalf of PNGAA I also pay tribute and thank outgoing committee members in 2021. Sara Turner for her unstinting service organising our events—juggling, herding the committee and members—and Steven Gagau, the former president for his invaluable and considered input on all levels and subjects. Steven has been, and remains, a critical touchstone for the committee on the cultures and customs of PNG.

So, despite the challenges of COVID, we should all be proud of what the association achieved in 2020.

MAX UECHTRITZ
PNGAA President

Sydney Wantok Assoc. President, Steven Gagau, Stands Down

In a speech to the We Are All Sydney (WAAS) Community Leadership Graduation program on 1 December 2020, Steven Gagau announced his retirement



NSW Jewish Council of Deputies CEO, Vic Alhadeff; Community Relations & Policy Manager Lynda Ben-Menashe; President Roxanne Pouru and Immediate Past President, Sydney Wantok Association, Steven Gagau

as president of the Sydney Wantok Association, and the election of Roxanne Pouru to this position.

Both Steven and Roxanne had been participants in the WAAS program and he thanked the program sponsors and provider organisations for their support in helping to achieve the Association's objective of empowering younger members to assume responsibility for its management.

Further details of the program may be found at the following link: <https://www.nswjbd.org/we-are-all-sydney-testimonials/>

Archivist's Report

It has been a busy year for the collection—getting it all into one place. Thank you to Steve Burns, who was the archivist before me. He stored a lot of the collection at his home, but we have now been able to free up his storage space by adding that material to the main collection.



Memories of Our Late Patron

In July 2020, whilst I was editor of *PNG KUNDU*, I received a letter from Major General the Honourable Philip Michael Jeffery, AC, AO (Mil), CVO, MC (Retd):

Dear Ms Williams, As Patron of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, I am writing to congratulate you and your team on your excellent publication, PNG KUNDU. I have the greatest pleasure in reading it as it brings back so many special memories of our time in PNG. It is a wonderful reminder of the history, diversity and culture of the peoples of PNG. The articles are so interesting, complemented by some magnificent photographs. I also enjoy reading the historical articles as well. Such wonderful stories! Well done and keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely, Michael Jeffery

ANDREA WILLIAMS



Recently Peter Bunting donated more artefacts from his personal collection. The piece illustrated above (one of four similar pieces donated) is from a canoe. These carvings and other donations from his collection have been a great boost for our collection. Thank you, Peter.

If you have items you would care to donate, or you would like to contribute towards the digitisation of items already in the collection, please contact Cheryl Marvell at collection@pngaa.net or 0438 636 132.

CHERYL MARVELL

Position Vacant: Events Co-ordinator

This is a voluntary position and part of the PNGAA Management Committee. Add your personal touch to this exciting role, 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.

Bonus Members' e-book

PNGAA's *Land of the Unexpected—Papua New Guinea*, covers many of the different facets of Papua New Guinea—including a complex overview, flora, fauna and the environment, industries, art, culture, sport, the diverse history

Farewell to Papa Blo Kantri

PNGAA honours the memory of Grand Chief Sir Michael Somare, who died on 26 February 2021, and our thoughts are with his family

Please turn to the back cover of this issue for a memorial to Papua New Guinea's longest-serving prime minister



and features many of those who helped to shape the nation.

The e-book is available for members to view or download, from www.pngaa.org/e-books/, or directly from the Home Page.

PNGAA New Members

The PNGAA Committee welcomes the following new members: Mr Edmund Bailey, Ms Anna Borzi, Mr Michael Cassell, Mr Henry Egerton, Mr Adam Elliott, Mr David Fuller, Mr Dick Glover, Mr Ian Gornall, Mr Denis Holland, Mr Paul Irvin, Mr Shane McLeod, Dr Colin Pain, Mr Peter Paterson, Mr Kevin Rigg, Mr Graham Robinson, Mr Richard Seeto, Mr George Sellar, Ms Sue Smales, Mr John Stace, Mrs Eau Suve, Mrs Claire van Bakel, Mr & Mrs Tim & Denise Watkins.



Notice of Annual General Meeting—1 May 2021

The 70TH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Incorporated will be held in Sydney on Saturday, 1 May 2021 at the Hornsby RSL, 4 High Street, Hornsby, NSW, commencing at 11:30 am.

If you are mailing your proxy, please ensure that it is received by the Returning Officer, PNGAA, PO Box 250, Kilcoy QLD 4515 by 5:00 pm on Friday, 30 April 2021. Proxies may also be emailed to the Returning Officer at admin@pngaa.net or may be handed to the Returning Officer prior to the start of the Annual General Meeting. A luncheon has been arranged starting at approximately 1:00 pm.

AGENDA

1. Members present and apologies
2. Confirmation of Minutes of the 69th AGM, 29 October 2020 (available on the PNGAA website at https://pngaa.org/official_business/)
3. Business arising from the Minutes
4. President's Report
5. Treasurer's Report and receipt and adoption of the Audited Financial Statements for the year ended 31 December 2020
6. To note the election of the Management Committee of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia for 2021-22 (refer Rules 16 and 25(2)c of the Constitution)
7. General discussion

The Objectives for which the Association is primarily established are:

- a) to strengthen the civil relationship between the peoples of Australia and Papua New Guinea;
- b) to foster and encourage contact and friendship with Papua New Guineans and promote friendly association among members;
- c) to foster and maintain an interest in contemporary and historical events in Papua New Guinea;
- d) to provide appropriate financial, material or intellectual assistance to projects of benefit to Papua New Guinea as an Association individually or in conjunction with other agencies;
- e) to publish journals, magazines, newsletters, websites, books and other media to inform and educate people about Papua New Guinea and to provide a means of communication among members of the Association and others;
- f) to encourage the preservation of documents, historical and cultural material related to Papua New Guinea; including the production and recording of oral and written histories; and
- g) to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services in Papua New Guinea.

In pursuance of these Objectives, the Association:

- a) will not be involved in, nor engage in, partisan politics; however, this does not prohibit the Association from engaging with members of parliament or public servants in pursuit of its objectives; and
- b) may raise funds for its approved projects.

AGM LUNCHEON DETAILS

The AGM should not take long and there will be plenty of time for mingling (observing social distancing as required).

Members, their families and friends are all welcome—but please let us know if you wish to come to the luncheon by either:

- completing the booking form and payment details on the 'Treasurer's Corner' form included at the end of the March 2021 *PNG KUNDU* and returning it by Wednesday, 21 April 2021, or
- by direct credit to the PNGAA bank account, including your surname, member number (if known) and the code 'AGM' in the transaction description—and followed up with a confirming email to treasurer@pngaa.net as the full transaction details do not always show up on our bank statement.

The cost of \$40.00 per person does not include liquor or soft drinks but these will be available from a cash-only bar. Payment needs to be made by 21 April please.

Cancellations advised by Thursday, 22 April 2021 will secure a full refund. This is the date we need to inform the club of final numbers; after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend.

Please note that this function may be affected by changes to COVID-19 restrictions applying in NSW.

There is free on-site parking available to those driving—entrance via Ashley Street at the rear of the club. The train station is nearby; public transport information Ph: 13 15 00.

Abridged Unaudited Annual Accounts

For year ended 31 December 2020

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE

INCOME	2020 (\$)	2019 (\$)
Membership Subscriptions	39,436.99	36,818.10
Functions (gross receipts)	5,742.28	12,929.84
Net Receipts from Trading Activities	1,175.51	2,564.18
Donations	533.51	607.00
Interest – Term Deposits	2,454.24	3,032.44
Other Income	292.00	162.00
TOTAL INCOME	49,634.53	56,113.56
EXPENDITURE		
Journal Printing & Distribution	32,676.47	34,195.49
Functions	4,230.70	9,883.87
Administration	1,513.01	1,504.58
Bookkeeping	-	600.00
Insurance	2,306.44	2,156.91
Storage	3,146.83	2,982.96
Website	1,788.69	896.25
Subscriptions	-	150.00
Donations	500.00	-
Other Expenses	-	350.00
Income Tax Assessed	-	-
TOTAL EXPENDITURE	46,162.14	52,720.06
SURPLUS / (DEFICIT) TRANSFERRED TO MEMBER FUNDS	3,472.39	3,393.50

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES – as at 31 December 2020

ASSETS	2020 (\$)	2019 (\$)
Current Assets		
Cash and cash equivalents	39,876.70	32,350.44
Inventories	12,538.00	13,454.00
Investments – Term Deposits	120,000.00	120,000.00
Total Current Assets	172,414.70	165,804.44
TOTAL ASSETS	172,414.70	165,804.44
LIABILITIES		
Current Liabilities		
Subscriptions in Advance (next 12 months)	24,923.48	20,078.73
Provision for Income Tax	-	(154.00)
Provision – Special Projects	11,605.74	11,605.74
Total Current Liabilities	36,529.22	31,530.47
Long-Term Liabilities		
Subscriptions in Advance (beyond next 12 months)	2,968.90	4,829.78
TOTAL LIABILITIES	39,498.12	36,360.25
NET ASSETS	132,916.58	129,444.19
Represented by:		
General Reserve	35,648.52	33,351.79
Historical Preservation Reserve	13,222.35	13,682.85
Rabaul & Montevideo Maru Reserve	84,045.71	82,409.55
TOTAL MEMBER FUNDS	132,916.58	129,444.19



❖ SYDNEY

PNGAA Luncheon

Members and guests are invited to a lunch and talks given by the following speakers:

ROBIN HODGSON: 'Collecting Artefacts and Trading in PNG'.

JAN ANTHONY: 'The Way It Was'.

Where: Hornsby RSL, 4 High Street, Hornsby.

When: 11 am–3 pm Sunday, 21 March 2021

Public Transport: Train to Hornsby Station. RSL is five minutes away.

Parking: RSL Club and parking station beside club.

Entry: Inform desk that you are attending an event to have your ticket validated. Disability access is available.

Luncheon: \$40 pp. Please inform of dietary requirements at the time of booking. Guests will pay for alcoholic drinks.

RSVP: Monday, 15 March 2021

Contact: Sara Turner 0401 138 246. Email: events@pngaa.net

Payment: Electronic transfer BSB 062 009; Acc. No. 0090 7724. Please notify treasurer@pngaa.net when payment is made.

Please Note: the gathering will be subject to the COVID-19 restrictions applicable in NSW.

A listing of upcoming functions and events of interest to PNGAA members—if you have an activity to advertise or promote, please send the details to events@pngaa.net or editor@pngaa.net

❖ PERTH

PNGAA Luncheon

Where: RAAF Club, on the Air-force Memorial Estate, Bull Creek, Perth, WA.

When: At 11.30 on Friday, 26 March 2021

Contact: Linda Cavanaugh Manning—linda121@bigpond.com or 0429 099 053.



❖ NEWCASTLE

PNGAA Rathmines Heritage Centre Tour

Members and guests are invited to a tour of the Rathmines Heritage Centre followed by lunch at the Rathmines Memorial Bowling Club. For further information about the former RAAF Catalina Base see:

<https://www.lakemac.com.au/Venues/Rathmines-Heritage-Centre>

Where: The tour, conducted by Jan Mitchell, begins at the Rathmines Heritage Centre, 25 Stilling Street, Rathmines 2283

When: Arrive by 10.15 am, Thursday, 8 April 2021 for start of 45-minute tour at 11 am and questions.

Travel Directions: The Rathmines Heritage Centre and the Rathmines Memorial Bowling Club are situated in Rathmines Park, right at the end of Dorr-

ington Road, the main road that leads into Rathmines. The Bowling Club is a short distance from the Heritage Centre.

Contact: Suellen Holland 0405 407 939 or email: suellenholland8@gmail.com

RSVP: Thursday, 1 April 2021. Please pre-order your lunch when you book to enable the club to have our lunches ready on time.

Payment: Direct to club on the day. Gold coin donation to the museum and/or PNGAA also always appreciated.

❖ GOLD COAST

Greg Pike, president of the Gold Coast Papua New Guinea Club, has written advising advance dates of their 2021 functions and welcoming PNGAA members visiting the Gold Coast to attend. Please note the following dates:

AGM/Luncheon:

Sunday 18 April

Luncheon:

Sunday 20 June

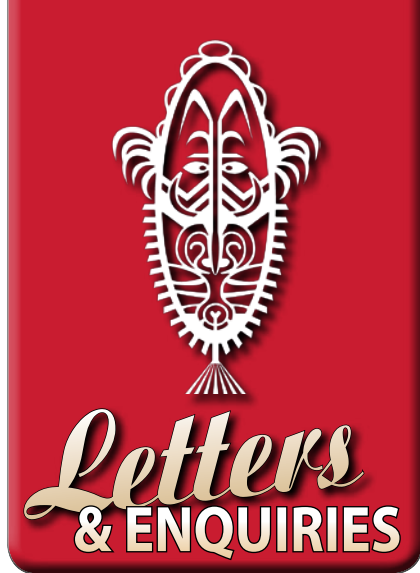
Independence Day Luncheon:

Sunday 19 September

Christmas Luncheon:

Sunday 28 November

IMPORTANT NOTE: Anyone planning to attend the Gold Coast PNG Club social events should contact either Heather Kingston (hkingston@live.com.au / 0412 999 999) or Ru Taylor (prr7@live.com.au / 0418 521 285) at least five business days before the scheduled date. It is also imperative that you pay for your luncheon irrespective of whether you attend or not, unless notified five business days in advance.



COVID-19 in PNG

I am writing to keep you posted on the current situation in Papua New Guinea and how we are all still very much affected by COVID-19.

We are receiving local bookings in Papua New Guinea and when this COVID-19 virus is over throughout the world (and it will be), Trans Niugini Tours will do whatever it takes to help you rebuild our international connections.

In early January PNG had recorded 799 cases of COVID-19 with nine deaths.

Our international borders are still effectively closed. Anyone coming here has to do fourteen-days quarantine in a government nominated hotel at their own expense. Even vaccinated people entering Australia internationally still have to quarantine for fourteen days on arrival in PNG. We are committed to recovering from this and getting our international travel business moving again as soon as possible.

BOB BATES

Trans Niugini Tours, Mt Hagen

Searching for Contact

On the Inside Front Cover of the December 2020 issue of *PNG KUNDU*, among the accolades to the late Fred Kaad, which I also endorse, there was one from a

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

John Pain, an ex-patrol officer. It is coincidental that both John and I lived in PNG during the same period, though, after sixty-six years, I am still resident in PNG.

The coincidence further expands when you consider that, only two years ago, I discovered that my biological father was a Hugh Crofton Pain. A veterinary surgeon, he served in a medical unit of the Australian Army during the First World War. He died in Brisbane in 1953 at the age of seventy. At that time I, too, was in Brisbane but neither of us was aware of the other's existence in that fair city.

Since Hugh was the only Pain to have emigrated from England in the early 1900s it is most probable that John and I are related. I would therefore like the opportunity to make his acquaintance with a view to further unravelling the above sequence of events.

I would appreciate it if readers of *PNG KUNDU* could help me make contact with John Pain. The unusual spelling of the name, with or without an 'e' at the end, further cements the possible relationship.

SIR RAMON THURECHT, OBE
rt@printer.com.pg

Peter Shanahan and His Snakes

The vale for Pete Shanahan in *PNG KUNDU*, June 2020, reminded me of an episode we shared during my time in Papua New Guinea.

Late one afternoon Peter and

I had finished the day's work and we were sitting on the verandah talking about the day and having a beer. As we sat there a huge python snake, maybe 3.5 m long, came across our front lawn.

Peter immediately ran after it, grabbing it by the tail and, of course, it swung around to bite him. He quickly caught it behind the head and, while the monster snake twisted and turned and its body curled on the ground behind him, Peter was looking to it before letting it go into the shrubbery and gardens. It all seemed madness to me.

Occasionally, one of his snakes would escape from its enclosure in our house at night and in the semi-darkness we would search for it; that is, Peter, not me. Going into my bed I always made sure my mosquito net was well tucked into the mattress as some of these snakes were small and very thin and could move very quickly.

Old Tony Corless (at least we thought he was old) would tell me that he had lived a life of alarms, extreme tensions, and of course the war of 42/45 but his greatest fear was of snakes of any kind and he could not understand how Peter could be attracted to them.

The five years working on some of the thirty plantations owned by Coconut Products Ltd. was an experience I will never forget. Before reading the Vale I had not

heard of Peter again after I left the company to return to Australia. He did what he liked to do, was successful in his pursuits and a very amusing bloke to have known.

IAN SMITH

Prince Philip in the Sepik

I was a mission pilot in the Sepik in the sixties and am now doing some research on that region. Can anyone provide me with any information, including the date, about Prince Philip's visit there? Thank you.

MIKE RIGG

bonsvols@gmail.com

News Travels Fast!

It was a great joy to read Tony Skelton's memories in the latest issue of *Kundu* magazine. It brought back some memories of a small but important incident in my life that took place almost forty years ago.

It was October 1981, at Nuku Government Station in the West Sepik Province, and I was the guest of Tony Friend, District Officer in Charge. Only a couple of days earlier we had returned to Nuku after a challenging walk from Oksapmin to Baktaman in Western Province, crossing the Victor Emanuel Range and the Hindenburg Wall. Tony acknowledged it was the hardest walk in his kiap career. I must



L-R: Tony Friend, unknown, Mark Grearly, Tony Skelton and Murray Wellington (the people in the picture were identified by Tony Skelton)

have passed the test, as a day after our return to Nuku, Tony asked whether I would like to be his wife—I did not hesitate, although I had known him just over two weeks. But before we were able to announce the happy news, we started to receive congratulations from friends in all corners of West Sepik Province: from Oksapmin, Telefomin, Lumi, Vanimo, and even from Wewak.

'What on earth has happened?' wondered Tony. 'How do people know about our engagement?'

'No doubt you mentioned it over the radio,' I helpfully suggested.

'No, certainly I did not'—and then, the eureka moment: 'Tony Skelton!'

Indeed, on the day of our momentous decision, Tony Skelton, the Talair pilot, had landed at Nuku and came to our house for a cup of coffee. We couldn't hide our joy. The news travelled with the speed of light or, rather, with the speed of Talair's Twin Otter ...

MARIA WRONSKA-FRIEND

Kiaps on Leave!

My story about kiaps on leave has been uploaded to the PNGAA website, e-books section: www.pngaa.org/e-books/, which some of our readers might find interesting. It happened to two kiaps while on leave from TPNG during the Australian Administration.

This story was made possible by the excellent leave provisions we enjoyed during this Administration. Immediately after the end of the Pacific War when the interior of TPNG was being opened for development, some of the living conditions for expatriate staff there were often quite primitive. This was the era of grass huts, oil lamps, pit latrines, mosquito nets, tinned

food and, on some of the remote outstations, living conditions were often quite harsh.

In compensation we were given excellent leave conditions—three-months' leave on full pay every two years, six-months' long-service leave on full pay every six years. So, what we did during our leave became part of our TPNG experience.

For example, some officers combined their recreation leave with their long-service leave, to enable an academic year at a university. Others spent their leave travelling through other Pacific countries to see what PNG would be like after Independence, and so on. Still others sought wider experience by touring the world.

The story describes how another kiap, John Cochrane, and I were detained by Russian soldiers while on leave from TPNG in Germany.

CHIPS MACKELLAR

Dental Clinic

As advised at the Sydney PNGAA Christmas 2020 lunch, Kenthurst Rotary Club is raising money to set up a basic dental clinic in Papua New Guinea (PNG). The dental clinic will serve an estimated 300,000 people living along the Sepik River in the north of PNG. These people have no access to dental services in their area.

Once the dental clinic is set up, we will organise volunteer dentists from Australia every year. This will ensure periodic dental care for the people of the Sepik River while they organise a resident dentist.

People wishing to contribute to this project can contact Karo Haltmeier on email: haltmeier@hotmail.com and phone: +61 468 329 764.

KARO HALTMEIER



A Commercial Fishery for Daru

China's Ministry of Commerce announced, on 27 November 2020, that the Fujian Zhonghong Fishery Company has signed a memorandum of understanding with the Papua New Guinea Government to build a \$204 million 'comprehensive multi-functional fishery industrial park' on the island of Daru under its Belt and Road Initiative.

The memorandum was signed by a company representative, the PNG Minister for Fisheries, Lino Tom and the Governor of Western Province, Taboi Yoto.

Daru is one of the few Torres Strait Islands that is part of Papua New Guinea rather than Australia. It is outside the fisheries protected zone established by the 1985 treaty between PNG and Australia. However, this treaty allows Papua-New Guineans to access 25% of the commercial fish in the protected zone. The Act also



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.

allows Papua New Guineans from some Western Province villages to move freely across the border and to fish in Australian waters.

There is concern that Chinese fishing boats (*pictured below*) could exploit these provisions to fish legally in Australian waters.

Jeffrey Wall, a former PNG government adviser, said it was a lot of money to spend in a small community not known for commercial fish stocks. Warren Entsch, Member for Leichhardt, whose seat includes the Torres Strait Islands, said he believed the potential impacts on commercial fishing were concerning apart from the potential for conflict in the Straits area. Further details may be found at these sites: <https://www.theguardian.com/world/2020/nov/27/chinese-fishing-plant-in-torres-strait-raises-alarm-for-australian-industry-and-islanders> <https://www.abc.net.au/news/2020-12-15/trepidation-as-china-prepares-to-move-into-the-torres-strait/12985504>

PNG Allocates \$US3m for COVID-19 Treatment Research

Australian news organisations have reported the decision of the PNG government to allocate \$US3 million to Niugini Biomed to support its search for a treatment of COVID-19. The treatment, according to the company, will be based on existing drugs or combinations of them.

The company-associated staff

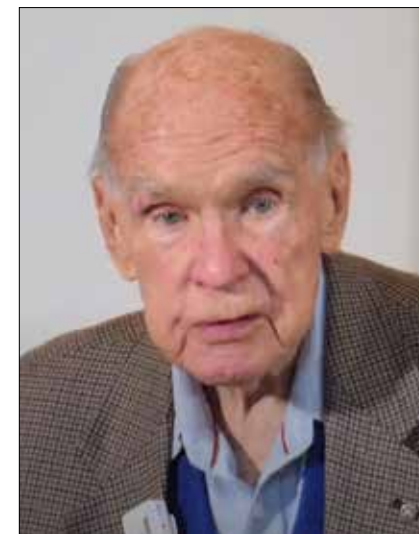


PNG Prime Minister James Marape of the chemistry department of the University of Papua New Guinea was established as recently as August 2020. It took its proposal for funding directly to the prime minister, who has defended the allocation by pointing out the need for the country to be independent, to encourage its young scientists and to develop its own medicines.

Members of PNG's Institute of Medical Research said that they were not involved in the approach by the company to the government, and expressed doubt about the ability of the company to investigate treatments for a disease caused by a virus. <https://www.abc.net.au/news/2020-10-30/png-prime-minister-defends-million-dollar-covid19-cure-plans/12831486>

Dr Roy Scragg Honoured

The Association congratulates Dr Roy Scragg (*pictured*), former Director of Public Health in the Territory of Papua and New



Guinea, on his award of the Medal of the Order of Australia (AM) announced in the Australia Day Honours on 26 January 2021. <https://www.gg.gov.au/australia-day-2021-honours-list>

State Funeral for Sir Mekere Morauta

The PNG Bulletin has reported on the recent State Funeral given to Sir Mekere Morauta:

A moving farewell was given to the late former PNG Prime Minister and senior statesman, Sir Mekere Morauta, when he was laid to rest at the foot of Independence Hill at Parliament on Friday, 8 January 2021.

