



Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA
P.O. BOX 452, ROSEVILLE NSW 2069
Print Post Approved PP224987/00025

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Seasons Greetings and Best Wishes for 1995 from

The President and Committee

CONTAINS 13 YR OLD'S
DESCRIPTION OF

No. 4, 1994 - December

Dear Member,

RABAU ERUPTION

The Association's Christmas Luncheon will be held at the Mandarin Club on Sunday 4 December 1994 and full details, together with booking slip, are on page 21. Please send your cheque and booking slip to the Secretary at the above address as soon as possible. It would be very much appreciated if all payments for the Luncheon could be made in advance, so that our Treasurer is not busy collecting money but can enjoy the function like everyone else.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

The 1995 annual subscription of \$8.00 becomes due and payable on 1 January 1995, unless you have paid in advance.

To ascertain your financial status, please check the address label on the envelope containing this issue. At the bottom right hand corner of the address label is the year to which you have paid your subscription/s, i.e. 1994, 1995, 2000 etc. If, on the label, the year shown is 1994, you are only financial until 31 December 1994, and we would appreciate you forwarding your 1995 subscription without delay.

1995 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Please make a note in your 1995 diary that our 1995 Annual General Meeting will be held on 23 April 1995. This is to enable out of town people, who are returned service persons to attend both the AGM and Anzac Day celebrations on the one visit.

SALE OF BOOKS

Because of the growing number of members and guests who now attend our Christmas Luncheon and the congestion caused by the sale of books, such sales will not be permitted at future luncheons.

However, a single copy of any book, published by a member during the current year, may be displayed accompanied by advertising material and/or flyers giving details where copies of the book may be purchased, i.e. Telephone No. and address of Publisher or sales outlet.

VISIT TO BLUE MOUNTAINS

The visit to the Blue Mountains on 20 October was again a very pleasant experience. The Sydney people, who attended, missed the storm and hail which lashed their City during the time they were enjoying lunch with the sun shining brightly outside.

The following folk took part in the outing: Aileen Giles, Elaine and Corbett Kimmorley, Bill and Friedergarde Tomasetti, Margaret and Les Williams, Sid and Ann Smith, Roma Bates, Alison Marsh, Bill and Nancy Johnston, Meg England, Pat Hopper, Harry West. The following people went for the first time: Stan Knight, Nick Strauss (Bio Chemist, worked on the Pyrethrum Project at Mt. Hagen and also worked at Rabaul), Dennis Compton (ex Rabaul), Shirley Hendry from Terrigal and Brian Ash from New Zealand.

FAX MACHINE

On the occasion of the funeral of Sir Horace Niall, Lady Niall and Horrie's daughter, Lois, requested that instead of flowers at the funeral a donation be made to our Association.

The sum of \$375 was received and the Committee has decided to put this money towards the purchase of a Fax Machine, which will be a most welcome facility for the many members who now have access to similar facilities.

The President and Committee extend a very grateful thanks to Lady Niall and Lois for their very kind thoughts. They knew that Horrie would have most certainly endorsed such an action because of his strong support for our endeavours and the fact that he was one of our Patrons for many years.

Our Fax No. is (02) 488 9693.

NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES AND PAPUA NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES EX MEMBERS ASSOCIATION INC.

This Association, which was formed in 1989 and Incorporated in 1990, is trying to make contact with former members of the 'New Guinea Volunteer Rifles' (1939-1945) and 'Papua New Guinea Voluntary Rifles' (1951-1974).

At the present time they have some 350 names of former NGVR and PNGVR members on their nominal roll. Their present members are always interested in renewing contact with former Regiment friends.

Should any ex NGVR or PNGVR member be interested in the Association please contact:

The Secretary
NGVR & PNGVR ex Members Association Inc
P.O. Box 287,
EVERTON PARK QLD 4053

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Jim KEEGAN of Lyneham, ACT, reports: "Coincidental with the arrival of the September issue of *Una Voce* I picked up a copy of *Vetaffairs* at a recent meeting of the ACT Division of the RAAF Association. Of particular interest, more so as *Una Voce* contained a Vale notice of the gentleman, is an article by and an Obituary of Geoff Masters. I never had the pleasure of meeting the man but felt I knew him through his reports as your Bribie Island correspondent and similar articles in the Garamut.

In mentioning the RAAF Association, I have been involved with it in Canberra for many years as Hon. State Treasurer for the ACT Division. Thought I had left finance and budgets behind when I left the Territory in 1973 as Senior Budget Officer in Treasury. Thereby hangs another tale and another of those coincidences that come in life, a tie-up between the Territory, Finance and the RAAF. In 1970/71 I was the Treasury rep. on a Committee chaired by your own Bill Johnston to arrange food supplies and other assistance to the Highlands, particularly the Southern Highlands, following the abnormal frosts which had devastated native gardens in the area. Movement of the supplies was undertaken by the RAAF and the Senior RAAF Officer in PNG at the time and who was also a member of the Committee was Wing Commander John McKenzie. John McKenzie and I grew up together in adjoining streets in the suburb of Braddon in Canberra and went to school at the same time. Coincidence!!"

Jean COX of Dungog NSW comments: "I did enjoy the story by Mr Bob PIPER about the old Moresby wreck! (Newsletter Sept. 1994). I remember *SS Pruth* very well from my days in Moresby. I always felt she was rather special as I watched her in various lights from my front verandah. We lived on the shoulder of the Lawes Rd. hill and from there could look through Simpson's Gap to the reef in Basilisk Passage. *Pruth* was well moulded into the scenery alluded to locally as "the Pruth on the reef taking on salt!" In my 18 years in Moresby I never met anyone who knew much more than that about her.

A big welcome to Joan and daughter Karen BROMLEY as new members. The Bromley family will be remembered by those who lived in Hagen and Goroka throughout the 1950s to 1970s. Joan, ex Goroka Hospital, is now living at Mudgeeraba on the Gold Coast. She and husband Heinz are both still very active (both still working) and have regular dinner parties with other expats from the Highlands.

Her son Michael is the CEO of Collins and Leahy and responsible for growth and expansion into a variety of alternate fields.

Eldest daughter Noni Manton (married to Will Manton from Hagen) is also Gold Coast based. Second daughter Karen Bromley lives in Brisbane and imports Goroka Coffee through her partnership with her sister-in-law Peta Bromley through PEKA COFFEE. Karen and Peta are marketing Goroka Coffee to all major supermarket chains in Australia. Anyone interested in restocking their personal supplies or wanting Xmas GIFT PACKS would do well to phone Karen on 07 263 2189 or Fax 07 263 8178. Youngest daughter Nicki Bromley lives full time in Florida USA, working as a chef on a 90ft cruise boat sailing up and down the east coast of America and also the Bahamas. She is currently back in Australia for a quick family visit.

Ex-husband Harry is currently residing on the Atherton Tablelands in North Queensland. At 83 he hasn't changed, but has slowed down a fraction as he has recently had two hip replacements. He assures everyone that he will be fighting fit for the "Rugby '95 Golden Oldie" tour in South Africa.

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HAVE YOU HEARD???

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Don BARNES of Mitcham S.A, writes: "Your recent announcement of Mr. Niall's passing caused many fond memories of our association with him, as no doubt it did to many others who knew him, not only as District Commissioner but as a friend, or both. One of my duties at Lae was to send medical supplies to the Highlands and instructions from Treasury were that they be airfreighted by TAA. This was very unsatisfactory, but one day I heard of 2 or 3 young men in town looking for road freight to the Highlands - they were the Ottley brothers. To cut a long story short, their freight rates were much less than airfreight. In those days the time taken to get to Mt. Hagen could be up to two weeks, but that was still better than by air.

Eventually a very strong rebuke came from Treasury telling me to use air freight. I took the letter to Horrie, who agreed when I said the Highlands would never be opened up by airfreight. He told me to continue to use trucks and he would contact Treasury. I did and he did, and it was not much longer before Treasury started to call for tenders for road freight."

(Don, many thanks for the photographs, we would like to keep them. Ed)

Geoff BASKETT of Castle Hill NSW writes: "I don't, particularly want to get drawn into the Battle of the Bottle, but when any author is told that he is wrong, I suppose that its equivalent to a glove being thrown down and that does need a response!

Alex Zweck states that I was wrong when I said that among the goods being "liberated" from the canteen were several bottles of beer, (ref. pages 77-70, *ISLANDS AND MOUNTAINS* by Geoffrey Baskett).

Although I am quite sure in my own mind that they were bottles of beer (the long brown bottles, no stubbies in those days!) I thought I'd better try and get some other backing, so turned to *ONWARD BOY SOLDIERS*. I also wanted to check with *MILNE BAY 1942*, but, believe it or not, my massive copy of that book has gone missing!

ONWARD BOY SOLDIERS, pages 124/125 gave me a few clues: Writing about Col. Clementson..... Following the story of how the canteen had been blown up on purpose (page 125 and nothing to do with "Japs bombing Milne Bay" see Alex's remarks) he tells how he liberated some cartons of cigarettes for his friends. Then on page 125 he speaks about beer 'He, [Clementson] admitted that he discovered where the last beer to enter New Guinea for the duration of the war was hidden, not far from his tent. He [Clementson] was able to send a case of beer to each of the air warning wireless spotter stations when members of the sigs technical maintenance section visited them.'

I don't think that Col. Clementson or anyone else would have been able to obtain cases of beer from any other source than from the Canteen in those days, so I think that proves my point. Q.E.D.

(To settle this question once and for all, I recommend Alex Zweck to the book *Milne Bay 1942*, pages 207 to 210, under headings "Blowing the Store", "The Great Beer Theft" and "Court of Inquiry".

On page 207 a 2/12 Bn. writer describes the scene as he arrived at the dismembered canteen: "When we reached the copra shed, the sight that met our eyes is one that I will never forget. The demolition charge had blown the roof off the shed and the sides were flat on the ground. Hundreds of items were scattered about, packets of chocolates quite intact were everywhere, and at least 100 cases of Queensland beer was in disarray but mostly intact. We had no trouble selecting thirty or so sound cases and loading them into a disabled truck, as this would be a safe haven until such time as it was required. No sooner had we finished loading, when the leading sections of the 2/10 (probably the 2/12) started filing past on their way into action... Jack and I had the pleasure of handing out bottle after bottle of beer to the troops as they passed by...."