A blend of Christianity, politics and customary obligations were on display as the late Sir Mekere's State

Funeral service was conducted at the Sione Kami Memorial Church and later at his burial on Independence Hill.

The Toaripi choir sang beautifully and the funeral procession was peaceful and orderly. Respectful people attended, most of whom were Sir Mekere's relatives from the Gulf province and the Papua region.

Prime Minister Marape, in paying his tribute, said Sir Mekere's passing was a 'huge national loss', adding: 'The late Sir Mekere served his country with distinction from the formative years of our country in the 1970s with national figures like Sir Rabbie Namaliu, Sir Charles Lepani and the late Anthony Siaguru. This famous 'Gang of Four', and other pioneer public servants, assisted in laying the foundational stones of the nation.

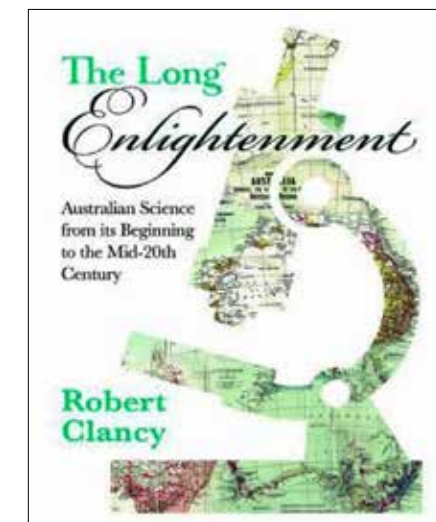
He made history by easily transitioning from public service leadership to political leadership where he reformed and strengthened key institutions of State while also fighting graft and corruption.' <https://thepngbulletin.com/news/a-moving-farewell-for-late-sir-mekere-morauta/>

Michael Alpers and Kuru

ABC's *Nightlife* with Suzanne Hill on 28 December 2020 featured



Prime Minister Marape laying a wreath at the State Funeral



a fascinating interview with Emeritus Professor Robert Clancy, clinical immunologist and author of the forthcoming book, *The Long Enlightenment: Australian Science from its Beginning to the mid-20th Century*. He highlighted the enormous influence Dr Michael Alpers, a PNGAA member and former Director at the Papua New Guinea Institute of Medical Research for twenty-three years, had on him and other medical scientists.

Dr Alpers spent much of his life studying kuru, a degenerative disease of the brain, and tropical diseases. The work on kuru, commenced in Okapa and continued at the Papua New Guinea Institute of Medical Research and internationally, opened a new field of medicine and led to the discovery of prions. These protein shapes are able to self-replicate and to cause, not only kuru, but also Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease of humans, scrapie of sheep, mad cow disease and other diseases of animals. This discovery changed thinking about the nature of infectious agents.

https://abcmedia.akamaized.net/radio/local_sydney/audio/202012/nlf-2020-12-28-great-australian-medical-moments-part-2.mp3



Athletes Inducted to Hall of Fame

Three PNG athletes, Takale Tuna, Wavala Kali and the late Robert Stewart were inducted into the PNG Olympic Committee's Hall of Fame in a ceremony in Port Moresby on 10 December 2020.

Takale Tuna (*above, centre*) represented PNG at the Mini South Pacific Games in Rarotonga, Cook Islands, 1985; the South Pacific Games in Port Moresby, 1991; the Olympic Games in Seoul, Korea, 1988 and many other international competitions.

Wavala Kali was a top sprinter for PNG in the 100 m, 200 m and 400 m, and he represented the country at events including the Olympic Games in Montreal,

1976; South Pacific Games in Suva, Fiji, 1979 and the South Pacific Games in Guam, 1975, where he won gold and silver medals. He was also Papua New Guinea's first flag bearer at the Olympic Games.

Robert Stewart was PNG's first silver medallist at the British Empire and Commonwealth Games in Kingston, Jamaica, 1966, in the rifle shooting event. He also represented PNG at the British Commonwealth Games in Christchurch, New Zealand, 1974, in rifle shooting.

<https://www.thenational.com.pg/sporting-heros-added-to-hall-of-fame/>

Editor's Note: Robert Stewart's vale may be seen at the link below:

https://www.pngaa.net/Vale/vale_dec_2004.htm#Robert_George_STEWART_

ICRC Scholarships for Midwives

In a story on Loop Frieda Kana refers to the high mortality rates in mothers and babies in Papua New Guinea, but goes on to say that midwifery courses have been established in five PNG universities. However, the cost of these courses prevents many, who would like to be midwives, from enrolling. In 2018, The International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) introduced a scholarship scheme to support training in midwifery.

Now, two scholarship holders, Jinny Mombu from the Southern Highlands and Joanne Nauguhori from East Sepik (*below*) are among those graduating from the University of PNG with a bachelor's degree in midwifery.

<https://www.looppng.com/png-news/midwifery-training-save-lives-97064>



The PNGAA Collection

This consists of archival material on PNG—photographs, documents, maps, patrol reports, books—reflecting the lives and work of those who have lived in PNG. The PNGAA wishes to ensure these are readily available worldwide to our members, researchers or those simply interested in the rich history of Australia's relations with Papua New Guinea.

The collection grew from an idea of Mr Doug Parrish, former president of the association, and evolved over the years through the dedication and expertise of Dr Peter Cahill. From a modest collection of photographs, letters and diaries, the PNGAA Collection is now a fast-growing compilation and continues to attract local, national and international interest.

If you have items you would care to donate, or you would like to contribute towards the digitisation of items already in the collection, please contact Cheryl Marvell at collection@pngaa.net or 0438 636 132.

Back to Wau After the War

PETER SHANAHAN
Part Two



Peter Shanahan was one year old when he was evacuated from New Guinea in 1942 whilst his father stayed on to fight the Japanese. In a previous issue we heard about Peter's return to PNG after WWII—now, we will hear about his return to his home in Wau.

FINALLY, WE STEAMED into Lae. The water turned dark and muddy—water from the mighty Markham River that reached a mile out to sea. Close to the end of the airstrip we could see the uplifted bow of the *Tenyo Maru*, a Japanese minelayer, combination troop carrier and supply ship that had been sunk in April 1942 by aircraft from the American carriers, USS *Lexington* and USS *Yorktown*. Again, manoeuvring between the wrecks of sunken vessels, we tied up at the wharf at Malahang.

Dad was waiting with a cheeky grin. He was in a military outfit without insignia and sported a slouch hat. Formerly of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, my father had taken his discharge from ANGAW (Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit). He took Mum in his arms, held Gail up to get a good look at her and gave me a friendly squeeze and nudge with rough, gnarly hands.

We crammed into a Ford blitz truck, me in the back and Gail on Mum's knee. The vehicle had a canvas canopy with a red cross painted on both sides. The tray was packed with four-gallon containers of hard navy biscuits, cases of bully beef (*tin bulmakau*), baked beans, spaghetti and meatballs, bags of rice, a variety of medical supplies, and tools. Dad was ready for everything.

We stopped several nights in Ma Stewart's temporary hotel in a former military camp near Butibum village. Ma and my parents were old friends and she made an embarrassing fuss over Gail and me—representatives of a positive future.

Walls of the buildings were covered with green tar paper that came down to within two feet of the cement floor, where one could see the passing feet of the hotel patrons and native servants. The beds

were canvas cots and shelves were fitted to the walls. Toilets and showers were located away in a separate building for obvious reasons, given the temporary nature of these facilities.

At night Gail and I were sent to bed early while the adults socialised at the bar and recreation area made of bush materials, its roof covered with *saksak* fronds (sago palm). The lulling sound of generators, coupled with loud and raucous laughter, as well as music, put us to sleep. Except we woke up after midnight, when the generators shut down and revellers stumbled past, swearing as they sought their rooms in the dark.

During the day I went exploring. People asked me my name. They all knew Dad. I also had my first interactions with the local people who loved children. They cut tops off green coconuts and introduced me to the delicious taste of coconut water (*kulau*). I was also presented with fruits such as *laulau* (Malay apple), fresh bananas and pawpaw. And though I didn't speak *Tok Pisin* I was getting rapid lessons in the language, which was to dominate most of my early life.

After a few exciting days in Lae, and with a couple of natives who Dad had employed, we headed for the small ships' wharf at Voco Point. It was here that Ma Stewart was later to build a modern Hotel Cecil.

Dad drove onto a landing barge (LST) and we headed for Labu on the other side of the Markham River estuary. It was going to take ten days to get to Wau and we would have to live rough. Dad had prepared a bucket of hard-boiled eggs. We also had navy biscuits, tinned butter, tinned jam and powdered milk to feed us on our way. We expected to sleep

covered with grey army blankets under the truck.

The road was terrible. We shared our provisions with our *wokboi* (labourers) and bartered for food from travellers we picked up on the way. Passing over the Zenag plateau and down to Mumeng we stayed a day at a tent camp set up as a temporary hotel. We crossed many rivers. None had bridges and often we had to wait for floodwaters to subside, making the crossing only after the *wokboi* and natives we had given lifts to had waded across to ensure the water was shallow enough and free of obstructing boulders.

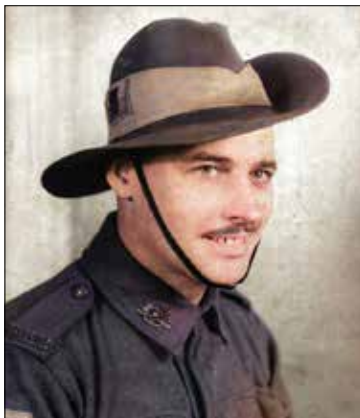
We travelled a vital supply line which had been pushed through by the military using bulldozers. Miners, planters, sawmillers and their contractors were anxious to get back to Bulolo and Wau to repair machinery and restart operations.

The final hurdle was the seventeen-mile section of the Wau-Bulolo Gorge with its twisted, winding road set on precipitous cliffs, subject to numerous landslides. The gorge was home to the Bulolo River, foaming and rushing 300 feet below. Klinki pines, like giant sentinels, guarded the ridges.

We finally reached Wau. At the bottom of the airstrip Dad pointed out Grandpa's original coffee plantation. Luckily, Little Wau and Big Wau creeks were not in flood and we made an easy crossing, reaching the homestead about five kilometres out of town just before dark. The house, built by Grandfather, was situated on a twenty-five-acre miners' homestead-lease planted with Jamaican Blue Mountain Arabica coffee. It was an L-shaped highset building made out of red cedar, on the banks of Big Wau Creek. Grandpa had gifted Mum the house and lease to the block, where I was born on 9 December 1940. The underdeveloped block on a *kunai*-covered hill above us was owned by my Aunt Ticky (Elspeth).

Our house wasn't burned down, scorched-earth style, like others in Wau and Bulolo—a travesty

Thomas John Shanahan NGVR NG219, 1943 (right); and (previous page) Jeep salvaged from the Lae wharf and rebuilt by Tom Shanahan (front) Nita Shanahan, Peter, Tom Shanahan and Gail. Outside the homestead in Wau c.1948



caused by fear and inexperience of an Australian army officer when the Japanese were advancing from Salamaua on the coast.

It had been taken over by the military and used as a hospital. Two large bomb craters lay in front, which were shortly to be filled in with the help of friends and made into lawn. The roof, painted green with red crosses, was crisscrossed with bullet-holes from strafing Japanese fighters. The veranda planks and steps were missing and we had to walk the joists to get into the house. The veranda stayed that way for a while because we had very little money.

Dad had just finished fixing the veranda floor when we had a visit by a group of armed and dreadlocked Kukukuku. Completely silent and not moving, this 100-plus group of warriors squatted under their bark capes with their bows and arrows between their legs, watching the house. Mum took Gail into one of the rooms in case she would cry.

Dad told us to keep quiet and not move unless we had to, then he carefully set up assorted firearms along the veranda rail. These included his military .303, an American M1 carbine as well as two shotguns, all loaded and ready, plus a Smith and Wesson Colt .45 pistol. We waited as the Kukukuku stared at us. They said nothing and made no direct threats. By the fourth morning these infamous killers had disappeared from the river bank as mysteriously as they had arrived.

Originally, Wau was an uninhabited valley on account of the huge klinki pine trees that speared through the canopy like enormous towers often encircled with mist. In the local language it was the 'valley of spears', the giant trees being regarded as homes to malevolent spirits. The valley was *tambu* (forbidden). Tribes kept away; instead they settled on the ridges.

Incidentally, klinki pine (*Araucaria hunsteinii*) became a valuable resource. Logged and milled locally, the fine timber was used to build most of Wau, Lae and Bulolo. These giant trees, many of them thousands of years old, are the world's largest tropical rainforest tree and grow to about fifty to eighty metres, sometimes reaching ninety metres.

Later BGD (Bulolo Gold Dredging Company) built the largest plywood mill in the southern hemisphere to log and process klinki.

Dad and Mum, while waiting for compensation from the War Damages Commission, had to eat and

live in the meantime. Labour was scarce and the few labourers available were used by the government for its rebuilding programs and as carriers on patrol.

From somewhere Dad got hold of a hand-operated coffee pulper. The whole family was set to picking ripe coffee berries. Dad turned the handle and Mum directed water from a hose into the hopper. The machine stripped the skin from the ripe cherries and the wet beans fell into a wooden butter box. The box was covered and the coffee fermented overnight. The beans were then washed in running water and spread on two sheets of corrugated iron in the sun. Mum turned the beans over to ensure an even drying process. Dad then rubbed the beans between his hands, removing the parchment skins. The beans were then graded by size through a sieve ready for roasting.

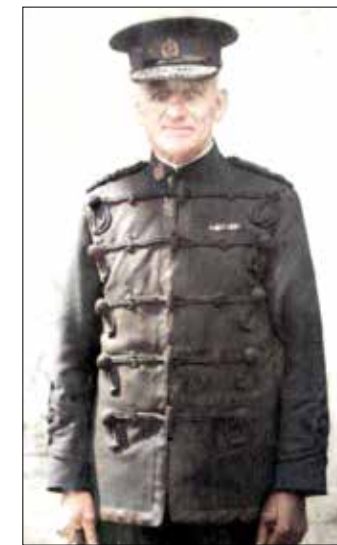
Dad's inventiveness and welding ability got us income. He built a rotary kiln using a larger mining pipe inserted by a rotating pipe which held the coffee beans. The unit was placed on a stand over an open fire and I could turn the handle to roast the beans.

Freshly roasted coffee was ground, packaged and loaded on the Jeep to be hawked round Bulolo. We visited the cooks on every dredge, all nine of them. The miners, many of them American, paid a premium for what was to become the world's best coffee.

My father was a mining engineer who came from the Otago gold fields of New Zealand. His father had been a sergeant in the mounted police gold escort and rose through the ranks to become a Commissioner of Police. Dad sought his fortune in the New Guinea goldfields and, after a few escapades, took on the job of a dredge master in Bulolo. He had enormous talent and a short temper, a trait which, together with his war injuries, was to get him into trouble later on.

Chet (Chester) Mayfield came from Alaska with the dredges and was responsible for reassembling them. He then became the No.1 dredge master in charge of all dredges in the Bulolo Valley. He married my Aunt Ticky and had some Mexican-Spanish ancestry. Later his three sons and I became close friends, though there was jealousy or discomfort between Tom and Chet, which was never adequately explained to me.

Grandfather Wilde offered a contract for the sale of his coffee plantation at the bottom of the airstrip.



Grandfather Thomas Shanahan, former miner and Rough Rider (NZ Mounted Rifles, 4th Contingent, Boer War 1899-1902), joined the police force in 1902 and took many postings including eight years in the mounted gold escort at Alexandra (later promoted to sergeant). Retired as superintendent, NZ Police in Christchurch in 1945, d. 1965.

It was optioned to Colin Tomkins and Peter Jensen who ran it badly. These two never took up the option, but sold a large amount of coffee without making reimbursement. Wilde cancelled the contract and appointed my father to manage the plantation. Dad's wages were used to buy up miners' homestead-leases until we had two hundred acres. Our new plantation was incorporated as a family company, Wau Coffee Estates.

In the meantime, the town was being rebuilt by volunteer labour and local businesses. A public hall was constructed to show movies and the stage was used by local thespians. Down the road from the hall an oval for cricket and football matches was established and a fifty-metre swimming pool and diving tower were constructed. Roads and bridges were repaired or built. With its mild climate Wau was in full vigour. A golf course was laid out and I was one of the founding members. Alas, my golf-playing days were short and I soon dropped out.

The administration buildings were established in the abandoned army camp at the bottom of the airstrip next to Wilde's coffee plantation. The first primary school was started in one of the military buildings which, as per Lae, was covered in tar paper. Later when the new Administrative offices were built in the main part of the town, these buildings became the Government labour compound. The school was then moved into town by Bill Seale, the Assistant District Officer. I went to school with his son, John, but we had begun our association well before, when I was at kindergarten in Leura in the Blue Mountains behind Sydney. ♦

An excerpt from *Jungle Shan* (unpublished memoir) by Peter Shanahan, edited by Martin Kerr

The Kukukuku Clubs

PETER STACE

‘These Kukukuku clubs will make a good addition our Papua New Guinea collection,’ the Queensland Museum Curator said. It was 2019 and I was talking to Imelda Miller, the curator of the Queensland Museum South Pacific collection, while she was looking at my Kukukuku clubs.



MY WIFE AND I were downsizing our personal possessions before going into retirement, and I had approached the museum to see if some of my PNG artefacts could be included in their collection. Included among these artefacts were the two Kukukuku clubs. The curator seemed happy to receive them.

I had purchased these two clubs in about 1971 from a Kukukuku man who had been resettled to the Buvusi oil palm settlements scheme near Hoskins, West New Britain. One club was a typical five-pointed star club, the other rectangular with points on the corners, and were painted with ochre. These Kukukuku men had a reputation for being very tough characters with an assertive attitude.

Settler men from all over PNG had arrived at the settlement area before their wives and children, so they could build their houses and plant food gardens. The Kukukuku men had arrived with the rest of the settlers and I had their house-building material ready. However, heavy rain had made the road to their blocks impassable. These men, when confronted with the situation, went and corduroyed, with tree limbs, the bad parts of the road leading to their blocks. I was very impressed with their industry and self-help. Because the roads were now driveable, the building material for their houses was immediately delivered and carpenters sent to help them build their houses.

Later, one of the Kukukuku men came to me and wanted to sell his stone clubs—he said the steel axes were a lot better and he had no need for the stone ones. The stone clubs have hand-hewn round handles on them and one had a small band of bark (tapa) cloth around the base of the handle like a collar (*on the left in the photo above*). This Kukukuku man told me that, within the tapa cloth, there was some hair of the first man this club had killed—I suppose like

a trophy for the weapon. The description he gave of the occasion of the initiation of the club was this: he whacked the victim over the head and the brains came out. Then the blowflies came and crawled over the mess. He only wanted a few dollars for the two clubs. I paid what he wanted.

These Kukukuku men preferred steel axes to stone clubs—they would remove the handle from their issue steel axes and put a hand-carved tapered handle onto the axe head. A rope would be attached to the handle so as they could to carry the axe over their shoulder, with the shiny sharpened steel glinting in the sun.

The Kukukuku men were greatly respected.

As a *didiman* on the oil palm scheme in the sixties, we had little to do with agriculture, and more to do with logistics. Roads had to be made and managed, sawn timber collected and delivered for settler housing, and labour managed. The co-operative grocery stores needed supervision, seedling oil palms had to be collected from the nursery and delivered to the settlers, there were settler politics and many other things. There were also the wild cards of heavy rain and truck breakdowns, which put a stop to everything. This often caused a high level of anxiety, as things did not happen when expected and people were, understandably, unhappy.

Once, a group of settlers confronted me about some logistic blip. It must have been important because they were quite vocal. A group of Kukukuku men were walking past and they came and sat down near me and the angry men and said, *‘Pita; emi didiman bilong mipela.’* (Peter is our agricultural officer). The group of angry settlers just faded away.

It was good to have a group of Kukukuku men with their shiny axes on your side; it reduced the stress. ♦

Namau Primary T School

LEN SMITH

At the start of 1963 I was transferred to Namau Primary T School on Karkar Island.

It was only three years old and consisted of a bush material classroom, three concrete and fibro classrooms, a single European teacher’s house and several native teachers’ houses.

Before the year’s end we had added another double classroom block and a European married teacher’s quarters.

MY HOUSE WAS the same as the one at Talidig at Madang, with the exception being that this one was not painted internally. The front of the house looked onto a coconut plantation that was less than seven years old as the palms had not begun to bear fruit yet. A small native material house for my house boy completed the buildings. My toilet was a bush structure down the hill through the trees about fifty metres from the house and had no seating arrangements—just a hole in the floor. A huge, and I mean huge, dead tree stood just behind the toilet and I was sure it would come crashing down on me while I was inside.

Namau School was set out on the side of a hill about thirty metres above the road that circled the island. The villages from which most of the students came were higher up the sides of the volcanic crater that is Karkar Island. The mountain villages were Marup, Kevasob, Wakon and Lilo and the coastal villages of Mangar and Kurum completed my area. The school had 143 pupils in 1963 with two Standard 2 classes, one Standard 1 and a kindergarten. I started the year teaching a Standard 2 class in the morning and a new kindergarten in the afternoon until the arrival of a third native teacher.

Namau was to turn out to be a completely different experience to my previous year at Talidig. There I had had no real contact with the native population as it was a boarding school, and the boys’ parents lived a long way away. I now found myself having to deal with villagers, mothers, fathers, big brothers and sisters and local government councillors just to name a few. I also had to learn to speak *Pidgin* although I did have my native teachers to fall back on here when the speaker was speaking too fast, or I could not fully understand the conversation. Unlike some of the other teachers I had never learnt a foreign language and I struggled with more than basic things. One aspect of *Pidgin* speaking that I was to find difficult to come to terms with was the constant repeating of the same things in different ways, even though I had indicated that I understood what they were telling me the first time.



Pupils at Namau Primary School, 1963

Teaching smaller children was also a challenge in itself. I think, looking back, that I was more suited to the teaching of older classes like those at Talidig. One important part of teaching the young is the use of songs and here I failed, for I was, and still am, tone deaf and cannot sing in tune. Kindergarten teaching relies a lot on song, and teaching English as a foreign language uses song to help. I got around this problem by swapping with my native teachers for singing lessons and activities while I took their classes for English. Songs like ‘Incy, Wincy Spider’ and ‘London Bridge Is Falling Down’ with the words changed to ‘Kulkul tractors broken down’ (Kulkul was a plantation further around the island) were most popular with the younger children. The Standard 2 children preferred an American depression song which went, ‘Hallelujah I’m a bum, hallelujah bum again’. I don’t know why, but this was very popular everywhere I went. Another popular one was a Tolai song about a rooster (*below*).

The pupils in my Year Two class were great but, like schools anywhere, there were the very bright, who quickly grasped the subject matter, and then there were the opposite, to whom everything was difficult. I spent more time with them than I really should have. I should add here that these classes, unlike at Talidig, were made up of both sexes as it had been in practice teaching in Rabaul. It was lovely to have little girls who thought I was nice, or at least I think they did. I did have problems with one little boy in the new kindergarten class who cried at the sight of me every day for many, many weeks.

There was one thing that took a lot of getting used to and that was having an audience every morning while teaching. The school classrooms had no windows, only walls about a metre high and the mothers and sisters of the pupils would lean against the outside of these walls to watch. In doing so they must have been hurting their breasts so imagine my shock when they removed their blouses and began

hanging their naked breasts inside the classroom walls. I was a young and inexperienced twenty-five-year-old who had only seen female breasts in magazines before. I was never sure which way to look as they were on both sides of the room. Even the school parents and citizens meetings could be a problem. The five- and six-year-old children lifted up their mothers’ blouses and took a drink while we discussed school improvements.

The school was in a jungle clearing, which meant that it would get very hot and humid by mid-afternoon. I would break from the formal lessons and take the whole school down to the sea for a swim, which the pupils enjoyed immensely. To reach the sea we had to pass through an area of partly-cleared land on the other side of the road from the school and, on inquiring from the parents, I found that this, too, was school land. I persuaded the P&C to clear and flatten it to make a playing field as opposed to the undulating nature of the school area.

The creation of this playing field then led to a soccer match between Namau and Dangsai schools. Bill White, the head teacher at Dangsai, was a keen soccer player and he spent a lot of time and effort in teaching his boys how to play properly. They learnt how to dribble and pass, how to head the ball and how to tackle the opposing players. I was not as clued up as Bill, and I just let my boys kick the ball around amongst each other in their morning and lunch breaks.

The day of the big match arrived and both schools and all the parents gathered on our new playing field. The Marup village people dressed up in all their *sing-sing* finery and put on a display for us to dedicate the new field. When the game at last got under way it was the Namau boys who ran away with the game winning six goals to nil. Who would have thought it possible? I was the most surprised as I had watched Dangsai training on after-school visits to Bill’s house. I was to learn later that the Dangsai parents claimed that I was a sorcerer who had painted the goal posts with magic so that the Dangsai ball would not go through. I never knew I was that clever. The day ended happily with a feast and more singing and dancing.

Work day at the school for the parents was an eye opener for me and it also applied to government work days as well. We had one day a fortnight when



Marap Village dancers at football match

the parents would visit the school and cut the grass and trim the hedges and generally fill in or repair areas of the playgrounds that needed work.

Both the mothers and the fathers would come, but it was only the mothers who worked; the men would just lie about under a tree and smoke and talk for most of the day. The only time I saw the men do anything was when we had to dig some foundations for a new classroom block and the old bush material classroom had to be moved. The men actually got up and helped on that occasion. Everyone, that is, except for the father who was head of the parents and citizens group. He only ever acted as an overseer and I never ever saw him do any physical work. I spoke to him about this once, but he just gave a shrug of his shoulders and carried on as before.

Moving the classroom was something I had not seen or heard of until they did it. They first cleared an area of land for the building. They then erected six new support posts and built two catwalks and ramps about 1.2 m above the ground on the inside. They also built similar catwalks and ramps inside the old structure. With this work done about fifty people—men and women, mostly women—now turned up and they formed themselves into two columns and mounted the catwalks in the old building.

When the boss boy gave the order, they lifted the roof structure complete with its thatching off its old columns and walked it down and across

‘Iau Kul Kaugu Loko’—I Bought My Rooster

STEVEN GAGAU

The song below ‘Iau Kul Kaugu Loko’ has been sung for generations in East New Britain. Before you sing this song note that I am not the composer, but publishing it for Kuanua speakers who may wish to pass on the song to their children to keep them in touch with Tolai folklore.



Verse 1	Chorus	Verse 2
<i>au kul kaugu loko.</i>	<i>Vidir ra lala.</i>	<i>I toke ra kere.</i>
<i>Kaugu tena mono oo.</i>	<i>Vidir ra lala.</i>	<i>Ia ra luluai ta aa.</i>
<i>Kaugu tena mono oo.</i>	<i>Vidir ra lala.</i>	<i>Ia ra luluai ta aa.</i>
<i>Ra mutumut.</i>	<i>Vidir ra lala.</i>	<i>Ra mutumut.</i>
<i>Ra kavunvun.</i>	<i>Ma irukatuka,</i>	<i>Ra kavunvun.</i>
<i>Ra malamalana.</i>	<i>Ma irukatuka,</i>	<i>Ra malamalana.</i>
<i>wangun pa awet.</i>	<i>Ma ikakarikuku.</i>	<i>I wangun pa awet.</i>
<i>Mara kakarikuku.</i>		<i>Mara kakarikuku.</i>
		Repeat Chorus

Ismael Isikel has kindly provided an explanation of the song and some changes in different Tolai dialects: ‘Iau Kul Kaugu Loko’ is a popular song about a rooster bought and kept as a pet. It would wake up its master crowing early in the morning.

Roosters crow in the mornings and this song, in a way, is a tribute to their ‘duty’ as time-keepers. The second verse of the song is in admiration for the pet rooster’s fighting ability using its spurs (*tikuluna*). It describes its crest (*kere*) as befitting the look of a chief (*Ia ra luluai ta*).

The song is written here following the Kuanua dialects of Kabakada and Rakunai. There is a slight variation between these two dialects and the Raluana dialect. The variation: *Vidir ra lala* (Kabakada and Rakunai); *Vidir ra lolo* (Raluana).

ABOVE: A rooster and its master sharing peanuts in Kokopo, East New Britain Province (Photo Credit: Esau Mellie)

the playground to its new location (*opposite*). It was then up onto the catwalks again where they proceeded to put the roof down again on its new supports. I had heard Europeans doubt the locals' ability to plan or do anything properly. Well, they proved themselves to me to be very smart that day. I had thought they were just going to pull it all to pieces and then rebuild it, silly me. This building was then used by the parents as the school kitchen where they could shelter and prepare the children's lunches. Lunch was either *kaukau* (sweet potato) or taro cooked in the ashes of a fire.

I had three native teachers at Namau and their names were Robert, Moe and Tawia Wia. Robert was a very good teacher and he came from Bogia further up the Madang coast and was an A-grade teacher. Native teachers up until 1961 had been graded A, B and C depending on their level of education and this also affected their wage scale. Moe, my second teacher, was a new class of teacher, who had completed high school and a two-year long teachers' college course and so was paid at a higher scale again than A, B and C teachers. There was some trouble with these teachers later on as they felt that they should receive the same pay as Australian trained teachers but the government felt that they should only be paid what an independent PNG could afford. Moe was from Papua and had brought his eight-year-old nephew with him.

My third teacher, Tawia Wia, had been at Raburua School in Rabaul when I did my practice teaching. He was a nice chap but with limited ability. I think he was a B-grade teacher. While I didn't have a C-grade teacher I believe they were

only paid a small salary and got the rest of their pay in the form of food and clothing.

If it was a wet day then nobody would come to school. The first time it happened I had risen as normal and prepared for school to start at 8.00 am only to find no one there. After that if it was raining when I woke, I would just roll over and go back to sleep for another hour or two. These were good days to catch up on paperwork and lesson programs. In 1963 the Administration had, for the first time, produced a new school syllabus especially for PNG schools, complete with new reading books about life in PNG. The old books had been written for schools in Africa.

When discussing other people and places the concept of cold (i.e. snow and ice) was another problem which I solved by marching my class down to my house and opening the refrigerator door and letting each pupil touch the box, which was thick with white frost.

The previous teacher in charge had had school uniforms made for the girls in the form of pinafore skirts with a front chest-high panel and crossed shoulder straps while the boys all had shorts. Last thing every Friday they would wash their school clothes and at that time I would have a school full of naked children running around. Now, nearly sixty years later, I cannot recall who made them and whether I issued the kindergarten pupils with new dresses and shorts, but I suppose I must have.

At Namau we shared the work of sick parade. Aspirin and quinine were given for those with malaria, which occasionally struck a child down. There was one bad accident. A boy cut the front of

his big toe almost off. I bandaged it up and put him on my scooter and rushed him down to the mission hospital where Ned Tscharke stitched it back on successfully.

Tuberculosis was also a common illness amongst the native population and one day I received instructions from the Health Department to take the Year Two children down to the mission hospital to have a chest x-ray. The x-rays led to the Health Department issuing the school with a large tin of Cod Liver Oil, which was to be given to every pupil each day, a teaspoonful at a time. It was amazing to see the results of this. The children's noses dried up, their skin took on a gleam and I'll swear they started to shoot up before our eyes.

I enjoyed my life as a teacher at Namau and would have stayed longer if I had not become ill in 1963. I was continuously feeling unwell for no apparent reason, so much so that I spent three days in the Lutheran Hospital of Madang having all sorts of tests, only to be told that they could find nothing



Moving the classroom roof to the new structure

wrong with me. By the end of 1963 I was forced to leave on the grounds of continuing ill health. It was to take me another three years before I found the reason—I have an allergy to eggs. So, in 1964, I returned to Australia and my previous working life as an engineering draftsman. ♦

Death of Teaching Brothers

ADAM ELLIOTT

It is now almost eighty years since three Australian Marist teaching brothers were killed by the Japanese during World War II. While it is not possible to pinpoint their place of death, it seems most likely they died on Sohano Island, the former prewar district headquarters in the Buka Passage.

ONE OF THE Marist Brothers was Frederick Gerard Mannes. He was born in 1909 to a farming family in Bendigo, central Victoria. Frederick joined the Marist Brothers in 1928, trained as a teacher and took the name Brother Augustine.

By 1941 Brother Augustine was principal at the Marist Brothers school at Mosman in New South Wales when the Bishop of Northern Solomons, an American Marist named Thomas Wade, asked for Australian Marist Brothers to come and build education services in Bougainville.

It was clear there was a war looming but Brother Augustine and two other Marist teaching brothers, Brother Donatus and Brother Ervan, volunteered. The three of them began preparations for travel to Bougainville and teaching roles at Chabai catechetical training school.

In July 1941 they arrived at Tulagi in the neighbouring Solomon Islands. There the three

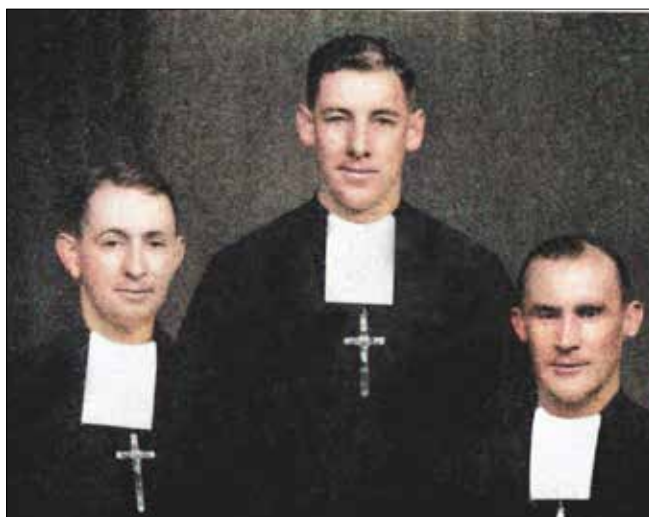
brothers received a telegram informing them of a change in plans; Brother Ervan was to travel to Marau Sound at the eastern end of Guadalcanal Island where he would switch places with another Marist brother, Brother John, who would then go to Bougainville. Brother John had already been teaching for some time in the Pacific, so the thinking was Augustine, Donatus and Chabai would benefit from his experience.

Following instructions, Brother Ervan left for Marau while Brother Augustine and Brother Donatus travelled from Tulagi to Chabai. Brother John opted to spend a few weeks with Brother Ervan at Marau helping him acclimatise to his new post. Augustine and Donatus were at Chabai by August 1941 and Brother John arrived there in November.

Chabai was a catechetical training school with around 100 students in residence. The curriculum



Standard 2 class Namau school, 1961



Brothers Augustine, Ervan and Donatus before their departure for the North Solomons (above); and a map showing Sohano Island (right)



covered maths, English, religion and practical subjects such as carpentry. The school was self-sufficient, with livestock and large gardens producing rice and all the staple foods of the Pacific. Students and teachers also spent time fishing. Augustine, Donatus and John were settling into their work. Leo Lising, who was a student then, is quoted as saying ‘... they were very happy days’.

The district office was about twelve kilometres away on Sohano Island in the Buka Passage. As the war came closer the Australian Government withdrew and a small contingent of Australian soldiers occupied Sohano. The soldiers warned the brothers to close the school, send the students home and take off themselves. Japanese aeroplanes first bombed shipping in the Buka Passage and the district administration offices on Sohano on 23 January 1942. Then, only a few months after the brothers arrived, the Japanese commenced their occupation of Bougainville.

At first the brothers and students went into the bush to hide from the Japanese. They posted lookouts so they knew what was going on and could

not be caught unawares. Bishop Wade came to see them in February and told them hiding was useless, that they should return to the school to wait and see what would happen. The Bishop was worried about the missionaries’ fate if left to the Japanese, but he was equally concerned about the tenets of missionary work.

The inevitable occurred in May 1942 when the Japanese came to Chabai. They called the brothers out of the bush and ordered them to ring the bell. The Japanese told the assembly there was a war and there would be a major battle for Bougainville. They then ordered the school closed and all the students were to leave the school immediately. The brothers were then placed on parole by the Japanese, ordered to stay on and not leave the mission school.

The Japanese continued to visit Chabai regularly and also required the brothers to report regularly to military police (Kempeitai) on Sohano Island, where they had set up their headquarters in the old district administration area.

Throughout their occupation the Japanese soldiers thoroughly looted the school at Chabai. On 14 August, seven days after the American landings on Guadalcanal in the neighbouring Solomon Islands, the Japanese finally took the brothers to Sohano Island.

It is possible the Japanese suspected the brothers were in radio contact with the allies. For some time, local villagers reported seeing the brothers alive on Sohano, but after this the story of what happened gets vague and contradictory. Some people said they were taken to Rabaul.

At the end of the war the Australian Minister for External Affairs wrote to the Marist Brothers informing them that on 19 August 1942 Brother Augustine, Brother Donatus and Brother John had been placed on a Japanese navy cruiser. They said the cruiser put to sea and there was then no clue of what may have happened. The three brothers were declared dead as of the date 20 August 1942.

The Marist Brothers passed this information on to the families of the three men and they came to believe the brothers had been on the *Montevideo Maru*, the infamous ship en route to Japan when tragically sunk by an American submarine. They had never been on the list of those lost in the

Montevideo Maru and in post-war Bougainville. Other stories started to emerge.

Laurie Chan had a trade store at Porton Plantation, very near Chabai. He was interviewed for the *Marist Newsletter* in 1992 and had been a student at Chabai, and friend to the brothers: He said Australian soldiers had also urged him to evacuate however he couldn’t as his wife was ready to have a baby. Laurie and his wife were taken into custody by the Japanese and he was forced to work for them thereafter as an interpreter. He says the Japanese suspected the brothers were coastwatchers and they were eventually arrested and loaded on to a landing craft. The landing craft took them across to Sohano Island.

Laurie says the brothers were kept there for some months as they were interrogated. This possibility is supported by other accounts from Bougainville. An Australian soldier who served in Buka at the end of the war was a former student of Brother John when he was teaching at Marist Brothers Mosman. This soldier heard stories from local people living at nearby Tarlena Mission Station that sometimes when they were fishing they saw the brothers walking on the beach and they would wave to each other.

Laurie Chan said one day a Japanese officer said to him ‘the brothers will go home to Australia’. He understood this to mean the brothers were to be killed. He said over months it had become obvious that the three Marist Brothers had no information to give. Sometime soon after it seems most likely they were executed on Sohano Island. Laurie said the bodies were not buried, possibly to be found later, but burnt on the beach. This version of events places the deaths sometime in October or November 1942. In his book, *The Martyrs of New Guinea*, Theo Aerts states the brothers were executed on Sohano in November 1942.

Coastwatcher Jack Read reported Augustine, Donatus and John were taken to Sohano, interrogated and held there for a time before they were taken to Gagan village on Buka Island. However, Read had not seen this himself and must have been reporting stories that confused them with three French-speaking Marist priests.

Hugh Laracy says in his book, *Marists and Melanesians*, that another five Buka-based

missionaries were gathered at Hahela and then taken to Sohano around the same time as the brothers. In December 1942 three French Marists were taken by the Japanese to Gagan village. Of the three Australian brothers Laracy simply says they were taken from Chabai and never seen again.

Whatever happened, the brothers were lost—most likely because the Japanese thought the brothers were relaying intelligence on Japanese movements to the allies; so they were interrogated and then killed. Any truth after that was confused as stories were conflated and truth lost in the fog of war.

Brother Augustine, Brother Donatus and Brother John are commemorated on a memorial at Mittagong in NSW. There used to be a memorial at St Joseph’s High School at Rigu in Bougainville but that was destroyed during the Bougainville crisis. Ironically, there is a large memorial to the Japanese on Sohano while the generation of the three brothers have now all died, never really knowing what happened.

Frederick Gerard Mannes was my maternal great-uncle. He was a cousin of my maternal grandfather. We grew up never having heard his name and it was only in 2003, when I was in Australia for a holiday from my job in Madang, that I heard just a little of his story and saw the sadness my family still carried through his loss. ♦



Memorial plaque at Rigu High School, destroyed during Bougainville Crisis (above); and the Japanese Memorial on Sohano Island (left)

Plant Maintenance in New Ireland

BEVYNNE TRUSS

'Your task is to go and improve the standard of plant maintenance in New Ireland,' Ted Hicks the District Commissioner of Wewak directed me.

I ARRIVED IN KAVIENG, February 1969 and was booked, with my wife, into the Kavieng Hotel. It wasn't a posh hotel, no aircon, and that night we were overrun with the biggest cockroaches I had ever seen. So I didn't get much sleep.

In the very early hours of the morning I got up and wandered downstairs to be greeted at the bar by a small group of expats: 'We've got rum on tap. What would you like for breakfast?' Not a bad crowd of local businessmen and traders. Pat Gallen was the proprietor and looked after us well.

The next day I was picked up and given a whirlwind introduction to the layout of the town, shown the workshop and various accommodations. We moved into a two-bedroom bungalow which to my wife, after the house in Maprik, was real civilisation. The house was fully furnished as we arrived only with our suitcases. My tools were shipped in crates to arrive later. We had to clean up a bit of mildew. At the time I didn't realise that the District Works Officer had a much bigger house with a view. The DC, Les Williams, who I didn't



Bevyne's house in Kavieng. His Morris 850 station wagon is in the carport, and the International C1300 workhorse is parked off right

meet for quite some time, had a huge house on a ridge overlooking a scenic view.

When I arrived at the works depot, there was a mess of gear lying around. I had no idea who the previous workshop foreman was, and things were definitely not in a shipshape order. But, together with the obliging local staff, we soon got into sorting things out. This task took me about ten days. We could then start on repairs and servicing.

My chief offsider was Francis who helped me out right from the start. Joe was a welder and Linus a *liklik* mechanic. Labour personnel varied between six and eight, not including drivers and plant operators, and I had to train them as well. I was responsible for keeping monthly staff time sheets and this took considerable effort due to variations in attendance. My initial workhorse vehicle was a Land Rover utility.

In June of that year I was joined by Jeff Sheldon, newly arrived from south, as a leading hand mechanic. Living in the single quarters, he had no vehicle and I picked him up on the way to work. An industrious worker, he was missed when he left to return south after about twelve months.

A function of this sorting out was to set up a wall-mounted plant maintenance schedule showing the plant item, its description, service type—(minor) filters and adjustments; (major) oil change, hydraulics, etc. Plant included graders, loaders and dump trucks. We now had a plan to work by.

There was a need to include training of some of the local mechanics who, up to then, were barely keeping up to the necessary maintenance standards. Hands on training included removing cylinder heads, fixing hydraulics, general servicing and filter changes.

Spare parts were always a problem. I had to get my library of manuals sorted so I could reference requisition orders, write out and send to stores in Rabaul. Everything had to go through Rabaul. This paperwork sometimes kept me up at night. Heavy spares were delivered by ship, lighter stuff such as filters came by air. Delays were inevitable. My office was at the northern end of the workshop complex, with desk, telephone and book shelves. At the opposite end was the lubricants store, which was cleaned up, drums set up on pallets put together by local carpenters.

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Working With NGOs in PNG—Global Pressures on PNG Culture

NATALIE MOXHAM

I was first invited to visit PNG in 2010 and then again in 2011 by the Dutch funder, ICCO. I was to facilitate their national partners' meeting of some fifteen local NGOs. I flew into Kokopo, staying at the beautiful Kokopo Beach Bungalows, which was in its final stages of development. I facilitated this three-day workshop with mostly environmental local NGOs. After working most of my life in Indigenous/Aboriginal land management throughout Australia and in Timor-Leste, PNG was new to me. I knew enough about indigenous cultures to know that I didn't know anything about PNG.

I HAVE ALWAYS been passionate about the environment. I suppose this comes from my Dad dragging me up and down mountains of the Victorian alps throughout my childhood. He was a policeman who died when I was eleven. He definitely instilled a love for the bush in me.

The second gathering was a year later in Goroka. I was struck by the 'power' that people gave me. Working throughout Central Australia with traditional Aboriginal people with the Central Land Council on Land Rights and Jointly Managed National Parks I was taught to be extremely humble, always eat last, honour and respect elders, put any white privilege in a box. Whereas, in PNG, I was placed centre and overtly honoured, asked to eat first. This was very confronting for me. As an 'empowerment' practitioner I had to learn quickly the black-white power relations and carefully work with them, never overstepping or over using my position.

I have been coming and going from PNG now for over ten years working with Anglicare PNG on their HIV AIDS program, the Centre for Environmental Law (CELCOR), Bismarck Ramu Group, the Eco Forestry Forum, the Bougainville Women's Federation, FORCERT (Forests for Certain Forests for Life), YUS Tree Kangaroo Project, Wide Bay Conservation Association to name a few. Most of what I am doing with these groups, although pitched as strategic planning, evaluation or organisational development, is to hear what these groups really want to do for their environment, custom and people—and then assist them to translate that effectively into language and values that their funders and international audiences will understand. Here, as people with experience in PNG will know, is the task of working with people to deeply value and appreciate their own way of life and customs so that they have pride in their identity and culture. My PNG friends call it self-reliance.

For me it is a sense of agency for cultural, and for that matter biodiversity, survival. Perhaps my conviction comes from the juxtaposition of working with Aboriginal Australians that have lost



Natalie with a women's group at Pomio



Natalie on International Women's Day at Kokopo, 2017 so much culture and the trauma that that has led to, and then seeing the deep and rich culture of PNG and the rate of global influence threatening that.

One of the highlights has been visiting the villages of East Pomio in Wide Bay, East New Britain. A six-hour dinghy ride from Kokopo. Here I was able to go around the bay in a dinghy visiting each village for a day. Many people in these places did not recall a white woman having ever come

Plant Maintenance in New Ireland

Continued from page 24

I reported to my boss, Wally Howard, the Regional Mechanical Supervisor based in Rabaul. We discussed problems by telephone. He made onsite inspections about every three months which were always helpful. We also socialised with the



The trusty C1300 International set up to work on a grader at Lukurumau Plantation on the beach, off Boluminski Highway, 1969

to their village. I think one community built me a toilet and repaired a road and vehicle for me. They drove me 500 metres to the community gathering. Such a spectacular place.

Now, ten years later I am feeling that I have a better understanding of the sensibilities of PNG culture and the tensions between biodiversity responsibilities held by custom, the church and religion, and PNG's national government structures. I am now wondering what more I can do as an Australian, with my PNG friends to help them protect their biodiversity, celebrate their culture and manage global pressures. I'd be interested in hearing from others that might also be thinking on this. My email is natalie@leanganookyarn.com and mobile +61 (0) 448 372 466. ♦

Biography:

Natalie is the principal consultant for Leanganook Yarn, a small organisation that works in design, evaluation, facilitation and participation. She is an inspired change maker working in intercultural spaces drawing on empowerment approaches. With over thirty years of experience she undertakes facilitation work in community development and environment contexts, both internationally, and in Australia with First Nations people, NGOs and the Australian Community, and Government sectors. Natalie is passionate about authentic processes that enable us to be our best, and bring about grounded change. With her partner and two children she lives on DjaDjaWurrung Country in Central Victoria, Australia.

administration community usually at the RSL or the hotel.