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HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

The 'blowing' of the canteen took place 29 August 1942 and there was subsequently a Court of Inquiry which did not, as far as I can ascertain, hand down any finding.

Geoff's book *Islands and Mountains* is available from the author for \$10.00 plus postage. His address is in the Membership List. Ed.)

Harry H. JACKMAN of Angaston, S.A. comments: "The story of his patrolling among the Kukukuku told by Professor Colin De'Ath to a Korean audience [*Una Voce* No.3 of 1994] reminds me of an account of an identical experience mentioned in W.R. Humphries book Patrolling in Papua, published in 1923.

Humphries had more and usually hectic meetings with Kukukuku. On 17 October 1925, for instance, he and ten members of the Armed Constabulary and a long line of carriers set off to arrest Kukukuku who had killed a man and wounded a woman during a raid of Ailolapata near Hell Gates (where the Tauri divides into three streams). A month earlier, Patrol Officer O.J. Atkinson and his party, sent to make the arrests, had been repulsed. Humphries' party got into a melee during which he fired a warning shot that fatally wounded one of the raiders. Lieutenant-Governor Sir Hubert Murray exonerated Humphries."

Irene SCHULTZ of Gosford NSW will be missed at the Christmas Luncheon as she will be in her home city, Birmingham, in the U.K. attending the 80th birthday celebrations of one of her brothers. The following week her nephew will be arranging a big day for his father at the first of five factories, his father founded some 55 years ago.

On her return, Irene will be spending some time with her son, Wilfred (born in Lae in 1957) and his family in Jakarta, Indonesia, where he is a business consultant.

(Irene, we wish you a great trip and a most enjoyable holiday.)

Peter CLAY of Weetangara ACT writes: "I was interested to read the article on the *Pruth* in the recent *Una Voce*. Ted Clay's part in the salvage operations was mentioned but his elder brother, Jeff Clay (my father), also took part. The *Veimauri* mentioned in the article was owned by J.R. Clay and Co. Pty. Ltd. My father came to Moresby in 1919 and set up a business trading as Handley and Clay with branches in Moresby and Samarai. On Handley's departure the firm was incorporated as J.R. Clay and Co. Pt. Ltd. and after the war was absorbed into the Carpenter empire as Island Products. Ted Clay skippered some of the Company's trading vessels before later joining Burns Philp and the Torres Strait pilots."

Ted HICKS of Winmalee NSW and Ken GORRINGE of Wentworth Falls NSW, two of our Blue Mountain friends, have not been well of late and were unable to attend the mountain visit. Ted and Ken, you were both missed by those who did and all your friends down here sincerely hope that it will not be long before you are both hale and hearty again. Very best wishes from all of us.

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

Jim TONER (Northern Territory)

This year's PNG Independence Day was celebrated at the Students Union of the NT University by some 200 people who enjoyed a mumu and entertainment by the Sanguma dance company. In the past, the National wives of expats. who settled in Darwin post-Independence did the preparatory work for these functions but John INGHAM tells me that their children, now in their late teens, have willingly taken over most of the tasks allowing the old ladies to sit back. Nambawan.

John was tutoring at UPNG up to 1973 but is now Director of Batchelor College, the Aboriginal tertiary education facility. His wife is from Gaba Gaba (on the road to Rigo) and he says that while visits to the village are still very pleasant he passes through POM with utmost speed.

Amongst those seen at the celebration was Greg RALPH, son of Dick Ralph, a formidable Inspector with the Education Dept. in the 50s.

Otto ALDER was enjoying his last Independence Day in Darwin as he has since relocated to Queensland. He has yet to decide between the Gold Coast or the Sunshine Coast but realises he will be tripping over wantoks in either case. He and his wife will be back for visits as they still have grandchildren here.

Ken BURRIDGE, Education Dept. 1969-1982, recently found himself walking behind a small dark-skinned boy, hardly unusual on the streets of Darwin. Except that the lad was hopping along and chanting:

"Yu wok we? Mi wok we? Mi wok long Kurakakaul.

Mi wok long banis pik....."

So Ken chimed in:

"Pik bel i hat - emi kaikai yu!"

This caused the junior wantok to run off crying so it was never discovered what a Tolai familiar with the former DASF station in East New Britain was doing in Darwin. Ken learned schoolboy pidgin songs while teaching at Keravat and Boisen High School, Nodup, near Rabaul. That school was named, of course after Frank Boisen MC, the long time education chief in the Islands region.

After three years in the Top End indulging his passion for sculpture Ken looks forward to a return to Moresby in 1995 for a period as a visiting artist at UPNG.

Doug FRANKLIN, (Brisbane)

Ian 'Skip' WOOD D.F.C., former RAAF Catalina pilot, who had some harrowing experiences in PNG during WW2, celebrated his 80th birthday with a large group of well wishers at his Sunnybank, Brisbane, home during September '94. Ian was appointed as a Cadet Patrol Officer in 1935 and posted to Lorengau. The then Director of Agriculture, George Murray, found out that Ian was a 1933 Gatton Agricultural College graduate and persuaded him to transfer from DDA to DASF. After postings to Keravat and Aiyura, Ian was posted to Wewak as the first Agricultural Officer, with responsibility for the area to the PNG border. He surveyed and planned the Bainyik Agricultural Station near Maprik which much later, in 1980, became the Sepik Agricultural College, funded by the Asian Development Bank. In 1941 with Australia involved with the war in Europe, Ian returned to Australia and was trained as a Catalina pilot. His local knowledge of PNG was so invaluable that the RAAF posted him back to PNG where he became involved with the exploits of the Coast Watchers, assisting them in so many ways under the noses of the enemy.

A HOLIDAY TO REMEMBER

by Matthew Cohen (1)

1996
Sunday 18th September - Mum's birthday. Left Sydney at 8.30 and arrived in Rabaul 5.30 for my September holidays. I was met by my mother and father and young brother Bill. When leaving the plane I felt the ground beneath my feet shaking alarmingly. Mum and Dad told me that the earthquakes (gurias) had been going on for several weeks beforehand but over the previous couple of days had increased in strength. We drove to the Yacht Club to celebrate Mum's birthday. While sitting there we noticed the Haus Wins were shaking and creaking and the quakes so strong we all waited for the bar bell to ring and announce "Free Drinks". Young Bill thought it was all a big joke and was not really aware of what was happening. He kept asking me after every strong shake whether I had felt it or not. Who wouldn't feel it?

Around 7.30 we adjourned to the Waterfront Restaurant for Mum's birthday dinner. Soon after our arrival people started banging on the windows and shouting to us that the volcano had blown up. E.T. the owner of the restaurant went outside to investigate and returned to tell us that it was not true that the volcano had erupted, but that his friends had all gone home to pack emergency gear and get ready to leave town. As Dad was working a Consort vessel, he returned to the wharf to check the stevedores and was surprised to see the number of vehicles rushing along the waterfront road to head out of town. We continued with our dinner which was excellent and we suddenly found ourselves the only people remaining in the restaurant, apart from one other table.

Around 10.30 we left for home and the vibrations of the quakes made steering difficult. Arriving home we were greeted by Dad's boat assistant and his family as well as our own house staff who had come seeking advice and to shelter with us. Mum came downstairs to console them and calm them down as they were worried and felt threatened by the shakes. Mum and Dad put Bill and I to bed while Dad returned to the vessel and they both kept an eye on the situation. To my surprise on awakening next morning I found our house full of worried friends. One of the women was crying - worried about the future. She is a good friend of mine and I tried to comfort her. Dad was still working the ship in town and called us on the radio, telling everyone operating that frequency to get out immediately. The earthquakes by this time were very close together and frightening. Ten minutes later Tavurvur erupted. Dad returned to pack us in the vehicles and we left in convoy of three vehicles with 15 people. We could not take our animals at this stage as all vehicle space was required by evacuation provisions, so I ran back upstairs and left sufficient food for the dogs and cat for three days. I went in Mum's vehicle.

Looking up, the smoke was pouring over our house and heading in the direction of Watom Island, 8 miles off our coast. Heading along the North Coast Road were many vehicles racing for their lives. At the first turn inland we headed for Roger Radford's plantation at Vunakanau, but no one was home. They had taken out a flight to Kimbe. Right before our eyes Vulcan was erupting - we had a box office view of this as we were on the ridge immediately above it, being only 1 1/2 kilometres from the Vulcan eruption. This was terrifying for us, although my brother Bill didn't think it was anything more than a joke. He did keep asking what it was all about but didn't really understand. The quakes were dying down.

As Dad is conversant with the roads in that area, he lead the way towards Kokopo. Rocks were falling from the sky all around our vehicles, mud was blinding the windscreens. A rock about the size of a baseball just missed my head, landing on the bonnet and dinting it, while I tried to clean the

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A HOLIDAY TO REMEMBER (continued)

windscreen. This was very frightening and I realised then just how serious an eruption can be.

Dad told us we would all head for Vimy - about 8 miles distant from Vanuape inland and all the time we could see Tavurvur's black smoke and Vulcan's white smoke mushrooming thousands of metres into the sky. We were fortunate we didn't have crashing trees and coconut palms blocking our path as people on other roads did. Again Richard⁽²⁾ was not at the house, but out working on the plantation. He is a very good family friend so we settled on the verandah to await his return. By this time it was 8a.m. and Dad and Stan Albeiz made the decision to return to Rabaul to get some important documents and money which had been overlooked in the swift departure from town. By the time they reached the outskirts of town, the ground had split open, the mud, the pumice and rocks were one metre deep and this prevented them from proceeding any further than Andersons in Malaguna Road. It was impossible for Dad to reach his office but Stan did get into his office and located the papers and money. Dad's vehicle bogged and it took three hours to get it moving again. Both volcanoes were belching mud and rocks violently and they decided it would be wiser to return to Vimy. On the way out they met Dale Hollis and his wife who also sheltered with us at Vimy.

Richard heard the news of the eruption on his radio and returning to his house was surprised to find us all there. However he made us most welcome and we moved into what was our home for the rest of my holidays and we were very grateful for his kind hospitality. We filled the next few days with plantation activities, learning about the cocoa processing and drying of copra and my mother looked after us all with food, etc. The men were returning to town every day trying to locate fuel for the vehicles, arranging the transfer of stevedoring equipment such as fork lifts and trucks to Kabakau where the ships would be stevedored until Rabaul was open again. As well Dad was organising the transport of food and emergency provisions to the evacuation camps which in some cases were housing 1,000 people. This was in co-operation with Disaster Relief which had established headquarters at the Ralum Club at Kokopo.

Later Dad took me with him into Rabaul. It was the most upsetting experience of my life - seeing some people had lost every possession. The roofs of most buildings had collapsed under the weight of the pumice and mud and many looked beyond repair. To my dismay there were many beautiful dogs German Shepherds, Rotweilers and Boxers - deserted and bewildered - nowhere to go and no one to feed them. Many village dogs also were deserted. That day we returned to our house on the North Coast to feed our pets, get the pumice scraped from the roof and take more possessions and food to Vimy. We discovered later our home was the only one not looted. Dad moved three of our staff into our house to care for the pets and security. This had been a wise move. We drove to the Wharf area at the bottom of Malaguna Road to inspect our boat, the "Christopher". Three tidal waves had done some damage - a foot square hole just above the water line was caused when a wave lifted the vessel to the height of the wharf and smashing it against a bollard. She was covered in mud and pumice and very low in the water but was alright. We were happy to see this. The "Anna" was not harmed and we were grateful to see how well our family and our possessions had come through the two eruptions.

By this time we were able to get through to the Yacht Club in Mango Avenue, but found it as flat as a pancake, Mum's office was still standing and was untouched. I climbed into the office to locate certain things Mum required, but this was dangerous because of the damaged state of the building and the concaved roof above me. We were able to make our way to Dad's office

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A HOLIDAY TO REMEMBER (continued)

at Steamships and managed to locate a computer, two fax machines and special documents from the wreckage which was extensive. To gain admission to the office Dad had to climb over a collapsed roof, break open a jammed window and climb inside.

It was distressing to see the owners of the next door shop, sitting in the midst of their rubble and weeping over the loss of their entire business and income. Here and there in Mango Avenue we met people trying to locate items of importance and goods which had not been looted. It was very sad - what had been our beautiful town and now without a blade of grass or leaf on a tree, looked like something out of a bad black and white movie. Exactly as I had seen in pictures of the 1937 eruption. I wanted to cry.

The change in the landscape was amazing - Vulcan had increased ten times in volume, all the surrounding mountains were covered in what looked like snow, but was of course white ash. All the fronds of the coconut palms were hanging limp or were completely bare. I did notice when I visited Rabaul a week later, some new shoots were coming on the coconuts and banana palms.

On the way home we visited Rapopo. From there we had an excellent view of both volcanoes belching out their smoke and rocks and I took some photos of this incredible scene. At night from Vimy, we could see in the sky the most spectacular lightning strikes above the volcanoes caused by the heat contained in the upshooting rocks. Lightning strikes killed two people and a family of five died because of suffocation while hiding in a water tank, thinking it would be safe and not wishing to leave their home.

Throughout this crisis I appreciate the comfort of my Mum and Dad and my little brother Bill. Mum spent all her time caring for the needs of all the people at Vimy and I knew when my Dad left home every day to help someone, he would return safe and sound. I appreciate Richard giving us shelter when we needed it so badly. As well I give thanks that considering 30,000 people had to evacuate Rabaul, the loss was reasonably low and I give thanks I was not one of them, nor any members of my family or my friends.

⁽¹⁾ Matthew is the son of Peter and Julie Cohen of Rabaul and the grandson of Florence Cohen, one of our members. He is only 13 years old and is a student of St. Joseph's College at Hunters Hill here in Sydney.

⁽²⁾ Richard Joyce, son of Doug Joyce who was a long time resident of PNG pre and post war and is also one of our members.

A tremendous effort Matthew and we thank you for your contribution to our Newsletter. Ed.)

THE HAVEN THAT WAS RABAUL

by Grace Maribu

Premier Sinai Brown had tears in his eyes. So did I. We were sitting across from each other at one of the four brown, dust-topped, rectangular tables at the Ralum Club, now being used as the Rabaul Disaster Control Centre.

To the east, the sea stretched a deep blue until it surrounded the Duke of York islands, then further still to the western shores of New Ireland. Slightly to the north over Blanche Bay, Mt. Tauruvur looked a sight - still belching thick greyish-white cloud of ash into the sky.

It was a beautiful day, even though I can no longer remember the exact date, it was during the second week since Mt. Tauruvur and Mt. Vulcan blew their tops off on that fateful Monday morning. (So much has happened since

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THE HAVEN THAT WAS RABAUL (continued)

Sunday, September 18, when Rabaul started to feel the tremors announcing the eruptions, that events have already begun to crowd my memory of that catastrophe into oblivion. Or perhaps, as I would like to think it, the human mind is built in such a way that it automatically shuts out experiences which are rather traumatic. It would be better like that, for the sake of all those 90,476 people who have nothing left from the eruptions but pain and loss.)

The Premier and I were discussing Rabaul, the once beautiful and peaceful town which was the pride of Tolais in particular, and Papua New Guineans in general. The destruction of Rabaul and the surrounding villages is enormous, But the Premier was telling me how he was not going to abandon Rabaul, how his government was going to do everything in its power so that Rabaul would be back, better than it was ever before.

During my two-month stint in East New Britain, I had never seen Premier Brown talk so passionately about a topic. It was obvious how close Rabaul was to his heart. And I could understand why, even though I was not a Tolai.

Rabaul was a special place, not just because of its picturesque setting and colourful history - it was the living monument of a peoples' pride. It was home to the East New Britain man and woman - the Tolai, the Baining, the Sulka and the Tomoip, the Taulil and Mengen, the Kol, Makoikol, Nakanai and the Mumusi.

Like me, you didn't have to be a Tolai or a member of one of the other nine tribes that made up East New Britain to at least understand what was going on. As a chief would grieve for his people, Premier Brown was grieving at the loss of his provincial "home" but, I knew, more so at how the destruction had seemed to break the spirit of his people.

I had never felt so sad for a place nor its people before. Rabaul, to me, was a beautiful haven, and I was grieving for it like a child might do so upon finding that his or her new-found secret hiding place has been destroyed by a mob of bullies.

A Papua New Guinean's Impression.

It was on August 7, a fine sunny day that was, when the Air Niugini Fokker F28 cut across the blue sky above Kokopo and nosed its way towards Rabaul. On the port, below, were hectares upon hectares of coconuts that seemed to go on non-stop. There were coconuts here, coconuts there, coconuts growing on hillsides, coconuts along the flat of the land where the hills met the sea, and even on whatever area that was not a plantation, coconuts could be seen dotting the darker green vegetation. I remember thinking, with some amusement, if the Tolais had somehow elevated themselves above the landmass and sown the young nuts en masse, so that those ones scattered in the thick of the forests were the result of a strong rebellious wind.

We flew just along the shores of Blanche Bay, over Mt. Vulcan, which then was lying like just another mountain, and turned starboard over the Simpson Harbour to make the landing. As the plane tipped its right wing further, I caught sight of the famous Rabaul landmark, the Dawapia rocks (or Beehives as they are known to Westerners), standing guard in the harbour.

To the port, Rabaul laid sprawled at the foot of the hills, seemingly caught between the lush, dark green mountains - some of them with what looked like sawn-off heads - that rose around it and the deep blue sea that splashed onto its shores. The scene was breath-taking.

The plane dropped its altitude further, and we raced down and touched-down on the Rabaul airport. My colleague, Peter Niese, whom I was relieving from August to early October, met me at the terminal and for the next 30 minutes, turned out to be a perfect guide. *(continued next page)*

THE HAVEN THAT WAS RABAUL (continued)

For someone coming from Port Moresby, where all the modern "craziness" was at its best - the dirty overcrowded streets, screeching untidy PMVs, graffiti-covered fences and walls, pick-pockets and bag-snatchers, a good population of males who suddenly turn sexually active at the sight of every female crossing the street so that they gape unashamedly and whistle until you'd think their eyes would pop out with the sheer effort of it, and markets which seemed to suck out the contents of your purse - being in Rabaul was like entering a new dimensions.

The streets were unbelievably clean. No porthole was in sight. The East New Britons are obsessive betelnut chewers. They carry their big baskets woven from coconut fronds, from which their surplus betelnuts are kept, and chew until their mouths turn a deep reddish hue. But amazingly, betelnut stains were hardly noticed on the bitumen.

Somehow, these people had grasped the very difficult task of using trash cans! As we drove into town, I could see youths and older people planting or replacing bougainvillea and hibiscus along the streets. They always work with their shoulders thrown back and head held high, occasionally lifting their hand good-naturedly in salutation to passers-by and vehicles.

I had never seen street-workers take so much pride in their work, and the reason for their work before. Just watching them was enough to make me feel proud, I had thought, trying to justify my emotion. The PMV service was fantastic. The buses clean; and the passengers orderly.

My first day in Rabaul had started. During the days that followed I became more and more familiar with Rabaul, its surrounds, and its people.

Tolais are a proud tribe of people. They take a lot of pride in their identity, heritage, and culture, which remains strong still to this day. And the reason why life in Rabaul was so peaceful and easy-going was basically because of this.

The Tolais never just crowd their town unless they had reason to do so. They would go into Rabaul perhaps to do their shopping, sell or buy at the market, or visit the banks and hospitals, then they would return to their villages. There wasn't much wanderings by the idle, and the streets were free of beggars and moneymuggers. The Rabaul market, rated as being one of the best in the country, always lived up to its name. The market ground was spic and span. You could go marketing with K5 and come back with a bilum of fresh vegetables that is able to last you a week! (The sellers even provided their customers baskets free of charge to carry their buys in.)