My support transport to travel down the island had to be booked from the Admin Transport, and what was then available was not always suitable. And then we got International 4x4 C1300s, a complete workshop on the back of a truck, including welding gear. But the configuration of two wheels front and back didn't help on the rough roads. The vehicle was unstable on corners because of the weight we carried. Dual rear wheels would have been more suitable. I had to drive carefully to avoid serious accidents. What a boon the C1300 was to me. I travelled the length of the island going through all sorts of villages and plantations. I faced many incidents and problems but these are for another day. ♦

Bevynne Truss went to PNG in 1967 and spent later years on secondment to New Britain Palm Oil Limited (NBPOL).

A Memorable Experience

Kandrian Sub-District, West New Britain District

BILL (JW) GORNALL, Didiman—Part Two

Kandrian Station, a small outpost on the south-west coast of West New Britain.

ON A GIMI/RAUTO patrol, returning to Kandrian, a monsoonal storm hit. The excerpt from my Field Officer's Journal (FOJ), 30 March 1968, says:

Talked with committee man, then dep'd 8.00 am for Sara, further along coast. All equip. etc on one big canoe. About 1½ miles away, and storm hit. Beached on reef and sheltered for a while, but wind had changed in opp. direction, so boarded canoe again and headed back for Murien instead. Big seas – 6' troughs. Sail broke, then outrigger snapped off, most 'crew' dived into water to salvage things swept off. Eventually swimmers regained outrigger and righted canoe. Put into closest opening in reef and carriers transported gear back to Murien. Nothing lost during these events! Continued raining rest of day.

In July 1968 I was returning from a Cape Gloucester patrol, a 130-mile (210 km) walkabout of the Kilengi/Lollo Census Divisions (CDs) and hoping to make it home to meet my parents on their impending visit. An extract from a letter I posted home to Australia on 1 August 1968 describes an experience between Aisege and Aumo villages on the south-west coast:

... waded through rivers, up to our belly buttons sometimes, so just as well it was low tide. At one point had just waded across one such river when one of the carriers found a fresh track made by a crocodile. It had pulled a pig into the water, which had apparently come to the water's edge to drink and footprints of both animals indicated a brief struggle before the pig met its cruel fate.

September 1968 was also exciting. Firstly an earthquake of strength 6.8 struck at midnight one night. I woke, thinking some mates were trying to tip me out of bed (took one back to Ag College pranks!) My house was high-set on steel posts, and rocked

and swayed so much I had to hold onto the sides of my single bed to stay in it. Fortunately, no major damage occurred. It was scary though, being my first experience of a fairly strong 'quake. The associated noise due to tank water turbulence, and an abundance of coconuts falling to earth from tall palms in the surrounding coconut grove, was unnerving. Thirty-four station house tanks sprang leaks, a couple dropping concertina-like to half their original height. Cracks appeared in the station's gravel road.

Later in the month, Jim, Scott and I hired a Cessna 172 to attend the Talasea Coconut Ball. Huge storm clouds had formed over the Whiteman Ranges. The pilot tried going further west to avoid them, but couldn't, and we had to go through. We bounced around like a cork—had a tremendous buffeting but the single engine did its finest. One couldn't see very far through the blackness, and driving rain and lightning made for some green faces in the rear. It was probably the scariest event in my life.

Eventually the pilot and I looked down through a tunnel to sun shining on *kunai* grass far below. We dived down while the opportunity existed. Levelling out, we saw the mountain we'd been aware of a few miles to the east. Buzzing the township of Cape Hoskins to announce our arrival elicited more groans from the back.

The Talasea Coconut Ball was a great affair. Perhaps ninety people turned up, many making it an all-nighter. Then a brief sleep, followed by afternoon tennis at Volupai Plantation (Manager Harry Humphries) and an early morning flight (with clear skies) back to Kandrian.



Kandrian Kantri Klab, the social hub

On the station, most socialising happened at the Kandrian Kantri Klab, with darts, drinks, occasional dinners and dances, or just listening to records (James Last, Rolling Stones, Creedence, Tom Jones, Everly Brothers, The Ventures, to name a few). The natural spring, freshwater pool beside the clubhouse, some 17 feet (or 5 metres) deep, was quite popular.

Great fishing was to be had. Occasionally we'd venture out in the government work boat, to trawl around the Aveleng Islands about a half hour out from the station. Sometimes we'd picnic on a beach there. Fish caught included yellowfin tuna, trevally, kingfish, barracuda, coral trout and cod. Individual catches weighed up to, say, 80 pounds (36 kg) for a tuna. Sharks were sometimes plentiful, patrolling the perimeter of schools. Lines up to 500 lbs (230 kg) BS (Breaking Strength) would be broken. Michael Chan, local tradestore manager, had caught two marlin—about 10- and 12-footers. I hooked up to one once, but it threw the lure as it skipped across the waves on its tail—an awesome sight.

On two such trips, we knocked off fishing to whale watch a mile or so further out. Once a pod of eight watched us watching them, the longest about 45 feet (13.7 m). Snorkelling and fishing around some of the Arawe islands were also very rewarding. Coastal reefs were pristine with spectacular clarity, fabulous.

Experiences on a five-week patrol of the Arawe CD were described in a letter home dated December 1969:

Am just over half way on this patrol now and not doing too badly. Have had shark to eat, plus turtle, lobsters, crabs, mangoes, custard apples, leg of goat and a few others. We go out along the reef sometimes at night and spearfish from canoes, so no shortage of protein this patrol.



Scraping coconuts at Aslingpun village

Shell-collecting was a small-time hobby of mine. In the Arawe, on occasions, I would walk the reefs at night usually accompanied by young folk with spears, intent on filling woven baskets with small fish and edible molluscs. One night I was concentrating on a shell, luckily not carrying the hurricane lamp, and a young girl pinched me on the Achilles tendon, yelling *maleo* (eel)! Well I fairly leapt in the air! Shrieks of delight rent the air. Yes—a great sense of humour these children had! So when I later popped a small crab down the back of the instigator's blouse, another resounding sound of raucous laughter filled the air.

But one had to be consistently alert, for reef-walking had its dangers. Cone shells had to be handled carefully and sea snakes given wide berth. Another time in the Arawe, I was about to step into a shallow pool with sandy bottom, one foot almost breaking the water, when I perceived the outline of a large stonefish directly beneath my advancing foot. Wow, did I quickly change direction!

The following information gleaned from my FOJ on 23 April 1970:

During extension work, travelled via canoe, with one RDA and paddlers, from Avio village east of 'Ablingi' Plantation (owned by John Allan) in the Gasmata CD for two hours up the Avio River, 2½ hours walk to the Gilwo River. Rested, crossed over and walked another 3 hours to Luonglil village.

Village consists of 9 houses, 1 haus boi, 1 ples matmat (cemetery), (old haus boi where remains of ex-tultul Gillme recently laid to rest, and 7 skulls with other bones adorn the ceiling).

Well, that threw me ... most unexpected. Overnighted, didn't sleep really soundly. Kiap Wilhelm Speldewinde visited here in May 1969, but otherwise this bush village was rarely visited by outsiders.

I was on patrol for 100 days during each of my three years stationed at Kandrian—a period of life never to be forgotten and so much appreciated. ♦

Postscript

By the end of my term at Kandrian, I was very happy to know that coconut production had doubled, small cocoa trials had been established, coffee was being purchased by DASf for export much more efficiently than previously, the new extension station was firmly established, a training syllabus for Farmer Trainees and Rural Development Assistants had been produced, and an overall plan for agricultural extension in the sub-district had been formulated, including sites for extension outposts.

Close Calls: Spanning Forty Years in PNG

JOE GOUGH
Former Assistant
Patrol Officer,
Aiome and Usino
Patrol Posts, Madang
District, 1968 to 1970

I'm sure many PNG Kundu readers can recall occasions in their lives that we would have no problem classing as close calls (or 'near-misses') being mostly physical, but possibly some romantic as well. I'm not going to delve into the latter but would like to recount a series of close calls for me that occurred in Papua New Guinea (PNG) over the main period of my involvement in that country between 1967 and 2007.

THREE OF THE INCIDENTS occurred during my period of employment with the TPNG Administration and the remaining two were part of my subsequent geological career.

Within the context of the incidents described in the five parts of the story, my definition of 'close call' is an event I was involved in that caused serious injury and/or had the potential to be fatal.

1967: After a four-and-a-half-hour flight from Sydney, I arrived at Port Moresby's Jacksons Airport in July 1967 to begin a two-year contract as a clerk with the Administration of the (then) Territory of Papua and New Guinea. As a relatively untravelled nineteen-year-old bloke from country New South Wales, the climate and culture shock, from very cold to bloody hot and humid, was immense.

But in the company of several other 'newbies' we managed to settle into a reasonably carefree lifestyle in Port Moresby, pursuing different social interests outside work hours, but having a common base at the Administration's Ranuguri Hostel in Konedobu where there were more motorcycles than cars in the car park.

Sport was my main social interest and I joined a local basketball team in 1967, then progressed to rugby league for the 1968 season after I'd acclimatised well enough. At the time, I was physically fit and had a build more suited for basketball than league, but managed to secure a place in the reserve grade of Hawks Club, one of several taking part in the fiercely contested local competition played on Friday nights and Sunday afternoons.

This is where we start to get to the crux of the story, as in order to supplement my modest onfield performances, I volunteered to coach a Hawks side of PNG blokes in a parallel competition. Training for this PNG side was mid-week afternoon and as we used to finish work at 4.06 pm, there was ample time to ride the fifteen or twenty minutes out to the training ground, do a reasonable session then get back to the hostel before 6.00 pm in time to sample the culinary delights of the evening meal.



On one such afternoon in July, on my return from training on my pride and joy, a Honda CB175, at an intersection in Hohola I was struck by a yellow taxi that turned in front of me, sending me flying off the bike as I couldn't avoid a collision. Being the main point of impact, my right leg had made a decent depression in the fuel tank before I became airborne. Thank goodness, helmets were compulsory at that time as my head made abrupt contact with the bitumen and I lost consciousness for a short time and awoke to find an ambulance and crowd of onlookers at the accident scene, one of whom had helped himself to my watch!

Results from the prang could have been worse—some skin loss, bruises, a very painful (but not broken) right knee and two subsequent weeks in Port Moresby Hospital to nurse my wounded pride! Needless to say, the Honda didn't fare much better but we were both young and repairable!

1968: In the early stages of recovery from the knee injury, my application to transfer to the Department of District Administration as a cadet patrol officer was accepted in August 1968. Following an intensive four-week training course at Kwikila, south-east of Port Moresby, I was posted to Aiome Patrol Post in the Madang District. John Edwards (also known as '*nek paia*', due to an old burn injury) was OIC at the time.

As with most remote posts in TPNG at the time, the main form of access was by light aircraft, although Aiome had the added advantage of a mile-long airstrip that could take a Douglas DC3 aircraft—remember those? Aiome was also relatively close to the mighty Ramu River, which was used extensively for transport by people in villages along the river. The patrol post had its own aluminium dinghy and outboard, but also available were large dugout canoes, probably eight- to ten-metres long, fitted with outboard engines—the latter were slower in the water, but could take more people and more cargo.

I was tasked by the OIC at Aiome to travel downriver to Annanberg Catholic Mission station to supervise work necessary to upgrade their airstrip—to allow commercial light aircraft to use the strip as well as mission aircraft (whose pilots had a well-earned reputation of flying on a wing and a prayer!) The bulk of the upgrading work comprised felling taller trees from the flyover

area at the rainforest end of the strip—the other approach was the cleared bank of the Ramu.

I had been on site about a week and work was progressing well when one day, Friday, 13 December 1968, I decided I'd have a go at cutting down a small tree along the edge of the runway. Despite being warned of its sharpness by the owner of the axe I had borrowed, I began my task in earnest, but one poorly aimed blow deflected the axe from the side of the offending tree and planted the axe blade in the front centre of my left foot, about ankle height. There was no immediate pain and no major outpouring of blood, but on removal of the axe head it was obvious the wound was serious—all very embarrassing for this young white *masta* who was supposed to be directing the work, to be suddenly out of action. Thankfully, though, one of the workers was big enough to put me on his shoulders to take me down to the riverbank where the dinghy was located. I was able to drive the dinghy across the river to the mission station where, again, my big mate gave me a shoulder ride up the bank to the small clinic in the *haus sik* (hospital). Unfortunately for me, both nursing sisters were out on patrol so I spent a very uncomfortable day until their return late afternoon when they were able to tend to the wound that required quite a few stitches and many subsequent weeks of slow healing. Could have been worse in that the injury could have been to the right leg as the knee wasn't fully recovered yet!

1969: The following year, 1969, was to have more variety for me as I enjoyed three months leave back in Australia after twenty-one months in TPNG. Whilst on leave, spent mostly in Orange with my family, I was informed I'd be posted to Usino Patrol Post on my return to duty. Usino is also in the Ramu Valley but further upstream than Aiome and closer to Madang. Terry Nixon who was OIC when I arrived was subsequently transferred. He was replaced by ADO Peter Ingram, whose wife Penny and two infant children joined him on the Patrol Post.

My specific role was to be supervisor of a team of about forty to fifty labourers engaged from the local area to clear larger vegetation from a surveyed road corridor that would link Usino with a large pastoral station at Dumpu, about sixty km to the southeast, in the upper Ramu, near the boundary

with the Morobe District. Dumpu was an active Allied base and airstrip during World War II.

Road construction was being undertaken by Commonwealth Department of Works (CDW) under foreman Phil Devine (a Pom, but a nice bloke) ably assisted by Queenslander plant operator, Tony Moylem, who introduced me to the delights of XXXX lager! Despite the perceptions many had about the public servant work ethos in those days, my team and I put in long days and six-day weeks.

Standard accommodation for all of us was bush-material huts, and standard tucker was bully beef or tinned fish, and brown rice supplemented with local green vegetables, bananas and pineapples. Evening entertainment was listening to Radio Australia or a local TPNG station on shortwave band on a National transistor radio—remember those? The highlight for all of us during this time, of course, was listening to the broadcast of Neil Armstrong walking on the moon—a feat most of the workers believed to be impossible.

So, within this cycle of work activity, the weekly break back to Usino Station was welcome but, even better, was permission to go into Madang to purchase some essential spare parts for our over-worked chainsaws. This was only a short trip and didn't present the chance to fraternise (i.e. have a few SP lagers) with other expats for a change but, being November, was a well-earned field break after almost four months in the bush. Whilst in Madang, I lashed out and bought a National radio cassette player and a few music cassettes in order to expand my limited entertainment options.

Time to return to Usino came early afternoon on 11 November. On board the single-engine Cessna 185, operated by Territory Airlines Limited (TAL), were the experienced pilot Darryl Brumby and a CDW surveyor in the front seats, with me and my spare parts and enough bags of rice and cases of tinned meat and fish to make up the load occupying the rear.

The weather was fine for the fifteen to twenty minutes usual flying time from Madang to Usino, but about halfway into the flight, just before descending into the Ramu Valley, things got interesting. There was a loud bang, a puff of grey smoke, black oil splattered the windscreen and we lost altitude. Thankfully, the pilot kept his cool, radioed 'Mayday' and turned back towards Madang.

We began considering a limited number of options that all included crash landing but, with some power remaining in the engine, we had choices of locations for ditching—the agreed option was to try for one of the larger sand and gravel bars near the mouth of the Gogol River, south of Madang.

The problem for me with any ditching option was no full seatbelt in the back, as one of the seatbelt halves was under the load of cargo, so the outlook was not looking good for the rear seat passenger! Once again, though, it wasn't my time, as Darryl assessed the Cessna's engine had enough grunt for us to limp back up the coastline to Madang, precariously close to many of the taller coconut palms. Escorted by emergency appliances on the runway, the landing at Madang was uneventful but we were all pretty shaky on exiting the aircraft. The engine problem was identified as a blown cylinder head, but obviously the little Cessna wasn't going to let that be its end and had battled on. Just to show how truly we believed we had dodged a bullet, the surveyor and I flew out to Usino later that same afternoon in a twin-engine Cessna 336 (a 'push-pull')—with a different pilot and without any pre-flight fortifiers! ♦

Part Two will be continued in a following issue of PNG KUNDU.



Cleared Usino-Dumpu road alignment, preceding earthworks

Commemorating the Seventieth Anniversary of the Volcanic Disaster at Mount Lamington

WALLY JOHNSON

The strongly intertwined histories of Papua New Guinea and Australia, post-WWII, are illustrated dramatically by the terrible disaster that took place at Lamington volcano, Northern District, TPNG, on Sunday, 21 January 1951.

ALMOST 3,000 PEOPLE are thought to have perished when a hot, volcanic, ‘ash-hurricane’ cloud swept at great speed—like a lateral ‘atomic blast’ as some people described it—mainly down the northern flank of the volcano. Most of the dead were Orokaiva people who had worked the rich volcanic soils of the volcano long before colonisation by Britain and then Australia.

Thirty-five expatriates, mainly Australians, died too—almost all of them at the Higaturu Government Station and the nearby Anglican Mission at Sangara, about ten kilometres from the summit crater. About 4,000 Orokaiva were thought to occupy the surrounding villages and settlements.

Many readers of *Una Voce*, and now *PNG Kundu*, will be aware of the Lamington disaster. Indeed, some people over the years have written valuable articles for the journal on their experiences or those of their family members. Some still-living people survived the blast as children.

Others came into the devastated area afterwards as part of the relief and recovery effort, including Administration officers such as one of our Association’s recently deceased patrons, the late Fred Kaad, OBE, whose 100th birthday we celebrated on these pages in the September 2020 issue. Fred, as an Assistant District Officer, established and oversaw a government refugee camp at Wairopi on the Kumusi River for thousands of displaced Orokaiva. Other more senior men who were involved in the aftermath of the disaster included the Administrator, Colonel Jack K Murray, Dr John Gunther (Director of Public Health) and all three of the Champion brothers, Claude, Ivan, and Alan.

There are many other people who did not have any involvement in the actual disaster or its aftermath, yet who to this day maintain a strong interest in the mountain—for example, both national and overseas volcanologists, as well as foreign tourists, some walking the nearby Kokoda Track.

I should mention here, in this context, my own involvement: that I emigrated to Australia in the late 1960s in part because of the Lamington-51 disaster. I came to join the Australian Government’s Bureau of Mineral Resources (BMR, now Geoscience Australia) in Canberra, attracted by its international reputation for the volcanological work undertaken in what was then still the Territory of Papua and New Guinea (TPNG).

GAM ‘Tony’ Taylor was my boss. In 1951–52 Tony undertook a scientific assessment of Lamington volcano and the 1951 disaster, became something of a ‘hero scientist’, and was awarded the George Cross for his courage while undertaking field investigations, with others, in dangerous situations.

Two destroyed jeeps are seen in the devastated area of Mount Lamington near Higaturu—the volcanic ‘ash hurricane’ (actually part of an intense ‘pyroclastic flow’, technically speaking) ran from left to right





TOP: The initial explosive eruption from Mount Lamington was captured in this photograph taken by Captain Arthur Jacobson, the pilot of a Qantas aircraft, on the morning of 21 January 1951. The expanding, ash-laden, 'cauliflower'-shaped cloud is rising but it became overloaded and then collapsed, spreading out over the mountain below creating devastation.

BELOW: The devastated area on the northern flank of Mount Lamington is seen in this photograph taken on 8 February 1951. An active mound or 'dome' of lava is growing in the breached summit crater, and rains have created the black area of mudflows right of centre.

Tony published *BMR Bulletin 38* on the Lamington eruption, which became an international 'classic' on this type of explosive activity in the scientific literature.

Some of you will have already read the book, *The Volcano's Wife*, by Amalia Cowley and her daughter Pamela Cowley, now Pamela Virtue (if not, you can buy a copy today directly through the PNGAA's Treasurer's Corner). It is an excellent account that tells of the tragedy of the deaths of District Commissioner Cecil Cowley and his son Erl at Higaturu Government Station, and of

how mother and daughter escaped the disastrous physical impact of the eruption because they were staying that weekend at nearby but safer, Sangara Plantation. The two women also document the calamitous impact that the deaths of father and son had on them during the rest of their grieving lives.

Pam was one of the many correspondents who helped me compile a recently published book (see page 46) on the 1951 volcanic eruption—its aim to focus on the disaster-management aspects of the eruption as an attempted companion piece to Tony Taylor's more scientific account. Take a look at Appendix A in my new book, which is entitled *Roars from the Mountain* (reviewed by Ken Granger in *PNG KUNDU*, September 2020) and you'll get an idea of the large number of correspondents who were willing and strongly motivated enough to provide information and opinions. How I wish I could name them all here and give their stories!

How did so many people come to perish at Mount Lamington seventy years ago? The tragedy of the Lamington disaster lies in the failure of the Australian Administration to recognise and respond to the importance of signs of volcano unrest—earth tremors, landslides, and then vapour and volcanic-ash emissions—during the week before the catastrophic eruption at 10.40 am on Sunday, 21 January 1951. European expatriates at Higaturu and Sangara Mission were unaware that the mountain was even a volcano, let alone an active one, although there were weak hints that it might be.

District Commissioner Cecil Cowley, by mid-week, had hoped that some volcanological expertise could be brought in so that an informed assessment could be made of the situation. The Administrator that week, and by chance, was visiting Rabaul in East New Britain where Tony Taylor was stationed at the volcanological observatory being run by BMR. The Acting Administrator in Port Moresby, however, flew into the Lamington area on the Friday. He had experienced the volcanic disaster at Rabaul in 1937 and considered there was little to be concerned about at Lamington. The Acting Administrator then returned home for the weekend, leaving District Commissioner Cowley to cope as best he could. No evacuations took place. Disaster ensued.

Laura Stephens of Sangara Plantation on

the Sunday morning of the 21st saw—and later recorded very expressively—that the whole range of hills to the south seemed to 'disintegrate' and that a fast-moving cloud was spreading and rolling towards them. Her husband 'Stevie' immediately evacuated those plantation people he could take on board a truck, including the two Cowley visitors, and headed eastwards along the main road towards what was then the tiny settlement of Popondetta. But the truck became stuck. Laura Stephens:

We stood there simply waiting for death that we knew was inevitable, once the cloud reached us ... [next, however] the enveloping lethal gas seemed to halt for a split second—then it rolled back! ... it seemed nothing less than a miracle, and we thanked God for the respite, then discussed further means of escape.

The roll-back was seen elsewhere around the margins of the devastated area, including at the Anglican mission station at Isivita nearer the summit of Mount Lamington where missionaries Robert Porter, Pat Durdin, and Barbara Lane were tending to injured refugees and the dead and where the cloud roll-back left a clear edge or line across the nearby green lawn. The hot, laterally encroaching ash-hurricane from the mountain had lost its forward momentum, but heat from the deposited volcanic ash had risen forcefully into the sky, drawing in cold air from around its edges and so seeming to 'roll back'.

The ash-hurricane of Sunday, 21 January 1951 was truly devastating, its effects almost unbelievable. An area of 'total devastation' was later mapped by Taylor. All those within this area perished, most of them apparently through breathing in hot, volcanically contaminated air, which caused the burning of lungs and asphyxiation. Trees were blown down and stripped of leaves and branches, and were charred higher up the mountain by the greater volcanic heat there. A Department of Works jeep at Higaturu was thrown up onto the stumps of a denuded tree (see page 33), photographs of it becoming famous—a symbolic representation for the entire disaster.