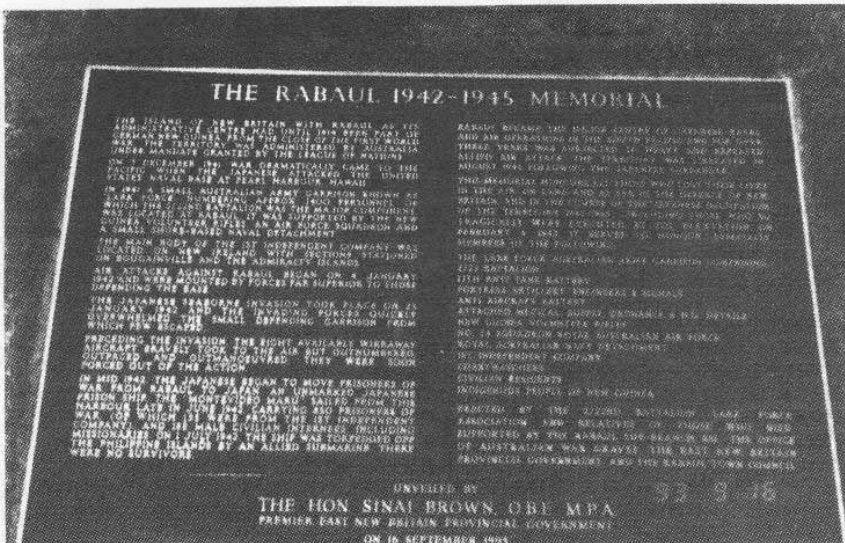
In Rabaul, you began to totally enjoy and appreciate the simple things in life - the evening strolls, window-shopping, a sea-side rest for some fresh air, a friendly wave, a smile. The pastime I employed in Rabaul was to take a solo afternoon stroll down to the seawall just behind the Yacht Club, sit and stare out into the harbour until the sun sank behind the North Coast hills, then walk slowly home in the twilight. (I can never do that now, being back in the nation's notorious crime-obsessed capital.)

It was always a real pleasure going for sightseeing in the countryside. The drives were always smooth, thanks to the wonderful road network. But most of all it was the villages and their people that always made my day. Mata'au, Rabuana, Korere, Volavolo, and Rata'vul villages to the north of Rabaul; Karavia, Pilapila, Ratung along the North Coast Road; the three Malaguna villages, Rapolo, Tavana and all those many, many villages were beautiful. In the villages the flower-bordered yards of each family were neatly kept, the lawns trimmed, the houses boasting modern materials.

Churches were another sight, great works of art that portrayed the faith of the locals and their pride in their heritage. The village folk were simple, friendly and light-hearted. They never seemed to tire of waving and calling out the popular "Io!" greeting. Rabaul was what anyone would gladly call "home".....I did, and wished I could stay a bit longer.

(From "Weekend Magazine", PNG Post-Courier 14 October 1994.)

THE RABAUL 1942-1945 MEMORIAL



Above: The Plaque. Below: The Memorial at the unveiling September 1993. On the page opposite is the inscription on the Plaque. (Photographs kindly provided by C. O. (Bill) Harry ex 2/22nd Battalion.)

THE RABAU 1942 - 1945 MEMORIAL

THE ISLAND OF NEW BRITAIN WITH RABAU AS ITS ADMINISTRATIVE CENTRE HAD UNTIL 1914 BEEN PART OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA. FROM THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR THE TERRITORY WAS ADMINISTERED BY AUSTRALIA UNDER MANDATE GRANTED BY THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

ON 7 DECEMBER 1941 WAR DRAMATICALLY CAME TO THE PACIFIC WHEN THE JAPANESE ATTACKED THE UNITED STATES NAVAL BASE AT PEARL HARBOUR, HAWAII.

IN 1941 A SMALL AUSTRALIAN ARMY GARRISON KNOWN AS 'LARK FORCE' NUMBERING APPROX. 1400 PERSONNEL, OF WHICH THE 2/22ND BATTALION WAS THE MAJOR COMPONENT, WAS LOCATED AT RABAU. IT WAS SUPPORTED BY THE NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES, AN AIR FORCE SQUADRON AND A SMALL SHORE-BASED NAVAL DETACHMENT. THE MAIN BODY OF THE 1ST INDEPENDENT COMPANY WAS LOCATED ON NEW IRLAND WITH SECTIONS STATIONED ON BOUGAINVILLE AND THE ADMIRALTY ISLANDS.

AIR ATTACKS AGAINST RABAU BEGAN ON 4 JANUARY 1942 AND WERE MOUNTED BY FORCES FAR SUPERIOR TO THOSE DEFENDING THE BASE. THE JAPANESE SEABORNE INVASION TOOK PLACE ON 23 JANUARY 1942 AND THE INVADING FORCES QUICKLY OVERWHELMED THE SMALL DEFENDING GARRISON FROM WHICH FEW ESCAPED.

PRECEDING THE INVASION THE EIGHT AVAILABLE WIRRAWAY AIRCRAFT BRAVELY TOOK TO THE AIR BUT OUTNUMBERED, OUTPACED AND OUTMANOEUVRED, THEY WERE SOON FORCED OUT OF THE ACTION.

IN MID 1942, THE JAPANESE BEGAN TO MOVE PRISONERS OF WAR FROM RABAU TO JAPAN. AN UNMARKED JAPANESE PRISON SHIP, THE "MONTEVIDEO MARU", SAILED FROM THIS HARBOUR LATE IN JUNE 1942, CARRYING 850 PRISONERS OF WAR, (OF WHICH 133 WERE FROM THE 1ST INDEPENDENT COMPANY), AND 185 MALE CIVILIAN INTERNEES, INCLUDING MISSIONARIES. ON 1 JULY 1942, THE SHIP WAS TORPEDOED OFF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS BY AN ALLIED SUBMARINE. THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS.

RABAU BECAME THE MAJOR CENTRE OF JAPANESE NAVAL AND AIR OPERATIONS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC AND FOR OVER THREE YEARS WAS SUBJECTED TO HEAVY AND REPEATED ALLIED AIR ATTACK. THE TERRITORY WAS LIBERATED IN AUGUST 1945 FOLLOWING THE JAPANESE SURRENDER.

THIS MEMORIAL HONOURS ALL THOSE WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE AIR, ON LAND AND AT SEA IN THE DEFENCE OF NEW BRITAIN, AND IN THE COURSE OF THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION OF THE TERRITORY 1942-1945, INCLUDING THOSE WHO SO TRAGICALLY WERE EXECUTED AT TOL PLANTATION ON FEBRUARY 4, 1942. IT SERVES TO HONOUR ESPECIALLY MEMBERS OF THE FOLLOWING:

THE 'LARK FORCE' AUSTRALIAN ARMY GARRISON COMPRISING -
2/22 BATTALION
17TH ANTI TANK BATTERY
FORTRESS ARTILLERY, ENGINEERS & SIGNALS
ANTI AIRCRAFT BATTERY
ATTACHED MEDICAL, SUPPLY, ORDNANCE & H.Q. DETAILS
NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES
NO 24 SQUADRON ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE
ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY DETACHMENT
1ST INDEPENDENT COMPANY
COASTWATCHERS
CIVILIAN RESIDENTS
INDIGENOUS PEOPLE OF NEW GUINEA

ERECTED BY THE 2/22 BATTALION, 'LARK FORCE' ASSOCIATION AND RELATIVES OF THOSE WHO DIED, SUPPORTED BY THE RABAU SUB-BRANCH R.S.L., THE OFFICE OF AUSTRALIAN WAR GRAVES, THE EAST NEW BRITAIN PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT, AND THE RABAU TOWN COUNCIL.

UNVEILED BY
THE HON. SINAI BROWN, O.B.E. M.P.A.
PREMIER EAST NEW BRITAIN PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT
ON 16 SEPTEMBER 1993

MY LIFE IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA

by Sandy Sinclair

(Alexander Morrison Sinclair, better known as Sandy, was born in Cunningham Street, Dundee in 1904. He joined the Brigade of Guards in 1921 where he served for 8 years at Home and in China before going to Sydney to start a general dealers business. In 1934 he went to New Guinea as a Warrant Officer of Police. When Papua and New Guinea amalgamated in 1946, Sandy held the rank of Senior Inspector. He retired in 1961 and is living in the northern Sydney suburb of Naremburn.

He revisited Port Moresby in 1965 for a warm reunion with former police colleagues. Accompanied by his wife Glad, he inspected the \$2.5 million Police Training Centre and addressed a large audience in Pidgin English.)

THE EARLY YEARS.

I arrived in Australia in April 1929 on discharge from the Brigade of Guards after completing 8 years service and applied for a position as W.O. with the New Guinea Police Force. I was accepted and arrived in Rabaul per M.V.McDhui in November 1934 where I was appointed a Police Warrant Officer on ordinary Police duties. After a short stay in Rabaul I was transferred to the Agricultural Station at Keravat in charge of Native Police and a large party of native prisoners from Rabaul prison clearing and planting the area.

My wife Glad arrived from Sydney and I was returned to Rabaul on town police duties once again. Later the Superintendent of Police transferred me to Kieta on Bougainville to relieve the Police Officer who was proceeding on leave. The District Officer was John Merilees and in those days Kieta was a very pleasant posting with very little problems both European or native.

After approximately six months at Kieta I was recalled and took over from NEP Blood at Kokopo under Don Waugh who was the District Officer. My stay at Kokopo was short lived as I was recalled to take over the Police Training Depot at Rabaul from Berkly Ayris who was retiring. I was given this position because I had been an NCO instructor at the Guards Depot in Caterham, Surrey. I took over the training depot in 1936 and was still OIC when the Japanese invasion force arrived in February 1942, although the depot had moved from Rabaul to Toliap because of the volcanic eruption.

The eruption started at about 3 pm on a Saturday in May 1937. There had been constant earth tremors since Friday. Gentle at first but increasing in strength but no great damage had been experienced in the town apart from some damage to a few homes. At 3 pm on Saturday there was a tremendous explosion. Glad and I hurried down to the wharf. We had been enjoying the game of baseball between BP and Administration. A crowd had gathered watching where Vulcan Island had been. It was used as a quarantine station but now columns of black smoke were already thousands of feet into the air. The water in the harbour had receded but there was no tidal wave. Glad and I decided we had better get back to the Police Depot and our house as it was becoming difficult to see.

The Acting Superintendent of Police, Bruce Ball, rang and asked me if I could get in touch with Tom Walker the OIC Rabaul Prison. The Prison and the Training Depot were in the same area. This proved to be impossible as it was completely dark due to thick ash and smoke. I couldn't see the road or even my garden. The ash was hot and with a wet towel protecting the face one could breathe. Power failed which meant no lights or fans etc. When the direction of the wind changed the ash and smoke was blown mostly out to sea. Then Matupit exploded about 1 pm on Sunday. There were terrific rain storms which turned ash and pumice to mud and the roads were turned into a quagmire. The weight of the ash crushed many roofs. It was decided to relocate the town

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MY LIFE IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA (continued)

and most people went to Kokopo by small craft for safety. An American ship the "Golden Bear" managed to get out of the harbour and round to Nodup and gave valuable assistance. Also the BP ship Montoro hurried back from Kavieng and gave great help and eventually evacuated residents to Australia.

Only European and Native Police and essential residents to manage transport etc. remained in the town. Judge Phillips was acting administrator and took control from Police HQ. Daily conferences were held and orders regarding the protection of property like Government stores, and the two large stores in Mango Avenue were issued. No one was allowed to enter Rabaul. Tunnel Hill was closed by Police and entry from the Kokopo road was not possible as the road had disappeared. It was estimated that two Europeans and approximately four hundred natives were killed. The town was gradually cleared but it was many months before vegetation recovered.

As the volcanoes subsided the town was more or less made livable again and families were allowed to return, although it was still unpleasant because of the fumes from the volcanoes. There were continual bursts of dust and smoke from Matupit which mostly went out to sea because of the prevailing winds at that time. Living conditions were improving but it was decided to transfer the training depot to Toliap, this took until late 1939.

Two European houses were built, one for my wife Glad and myself and one for Dave and Kath Crawley. The houses were ones that had been removed from Rapindik hospital area and rebuilt at Toliap. The new training area was close to the beach with good native accommodation for married personnel, stores for rations, equipment, armaments etc. After living close to the Matupi Volcano this was a great improvement. The new depot became operable in late 1939.

WORLD WAR 2.

War had broken out in Europe and the Native Constabulary were employed guarding bomb and ammunition dumps in and around Rabaul until taken over by the 22nd Btn. AIF. The civilian population were evacuated on the MV Neptuna.

In December Japan declared war in the Pacific and the first Japanese bombs fell on Rabaul soon after. It was on the 21st January 1942 that I was instructed to move with all depot personnel to beyond Vunaknau air strip. At daybreak on the 23rd January Sgt Maj Sumari, father of Michael, reported a large gathering of ships at Kokopo which he hoped were ours. Rabaul was now occupied and the defending forces were retreating into the bush. Dave Crawley and I had no option but to disarm the Police and remove uniforms etc., distribute what food supplies we had, especially stick tobacco which could be used in purchasing food.

The last parade before dispersing was to tell them to retain self discipline and that they were still members of the administration. This would be difficult amongst strange people. The more advanced trained police recruits were angry at being disarmed and not allowed to be with the troops. I had received instructions from HQ which had arrived from Canberra that under no circumstances would Police be used in action with Army personnel but could be used in removing people injured etc., similar to Air Raid Wardens duties. It was thought that the Japanese were only going to bomb and shell Rabaul however as well as warships the Japs had troop transports which hadn't been sighted previously. The Japanese had arrived and it was impossible for us to go back to Toliap to the depot.

Jap patrols were at the top drome and we were actually fired at whilst trying to decide which direction to follow. After a short period we did join up with three police officers namely Ron Feetum, Harry Thekston, Jim Palmer and four civilians, Trevor Bruce, someone called Brown and his son and another

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MY LIFE IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA (continued)

person named Doyle. The journey, which I was told was some 500 miles by the time we arrived at, Iboki was very tough going. We had little food, and the Baining mountains were constantly wet. Sleep was almost impossible at night because of heavy rain and no shelters and one wondered if we would ever reach Wide Bay. We had left Rabaul on 21st of January and arrived in the Wide Bay area on 23rd February.

We were attempting to cross a river so as to get to the beach near the Tol plantation and were actually nearly on the other side of the river when a Japanese landing craft arrived and took a large number of troops prisoner. Our party turned around and made for the bank on the other side of the river and were able to get into thick secondary growth. We were naked but had our clothing on top of our heads. The Japs did not cross the river but kept up machine gun fire for a time. Our party stayed in hiding till the Japs left and on 5th February we went to Tol plantation and discovered the bodies of the troops who had been captured. They had been massacred and covered with palm fronds.

I made a quick visit to the Tol plantation residence, actually looking for food. I found a wounded soldier in the house who identified himself as Pte. W Collins, of the Field Ambulance. Collins was wounded in his left shoulder and wrists. He stated that he had been in the line of men being executed by the Japanese and had been shot by a Jap officer. He fell down and they assumed that he was dead. Later after dark he managed to get to the plantation house of Mrs. Ross where I found him. Another two soldiers were also in the house in an adjoining bedroom but were unconscious and in a bad way. Unfortunately we couldn't do anything for them.

We were able to take Collins with us and managed to get bandages etc. from a mission run by Germans and my party treated his wounds to the best of our ability. We had managed to get some other things from the mission, but the Germans didn't want to have anything to do with us. They told us in no uncertain terms that the Japanese now owned the country and that we should clear off. There were Japanese patrols around and they didn't want to get caught helping us. Later we handed Collins over to Army personnel and he was seen by Major Palmer, their medical officer. I met Collins again at a Court of Enquiry being held at the Commonwealth Bank building in Martin Place Sydney. He had recovered and looked well.

We were still in the area when a Japanese destroyer arrived and a party came ashore and set fire to the area and also the plantation residence and then left.

Shortly after this we were joined by a group which included Bruce Ball, Superintendent of Police, Lt. Col. Carr, CO of the 22nd Btn. and several others. Ball suggested that we become one party but we preferred to remain as we were. Ball and his party left to make for Gasmata, which unknown to them was already occupied. Later we were contacted by Frank Holland, a civilian working under Keith McCarthy the ADO at Talasea. His duty was to contact as many stragglers from Rabaul as possible and inform them to cross to the other side of the island where a plan was being hatched for a rescue. He asked about the CO of the 22nd Btn., Bruce Ball and others and was concerned that they were making for Gasmata.

He told us then that Gasmata was occupied by the Japanese so I wrote a note to Ball and told him that we had some news for him and suggested that he and his party return as soon as possible to where he had last seen us. I sent the note by one of the native police who were not with us but were in the bush nearby and came to see that we were alright. When Ball received the note he recognised my handwriting but was suspicious that our party may have been

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MY LIFE IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA (continued)

captured and the note written under duress. A member of the 22nd Batn. named C. Harry, made a great effort to contact us. We supplied him with the information that we had received. He left immediately to return to Ball and the CO of the 22nd Batn. Their party then rejoined us and we started the rough trek from Wide Bay to Open Bay, about 50 miles. The men who were gathered at Open Bay consisted of sick and wounded and they were being ferried along the coast by small craft, others who were able to, walked.

At Iboki there was fresh meat and other food and also the news that the B.P. Lakatoi was at Witu. It was decided to use the Lakatoi and to make for Australia. The men at Iboki were ferried by small craft to Witu about 50 miles away. The ship was loaded with copra, which had to be dumped from the hold to make room for men and food for the journey to Australia. Mostly sweet potatoes and bananas and rice. Then we set sail. Our greatest risk was negotiating the passage between New Britain and the New Guinea mainland. Two nights later we passed Lae, our luck held as Lae was being heavily bombed that night. Two days later we were in the Trobriand islands and contacted the Government ship Laurabada under the command of Ivan Champion. He was on his way to pick up a large party of troops at Waterfall Bay. Three days later Lakatoi reached Cairns. It was the 28th March 1942.

The Lakatoi survivors were in a filthy state having had the same clothing on since Rabaul. The Army personnel were taken over by the Military at Cairns. Civilians were given hotel accomodation and were later taken to an outfitter and supplied with new clothing, shoes etc. We left Cairns by train for Brisbane and then Sydney.

I was back in Australia without a job. I worked for the Commonwealth Police as a security guard at Mascot Aerodrome where they were assembling Beaufort bombers. I tried to get back into the services and joined the Air Force but unfortunately at that stage I came down with malaria.

One day, I was in town when I met Sir Walter McNichol and as a result of this meeting was transferred to the Army and was sent back to Milne Bay with the Water Transport. They wanted me back at the Police Training Depot but the Army in Canberra wouldn't release me, until one day General Sir Thomas Blamey arrived in Port Moresby on a visit and General Morris managed to get him to sign my release papers.

I joined Australian New Guinea Administration Unit (ANGAU) in 1943 and took over the Police Training Depot at Bisiatabu then transferred to Lae to start a new depot where I remained until the end of the war.

RETURN TO PEACE.

After the war I went to Sydney and was discharged from the Army and went back to Lae. Glad returned to Lae shortly after me.

The new Administrator was Col. J Murray and during his inspection of Lae, which included the Police Depot, he informed me that the training depot would be transferred to Port Moresby as Moresby was to be the Territory capital and all Departmental Headquarters would be in Moresby. In due course we moved from Lae to Moresby per MV Malaita. I was to take over the depot there at Sogeri. The officer in charge at Sogeri, Ron Clammer, was sent to open a new depot at Goroka whilst I took over the depot at Sogeri from him.

Going up to Sogeri the Government vehicle broke down about half way up the mountain but we eventually managed to get a jeep from people working in a plantation. It was very mountainous country and if you went over the side there was about a 300 ft. drop into the river below. During the war the road had been mined in case the Japanese tried to reach Port Moresby.

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MY LIFE IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA (continued)

We eventually reached Sogeri where I took over the depot. It had been an Army signal depot. The Depot remained at Sogeri until 1957.