Patrol Officers Des Martin and Bob Blaikie were among those who had the awful task of helping to clear roads into Higaturu and Sangara Mission and burying the decaying bodies that were strewn around. 'The stench was appalling', wrote Des (see *Una Voce*, June 2013). Bob Blaikie wrote about the

days of heroic rescue and response undertaken by a 'ragged, dirty and quite exhausted Bill Schleusener' from Sangara Plantation who had worked 'for a week searching for and burying the dead and assisting the living' (*Una Voce* June 2006).

Popondetta escaped the ash-hurricane but it became a major centre for escapees, refugees, and for later relief and rescue efforts using a small nearby airstrip. The Kleckham family lived there: Fred, together with his wife Marjorie who was a nurse, and their three children, Fred Junior (nicknamed 'Zeb'), Betty, and a new baby Marjorie. Fred Senior and Trobriand Islander, Elias Elliott, were part of a small, courageous party who attempted to reach Higaturu along a subsidiary road that ran south from the Popondetta to Kokoda road, even as the volcano continued its unpredictable activity.

But the attempt was hopeless as the road was blocked and the area littered with corpses requiring immediate burial. Marjorie worked tirelessly that Sunday night at Popondetta attending to the growing numbers of injured and dying and organising what supplies could be assembled from limited sources (see *Una Voce* June 2003 and December 2010).

Further westwards along the road towards



Tony Taylor (in front) and Patrol Officer Bill Crellin are here undertaking the first visit into the active new crater at Lamington on the morning of 11 February 1951. The large mound of lava can be seen on the right growing on the crater floor. A large explosive eruption took place here that afternoon, after the field party had left the area.

Kokoda, the Searle family escaped from Awala Plantation, but Clen Searle returned home where he was able to collect and use his radio transmitter during a critical period when no other telecommunication facilities were available, Higaturu having been completely destroyed. The pilots of two in-flight aircraft near Mount Lamington also reported the colossal expanding cloud and its development to authorities. There followed the well-facilitated and coordinated relief and recovery effort—‘well-’, that is, in comparison to the non-existent, disaster-risk assessment phases of prevention and preparedness which otherwise might have led to evacuations before the tragedy of 21 January.

Commemoration and memorialisation were part of the Administration’s post-disaster strategy. This included creation in Popondetta of a Mount Lamington Memorial Cemetery which was opened with great ceremony in November 1952. But the thousands of Orokaiva dead were not buried there.



Explosive eruptions continued at Mount Lamington during 1951 but none had the severity of the one on 21 January. This photograph was taken on 5 March when a pyroclastic flow ran northwards (right to left) down the Ambogo River, just missing Sangara Plantation, and then continuing beyond the northern limit of the area of destruction of 21 January.

The cemetery was basically a burial ground for those relatively few Administration staff, including deceased ‘native’ policemen of the Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary, who had been killed and whose remains could be found and, hopefully, identified, or else disinterred from earlier burial places and then re-buried in the new cemetery almost two years later. Thus, some controversy surrounds the memorial site to this day, including the question of who should be responsible for its upkeep (see Pam Virtue’s letter in *Una Voce* March 2012).

Popondetta today is the provincial capital of Oro Province in modern-day Papua New Guinea, where the responsibility for public safety lies primarily with the provincial government including its Disaster Committee. Mount Lamington, also known locally as Sumbiripa, is a volcano that fortunately is not often in eruption, but it remains a volcanic threat and cannot be disregarded. Popondetta itself was fortunate to escape the effect of the ash-hurricane in 1951. Our thoughts today are directed towards Oro Province and the family and friends of the thousands of Orokaiva who perished there in 1951, and towards the grief and trauma they experienced, together with a hope that such a tragedy will never happen again.

One particular aspect of the Lamington disaster of seventy years ago that lodges in my mind is a story Medical Assistant Bert Speer told me of his visit into the devastated area in 1951 in order to retrieve medical records and equipment remaining at Higaturu. Bert came across numerous, brilliantly-coloured Blue Emperor butterflies, looking as if they might be the first sign of nature returning to regenerate the area. The butterflies, however, were flitting among the death and destruction of the zone of devastation, attracted by the decaying bodies, much like the tropical butterflies reported to follow the coffins in funeral corteges in some countries. This association of butterflies and death in ancient mythology commonly attracts meanings of spirituality and human rebirth. Here, however, perhaps we can simply regard the Higaturu butterflies as representing the intertwining of life and death at Lamington in 1951, much like the intertwining of the irrevocable, and not always uplifting, histories of Papua New Guinea and Australia. ♦

Family Farm to PNG Development Bank—Story of a Didiman

MURROUGH BENSON—PART SEVEN

On 24 September 1970 we made our last canoe trip from Murua to Kerema from where we flew to Port Moresby. I started the next day as a rural officer with the Papua and New Guinea Development Bank.

THE DEVELOPMENT BANK had opened in 1967 in response to a key recommendation of a report by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (commonly known as the World Bank) commissioned by the Australian Government. Its principal objective was ‘the promotion of the economic advancement of the indigenous population.’¹

While the bank’s charter extended to commercial and industrial lending, and indeed these sectors together accounted for almost 69% (49.5 million Kina) of the value of loans advanced in the first ten years of the bank’s operation, lending for agricultural purposes was very significant. In that period, loans for agriculture totalled more than 22.4 million Kina advanced to 10,246 borrowers of whom 9,966 were PNG nationals who borrowed almost 15 million Kina. Cattle accounted for 45% of the value of agricultural loans to PNG nationals, followed by oil palm with 22% of the total.

A group of agricultural specialists formed the bank’s Rural Department—a small number of expatriates with practical experience in the field along with some recent PNG graduates of Vudal Agricultural College. Vudal had been established

near Rabaul in East New Britain in 1965 to provide agricultural training for PNG nationals so it was not much older than the bank and some of its first graduates were amongst the bank’s early staff. Almost all the expatriate rural officers had served as field officers with the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries (DASF) and some also brought with them the experience of having worked on private plantations.

A key role of the Rural Department was to undertake field inspections of mostly large-scale rural enterprises and assess their past performance and future prospects, from both a technical and financial perspective. Both new lending requests and regular reviews of existing facilities were assessed in this way. These assessments formed critical input to the lending decisions made by the bank’s loans staff. The great majority of larger-scale businesses were expatriate-owned although this did start to change slowly over the years as local operators took over some of the properties or set up their own operations.

Another important role of the Rural Department was to review many of the loan submissions for smaller enterprises that had been



ANG House, the Bank’s first home in the Port Moresby CBD



Minister for Territories the Hon. CE Barnes, opening the bank in 1967—see the endnote on the following page

submitted by the bank's agents, primarily DASf field staff, through our branches or representative offices throughout the country. While most of this work, which was quite considerable, took the form of in-office assessments, from time to time the nature of the proposal warranted a more detailed field inspection.

Training of the Vudal graduates was important to the future of the bank's operations so they were closely involved in all aspects of the work done, including undertaking field assessments either in company with the more experienced expatriate rural officers or on their own. In addition to this extensive on-the-job training, they were set specific tasks to deepen their evaluation skills. Over time, and as their skill level developed, a number of these graduates were posted to the bank's branches in Boroko, Lae, Rabaul and Mt Hagen to support the lending staff there.

My initial role with the Development Bank was Rural Officer, Property Management and Land Subdivision. The purpose of the role as originally envisaged was to come up with means of, ultimately, disposing, in a productive way, of rural properties that had come into the bank's possession as mortgagee. The great majority of these were plantations that had been developed under the old Ex-Servicemen's Credit Scheme (ESCS), the assets and liabilities of which the bank took over from the

Ex-Servicemen's Credit Board on 1 January 1969. Under this transfer of management responsibilities a total of 244 loans, around half of which were to Papua New Guineans, with a total debt approaching \$7 million came under the control of the bank.

While the ESCS gave an important boost to agricultural development through the expansion of expatriate-owned plantations after introduction of the scheme in November 1958, by the late 1960s many of these enterprises had seen better days. Indeed, it is very likely that a number of them may never have been destined to succeed as the key requirements for obtaining a loan were a record of war service and the ability to present a business case that demonstrated reasonable prospects of success. Experience in the chosen enterprise was not a necessary prerequisite for an expatriate to be granted a loan of \$50,000. When I joined the bank, a number of properties had already been abandoned and thirteen were already in the bank's possession with expectations of another seven or so to be taken over in the coming twelve months. Our challenge was to recover as much as possible of the debt, which in most cases was well in excess of the original \$50,000 loan. Amongst the properties with which I had some involvement were copra plantations on New Ireland and in the Madang, Milne Bay and Central Districts, rubber plantations at Cape Rodney, cocoa plantations near Popondetta

in the Northern District and coffee plantations in the Bulolo/Wau area.

These 'problem' plantations were dealt with in a variety of ways. Initially, they were put up for auction but in the event that they failed to reach the reserve price other options had to be pursued. For those that were reasonably viable propositions in their current state the bank appointed managers to ensure the properties were properly maintained and generated as much revenue as possible while sale opportunities were pursued. In some cases nearby plantation owners were granted harvesting rights. Others were subdivided into lots from which smallholder families could generate a reasonable income and were leased to interested local people. The process of subdivision involved considerable liaison with the Department of Lands, to make sure everything we were doing was legally correct, as well as with the prospective block holders. We determined the block boundaries ourselves, which were subject to final approval by the Department of Lands, and prepared maps, budgets and development plans for each block to support the applications for finance submitted by the new owners.

The main area in which I was involved with the subdivision of plantations was Cape Rodney, where the rubber blocks represented an extension of the nearby rubber land settlement scheme which was being developed under the guidance of DASf personnel. The majority of the people interested in taking up these blocks had previously worked on the plantations so were fairly well versed in how to tap and process the rubber. This experience removed one of the concerns that always had to be addressed when lending to rural enterprises, whether small or large: the question of management expertise.

Properties in a more rundown state were sold off to interested expatriates or local groups. In some cases, all that was worth salvaging was some of the plant and equipment. On one occasion I had to try and retrieve a tractor and Land Rover from an abandoned plantation near Marshall Lagoon, 100 miles or so down the coast from Moresby. I was in the area, at Cape Rodney, on other business so got a ride with someone to Kupiano from where we took a dinghy across to the plantation, taking with us a motorbike for the few miles we had to travel to the

property once we landed. Retrieving the vehicles would be much easier if they could be driven, so along the way I enlisted the help of a mechanic from the local Salvation Army mission. Try as we might we were not able to get the vehicles going so had to try again another time.

This exercise does, however, illustrate how we worked with whatever resources were at our disposal to get the job done, a feature of working anywhere in TPNG at that time. Flying into Cape Rodney was quite straightforward as it was serviced by regular flights. From there, though, I had to arrange to get by road to Kupiano, pick up the motorbike, meet up with the mechanic, then by dinghy across Marshall Lagoon and back again, return the motorbike, then to the nearest airstrip at Paili for the return flight to Moresby. Often we called on the help of people from all walks of life—government departments, private businesses, missions and local villagers—and all gave readily of their time. We, of course, reciprocated as we were able—as I will outline a little later—and this is the way everyone got things done in those days; we applied common sense and didn't get tied up in too many rules and regulations.

Cocoa plantations in the Popondetta area represented a particular challenge in that extensive areas of plantings had been ravaged by the Pantorhytes weevil, the larvae of which bored into the sapwood of the tree trunks and branches, weakening or even killing the trees. The bank provided considerable support to a number of plantation owners as they explored, with mixed success, various means of controlling this serious pest. Some plantations were taken on by neighbouring growers whose rehabilitation efforts had met with some success while others went into alternative land uses and still others were provided with some form of debt relief to allow them to walk away with some dignity.

The next instalment(s) of my story will look at the broader role I enjoyed with the PNG Development Bank over the seven-year period 1970–77 and how it evolved in that time. ♦

ENDNOTE

- 1 From *Meeting the Challenge: The Papua and New Guinea Development Bank 1967–1980*, edited and published by Rodney Cole, 2015. This book, which records the early history of the Bank, is available in the National Library of Australia and various State libraries as well as being for sale on Amazon.



Strength & Fortitude

ANNETTE (BUBBY GUEST) ROSS

On a cold Taree evening, my grandmother, Margaret (Maggie) and my grandfather, Edward (Ted), sat huddled in the draughty log cabin he had built on his soldier's parcel of land given to him after WWI. Maggie was pregnant, and it was becoming evident that this baby, due sometime in August, was not going to wait. Faced with no other option but to lock the two small boys (Patrick was only three and Jim, two) in the cold log cabin alone, and having no car or horse or dray, Margaret and Ted set out to walk the two miles to the main road to try to get help. The river was swollen with the recent rain, and impassable, so there, on the riverbank, on a freezing cold evening of 18 July 1923, my mother was born. That is where Ann Patricia (Pat) Guest's story starts and it set a precedent through her life, always being in a hurry.

TO KEEP THIS SHORT, I'll fast forward to when Mum met my father, Bill Guest, who had fought in New Guinea with the famous 39th Battalion. After the war, Dad rejoined the army and was posted to Port Moresby in the Papuan Infantry Battalion, and so started his love affair with this wonderful country and its beautiful people. Briefly posted to South Australia, he met Mum, the fairy tale of love at first sight. Three weeks later, they married in a simple ceremony because, as Dad termed it, he needed Mum on his meal ticket!

On 1 April 1958, I arrived and Dad was posted back to Lae in the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (PNGVR), and in 1959 Mum and I joined

him there. Dad had to go out on many patrols with the army and on one patrol, worried about leaving his young family alone, he gave Mum a pistol. She already knew how to shoot from army training. Dad thought he would send someone to check that we were okay; the doorknob turned, and Mum grabbed the gun and shot through the door. Hurried footsteps away heralded the visitor's departure. He reported to Dad that his wife didn't need to be protected as she had damn near killed him!

Dad left the army and we had a quick stint in Adelaide; however, the call of New Guinea was too strong and, six months later, Dad accepted a job in Lae with Carpenters and we went back. Mum

worked for an insurance company and our life in Lae was idyllic; so many stories, though one does come to mind.

There were no sewage systems back then and the outback dunny sufficed. Social life was abundant and at one of the many parties, attended by a lot of expats, with free-flowing beverages, but only one outback dunny, used by the ladies while the men used the surrounds. It was the wet season and the ground was saturated. Mum decided to visit the outhouse before they left to go home. As she sat there, she felt the earth move and very slowly the pan sank into the wet ground. Grabbing hold of the handle she screamed out for help and, eventually, she was rescued. It was one of her stories that always gave me a chuckle, her hanging on for dear life as the pan disappeared beneath her.

Dad was offered the manager's job with New Guinea Company in Goroka and, when I was seven, we moved there. Scott arrived and our family was then four. The trade store was dilapidated and run down but over thirteen years Dad built the store up to be a thriving business. Mum ran and built up the drapery section, eventually, buying for all the Carpenters stores in New Guinea. Dad managed the store but Mum managed all of it and him.

Bowls was their love and they spent every weekend at the Goroka Bowls Club. Mum represented PNG in the championships in Port Moresby and was the first woman to compete with the men in the men's fours. Testament to her skills, we packed away many trophies.

After Independence and jobs were being localised, in 1979, after twenty-one years in PNG for us and almost thirty years for Dad, Mum and Dad decided that it was time we went finish to Australia. Such was the love the local people had for Mum and Dad, the day of our leaving will be forever etched in my mind. The locals lined the street from the store to the airport, the *meris* howling and wailing, throwing themselves around Mum's legs, begging her not to go. One of our store *bois* was a bagpiper in the PNGVR, and he piped us onto the tarmac—how we got on that plane, I'll never know. We came finish to Kippering, the house Mum and Dad had bought in preparation. Dad painted it light blue and dark blue, for his beloved Sturt AFL team, and called it 'The Zokozoi' after the infamous *boi* bar in Goroka.

After Dad died in 2006, with that same strength and fortitude she was known for, Mum joined War Widows, Legacy and Ex-servicewomen; she played bingo every Sunday and mahjong every week; she enrolled herself in a computer course and learnt how to navigate a computer and send emails and, at ninety-three, took on the position of Secretary of Ex-servicewomen.

Mum never took any medications, believing 1000 mg of Vitamin C and aloe vera could fix anything. At eighty-six she had a stroke and a lengthy stay in hospital. She was determined to get over it and she did but, at ninety-two, she had a fall and cracked three ribs and a vertebra in her back. Again, showing her defiant, stubborn and fighting spirit, she was determined to walk again and she did

Mum gave up her licence at ninety-six, not because she felt she couldn't drive, but she had trouble getting in and out of the car. A series of falls rocked her confidence and then COVID-19 confined her to the house. After the last few falls, Mum was diagnosed with congestive heart failure and, eventually, she ended up in hospital.

The realisation that she would have to go into aged care was just too much for her. We moved her into Seabrae Manor at Rothwell, and I will be forever grateful for the care and compassion they showed my mother, who was not the easiest person to deal with. Going into aged care was, in her words, God's waiting room.

One of the things Mum had was her strong Catholic faith and her love of the rosary, which she said every day of her life, right up until the end.

Mum was not doing well and after her ninety-seventh birthday we managed, despite the COVID-19 restrictions, to get the whole family including the great-grandkids and her grandson, Tim, who is in the navy, back from Darwin, to celebrate it with her. It was evident that her incredible story was coming to a close. She passed into God's care on 5 September 2020.

Pat, Mum, Granma and GG was a great storyteller and her stories will live on in her grandchildren, her great grandchildren and, hopefully, their grandkids because, like a good book, it never ends. ♦

FEATURED PHOTO (opposite):

Pat and Bill Guest at Mia Catholic Mission, 1977



Cairns Ex- Kiaps Gathering

Some of the attendees at the lunch are in the photo below (*left to right*): Lyall Forde, Jim Van Der Kamp, Rod Donovan, DT, Geoff Hartnett. Austin and Sian Bryde, Steve Cutlack and Bob Welsh all escaped before I remembered to get a photo.

We all had a good yarn, especially with Geoff Hartnett, who I had not met before, but who, as a pilot with Talair, flew into all the outstations in the seventies and eighties, and knew heaps of the old crew.

DERYCK THOMPSON

Canberra Christmas Luncheon

This was held at the Pavilion Hotel, and the people gathered were Michael Carrel, Alison Crawley, Gwenyth Fardon, Mary Kanawi Veracar, Susan Hall, Eric Johns,



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

Shirley Johns, Carol Schultze, Doff Schultze, Jane Turner and Sara Turner. An apology was received from Norma Dewick. The members started arriving at noon so the usual introductions took place and the chatting began.

SARA TURNER

Perth Christmas 2020

Those at the RAAF Club on 20 November were Pat Dwyer (speaker), Linda Manning, Robyne Petricevic née Stewart, Trevor Muller, Margaret Dwyer, John Twiss, Rose Lowe, Michael Lowe, Margaret Bowden, Graham Bowden, Peter Worsley, Jill Worsley, Doug Stewart, Helen White-Farr, David Farr, Chris Harris, Audrey Bredmeyer and Greg Leach.

Pat Dwyer talked to us about his experience as a cadet patrol officer walking from Mendi to Ialibu with only the company of two old policeman. Along the way they were confronted by some young men who seemed to want to fight. The young men retreated after they mistakenly concluded



Guest Speaker, Pat Dwyer

that some dismantled furniture Pat's carriers were carrying were fighting shields. The two policemen fixing their bayonets and shouting may have helped too.

Jill Worsley, quilter extraordinaire, from the Perth chapter, has been making PNG-inspired quilts to raffle to raise funds for the PNGAA. In 2019 we raised \$150 and in 2020, \$100.

LINDA MANNING-CAVANAUGH

Melbourne Pre-Christmas Celebration

Venturing out and risking public transport for the first time since February, six of the more usual 9-12 who enjoy a get-together for a curry lunch and drinks three or four times a year enjoyed each other's company for a pre-Christmas celebration on 3 December. All travelled into Melbourne's CBD. The Reids and Warrillow travelled by train from Pakenham and Ringwood



respectively; the Meehans took the new ferry-service from Geelong rather than the train; Andy Grainge caught a tram.

CHRIS WARRILLOW

Sydney Christmas Lunch 2020

Sixty-five members attended a COVID safe Christmas lunch at Killara Golf Club on 6 December. Members and guests enjoyed being together, sharing experiences and the meal. While this happened Phil Ainsworth sold raffle tickets and the silent auction went on quietly in the background.

With thanks to Chris and Louise Pearsall, the guest speaker was Michael Were, CEO of Open Heart International. He spoke about the work his organisation was doing in establishing facilities for heart surgery in PNG and elsewhere in Oceania and in the specialist training of Papua New Guinean surgeons. He illustrated his message with the story of a little girl who had to wait three years for corrective surgery after being diagnosed with heart disease. Another speaker, Karo Haltmeier, a member of the Rotary Club of Kenthurst, told the audience of efforts her club were making to establish basic dental services for 300,000 people in the Sepik River region of PNG.

JOHN EGERTON

Perth Luncheon Photos:

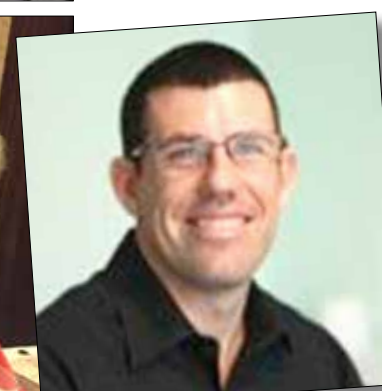
1. (*l-r*) John Twiss, Jill Worsley, Peter Worsley & Graham Bowden;
2. (*l-r*) Audrey Bredmeyer, Jill Worsley & Diane Edgar admiring Jill's quilt;

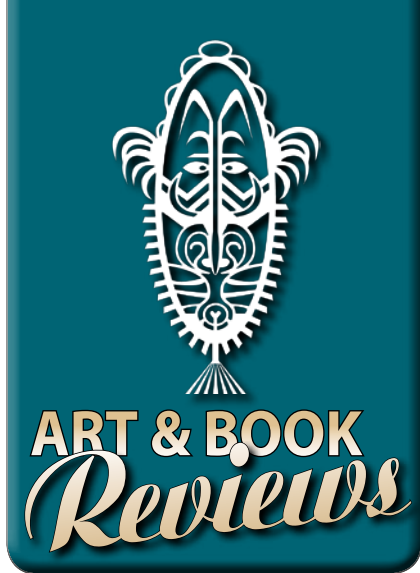
Melbourne Luncheon Photo:

3. (*l-r*) Jenny Meehan, Chris Warrillow, John Reid, John Meehan, Shirlee Reid & Andy Grainge;

Sydney Luncheon Photos:

4. (*l-r*) Bennie Clarke, Jane Hickson, Lani Drosd
5. (*l-r*) Peter Bunting and Libby Cadden, who turned 104 soon after the lunch
6. Michael Were, guest speaker at the Sydney Luncheon





Archibald Prize 2020—Another PNG Connection

Lesley Wengembo's entry in the Archibald Prize of 2020 was mentioned in the December 2020 edition of *PNG KUNDU*. Another entry in that prize was Nick Stathopolus' portrait of Ngaiire, the professional name of singer and songwriter, Ngaiire Laun Joseph, who was born in Lae. After primary school in Rabaul and Lae she migrated to Australia when sixteen and completed her education in NSW.

After singing with other artists she began a successful solo career in 2008. She has won awards as a soloist. These include winning the National Live Music Awards for Live R&B or Soul Act of the Year in both 2016 and 2017 and Australian Women in Music award for artistic excellence in 2018.



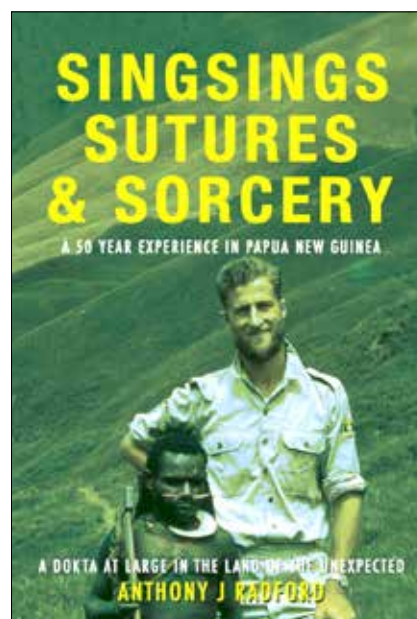
Featuring new books about Papua New Guinea and reviews, art and craft exhibitions, interviews of interest to members and information for authors, artists and craftspeople—please send your articles and photos to editor@pngaa.net

ANTHONY RADFORD *Singsings, Sutures and Sorcery* REPRINTED VERSION

This is the story of fifty years of experiences in Papua New Guinea by a *dokta* at large in the land of the unexpected.

In the late 1950s, as a medical student, the author is dropped into an isolated enclave of Europeans in the central Highlands of New Guinea, the most populous district in the country surrounded by clouds and mountains. The sights and sounds are all new. He soon finds himself responsible for a subdistrict hospital and the care of 15,000 people. Three years later, as a newly qualified doctor, he returns to PNG with his family and spends a decade establishing comprehensive training programmes in rural medicine, while serving as the only doctor for up to 50,000 people. After a decade, he 'goes finish', but returns on numerous occasions over the next forty years as a consultant for WHO, UNICEF and the PNG *gavman*.

The book starts in the pre-self-government age of missionaries, miners and administrators. Port Moresby grows from a small harbour town of 15,000 people to a vibrant if unstable capital of more than half a million. He made national and expatriate relationships, from villagers whose grandparents sometimes included cannibals, and who happily shared



their lives with him and his family, to politicians, pilots and professionals.

The country evolved from a fascinating world of beauty and relative peace to being now regarded as one of the most corrupt, violent and least comfortable places in the world in which to live, one still struggling to forge an identity and assert itself as an independent nation.

A series of magnificent photographs, a glossary and an index complement the book.

ISBN 9781743240601

371 pages with photos. Paperback. Reprinted by Open Book Howden Press, Adelaide. Cost \$29.95 plus \$10.00 p&p. Please pay by EFT to Anthony J Radford BSB: 085 458, Ac/No: 79291 6788, Ref: 'Radford Singings'. Please send a confirmation email with your name and address for receipt of payment to: anthony@radford.id.au. Alternatively, order from yourbooksonline.com.au

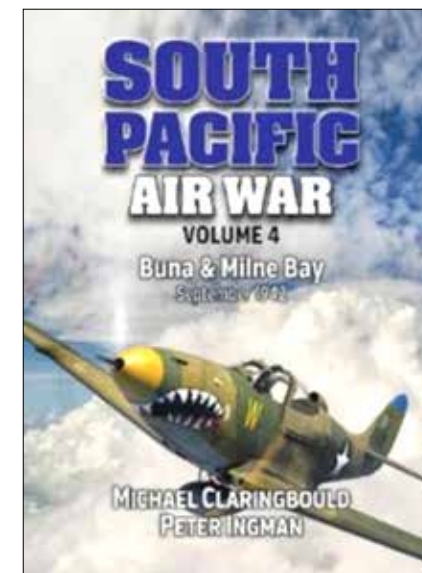
MICHAEL CLARINGBOULD & PETER INGMAN South Pacific Air War, Vol 4: Buna and Milne Bay June-September 1942

Volume Four of this series chronicles, in full colour, aerial warfare in the South Pacific in the critical period between 19 June and 8 September 1942. It can be read alone or as a continuation of the first three volumes that spanned the first six months of the Pacific War, culminating in the Battle of the Coral Sea.

(Vol. 1 in the series was reviewed in *Una Voce*: see <https://pngaa.org/article/books-and-reviews-2/>)

Unlike the previous three volumes, no aircraft carriers appeared in New Guinea waters. Instead, the air war was fought solely by land-based air units. This was in the face of an increasingly complex strategic situation that saw the Japanese land at both Buna and Milne Bay. For the first time, airpower in the theatre was tasked to support the land forces of both sides which became engaged in a bloody struggle in the mountains of Papua and then the muddy quagmire of Milne Bay.

Never before has this



campaign been chronicled in such detail, with Allied accounts matched against Japanese records for a truly factual account of the conflict.

ISBN 978-0-6486659-7-7

Published: Avonmore Books, Melbourne 2020, RRP \$44.95

BEEHLER BRUCE M & TOM LAMAN

New Guinea Culture. Nature and Culture of Earth's Grandest Island

Bruce Beehler has previously written about the birds of New Guinea and the ecology of Papua. In this new book he has joined with National Geographic photographer, Tim Laman, to produce a book of 376 pages describing the nature and culture of the whole island of New Guinea. The result is a comprehensive account of the island's people, environment, fauna and flora. The book has 200 illustrations and a detailed map of what the authors conclude is Earth's Grandest Island.

A reviewer from the California Academy of Sciences, John Dumbacher, has described the book as a great introduction to the natural history of New Guinea and praised the quality of the photography.

In this beautiful book, Bruce Beehler, a renowned author and expert on New Guinea, and award-winning National Geographic photographer, Tim Laman, take the reader through the natural and cultural wonders of the world's grandest island. Skilfully combining a wealth of information, a descriptive and story-filled narrative, and stunning colour photographs,



the book unlocks New Guinea's remarkable secrets like never before.

Lying between the Equator and Australia's north coast, and surrounded by the richest coral reefs on Earth, New Guinea is the world's largest, highest, and most environmentally complex tropical island-home to rainforests with showy rhododendrons, strange and colourful orchids, tree-kangaroos, spiny anteaters, ingenious bowerbirds and spectacular birds of paradise. New Guinea is also home to more than a thousand traditional human societies, each with its own language and lifestyle, and many of these tribes still live in isolated villages and serve as stewards of the rainforests they inhabit.

Accessible and authoritative, *New Guinea* provides a comprehensive introduction to the island's environment, animals, plants, and traditional rainforest cultures. Individual chapters cover the island's history of exploration; geology; climate and weather; biogeography; plantlife; insects, spiders, and other invertebrates; freshwater fishes; snakes, lizards, and frogs; birdlife; mammals; paleontology; paleoanthropology; cultural and linguistic diversity; surrounding islands and reefs;

the pristine forest of the Foja Mountains; village life; and future sustainability.

Complete with informative illustrations and a large, detailed map, *New Guinea* offers an enchanting account of the island's unequalled natural and cultural treasures.

ISBN: 9780691180304

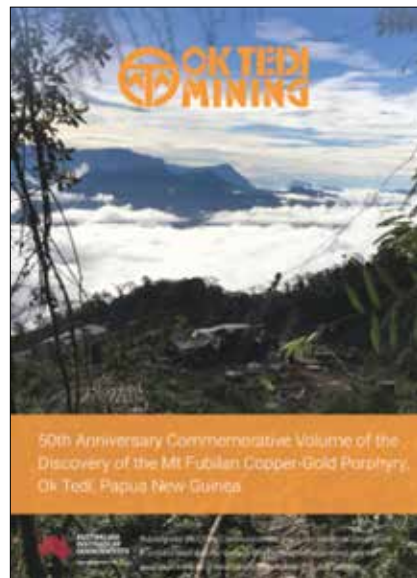
Published: 19 May 2020, Princeton University Press. RRP \$47.25

FRED PRATT

50th Anniversary Commemorative Volume of the Discovery of the Mt Fubilan Copper-Gold Porphyry, Ok Tedi, Papua New Guinea.

To commemorate the discovery in July 1968, of the Mt Fubilan Copper-Gold Porphyry deposit, in 2018, the Ok Tedi Mining Limited (OTML) Chief Geologist, Mike Erceg, arranged for a Fiftieth Anniversary commemoration of this event. Part of the commemoration was to be a collection of papers, initially to be written by geologists on the role that geologists had played in the discovery, development and operation of the Mt Fubilan Mine. This was soon extended to include papers by non-geologists who had played a part in the Mt Fubilan story, especially those who had had involvement over the years 1968–80. A site visit was also arranged for October 2018 which nine of us attended, three from the period 1968–72.

There are thirty-three papers. Six are from the period 1968–75, and include two on the actual discovery of the Mt Fubilan deposit, and one on the history of prospecting on the Ok Tedi



before the Kennecott discovery. There are thirteen papers covering the period 1975–80. The nineteen papers are written by geologists, a field assistant, a surveyor, an engineer, a hydrographer, hydrologists and a paper by one of the PNG Government's 1975 negotiating team with Kennecott. The fourteen remaining papers are by geologists who worked at the mine from the 1980s on.

The book is beautifully presented, and there are many photos from the early days. Mike Erceg and his team are to be congratulated on an excellent publication. Though many of the papers are technically geological and will be of interest to geologists only, the volume gives a very good account of the discovery and early days of exploration and development at the Mt Fubilan mine, by people who were involved on the ground. To my knowledge this is the only post-WWII publication that gives an account of life in PNG mineral exploration camps, despite mining having played such a prominent part in PNG development post-1945. As such I can strongly recommend it to general readership.

Disclaimer: Fred Pratt was a member of the Editorial Committee for this publication.

Published by the OTML Public Relations Department, in collaboration with the OTML GeoExploration Department; and the Australian Institute of Geoscientists, July 2020.

Available from the Australian Institute of Geoscientists, AIG, PO Box 576, Crows Nest, NSW, 1585 or shop@aig.com.au

Cost, including post and packing, hard cover, \$138, Soft Cover, \$106.

R WALLY JOHNSON Roars from the Mountain: Colonial Management of the 1951 Volcanic Disaster at Mt Lamington

This book was reviewed by Ken Granger in *PNG KUNDU*, September 2020—a 'must-read' for anyone with an interest in PNG. It is a great story that is very well told—and in this issue, to commemorate seventy years since the disaster at Mount Lamington in 1951, we feature an article by Wally Johnson on page 32.

ISBN (print): 9781760463557
ISBN (online): 9781760463564
382pp, maps, photos (colour and b&w), references, appendices
Published by ANU Press, 2020
Online version available to download free at <https://press.anu.edu.au/publications/series/pacific/roars-mountain>; or print version can be purchased for \$65 through ANU Press and online link provided.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The Oceanic Art Society (<https://www.oceanicartsociety.org.au/category/publications/>) advises that copies of *Shields of Melanesia*, edited by Harry Beran and Barry Craig, are still available.

Paradise Palette Haus Piksa 2020 PNG Film Festival & Contemporary Art Exhibition

The Royal Queensland Art Society (Brisbane Branch Inc.) has, for the past four years, hosted exhibitions of contemporary art by PNG street artists. The exhibitions, curated by Don Wotton who has thirty years of association with the PNG arts community, have grown exponentially in participation and community interest and now feature as an annual event on the RQAS calendar proudly supported by Brisbane City Council.

The most recent exhibition, held in November 2020, included a complementary screening of films produced by PNG film makers or set within PNG and included videos kindly donated by Jaydon Calvert, Verena Thomas, Phillip Ainsworth, John Schindler and Andrew Pike (Ronin Film Distributors). Proceeds from screenings of the videos benefitted the Tumbuna Visual Arts Association, Port Moresby.

Curating an exhibition under the shadow of COVID-19 certainly proved very challenging with just two weeks to organise stretching, cataloguing and hanging of artworks and the preparation and distribution of promotional material upon receipt of artworks; and the recovery of videos that went astray in the mail.

However, with the valued assistance of Clement Koys (TVAA), Caitlin Wilson (Deputy High Commissioner, Australian High Commission, Port Moresby PNG), Simon Kaldy (PNG & Pacific Awards Coffey International Development), Lani Auvita Scott (Programs Art Society

PNG), Stephanie Bowia (Air Niugini PNG); and Peter Hubbard (RQAS), Andrea Williams & Belinda Macartney (PNGAA), Glen Gillou (E&E Designs), Sofie Ham and Steve Waters (Rocket Room), Brisbane art enthusiasts and movie-goers were able to cap an otherwise sombre year with an explosion of colour and inspirational viewing of PNG films across a broad spectrum of genres.

Despite restrictions placed on gallery visitations by COVID-19, the exhibition catered to a maximum permissible attendance on opening night. Over forty artists displayed their works and both the number of visitors and art sales were a record high for all events held at the gallery during 2020.

A new Paradise Palette exhibition is scheduled for November 2021.

DON WOTTON



Michael Raleigh, Airport Manager, Air Niugini checks artwork by Kuiye Siune for takeoff! (top); Ruth McDougall, Curator Pacific Art, QAGOMA, admires work by Nanas Maria (centre); Sean Dorney, former ABC PNG Correspondent with partner, Pauline Nare and Don Wotton, Curator at opening night event (bottom)



BATEMAN, Commodore Samuel, AM, RAN
d. 18 October 2020

A full tribute will be published in the next issue.

CAMPBELL, Colin Thomas
d. 23 October 2020

Colin was born on 29 July 1937 and, after trying out Duntroon Military College and deciding it was not for him, Colin applied to become a cadet patrol officer. He was in the intake of 24 August 1959 and ended his career as a kiap with the rank of district officer.

After his initial retirement Colin returned to New Britain, where he had spent most of his time, to work in senior positions in the private sector. His expertise and local knowledge were particularly sought-after by the rapidly expanding oil palm industry.

After his second retirement he and his New Britain wife settled in Cairns to raise and educate their son and daughter. However, PNG called again. In 2006–07 Colin completed a number of fly-in fly-out jobs at Mount Kare, the troubled gold prospecting project, over 3,000 m above sea level, in Enga Province.

Colin died after a couple of years of deteriorating health. His funeral service in Cairns was

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

well attended, (considering Covid restrictions), by close family and friends, including a good number of New Britain people.

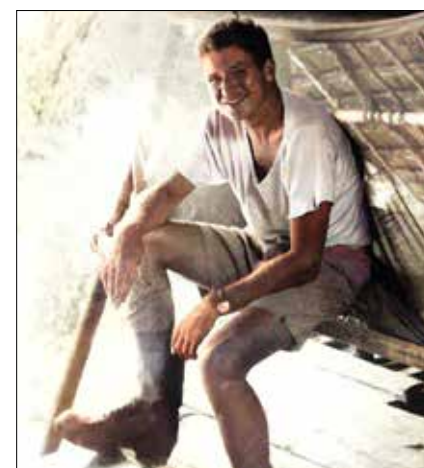
Chris Warrillow

CAVANAGH, Noel Joseph
d. 14 January 2021

Noel became a cadet patrol officer on 6 February, 1956 and, after the obligatory few weeks of orientation and induction courses at ASOPA in Sydney and Konedobu, PNG was posted to Finschhafen in the Morobe District (later Province).

It was with great pride that, even in his first term, Noel was entrusted with his 'own station' when he was transferred to Wasu Patrol Post as Officer-in-Charge.

After attending the 1958 patrol officers' long course at ASOPA Noel was posted to the (then) Sepik District where he remained for three terms. Among his postings was that of Green River Patrol Post—considered by many to be a 'punishment station'. Maybe it was his request for a second term



Noel Cavanagh

at Green River that persuaded Konedobu that it was time for a transfer elsewhere!

Noel was posted to Buin in Bougainville and served a term there before being transferred to the Southern Highlands. Postings included Kagua and Koroba where he was ADC, and Mendi where he was DDC and temporarily acting DC at the time of independence. With four children to educate it was time to reluctantly leave PNG.

Noel, wife Genevieve (a former air-hostess), three daughters and a son all settled at Nambour, QLD, where for a period he and another former Southern Highlands kiap, Dick Hunter, owned and operated the local newsagency.

With children grown up the couple moved to Brisbane where Noel, unable to accept complete retirement, spent a number of years in the security business, whilst Genevieve continued her career in the pharmaceutical industry.

Noel, who was born on 22 December 1936, died after a few years of failing health and was cremated at a private family gathering with daughters Ainslie and Sarah and son Justin also in attendance. A couple of weeks later, on 29 January, a church service was held with Noel's life-time friend Bishop Brian Heenan officiating. The two attended the Marist College at Ashgrove together. Years later, then Father Heenan celebrated the marriage of Noel and Genevieve.

A celebration of Noel's life was held after the service. Unable to attend, unfortunately, was daughter Tristan who lives and works in Qatar. (Tristan followed in her mother's footsteps and became a flight attendant).

Chris Warrillow

DAY, Murray Kenneth
d. 6 December 2020, age 74

Murray was born in Perth, where he attended Perth Modern School before winning a State Government cadetship as a cartographic draftsman. He undertook further study in cartography and surveying.

In 1970, a newly-married Murray and Beryl arrived in Port Moresby to take up a position as senior draughtsman in the Lands and Surveys Department on a two-year contract. Rather than having a mapping focus his role was in land law, land acquisition and land title.

This required a steep learning curve as he had to study PNG land legislation, particularly customary land tenure, or native title as it is known in Australia. He was responsible for the establishing customary tenure for lands acquired for government purposes, such as roads, schools, aid posts and the like, becoming an expert and consultant in this field.

In 1971 Murray was promoted and transferred to the PNG Forestry College in Bulolo as a Lecturer in cartography. After two years in Bulolo he was asked to apply to the PNG University of Technology in Lae, as the course he was teaching was being transferred there. Over his time at the university he held a variety of positions in the surveying and cartography field.



Murray Day

Murray played Aussie Rules with the student team in the local Lae competition. It was here that he picked up the nickname *Longpela Bun* (Long Bones). He loved it and used it the rest of his life. Murray represented New Guinea in the epic Aussie Rules grudge matches against Papua. He was also a very good cricketer and opened the batting for New Guinea against Clive Lloyd's West Indies in 1975.

Both Murray's children, Anthony and Cassandra, were born in Lae at Angau Hospital.

Murray described his thirteen years in PNG as the most enjoyable of his life. Every day was a learning experience. He said it was an environment of few 'gate keepers', where you could accomplish and get things going. In addition to Port Moresby, Bulolo and Lae, Murray had a stint working with Land Titles administration in Madang.

In 1983 Murray and family returned to Perth, where he joined TAFE and went on to have a highly successful career in management, particularly in the international field where he worked throughout Asia and the Middle East.

In 2006 Murray was diagnosed with a rare form of multiple myeloma blood cancer and

confirmed terminal within three years. He did not let multiple myeloma take over without a fight. He carried on normal life for years through sheer willpower. He put his hand up to form the WA chapter of the PNGAA in early 2013 and energetically grew the numbers until he handed over to Linda Manning in late 2014.

In October 2020 all treatment options finally ran out and Murray's health and well-being declined.

He is survived by his partner Thelma, son Anthony, daughter Cassandra, and former wife, Beryl.

Paul Linnane

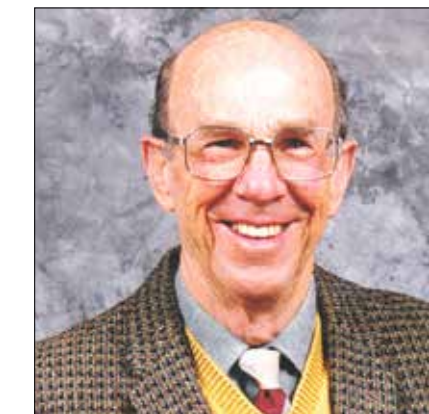
Editor's Note: An extended version of this vale will be added to the association's website.

DONALDSON, Claude Kenneth

d. 10 October 2020, age 94

Claude was born in Papeete, Tahiti 9 July 1926 of a French mother and New Zealand father. After relocating to NZ in 1927 and in 1932 to Sydney, Australia, with his parents and three siblings, the family lived in Adelaide, Perth and Brisbane, finally returning to Sydney where Claude attended the St Ignatius Riverview College, Lane Cove.

Moving to PNG onto a sisal hemp plantation, situated on the



Claude Donaldson

east coast from Port Moresby with his family, Claude later joined the Free French Army as it was then known in 1944, having been refused entry into the Australian Army due to medical reasons. Being of dual nationality at the time, both French and NZ, he served in Egypt, Italy, and France.

Claude returned to PNG in 1946 and was posted to the small island of Daru taking up the position as District Labour Officer with the then Australian PNG Civil Administration in the Department of Native Labour.

It was Port Moresby where Claude met his future wife, Rae, who worked for the ABC Radio Station 9PA. They were married in Sydney in 1949, the same year Claude was granted Australian citizenship, and returned to PNG where he was posted to a small government out-station, Angoram, in the Sepik River District.

In 1950, Claude was transferred to Goroka to the position as the first district officer employed to open the New Guinea Highlands for recruitment of thousands of indigenes who initially wished to accept paid work on plantations and various organisations all over PNG. As there were no roads then, he spent much of his time in small single-engine chartered aircraft flying to many areas of the vast Central Highlands district in the course of his work.

Eventually, he transferred to the PNG Copra Marketing Board as District Branch Manager and was stationed at Port Moresby, Samarai, Rabaul, Kokopo and, finally, Kavieng New Ireland.

In 1953 their daughter Anne was born and, a few years later, Claude and his family relocated to

Australia prior to Independence, finally settling in Sydney in 1960. They had enjoyed a most wonderful and fascinating life in PNG having had a great love for the country and its people, which remained with them always.

Upon returning to Sydney, Claude joined the CSIRO, Division of Coal Research, which became part of the Institute of Earth Resources at North Ryde, finally retiring in 1987.

He enjoyed an active retirement with his family having many interests including outreach activities with his church community. Both Claude and Rae were much loved members of their church.

Claude sadly passed away at the Sydney Adventist Hospital, Wahroonga having endured the last three months of his life with dignity, courage, and grace. A quietly spoken, kind, gentle man of fine character. Deeply loved and cherished by his family, friends and all who knew him. A man of integrity who lived a truly authentic life. Forever in our hearts.

Anne Stephenson

Editor's Note: an extended version of this vale may be found in online copy of *PNG KUNDU* on the Association's website—www.pngaa.org

DONE, Christopher Charles d. 9 December 2020, age 74

Chris commenced his PNG career with the Department of Forests TPNG as a cadet forest officer in 1966 at the University of New England, Armidale, NSW and then the Australian National University from which he graduated in 1968 with a BSc (Forestry).

In 1969 Chris began his career as a forester employed with the Headquarters Timber Assessment



Chris Done

group on large-scale forest resource inventories such as those at Tonolei Harbour, Cape Rodney, Madang and Kiunga, before becoming Officer in Charge of Brown River Forest teak plantations out of Port Moresby.

During his time there Chris is best remembered as a mad rally driver with forester, Alan White. Family cars were co-opted and transformed into high performance, state-of-the-art rally machines (in his dreams) and off they went, from the Port Moresby Motor Sport Club, into the 'wilds' of Papua. During their celebrated rally careers, Alan and Chris swapped roles. Alan became the ultimate navigator, and Chris tried to point the car in the right direction as much as possible

In 1975, Chris was transferred to Bulolo as OIC Bulolo Wau District responsible for the Araucaria Plantation Establishment and Management Program. He left PNG later that year.