The house for Glad and myself had been an Officer's mess before we took over. It was a long bamboo building and we had bamboo walls made to separate the space up into dining room, a couple of bedrooms and things like that. The kitchen had to be put in, new stove etc, never a dull moment. Later we had the native carpenters build another place.

The depot was now functioning. They started bringing all sorts of officials up, which meant Guards of Honour for people from USA, France etc., everybody came. We even had someone from the Vatican, Archbishop Carboni. He said that he had heard a lot about the place and wanted to have a look and see how the native people were treated. The married ones had nice accommodation, they had made proper beds with blankets and pillows, dressing tables, mirrors etc. He sent me a letter saying how pleased he was.

During my time at Sogeri several important things took place. The RSL invited the R.P.N.G. Police to send a contingent to lead the 1950 ANZAC Parade in Sydney. The party consisted of the Police Band under Dave Crawley, myself in command of 50 Native personnel and one other officer. On the way down we called into Brisbane where we paraded through the city and laid a wreath. The contingent created much interest in Brisbane and Sydney. After the march we came back to Sogeri whilst the band visited Melbourne. The band performed at the Sydney Town Hall during the ANZAC concert and was very well received.

The next thing was I commanded a Guard of Honour at Ela Beach for Brigadier Cleland who had been appointed Administrator by the Liberal Government. There was a Red Cross hall which was being used for the ceremony for the appointment of the new Administrator.

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH 2.

After the ceremony Cleland, the new administrator, inspected the guard. I congratulated him on his appointment and he said to me "Sandy you are the one to be congratulated, you are going to England in charge of the Coronation Contingent". I had been chosen to command a contingent of PNG Police to represent the Territory at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth 2 and was to proceed to London with two officers and 25 Native members aboard the M.V. New Australia. The other officers were Bill Burns and Peter Broman. The contingent was attached to the Australian contingent and with the other Dominion contingents was stationed at Pirbright Camp in Surrey, which was the Guards Training Depot. The Coronation parade through London was on a cold wet day. The Police contingent was given a great reception. The senior native member was S.M. 1st Class J. Guise later to be Sir John Guise, Governor General PNG.

The contingent attended a reception at Buckingham Palace for the Commonwealth Forces and received the Coronation Medal from Her Majesty. The contingent was invited to the Trooping of the Colour Parade at Horseguards and also to the Fleet Review at Spithead, where we were on board H.M.A.S. Sydney. The contingent was inspected by H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh at Pirbright Guards Depot in Surrey. Prior to the Coronation Day Parade we were camped in Kensington Gardens. We were invited to many other forms of entertainment such as a visit to the British War Museum, Windsor Castle, an RAF training centre to see Air Force guard dogs being trained, the British and Commonwealth Museum in Kensington, sight seeing in London and visits to many English Counties such as Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex and others. We also visited the Austin Motor Works in Birmingham, attended parades at White City and visited the Bishop of London's Palace (Bishop Wand). Whilst here the Police gave a drill display

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MY LIFE IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA (continued)

under SM Christian on the Palace lawn for him and other visitors who were present. We witnessed the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace which was being carried out by the Australian Army. Also present that day were the Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. R.G. Menzies and Mrs Menzies and Lt. General Sir Edmond Herring. Rev Father Bodger visited the contingent in camp and addressed them in their own language. He had been a Missionary in Papua.

In the matter of drill, the Papua New Guinea contingent were considered by some to be the best in the camp at Pirbright.



Senior Inspector Sinclair in Sydney in 1953 with the RPNGC Coronation Contingent marching to Government House.

The contingent returned to PNG by air which in those days took 4 days. We spent one night at Beirut and one in Singapore, where we were accommodated at Raffles Hotel. We spent several days in Sydney, which included a visit to Government House, where we were inspected by the Governor, Sir John Northcote, and were given morning tea. We returned to Port Moresby on the M.V. Shansi.

I was at Sogeri until 1957 when the Education Department took over the area from us and we were transferred to Kila Police Centre in Port Moresby.

I Retired from service in January 1961.

THE CHURCH.

The whole problem was that there was no church or spare room, so that when the priest came to hold Mass, the barracks had to be used for the services which meant that those who weren't very religious had to get out of their barracks for the minister or priest. I think that the priest was known as Father Mac.

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MY LIFE IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA (continued)

I said to him one day that I didn't like the men having to get out of their barracks whilst the service was being conducted as Sogeri was one of those places where it could rain like mad and the men would have to move their gear for about 2 hours. So I asked, what could we do? I said that we'll build a church, which he thought was a good idea. I said not only for Catholics but for everybody. He said that's OK it will be nice, but where will you build it? I said that we would build it up on the top of the hill, it was a beautiful site. So we built the church up there. The planters used to come in and the band used to play, it was really nice. It was about 40 ft. long.

My wife, Glad, produced a beautiful lace table cloth for the altar to use when the Anglican minister took communion. The natives made the altar out of biscuit cases and it looked really beautiful.

We had a couple of men die there, one from snake bite. The Bomana War Cemetery was being completed and we were able to obtain some of the wooden crosses for the police who were buried in our church grounds. The boys planted Croton and other plants. The men buried there had their names painted on the crosses.

The church was blessed by Sir Philip Strong when he was Bishop of Papua New Guinea. He came up to us one day. The minister in Port Moresby had told him that a church was being built at Sogari that needed to be dedicated so he came up to our house. He thought that it was marvellous that a church had been built. He was having morning tea with us when he asked us what we were going to call the church. Glad said "All Souls" and he said "How remarkable, today is All Souls day", which was something that we didn't know. So off we went and the church was duly dedicated. We never saw him again. The next time that I heard of him he was living at Glastonbury in Somerset.

In the mid 1960's Glad and I were invited back to the opening of the new Police Training Depot at Bomana. Our house at Sogeri was still there, but we were told that the church had gone. These places built of bamboo don't last very long.

THANK YOU SOLDIERS

I would like to express my gratitude to four soldiers who were involved in the evacuation of people during Rabaul's volcanic eruption. On September 18, from 5.30pm until after midnight, these men used three defence force vehicles to evacuate people from Matupit Island. Dozens of people were taken to Queen Elizabeth Park and the Defence Base at Nonga. One of these soldiers took the initiative to cut the Rabaul airport rear gate to provide easy access for people to pass through.

On September 19, Defence Force vehicles were heavily involved in the evacuation of people from Korere, Bai and Matalau. Their work went as far as North Coast, Keravat and Kokopo. Even though it was risky they showed great courage to help.

The help provided by private vehicles was also of great help. Moreover, ten expatriates, and myself, were taken into town to recover our passports and personal belongings later.

Thank you, the boys in green.

Vivienne Hall, Christchurch NZ.

* (Extract from PNG Post-Courier 14 October 1994)

A VISIT TO MIDDLE EAST AND EUROPE (continued)

Jennifer and I went on to the very long causeway connecting Bahrain to Saudi Arabia. We were only able to go half way across as the international border is in the middle. The causeway is fascinating but unfortunately I discovered I was out of film when we stopped to go to the top of a large observation tower. While in Bahrain I visited the principal mosque and some very interesting archaeological digs and of course the huge market area.

After six days in Bahrain I went on to Zurich and spent the next three weeks travelling on a Eurail Pass through Switzerland and on through Dijon to Paris then back through Zurich again to Munich, Salzburg and Innsbruck and then back to Zurich. Travelling first class on the TGV high speed train from Dijon to Paris was one of the highlights of the trip. Unfortunately I chose the middle of what must have been one of Europe's hottest summers to travel. I spent a few days at Interlaken in Switzerland and it was strange to be sweltering in the heat while looking up at the snow and ice on The Eiger and the Jungfrau. I had hoped to go to Florence and Venice but the extreme heat dissuaded me from that.

Had a few problems coming home as the new aircraft developed a complex electronic fault after leaving Zurich. Circled Zurich for 2 hours before landing and eventually had to stay overnight, causing me to miss my connection in Brunei. Royal Brunei then flew me back to Singapore after I finally got to Brunei and I came back home from there on Qantas.

Came back at the end of July to a very cold Brisbane winter (yes it can get cold in Brisbane) and then after three weeks went off to Seoul again for a fortnight on University matters. This was my seventh visit to Seoul in about 5 or 6 years. North East Asia has had an extremely hot summer with very high humidity and Seoul was most uncomfortable. My poor body is not quite sure what the season is now.

The Rabaul eruptions bring back memories of the Mt. Lamington eruption. I went down to Cape Killerton on the trawler with Geoff Hall and Horrie Niall and others just after the eruption and spent just over two weeks at Popondetta doing what we could.

(Bob, we will have the AGM Minutes corrected in due course. Ed.)

HELP WANTED

As a mature-age student working on a Master of Arts thesis in History at Australian National University, I would be very grateful for any help and advice your readers may be able to give.

The theme for my thesis is that the many unanswered questions which surround the loss of the men of Rabaul, Kavieng and the New Guinea Islands in 1942 (particularly the sinking of the *Montevideo Maru*) have continued to have a significant impact on the surviving family members, even to the present day in some cases.

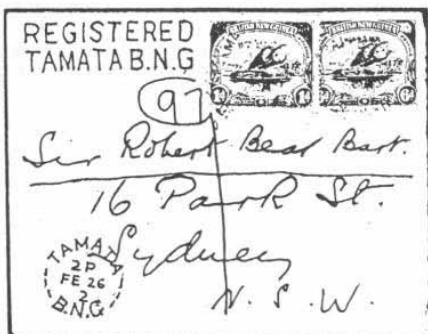
I would value making contact with anyone who lost someone during the Japanese occupation in New Britain, New Ireland, New Hanover, Duke of Yorks and related islands. I have a particular interest in hearing from those who were the children of those who were lost. Questionnaires will be sent to contacts, and/or interviews could be arranged.

(Mrs) Margaret Reeson
5 Whitham Place
PEARCE ACT 2606
(06) 286 4139

(Mrs. Reeson is a member of the Association and her links with PNG are from 1961-78 in the Southern Highlands, Mendi and Nipa, with husband Ron.)