Long-term PNG forestry colleagues, Paul Ryan, Jim Riley and Jim Belford recall Chris as a bloke who would always get in and help, with a good sense of humour, and a good bloke to be with in the bush, or in town. They

have no doubt that his challenging experiences in PNG stood him in good stead when he joined the West Australian Forest Department in 1975.

From 1976–78 Chris worked as District Forest Officer, Nannup, and from 1979 he established the role of Regional Forest Officer, Kimberley Region. This involved, amongst other things, the promotion of 'Greening the North' in the Kimberley by encouraging planting and caring for trees on stations, communities and in townships.

Chris pioneered Indian sandalwood (*Santalum album*) growing in Northern Australia. He planted the first sandalwood trees at the Ord River Irrigation Area in 1980. He also established a plantation on his own land which became the first sandalwood trees commercially harvested in the area. In 1981 Chris was promoted to the position of Regional Manager for the Kimberley based at Kununurra, where he was renowned as a pioneer land manager and practical conservationist.

Chris developed a detailed knowledge of flora and fauna,

geology, history, culture, fire management and land management issues in the Kimberley.

He also developed an expert knowledge of Aboriginal rock art and co-wrote a book on the rediscovery of the Bradshaw art site in the remote NW Kimberley.

From 1985 Chris worked for Conservation and Land Management (CALM) WA as Regional Manager, Kimberley Region. In this position he undertook integration of three amalgamated agencies (National Parks Authority, Wildlife section of the Dept of Fisheries and Wildlife and the WA Forests Department). Chris was responsible for all regional activity including management of National Parks and Nature Reserves and Marine Reserves (2.5 million ha).

He played a key role in establishing the Purnululu National Park and other parks and reserves. Throughout his career he provided leadership as Chair of the Purnululu World Heritage Area Advisory Committee.

Chris was a major force in confronting the need for improved bushfire management

in the Kimberley, and in the early programs of aerial burning. He was one of the first fly-in firefighters, helicoptering in to fires in the Bungles (as he told this story in typical understated fashion in the book, *Firefighters*, edited by Roger Underwood). He initiated what became an annual event—a Top End Fire conference—bringing together fire people from throughout northern Australia.

He retired from CALM in September 2003. From 2004 until 2007 Chris was employed by Tropical Forestry Services (TFS), a specialist Indian Sandalwood plantation manager as Operations Manager (Kununurra) and from February 2007 as their Senior Forester.

His other pursuits included consultancies in land management, assessment of rural lands for possible conservation and development purposes, small scale biological surveys, tropical forestry management and regular contract work within the Ord River sandalwood industry.

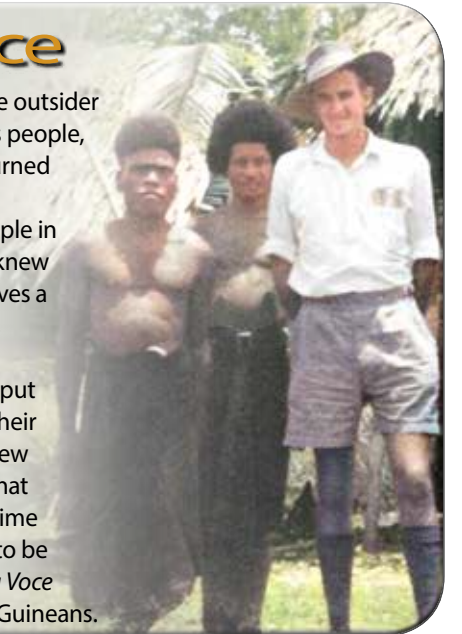
After nearly forty years in the Kimberley, Chris retired to Nannup. He continued to travel to

The PNG Expatriate Experience

In many cases, the expatriate experience in Papua New Guinea had an outcome that the outsider could never have expected: people became emotionally wedded to the country and its people, and continued to feel that attachment for the rest of their lives—even if they never returned to PNG's shores.

The expatriate experience was also unusual since it frequently placed ordinary people in extraordinary circumstances. This often had a lifelong influence on those people, who knew that Papua New Guinea had changed them and that they would always define themselves a little differently because of it. These people retain a common bond and understanding, and good relationships with Papua New Guineans.

It is therefore not surprising that many of these people—who would not normally put pen to paper or poise fingers awkwardly over a keyboard—have felt the call to record their experiences. In doing so they have done future generations of Australians and Papua New Guineans a service, because what are revealed are stories and incidents and thoughts that go beyond the official record—and beyond the ken of historians. They are stories of a time that is becoming distant and of a place that has changed. They are stories that needed to be told while they can be told. The PNGAA has published many of them in its journals, *Una Voce* and *PNG KUNDU*, and welcomes all contributions from both expatriates and Papua New Guineans.



the Kimberley to work as a guide and guest lecturer for a tourism cruise boat company along the Kimberley coast, continuing a role he had undertaken from the 1990s.

Chris was regarded as 'one of the best', a champion mate and forester. A tough bushman, but also a gentleman, and always good for a yarn and a laugh.

Chris was admired across the country for his integrity, his unassuming leadership, his practicality and common sense, his broad botanical and forest knowledge, his nature-based tourism and management skills, and his deep love of the bush, and love of life.

Chris died at Nannup WA on 9 December 2020, and we extend our sympathies to his wife Pip, his sons Jeffrey and Warrick, daughter-in-law Sabrina, grandchildren Jasmine, Nicolas, Matthew, and Indiana, and to his sister Rosemary, and brothers Robert and Terry.

Dick McCarthy, Rick Sneeuwjagt & Roger Underwood

Editor's Note: An extended version of this vale will be added to the association's website.

GUEST, Ann Patricia (Pat)

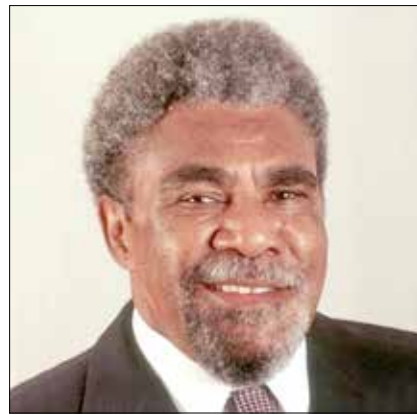
d. 5 September 2020, age 97

(Please see the article, 'Strength and Fortitude', on page 40)

JEFFERY, Major General the Honourable Philip Michael, AC, AO (Mil), CVO, MC (Retd)
d. 18 December 2020, age 83

KAAD, Frederick PC, OBE
d. 9 February 2021, age 100

Please see the front of this issue for the valedictories for our two patrons from the PNGAA, and our website, www.pngaa.org for further details.



Sir Mekere Morauta, KCMG

MORAUTA, Sir Mekere, KCMG

d. 19 December 2020

Sir Mekere was born in 1946, in Kukipi Village, Malalaua District, East Gulf, to Morauta Hasu and Morikoai Elavo. His father, Morauta Hasu, was a leader of the Toaripi people of East Gulf, a local government councillor, and deacon of the London Missionary Society (later United Church). He was prominent in the Co-operative Movement for the Toaripi Association.

In 1970 Mekere Morauta was the first graduate in economics from the University of Papua New Guinea. In 1973 he replaced Harry Ritchie as the first National Secretary for Finance.

Sir Mekere was a member of the so-called 'Gang of Four', a group of influential young civil service chiefs who played a leading role in holding together public administration and public policy in the formative decade or so after Papua New Guinea's Independence in 1975. The other members of the group were Charles Lepani, Sir Rabbie Namaliu and Sir Anthony Siaguru.

Sir Mekere became a member of the Papua New Guinea National Parliament in 1997 as a member of the People's Democratic

Movement (PDM) and became PNG's 7th Prime Minister from 1999 to 2002.

As Prime Minister he is credited with initiating significant constitutional and economic reform. Sir Julius Chan has commented on Sir Mekere's clear vision, meticulousness and determination.

From 2017 to 2020 Sir Mekere re-entered parliament representing the seat of Moresby North-West.

Prior to entering politics, Morauta was Secretary for Finance (1973–82), Managing Director of the Papua New Guinea Banking Corporation (1983–92), Governor of the Bank of Papua New Guinea (1993–94), a company director and successful businessman.

In 1990 Morauta was made a Knight Bachelor. He was appointed Knight Commander of the Order of St Michael and St George (KCMG) in the 2009 Queen's Birthday Honours.

After retiring from politics in August 2012, Sir Mekere was appointed by the leaders of the Pacific Islands Forum as the Eminent Person to review the Pacific Plan. The report was published in 2013. In 2012 he was also appointed chairman of the Papua New Guinea Sustainable Development Program Company. In 2017 he re-contested for parliament and won the seat of Moresby North-West.

Sir Mekere is survived by his wife, Lady Roslyn Morauta, and son, James Morauta.

Andrea Williams

OWEN-TURNER, Lynette (Lyn)
d. 16 December 2020

I consider myself one of the luckiest didimen to have worked

in PNG. For the ten years of my tenure, I had the unfailing support of my wife, Lyn. She was a woman of great courage with two other traits of great value. Lyn had the belief that a place is what you make it, which she proved at every posting. Her second most important attribute was her unfailing faith that, when you have done all you possibly can, then 'hand it over, or, offer it up'. And the last two words for both those phrases is 'to the Lord'. Throughout our life and to her last breath, after sixty years, she held this faith in the face of great hardship and pain.

She was born on 1 January 1940, and we were married in October 1962, against the wishes of Jack Lamrock, moving into a concrete and river stone single donga at Wedau where we spent an idyllic twelve months, patrolling, building, and buying coffee from the mountain people.

Our paradise evaporated when Lamrock transferred us to Oriomo in the Western District, as punishment I am sure. I lamented this decision but Lyn said, 'stop moaning and get on with it'.

Oriomo was a dreaded position to those in DASf who knew where it was. Many in Konedobu didn't. Lyn, a registered, double-certificated nurse, jumped in with both feet and set up a much-needed clinic for more than 100 trainees and staff, and at least fifty children at the adjacent school. The head teacher was Brian Petersen, a marvellous fellow and great teacher. We remained life friends, well, for fifty-five years anyway.

Another young officer, George

Greenwood, joined us at Oriomo, only to be moved on to Kiunga to start the rubber industry, still flourishing today. We have remained firm friends.

Our first child was on the way at Oriomo. Travelling to doctors in Daru in our twenty-two-foot work boat, for four hours, with the tide, was an absolute marathon for heavily pregnant Lyn. Nature used to call about twice during the trip. Scaling the muddy, mangrove or Nipa palm banks up and down, was executed with grace, with the gentlemanly assistance from the boat crew.

Kavieng was our next posting for a few years. It was a great place to work and live. Our last transfer was to Talliligap, 1,200 feet in the hills opposite Rabaul. The Mataungan unrest in the Gazelle was another hurdle Lyn handled with courage and faith. Being intentionally run off the road in her little Colt by village trucks and being pelted with all manner of missiles fortunately did not harm Lyn or our next child born in Rabaul. It was time to go in 1971.

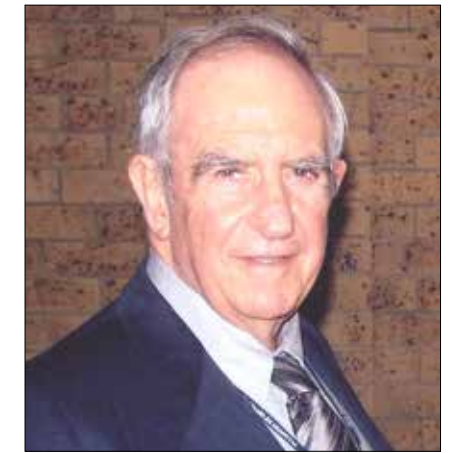
Lyn is missed ever so much by me, her children Geoffrey, Craig and Shay, seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

John Scott-Owen

Editor's Note: an extended version of this vale may be found in online copy of PNG KUNDU on the Association's website—www.pngaa.org

PARRY, Graeme Llewellyn
d. 28 November 2020

Graeme was born at Rutherglen Hospital, Victoria on 4 April 1934. His father, John Henry Parry, was a pharmacist and his mother, Sydney Elma Parry (née Nicholl), was a nursing sister.



Graeme Parry

Graeme attended The Southport School from 1943–51 where he excelled in his studies and also enjoyed his time in the Cadets. He spent school holidays in 1946–47 with his parents in various locations such as Cairns and Rabaul, where his father was a captain in the Australian Army Medical Corps and mother a sister at Nonga Hospital.

After leaving school in 1951 he joined his mother Sydney and stepfather, Rod Marsland, at Lagenda Plantation in the Talasea District of West New Britain where he learned the ropes of plantation management under Rod's guidance. He also spent periods as relieving manager on plantations in the Talasea area. Many happy visits with family, Rod, Syd, Susie and Rod jnr were spent at Lagenda over the years, fishing, snorkelling, etc. His sense of humour and sharp wit held us a captive audience.

During 1955 he spent a period with the engineering firm of Ruston & Hornsby Engineers in Sydney.

He returned to New Guinea and spent further time in plantation work before joining the Territory of Papua New Guinea Administration as a

welfare officer in 1961. He gained valuable experience working under the guidance of officers like TE (Terry) Daw, EJ (Jack) Emmanuel and the Director of Native Affairs, JK (Keith) McCarthy. During his time as a welfare officer he worked in Samarai, Wewak, Rabaul and Port Moresby.

Before Independence in 1975, Graeme made the decision to resign his position as Senior Community Development Officer/ Acting Director of Welfare and take up studies at Queensland University. A comment in the letter of appreciation from Philip Bouraga, at the time, Secretary, Division of Social Development, Department of the Prime Minister of PNG read: 'You will be missed greatly by your long-known friends in this Department. On their behalf, I wish you our very best wishes and best of luck in your studies, and in a "foreign" country.'

Graeme married Dorelle Willis, who was from a Port Moresby family, in 1976 after returning to Australia. He then completed academic studies in social work before joining the Queensland Department of Health to pursue another rewarding career until retirement in 2006.

Graeme was a passionate scholar but he also loved travel and he and Dorelle went to many destinations overseas, a favourite being the Loire Valley in France to which they returned on many occasions.

Graeme is survived, loved and remembered by his wife, Dorelle, and siblings, Susie and Rod Marsland and families.

Susie Marsland

ROBERTSON, Robert LVO, OBE, QPM, PLS&GC Medal, British WW2 Defence Medal and 1939–45 War Medal, QE Silver Jubilee 1977, PNG Independence Medal 1975

d. 19 November 2020, age 94

Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, he died in aged care Canberra, ACT. He served in the Scots Guards from 1944 to 1952 leaving with the rank of sergeant.

Contact with another Scot, Alexander 'Sandy' Sinclair, who led the Royal Papuan Constabulary and New Guinea Police Force (RPC&NGPF) detachment in London for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in 1952, persuaded him to migrate to Australia.

He was sworn into RPC&NGP on 26 August 1952. He served widely in Papua New Guinea at Wewak, Kavieng, Port Moresby, Goroka Police Training Depot, Rabaul, Kokopo, Kila depot, Lae, Police Head Quarters, Konedobu and Bomana Police College.

He enlisted in Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles on 5 February 1963. During his service



Robert Robertson

he was also Police Liaison Officer for royal visits in 1974, 1975 and 1977.

After Independence in September 1975, he remained with Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary and retired with the rank of Deputy Commissioner on 31 December 1978. The following day he was appointed as Official Private Secretary to Governor General Tore Loko Loko. He retired on 5 March 1983 and relocated to Canberra in 1984.

He and Coralie married on 17 October 1966 and he is survived by Coralie, Adam, Fiona and their families. He was a good bagpipe player and often played at his various postings.

MR Hayes, RPNGC 1959–74

SAVILLE, Margaret Lawes d. 19 October 2020, aged 89

Margaret arrived in Port Moresby in 1967 to take up a position in the library of the newly-established University of Papua New Guinea, when the buildings were still under construction, and services were provided from temporary quarters until the library was completed in 1969. She enrolled, part-time, to complete her studies begun earlier at the University of Sydney and graduated with her BA degree from UPNG. She worked first in the University Library at Waigani, later moving to the Papuan Medical College Library in the hospital grounds at Korobosea.

Margaret had a life-long interest in Papua New Guinea since her grandparents and great-grandparents, in both the Lawes and Saville families, were missionaries with the London Missionary Society in Papua in

the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Being in possession of family papers she was uniquely placed to contribute information to research on the LMS missionaries being undertaken in Port Moresby. Margaret returned to Australia in 1976 to a position in medical librarianship at the Australian National University and lived in Canberra for several years before retiring to Mosman, where she died in October 2020.

Judy Waterer

SMITH, Ernest Vincent (Vin)

d. 25 December 2020, age 90

Vin, who saw notable service in PNG as a kiap before independence and a senior public servant afterwards, died on the Gold Coast on Christmas Day, 2020.

In two separate stints totalling thirty-nine years, Vin served PNG with distinction and was admired for his coolness under pressure and great good humour.

Born in South Australia, Vin commenced his training as a patrol officer at the Australian School of Pacific Administration in July 1949. At the end of the Short Course five months later, he flew to the then Territory of Papua and New Guinea on Christmas Eve, 1949.

Vin's first posting was to Samarai before serving on Manus where he met his wife, Rita, who was from Kalgoorlie and was nursing in Manus. After spending a year at the Australian School of Pacific Administration, Vin went to Kairuku, Yule Island before moving, with three children, to Saidor, Madang and Rabaul. While posted to Madang Vin survived an



Vin and Rita Smith with Bob Cleland in Rabaul, 2010

aeroplane crash in which the pilot died. The District Commissioner, the late Fred Kaad, OBE, became a paraplegic and Vin, Dr Laurence Malcolm and Patrol Officer Tony Cooke were severely shaken but not seriously injured.

Vin worked with, and supported, localisation programs training Papua New Guineans to take over the roles of the kiaps. He served in Rabaul from 1969, during the Mataungan era, through PNG's Independence to 1977, serving alongside the new leaders of Papua New Guinea including Philip Baraga and Rabbie Namaliu. Vin Smith concluded his first Papua New Guinea career with half a dozen years as Deputy District Commissioner in Rabaul.

After an interval in Australia, Vin returned to PNG in 1982 with the approval of Michael Somare and served for eleven years as Assistant Secretary of the Department of Minerals and Energy. He left PNG again in 1994.

He and his late wife, Rita, lived at Mermaid Waters on Queensland's Gold Coast.

Vin Smith was a mighty man. He will be remembered for his friendship, his humour, his achievements and his deeds.

This vale has been prepared from the biographical notes accompanying the Kiap screening and from PNG Attitude website: <https://www.pngattitude.com/2020/12/vin-smith-who-contributed-greatly-to-png-dies-at-90.html#more>

Andrea Williams

WALKER, Marjorie Louise d. 31 December 2020, age 84

We expect to have a vale for Marjorie in the next issue of PNG KUNDU.

WEAVER, Ada Verdun Patricia (Patsy)

d. 13 October 2020, age 104

Born on 20 March 1916 at Oswald Street, Gardenvale, Victoria, her middle Christian name (Verdun) reflects the World War battle of that name.

In 1927 at age eleven, Patsy, with her mother and sister Roma (later a co-Patron of PNGAA), arrived in Rabaul on SS *Montoro*. Her father, Leo Kensington Bryant, had preceded them. A World War



Patsy Weaver on her 100th birthday

I serviceman, he had applied for and was appointed as the Administration's Transport Officer in Rabaul. His duties included chauffeur to the Administrator as, and when, required.

At first, the family lived in a two-storey German-built residence near Government House on Namanula Hill. Later they moved to a home on Malaguna Road near the old burnt wharf where the Administrator's schooner, *Franklin*, was moored.

Being of school age, Patsy, with five or six other children, was taught by Sacred Heart Sisters. Later, a house in Casuarina Avenue was set aside for use as a school and, in her memoirs, Patsy remembers Mr Crouch as the teacher. After leaving school, she returned to Melbourne and attended Zercho's Business College.

Returning to Rabaul, she became a typist for the Department of District Services and Native Affairs. Patsy recalled EWP Chinnery as being the head and Clive Meares as secretary. Later she transferred as a typist to Central Administration, the then Administrator being Sir Walter McNicoll with Harold Page as the Government Secretary and Steve Lonergan, the Chief Clerk.

Patsy enjoyed horse riding, having a horse that was stabled at the Rabaul Racecourse as well as canoeing on Simpson Harbour. Tennis was one of the popular activities of the time and she was invited to join the Bank of New South Wales (now Westpac) tennis team, and this is where she met her future husband, Rodney Crofton Weaver, a bank employee. Romance blossomed and they were married on 2 December 1937 in the St George's Anglican Church, Rabaul. Jessie Washington was her bridesmaid and Les Corbett was Rodney's best man.

Prior to her marriage, she experienced the lead-up to, and the eventual eruption, in June 1937, of the Tavurvur and Vulcan volcanoes. Her vivid recollections of these events make interesting reading, including the evacuation of people on the SS *Montoro* from Nordup to Kokopo, together with the aftermath and cleaning up and subsequent return to Rabaul.

One vignette described by Patsy was the harbour being covered to a depth of two feet, with pumice and included seeing a dead cow floating past on the tide. She also commented that it took approximately two weeks for the tide to clear the harbour.

Leaving Rabaul on MV *Malaita* not long after her marriage, as her husband was transferred back to Australia, she led an interesting life accompanying her husband on various bank transfers touring around Australia and various overseas destinations and raising two sons, Ross and Brian.

Overall, her New Guinea experiences were but a small part of a long and interesting life.

She always maintained a keen interest in New Guinea affairs and attended PNGAA luncheons catching up with her sister Roma and half-sisters from interstate, Barbara and Leonie.

Very much loved and loving, she passed away peacefully leaving a large extended family.

Brian Weaver & Pat Johnson

WEST, Vivienne Mary

d. 30 April 2020, aged 80

Viv was born in Glamorgan, Wales in 1940. Her family moved to London in 1945 where Viv completed her schooling. As part of her final years at school Viv excelled in typing and shorthand and she worked for companies in London before she and a friend became 'Ten Pound Poms' and moved to Australia in 1965.

In 1968 Viv applied for a position as a Hansard reporter in the House of Assembly in Port Moresby. She was promoted to Chief Hansard Reporter during her stint in the House. Viv enjoyed her life in PNG and made many friends while thriving on the challenges of her job. In 1969 Viv took a leading role in establishing equal pay for PNG female officers working in the government. For that she received a letter of commendation from Toua Kapena, the Ministerial Member for Labour in May 1969.

Viv decided to return to the UK in 1975 and became a Hansard Reporter at the Palace of Westminster before taking on several other secretarial positions in London. Her friends in the UK, Australia and PNG remember Viv as bright, vivacious and hard working.

Roslynn Membrey



MEMORIAL
News
RABAU & MONTEVIDEO MARU SOCIETY

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 MS *Montevideo Maru* on 1 July 1942.

If you have news for the members, please contact Andrea Williams on admin@memorial.org.au



79th Anniversary of the Tol Massacre

On 4 February 2021 we remembered the 79th anniversary of the Tol Massacre. The following, available on the PNGAA website at <https://pngaa.org/article/75-years-on-shocking-tol-massacre-forgotten-in-australia-and-png-by-max-uechtritz/>, is drawn from a tribute by Max Uechtritz:

160 Australian prisoners were bayoneted, beheaded, shot or burned alive by Japanese troops—on what was then Australian territory. So horrific was the Tol Massacre on the island of New Britain that the Australian government suppressed details for forty-seven years.

Few Australians know of the carnage at neighbouring Tol and Waitavalo plantations—nor that it came soon after one of the most shameful episodes of our war when 1,400 diggers and civilians were abandoned as 'hostages to fortune' ahead of the Japanese invasion of Rabaul on 23 January 1942.

[Those at Tol had] endured an epic trek through dense jungle battling malaria, dysentery, tropical ulcers, leeches, exhaustion, malnutrition and crocodile-infested rivers. Hoping to escape on small boats or to be rescued, instead five barge-loads of Japanese troops arrived to meet them on the beach. There was no option for the starving, exhausted, virtually unarmed Australians but to surrender.

At first it seemed they would be treated as normal prisoners of war. Then an order to execute the prisoners was given. Red Cross brassards were ripped off medics. Men were trussed together in small groups with fishing line or ropes and taken into the jungle and slaughtered.

They stood or sat listening to their mates' death cries—awaiting their own fate by blade or bullet. The few survivors told of grinning Japanese soldiers emerging from the bush wiping blood from their bayonets and beckoning their next targets.

Some victims—asked if they wanted to be shot or bayoneted—chose the gun only to be stabbed. Two wounded men found alive in Waitavalo Plantation homestead had been smeared in pig grease to be burned alive in the house.

Six men survived. Private Billy Cook of the 2/12 Field Ambulance survived eleven bayonet wounds. Many were just boys—the average age of Lark Force soldiers was eighteen and a half.

Bill Harry, a member of the 2/22nd Battalion, was instrumental in having the Tol Memorial erected in 1987 at Tol in New Britain. Bill's role prior to the Japanese invasion on 23 January 1942 was to survey the surrounding area. He



became familiar with the jungle inland from Rabaul and, following the Japanese occupation, spent the next few months in the bush, sometimes by himself, sometimes in a small group, dodging the enemy and helping out as many stragglers as he could find. He eventually made it off New Britain on the *Laurabada*.

Bill Harry came across the aftermath of the Tol Massacre several days after it occurred.

In 1987 a group of survivors of the 2/22 Battalion, along with twenty-one then current members of the 3rd Brigade Australian Army, based at Lavarack Barracks in Townsville, conducted an exercise called 'Rabaul Walkabout'. It was in part a training exercise, following the escape route taken by many of the soldiers who eventually made it to Tol (and beyond if lucky). At Tol, a new memorial cairn was erected, beside the airstrip, with a bronze plaque honouring those killed. Bill, aged seventy, was an organiser of this exercise and trekked for nine days through the jungle with the youngsters! The three other members of the 2/22 Battalion who made the trip were Bert Smith, Bruce Perkins and Cliff Marshall. The photo above shows (l-r) Cliff Marshall, Charles Perkins, Bert Smith and Bill Harry (Photos: Frazer Harry).

Annual Service Honouring the 2/22nd Australian Infantry Battalion & Lark Force, 17 January 2021

The 2/22nd Australian Infantry Battalion was raised in July 1940 for service in the Second World War. In 1941 they deployed to Rabaul, New Britain, where they combined with several other units to form Lark Force. They were responsible for protecting the vulnerable airbases at Lakunai and Vunakanau, New Britain.

The Annual Service was held on 17 January 2021 in the Shrine of Remembrance Sanctuary in Melbourne to honour the sacrifice of the 2/22nd Australian Infantry Battalion and Lark Force. Only a very small number could attend due to Covid restrictions. The event was live streamed by the Melbourne Shrine to others who could not attend.

Guests were welcomed by Colonel John Coulson, OAM, RFD, ED, the event was MC'd by Laurie Luxmore (son of battalion member, Laurie Luxmore Snr), and the address given by Frazer Harry (son of battalion member, Bill Harry). In attendance, and playing, were members of the Brunswick and Preston Salvation Army Bands, in memory of the Salvation Army band attached to the 2/22 during the war.

After the address, the Royal Hymn was played, followed by the laying of wreaths, flowers and poppies. Col John Coulson recited the Ode, and the Last Post and Reveille were played by trumpeter Mr Jason Stewart. The event closed with the Australian National Anthem. It was, as usual, a moving and emotional service, particularly as family and friends who have attended this event over the years, but have passed away, were remembered. Unfortunately, Andy Bishop, the only known surviving member of the battalion, was unable to make it to the service. In the end everyone was just thankful that, with all the disruptions over the past few months, they were able to hold any sort of event at all. Max Clarke said that a group met at Bendigo RSL to watch the service.

Frazer Harry's Address at the Annual Service

The 2/22nd Battalion was formed on 1 July 1940, as part of the 23rd Brigade, attached to the 8th Division, AIF. The battalion's personnel were drawn from the state of Victoria—around a third from rural Victoria but the bulk from the suburbs of Melbourne.

My father, Bill Harry, was among the number. Training took place at Traawool, near Seymour,

Continued on page 60

Extract from the New Britain Escape Instructions, February 1942

The following instructions, provided by JK McCarthy, Officer in Charge Administrative Unit, were given to those in charge of men escaping down the north coast of New Britain, after the Fall of Rabaul.

Instructions for Officers and Men in Charge of Base Camps and Travelling Parties

An essential point of the evacuation scheme is that men must maintain the regular days march between Base Camps. The Base Camps are in the included table.

It should be noted that providing power sea transport is available from Kautaga Camp (6th Day), parties will reach Kilingi Village on the 8th day (allowing two days for the trip from Kautaga to Kilingi)—thus the party would reach Sag Sag Mission on the 9th Day: a saving of three days as the Bases at Wogiwogi (7th Day), Karaiai (9th Day) and Kokopo (10th Day) would be excluded. Power transport would probably remain at least twelve hours at the Base at Iboki (normally the 8th Day).

Details of Marching and carriage by sea are: By Road 157 Miles in 7½ days / By sea (canoe) 110 Miles in 4½ days.

The days marches are fairly long but in no case is the distance excessive. It is impossible to establish further Base Camps, for the men must reach Sag Sag, the embarkation point, at an early date. Enemy action might close the Dampier Straits and so prevent embarkation for Pt Moresby. The sooner parties arrive at Sag Sag the better. Nothing must prevent the even flow of men from base to base. The road may be hard but the alternative is capture by the enemy.

Instruction for the Officers in Charge of the Base Camp

Selected personnel will take up duties at their appointed Base and will be in charge of all travelling parties arriving there. The travelling parties will carry their own rations but Base Camp Personnel will have power to purchase pigs, coconuts and native food (if available) from the local villages in order to augment rations of travelling parties. It is essential that the goodwill of the natives must be maintained. Without the help of the natives the scheme would be impossible. The pilfering of canoes, foods etc by irresponsible members will antagonise natives and parties following will find Bases deserted on arrival. Such a condition will destroy the scheme. We must rely on natives for help. Members of travelling parties, including



Officers and men in charge of them are forbidden to purchase or commandeer canoes, houses and foods. This order is necessary for uncontrolled purchasing etc of these items will cause a shortage of essentials for parties coming behind.

Officers in charge of Base Camps will inform the local Luluai (where their base is situated in a village) that the natives must put quarters for 25 men in readiness for them. Firewood and water will be provided by the natives of the village. You will see that when a travelling party departs for the next camp that a native guide accompanies them. Should there be any large rivers to cross, make arrangements for a canoe ferry service, or failing this a system of cane ropes to assist non-swimmers to cross.

The Luluai of the Base Camp will be told that providing that his work is satisfactory he will receive the sum of £20.0.0 from the Kiap McCarthy (known to the natives as 'Makati').

Should you purchase food, or pigs or canoes, (in an emergency) you will hand the natives a requisition in the form of a note with the price to be paid on it. No fixed price is laid down but you may use your own discretion. You may pay at a generous rate.

Personnel in charge of Base Camps will probably have a NCO or selected man with him. This last named will do his utmost to get the party away to an early start and so ensure their arrival at the next scheduled Base Camp. Remember an even flow of travelling parties is essential. The parties must reach the next Base Camp. Members of Base Camp Staff will remain at their base camp until ordered to move. On no account should they accompany travelling parties.

No large fires to be visible at night, and parties will not make themselves conspicuous. Stations of the Catholic Mission must not be visited by travelling parties.

Frazer Harry's Address

Continued from page 58

then Bonegilla just outside Wodonga. The 900 or so members of the 2/22 formed the nucleus of 'Lark Force' joined by a detachment from the 2/10th Field Ambulance, a battery from the 4th Anti-Tank Regiment, Fortress Engineers and Signallers and a twenty-nine-member Salvation Army Band. In 1941 Lark Force were shipped to Rabaul on the island of New Britain in what is now known as Papua New Guinea. There, they were also joined by a detachment from the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and No. 24 Squadron RAAF. Their role was as a garrison force to defend Rabaul and the adjacent region from any possible Japanese threat.

The events that unfolded were tragic. In early January 1942 the Japanese started bombing Rabaul in advance of an invasion. By 22 January, No. 24 Squadron had only three aircraft remaining, so was withdrawn to the mainland. There was no naval, further military or other support provided by the Australian Government. Lark Force was insufficiently equipped with weapons and ammunition. Often the ammunition they were provided with was faulty, or not designed for the weapons they had. There was no planning by the army for possible lines of retreat for military personnel should they be overwhelmed, no supply dumps, no real communication with local villages outside Rabaul should their help be required. Lark Force were effectively 'Hostages to Fortune', directed to remain and fight even though the outcome was obvious.

In the early hours of 23 January 1942, the Japanese landed. Estimates put the Japanese force numbering up to 20,000 men, against the roughly 1,400 of Lark Force. They stood no hope. After several hours of fighting, Lark Force command sent out the message, 'Every man for himself'. It was a shambles.

Some men died in the invasion. Several days later the Japanese massacred about 150 Australian troops at Tol and later Gasmata—many of these were soldiers who had surrendered. They were tied together in small groups, led into the scrub and bayoneted. Others died of malaria or dysentery while on the run in the jungle. Some died in spasmodic skirmishes with the Japanese up and down the island. The majority were captured and held as prisoners of war in Rabaul.

Six months after the Japanese invasion, over 1,000 prisoners held in Rabaul, the majority being men

from the 2/22nd, were taken from the prison camps and put aboard the *Montevideo Maru*, an unmarked Japanese prison ship. They were never heard from again, it later emerging that the ship was torpedoed near Hainan Island, with no prisoners surviving. This remains Australia's greatest single maritime tragedy, and largest single loss of its countrymen held in captivity by any country in any war.

Incredibly, around 300 of the original 1,400 men of Lark Force made it off New Britain, most via the north or south coasts, and back to Australia. Much of this was due to the heroic efforts of men such as Patrol Officer Keith McCarthy, local timber merchant Frank Holland and plantation manager, Rod Marsland. Their stories are legendary.

The men of the 2/22nd who survived retained a great bond after the war, never forgetting their mates who didn't come home. For most of them, this annual service at the Shrine was the most important day of the year. Annual Battalion reunions at Traawool occurred too, although it was sad to see numbers dwindle over the years. We fondly remember, from these later years, men like Fred Kollmorgen (who was one of only two members of the Salvation Army Band who survived the war), Pip Appel, Russ Law, Bert Smith, Laurie Luxmore, Fred Field, Ted Best, Nipper Webster, Jock Woods, Deric Pitts, Jack Moyle and others, and their wives and families.

As far as can be established there is only one remaining 2/22nd battalion member still alive—Andy Bishop. Unfortunately, last year we lost battalion member, Norm Furness—a wonderful man and good friend, who did so much to keep the Battalion Association going.

We thank the Victorian RSL and the Melbourne Shrine for allowing us to pay tribute here.

Today, we remember the men of the 2/22nd Battalion, Lark Force.

Annual Montevideo Maru Memorial Service

The Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (PNGVR) will be holding their annual Montevideo Maru Memorial Service on Thursday, 1 July 2021 at the Brisbane Cenotaph. Contact Phil Ainsworth (Email: p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au—Mobile 0418 730 348) for further information. Please also keep in contact through the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Facebook Page and Group for updates.



Remembering Frederick Sadler

Following some research Patrick Bourke has sent us this photo of the plaque for the late Frederick Sadler of the 1st Independent Company who is listed as dying on the MS *Montevideo Maru* on 1 July 1942. His grave is privately commemorated on a plaque with the grave of his mother, Martha Sadler, in the Old Dubbo Cemetery.

Whilst there are nineteen Commonwealth War Graves in the Old Dubbo Cemetery, WWI and WWII servicemen, Fredrick Sadler is not included because he died overseas and has no grave in Dubbo (or elsewhere).

The Commonwealth War Graves Commission commemorates him by having his name on the Rabaul Memorial in the grounds of the Bitapaka War Cemetery, PNG. Also, his name is on the AWM's Roll of Honour in Canberra.

The photo is courtesy of the Find A Grave website. If you are visiting Dubbo you may wish to visit.

Commemorating Seventy-Five Years

The *Bega District News* of 27 October 2020 commemorated seventy-five years following the end of World War II in September 1945, with an article reporting on the servicemen who had returned home and those who would never return. An excerpt regarding those from Rabaul says:

Mrs A Alcock, of Bemboka, has been notified by the Minister for the Army that her son, Tom, is officially listed as missing believed dead. Tom was one of a group of five Bega and district boys who enlisted together and became attached to the ill-starred 2/22 battalion, which was captured at Rabaul, and now it seems that he has shared the fate of three of his mates from Bega in the lost Japanese prison ship, Montevideo Maru.

The only survivor of the five mates is ex-gunner Max Hazelgrove who had a miraculous escape after being shot and bayoneted by the Japanese at Tol. The anti-aircraft

unit to which the boys were attached was credited with having brought down the first enemy plane on Australian territory.'

<https://www.begadistrictnews.com.au/story/6983964/looking-back-sad-news-of-bega-district-pows-reaches-home/?fbclid=IwAR1Ac563tXplqIWzJV-b4MCd6zIXMf4cwl3V2XWENQFvEDHcSLApnAsdq5c>

Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial, AWM, Canberra

A recent photo (*below*) of the Rabaul & Montevideo Maru Memorial at the Australian War Memorial, was sent to Margaret Henderson from Sharon Munn.

The sea-themed memorial sculpture was made to commemorate Australian civilians and servicemen who were killed in the defence of Rabaul and Kavieng, including the Tol and Waitavalo massacres, and the horrendous loss of life that ensued from the invasion of the New Guinea Islands in 1942 and the sinking of the MS *Montevideo Maru*.

The Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Group also remembers the mighty incredible escapes of the few who survived the Japanese occupation and those who endured the Pacific war years in the New Guinea islands.

In 2017, on the 75th anniversary, the PNGAA produced a book of personal stories, titled *When the War Came: New Guinea Islands 1942*. This social history tells the stories of those who faced WWII on Australian territory—stories of evacuation, escape, massacres, prisoners of war and our greatest maritime disaster, the tragedy of the *Montevideo Maru*. Available to those interested through PNGAA (*see Inside Back Cover*).



Places of Pride—the National Register of War Memorials

This is an Australian War Memorial initiative to record the location and photo of every publicly accessible war memorial in Australia.

Memorials conceived and erected across Australia have been pivotal in allowing communities and families to grieve and pay their respects. They provided a way for towns to express their loss through remembrance and became a focal point for civic pride in the courage, loyalty and the sacrifice of their local servicemen and women. This sentiment continues to this day with memorials across Australia bearing testament to conflicts and peacekeeping operations.

At the heart of Places of Pride is an interactive map allowing you to explore, connect and commemorate with war memorials spanning the length and breadth of Australia. War memorials are diverse and include public monuments such as obelisks, memorial gates, cenotaphs, stones, statues, trees; as well as rolls of honour and honour boards and community buildings and areas such as parks, halls, swimming pools, and hospitals. With your help, Places of Pride aims to represent memorials in all their diversity. Community organisations and individuals are invited to contribute memorials to the Places of Pride map, as well as to share information and stories and upload photographs.

The Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial is listed here at <https://placesofpride.awm.gov.au/memorials/238341>

Also the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles plaque, mentioned in the Places of Pride website, commemorating those lost on the *Montevideo Maru* is located in the galleries beneath the Shrine of Remembrance at Anzac Square, Brisbane.

PATRICK BOURKE

The Missing Name

The Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) has on its website lists of civilians from Commonwealth countries who died during WWII due to the war. These civilians also have their names inscribed in the *Books of Remembrance* in Westminster Abbey, London.

During 2020 I became aware of a list of Australian civilians who died on the *MS Montevideo Maru* that was published in the *Sydney Morning Herald* (SMH)



Rev. Thomas and Mrs Simpson with the mission boat on the wharf on New Hanover Island, before WWII

on 23 November 1945. It was reported in this SMH article that the Minister for External Territories, Mr Ward, said that this information had been obtained from a translation of the nominal roll of the vessel (*MS Montevideo Maru*) recently discovered in Tokyo.

I checked the names of these Australian civilians with the names on the CWGC's website. I found 165 names on the CWGC's list for the *MS Montevideo Maru*. Other names were found on the CWGC's list for the Rabaul Memorial in the grounds of the Bitapaka War Cemetery in Papua New Guinea (PNG) as these men were in the New Guinea Police Force or the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles. Also, one of the names on the SMH list was found on the Plymouth Naval Memorial in England because the man was in the Naval Reserves and another man's name was found on the Northern Territory Memorial in Australia as he was in the merchant navy.

However, one name was missing—the Reverend Thomas Nevison Simpson. With the assistance of his daughter, Mrs Margaret Henderson, I supplied the CWGC with a copy of the SMH article; the National Archives of Australia's *Montevideo Maru* website, which includes the Reverend Simpson's name; a copy of the telegram from the Australian Government confirming Reverend Simpson's death on the *Montevideo Maru*; extracts from Margaret's book, *Yours sincerely, Tom: a Lost Child of the Empire*; a copy of his entry in the Australian War Memorial's Commemorative Roll; his name on the Kavieng War Memorial in PNG; and a copy of his death certificate from the PNG Government. With this information, the CWGC decided that the late Reverend Thomas Nevison Simpson's name will be added to their WWII Commonwealth Civilian War Dead Roll of Honour.

PATRICK BOURKE



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(See details on page 7)

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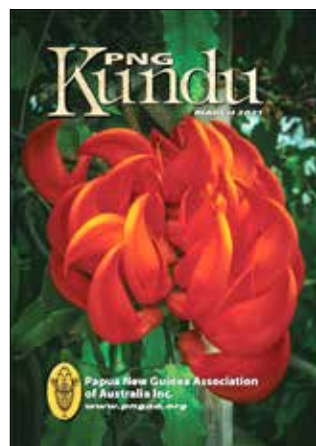
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WHEN THE WAR CAME: New Guinea Islands 1942

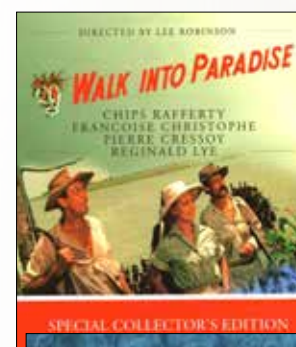
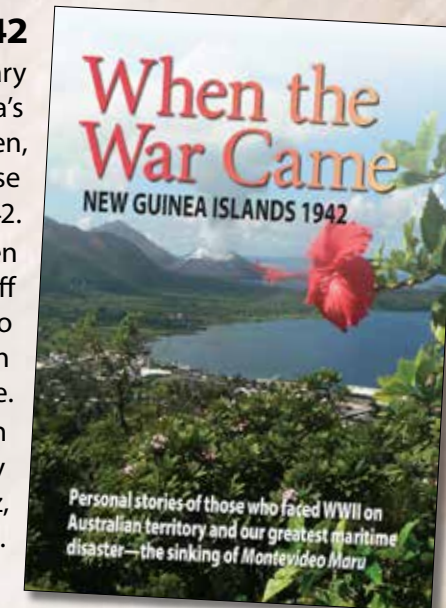
Published in 2017 by PNGAA to commemorate the 75th Anniversary of the Fall of Rabaul and the sinking of MS *Montevideo Maru*, Australia's greatest maritime disaster, tells the stories of the civilian and military men, women and children caught in the leadup and aftermath of the Japanese invasion and 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 an introductory piece by Max Uechritz,

Large format, 544 pp, over 400 photos, index, etc.

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WALK INTO PARADISE: Collector's Edition

Starring Chips Rafferty and the late Fred Kaad, this unique film—directed by Lee Robinson and Marcello Pagliero, with cinematography by Carl Kayser—was shot on location in the highlands of Papua New Guinea, and showcases fabulous scenery, and an authentic sing-sing with thousands of fantastically adorned tribesmen and women.

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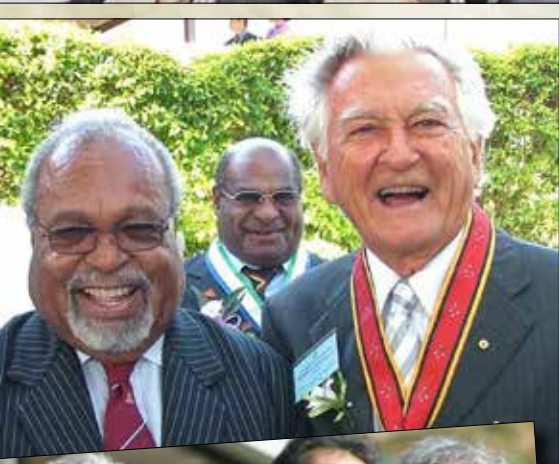
Farewell to the Grand Chief

PAPUA NEW GUINEA's first prime minister, Sir Michael Thomas Somare, GCL, GCMG, CH, CF, SSI, KSG, PC, died on 26 February 2021 in Port Moresby, aged eighty-four. Known as the Father of the Nation and *Papa Blo Kantri*, Sir Michael led PNG into independence from Australia in 1975 and was one of the country's longest-serving politicians, with a career that spanned five decades.



Michael Thomas Somare was born on 9 April 1936 in Rabaul, and raised in the East Sepik Province, a region he went on to represent in parliament. In 1972, he was elected as Chief Minister of the territory and pledged to lead it to self-government and then independence. Just three years later, PNG gained its independence and Michael Somare became the country's first prime minister at the age of just thirty-nine.

PNG observers, like the ABC's former PNG correspondent, Sean Dorney, say it was not an easy task to unite them and form one country. 'Sir Michael is absolutely unique and there is no-one else in the rest of the Pacific or Australia or New Zealand who had anywhere near the political career that he has had. It's not just he has been around for so long, but he actually dragged the country through to independence and I don't think people appreciate how difficult that situation was.'



He stayed in parliament for forty-nine years, and was prime minister on three separate occasions over that time, holding the top post for seventeen years in total, over four terms. He also served as the Foreign Affairs Minister, Leader of the Opposition and the local Governor of East Sepik Province.

But Sir Michael's five decades in PNG politics were not without controversy. He was ousted from parliament, and the prime minister's post in mid-2011, after being out of the country for several months for heart surgery in Singapore. However, elections were held in mid-2012 and the people of his East Sepik Province voted him back into parliament. Five years later, his political career finally came to an end when he retired.



'We progressed through many waves and changes in the world, we survived our own bad decisions,' he said in his last address to parliament in 2017. 'We have united at times when the world thought it was not possible to do so, we must be thankful and we must always count our blessings. I gave my best years to this country by serving as a politician. I hope you will each find the grace to continue our dream for this country.'

People in Papua New Guinea knew Sir Michael affectionately as 'The Chief' and the 'Father of the Nation'. He is one of only two people in PNG to be given the official title of 'Grand Chief', and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth II in 1990.

He is survived by his wife, Lady Veronica Somare, who he married in 1965, and their five children.



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