TAMATA STATION IN 1902

by Ken Humphreys



Illustrated is a registered letter (cover) that sold at Christie's Melbourne in 1993 for \$16,500. That is by far the highest price paid for a postal history item from PNG. The previous highest was \$8,500 for a 1901 cover from Kulumadau on Woodlark Island. That cover was franked with two Queensland stamps, still being sold six weeks after the first day of issue at Port Moresby and Samarai of the new bi-coloured British New Guinea Lakatoi stamps. It bore a rare WOODLARKS postmark and was addressed to Charters Towers in Queensland where the head office of the Kulumadau Gold Mining Company was located.

For postal purposes BNG was a Queensland outstation until 1901. Queensland stamps were purchased from Cooktown PO at face value with no profit to BNG. An interesting facet of PNG postal history is that from 1885 to 1891 Queensland stamps were sold for outgoing mail, but internal mail was free. For those six years there were no domestic mail contracts. Mail was carried per favour by ship captains.

Another high price was \$7,700 for a philatelically inspired registered cover from Cape Nelson (Tufi). By philatelically inspired I mean that it was produced for a stamp collector. Resident Magistrate Monckton had opened Cape Nelson station in 1900 and in 1912 the OIC received a postmarker from Port Moresby preparatory to opening a PO. Those plans were abandoned, but the postmarker remained in the Tufi safe. Then in 1920 an Adelaide collector heard about the Cape Nelson postmarker and arranged for at least four covers to be posted to him with stamps postmarked at Tufi. Thus the \$7,700 item was a contrived registered letter from a PO that never officially existed.

The notorious Tamata Station in BNG was situated on Tema Creek, a small tributary of Tamata Creek which then flowed five km to the Mambare River, at a point some seventy km from its mouth. Sir William Macgregor had camped at Tamata Creek in 1895 and left Commander Butterworth there to construct a government station. Magistrate John Green took over from Butterworth, but moved his station closer to Tamata Creek at a place called Butemo Nasi.

The influx of gold miners to the Mambare caused the Samarai traders to establish stores in the area and in 1897 Whitten Bros opened at Tamata. In the following year they started a Deputy Post Office. Stamps were purchased at face value from Samarai and sold at face, but each financial year a minimum £25 stipend was paid to Whittens. There was no consignment stamp stock. Clunas & Clark also opened for business at Tamata in 1900. The Tamata stores supplied the fifty miners up on the Gira field and the one hundred and fifty odd up on the Yodda. Both storekeepers also sent goods to the Yodda from Bogi settlement, ninety km up the Kumusi River. *(continued next page)*

TAMATA STATION IN 1902 (continued)

The high price paid for this classic Tamata cover is due to its being extremely rare. Strikes of the REGISTERED/TAMATA B.N.G. steel handstamp are found on loose stamps and parts of covers, but entire covers only come up for sale once or twice in a lifetime.

97 is the registered number and as numbering reverted to No.1 each July 1st, it means that Tamata DPO had sent out ninety seven registered items from 1st July 1901; an average of three per week.

The Tamata postmarker had no date wheels as seen in modern datestamps. The plug 2P means a 2pm time of posting; ridiculous for an outstation, so every well struck Tamata strike exhibits the 2P plug. FE is the February plug and the 26 is a single date plug. However the 2 representing 1902 is a spare. The postmarker manufacturers in Brisbane were required to send up a new year plug each January, but that was wishful planning.

As postal history, and any history for that matter, necessitates a recognition of the handwriting of central characters, I know who addressed this Tamata cover. There exists a 1½d BNG postal card sent from Tamata in May 1902. It is addressed to Captain Barton, Commandant (of Armed Constabulary) Port Moresby. The writer is the same person who addressed our illustrated cover. He was Resident Magistrate A.L. Walker, OIC Tamata: died of blackwater fever at Samarai on 19.6.02. The text on the postal card will be of interest to PNG historians - "My dear Barton, let me know before M.E. (MERRIE ENGLAND) comes how many Mambare recruits you want and Kumusi ditto. I have four men here now broken in, two being enrolled 12 months ago that I should like you to take. I could probably get half a dozen here and a like number on the Kumusi without any trouble and probably one or two from Ope mouth. When is M.E. expected? A.L.W"

The penny and sixpenny stamps on our cover represent a charge of threepence for registration, plus fourpence for one ounce. As the cover is addressed to a bookseller, I suggest the contents were banknotes and a returned catalogue. The banknotes could have been either English paper or paper of the Australian Colonial Banks, or most probably Burns Philp promissory notes redeemable at Sydney Head Office (£1 and £5 denominations).

Of interest is the fact that the two stamps were affixed and postmarked at Samarai on 12th March. Probably Whitten's store was out of stamps. The cover arrived at Sydney GPO on the 24th.

All the nuances of postal history have to be investigated and recorded as there are excellent forgers out there with state of the art colour copiers and computers.

Footnotes:

(a) The move from Tamata to Ioma government station occurred in May 1905, and the Whitten DPO closed in July when a government PO opened at Ioma. The Tamata stores closed down in 1909 when the miners left the Gira.

(b) In 1899 the Anglican Mission established St. Andrews just downriver from the junction of Tamata Creek and the Mambare. But they had difficulty in keeping the mission and hospital functioning due to sickness and supply problems. Reverend Copland King closed St. Andrews in 1917, but the mission was re-established at the Mambare mouth in 1921 and named All Saints. There Romney Gill established his reputation.

(c) James Sinclair describes Ioma in *KIAP* and both Tamata and Ioma are detailed in Monckton's books. He had instructed Assistant Magistrate Oelrichs to purchase at least fifty acres for Ioma Station, so presumably enlargement of its boundaries occurred in the early thirties when an airstrip was proposed. The first flight into Ioma occurred on 30.8.35 when Orme Denny in

(continued next page)

TAMATA STATION IN 1902 (continued)

Junkers VH-UOX made a round trip from Port Moresby. Ninety five covers were flown in and fifty four came out. Those figures indicate that around forty five were philatelic First Flight Covers.

(d) BNG and early Papua postal history can still be found. Flea markets, antique shops, estate sales and general auctions are sources. Sorting through boxes of postcards can also reward. Recently a common Queensland cover addressed to Sir William Macgregor brought \$3,000 at auction. I would have paid \$5 at most for it as it had no philatelic importance. But obviously two bidders strongly disagreed with me.

ECHOES FROM THE VOICE OF COURAGE

In a quiet, picturesque spot in Lae War Cemetery lies 253939 Flight-Lieutenant Leigh Vial, a man who loved Papua New Guinea so much that it is only fitting that he be buried there.

In emotional scenes recently Lindy Gilham, the daughter who never knew the man the Allied forces called "Golden Voice", visited his grave for the first time. Leigh Vial, kiap, pilot, coast-watcher, writer, the first man to climb Mount Wilhelm and one who did many other things for PNG, died aged 34 when his plane crashed south of Benabena, Eastern Highlands, on April 30 1943.

He left behind him three young children and a young widow who out of love for his memory never remarried. She was pregnant with Lindy in January 1941, when the Japanese invaded Rabaul while Leigh was a kiap serving there. Vial saw his daughter Lindy only once - for just two days during a short visit on leave to Australia. He was never to see her, his two other children or his wife again. He was on board a Liberator dropping supplies and propaganda leaflets when it crashed near Benabena on that fateful day in 1943. The crashed plane was not found until a year later and his body was subsequently taken to Lae to rest in eternal peace with all the other brave young men who sacrificed their lives.

"None of them should be here... but they are the cream." Lindy said. "We're glad he's here because he loved New Guinea." That love is borne out in an 11 chapter book he wrote called *Kiap Justice* - which did not come to light until the 50th anniversary of his death last year.

The book - about his eight pre-war years as a kiap - was written while he was coastwatching at Salamaua. He sent the manuscript to his brother back in Australia, but the brother put it away until last year when he gave it to Vial's widow. Lindy is now organising the book's publication, with a little help from Peter Ryan. She said it speaks for her father's love for the country and its people. "He was very, very happy here as a patrol officer," she said. "This is the place he loved. The job was made for him and he was made for it." Lindy, on a short visit to the country, visited the grave of the man she never knew, as well as following his footsteps in Boana and Salamaua. "I have tremendous pride for the brave person he was," she said. "I should have come earlier."

(The foregoing are extracts from the PNG *Post Courier*, July 13, 1994) I refer members to the Leigh Vial story titled "Lonely Vigil" by Bob Piper in the September 1993 issue of *Una Voce* pages 20-22.

We are grateful to Mrs. Jeanette Leahy of Zenag via Lae, PNG, who forwarded our President, Harry West, the page from the PNG *Post Courier* featuring the article and also reported: "Lindy stayed with my eldest son, Richard and his wife, Robin, whilst in Lae. Richard planned to fly her to Zenag one morning to meet me, but bad weather prevented this....." Ed.)

GEOFF MASTERS: A MAN WHO SHOWED MANY THE WAY BACK

by Clive Baker

During the 1939-1945 war Geoff Masters played his part by helping to maintain the morale of the troops in Papua and New Guinea. As a member of the Australian Army Mobile Cinema Unit, he struggled to keep his outfit working in the trying conditions - often in remote jungle locations.

After the war, Geoff moved back to Papua and set up a cinema in Alotau, the capital of Milne Bay province, bringing a new entertainment to the people of the area. After several years, he eventually departed Papua and returned to Australia - but not to retire.

He began organising trips back to the battlefields, taking with him many veterans of those campaigns. He nagged and cajoled organisations including the RAAF, the Department of Veterans' Affairs and Air Niugini to offer free or reduced cost transport, and by his persistence and dedication he usually succeeded.

Although not in the same age group as the veterans, fellow author Greg Knight and I eventually met Geoff because of the war. For many years we have been researching and writing history of Australian involvement in New Guinea and he stood out as a paragon of the idea that we must, "make sure that the true story is told, before we all die."

Geoff contacted us to offer assistance with the research of our book. His wide range of contacts enabled us to meet many veterans who also ensured the authenticity of the work. His enthusiastic support and wide knowledge of this campaign helped us to eventually complete a very comprehensive book. We were able to repay his help by assisting with his pet project - a series of memorials to be built in Milne Bay.

I was privileged to be in attendance in 1988 when the memorials to Squadron Leader Peter Turnbull and Squadron Leader Bob Gurney were built and commemorated. In 1992 Greg and I were both in attendance at the 50th anniversary service in Milne Bay organised by Geoff. He was accompanied by a plane load of veterans who were able to travel with him courtesy of the RAAF.

Geoff had also organised for a reconditioned Bofors gun to be supplied by the Army and delivered to Gurney airfield by the RAAF. It sits beside the terminal as another stark reminder of the dramatic days of 1942.

Ignoring a heart condition that would have given other men a good excuse to stop their activities and lead a quiet life, Geoff pressed on with his projects and trips. At the time of his death on July 18, he was organising yet another visit to Milne Bay, to erect a plaque near the site of the famous KB Mission - now the township of Alotau.

His final project will be completed as planned - his many supporters and friends ensuring that his final work is finished for him.

Arrangements are being made for his ashes to be scattered on the waters of Milne Bay, a place that he always loved and never tired of visiting.

While men such as Geoff Masters dedicate their time and energy to keeping alive the memories of those who suffered and died in the battlegrounds of the Pacific, the Middle East and elsewhere, younger generations of Australians will never forget the sacrifices of their forebears.

He will always be held in high esteem by those who knew him and those who were able to relive their wartime years because of his endeavours. With the passing of Geoff Masters, Australia has lost a true patriot.

(From "Vet Affairs" July 1994, by courtesy of Jim Keegan.)

THE MONTEVIDEO MARU

by H.E. (Lyn) Clark

Japanese military forces under Colonel Masao Kusunese invaded Rabaul 0230 hours 23 January 1942 and overran the Rabaul garrison.

Thirteen hundred and ninety-six Australians under Area Commander Colonel J.J. Scanlan, DSO, comprised the Rabaul garrison. When Japanese threatened to encircle them the Australians withdrew with orders to break up and every man fend for themselves.

About three hundred civilians and nine hundred soldiers were captured following the fall of Rabaul. The Japanese were cock-a-hoop.

On 24 January Tokyo Radio broadcast news of the invasion. Not until 15 February, three weeks later was it known in Australia through Coastwatcher channels.

The Japanese permitted captives to write home. Several mail bags containing letters were dropped over Port Moresby in an early air raid. The letters enabled Major-General Basil M. Morris's headquarters staff to compile a fairly complete roll of Rabaul garrison taken prisoner.

On 4 February 1942 there were at least four shocking massacres at Tol and Waitavalo plantations. It is not known how many Australian soldiers were killed. In 1945 Australian War Graves Commission uncovered one hundred and fifty-eight skeletons. Perhaps some civilians?

Colonel Scanlan passed through Tol plantation en route to Kalai Mission of 8 February. Two messages from Japanese Commander in Chief were left at Waitavalo addressed to Colonel Scanlan exhorting him to surrender and beg mercy for his troops. Scanlan left to surrender on 10 February.

After Rabaul fell John Keith McCarthy was senior officer of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea Administration on New Britain, not captured. He was Assistant District Officer, Talasea, two hundred miles by sea south-east of Rabaul. McCarthy had an evacuation plan. He had a teleradio in the Kalingi area at the western end of New Britain overlooking Dampier Strait.

McCarthy obtained permission from Commander Eric A. Feldt, Royal Australian Navy Operational Controller of Coastwatchers based in Port Moresby, to seize the motor schooner Lakatoi of three hundred and forty-one tons if he could find her for his evacuation plan. McCarthy learned Lakatoi was at Vitu Island north-west of Talasea. On 19 March he sent a party to arrest Lakatoi.

On 21 March with master and mate's co-operation, Lakatoi sailed for Australia with one hundred and sixty-two Australian troops and New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, six New Guinea Administrative Unit, six European Police, sixteen civilians, four European crew, eighteen native crew and two other natives. Two hundred and fourteen including Mrs Gladys H. Baker, plantation owner Vitu, her Eurasian maidservant Emma Lehmann and two Tol Massacre survivors.

On 22 March 1942 Lakatoi made a rendezvous with Private Motor Yacht Laurabada of 150 tons in the Trobriand Islands off eastern Papua. Laurabada was commanded by Lieutenant Ivan Francis Champion, Royal Australian Naval Reserve, Resident Magistrate in the Papuan Service. Supplies of medicines and food were transferred from Laurabada to Lakatoi for her travel to Cairns.

On 28 March Lakatoi disembarked at Cairns. Aboard only six were fit, said Commander Feldt. The rest were sick, they were wrecks. McCarthy was physically and mentally exhausted.

Plans were then made by Naval Officer in Charge Port Moresby for 2/22 Battalion men and others harbouring in Jacquinot Bay to be rescued.

Lieutenant Allan Thomas Timperley of Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit commanding the 20 ft pinnace Mascot accompanied by Sergeant John R. Marsh and Corporal David O. Neil of Fortress Signals, set out

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THE MONTEVIDEO MARU (continued)

from Milne Bay Papua for Jacquinot Bay. Mascot reached Palmal early morning 5 April. Timperley was Assistant Resident Magistrate in the Papuan Service.

Just after dawn Wednesday 9 April Lieutenant Champion in Laurabada was sighted heading towards Palmal. One hundred and fifty-one Army, Navy and civilians including two women and four children were uplifted. Four Tol victims were aboard when Laurabada sailed. She reached Port Moresby on 12 April 1942. Private I.P. James died en route and was buried at sea by Champion. Champion established Lake Kutubu Police Camp in 1937. Timperley was one of his patrol officers.

Most Reverend Bishop Leo Scharmach, Vicar Apostolic of Rabaul lived at Vunapope Catholic Mission four miles from Kokopo. He was interned by Japanese in January 1942 with most of his staff until August 1945.

Captain J. R. Gray of 2/22 Battalion was tied to a coconut palm fifty yards from Bishop Scharmach's house early one morning by Japanese. They ordered Gray to disclose military information concerning whereabouts of the Australian army. Gray refused. He was beaten and left tied to the coconut all day. Late afternoon Gray was questioned and beaten again. Japanese repeated the procedure until about 1600 hours. Gray was then marched away to a near coconut plantation accompanied by Japanese soldiers carrying spades, and some officers. He was questioned again and beaten again. He was tied to a coconut palm where Japanese Doctor Chikami cut out Gray's heart while he was alive to enable him to study Gray's reactions. Captain Gray was buried nearby.

Bishop Scharmach did not witness this atrocity, but seminarians witnessed the happening and reported to him.

In 1945 War Crimes Commission visited Vunapope to investigate Japanese atrocities. Seminarians related the story to them and showed where Captain Gray's grave lay. He is now buried in Bita Paka War Cemetery located thirty miles from Rabaul. His grave is one of eleven hundred and seven, many nameless. Not all who lie at Bita Paka died in the Japanese invasion of January 1942. They include all who died in New Guinea Islands campaigns.

Chikami was repatriated to Japan with the first troops in 1945. He was ordered to return to Rabaul to be tried before War Crimes Trials. Chikami committed suicide in Japan rather than be hanged in Rabaul/

0430 Sunday 22 June 1942 Japanese Marines and guards organised all prisoners at Malaguna Road camp into parties of fifties, except officers and nineteen civilians. Prisoners marched to Simpson Harbour where Japanese Naval Auxiliary Transport 'Montevideo Maru' of 7267 tons awaited them. They sailed same day for Hainan Island, a barren windswept island east of Indo-China in South China Sea. The Japanese intended their prisoners as labour for 'building of a New East Asia'.

'Montevideo Maru' was sunk on 1 July 1942 by US Submarine Sturgeon off the Luzon coast in Philippines 18 degrees 37'N 119 degrees 29'E. She sank within ten minutes, her position recorded in US Submarine Operations. There were no Australian survivors. Seventeen ship's crew and naval guards survived. Sturgeon was commanded by the redoubtable Commander William L. (Bull) Wright, US Navy.

Is this history or is it fiction?

Bishop Scharmach said, "I don't believe there ever was a ship called "Montevideo Maru". Many others wish to share Scharmach's view. There was a ship called "Montevideo Maru". She carried Australian prisoners when sunk by Sturgeon on 1 July 1942. Not all who supposedly sailed in her from Rabaul on 22 June 1942 were sunk by Sturgeon. Perhaps many were killed and buried in mass graves in Rabaul, Matupit and other places? (continued next page)

THE MONTEVIDEO MARU (continued)

During War Crimes Trials held in Rabaul Americans told Australian Authorities their records disclosed no ship similar to Montevideo Maru had been sunk by any American submarine near Luzon on 1 July 1942.

A mass grave was found after the war near Matupit. Wrist watches and other personal items were found in exhumation and identified as belonging to men supposedly on Montevideo Maru when sunk by Sturgeon.

Japanese say Montevideo Maru sailed from Rabaul with two hundred and ten civilians and one thousand one hundred and thirty-six servicemen on Sunday 22 June 1942. This included eight hundred and forty-five 2/22 Battalion and support units, twenty-three Salvation Army bandmen who enlisted en masse to form 2/22 Battalion Regimental Band, and remnants of 2/1st Independent Company captured at Kavieng on New Ireland. Civilians included eighty employees of Mandated Territory of New Guinea Public Service, twelve Methodist, three Roman Catholic and two Seventh Day missionaries, business and professional men.

Crew of Montevideo Maru was twenty officers and sixty-eight men including naval guards, a complement of one thousand four hundred and thirty-four.

Montevideo was torpedoed at 0300 hours on 1 July 1942 sixty miles northwest of Bojodoru Cape, Luzon in northern Philippines. She received two torpedoes on her starboard quarter. Number four and number five holds were both damaged. There was an explosion in number five oil tank. Engines were stopped because of the amount of oil in the engine room. Montevideo Maru listed to starboard and damaged holds flooded, causing a worse list to starboard. The Captain gave the order to abandon ship, but apparently not the order to un-batten the hatches. Three life boats were lowered. All capsized. One was severely damaged. Montevideo Maru sank stern first.

Sturgeon was the only submarine in a position off Luzon to sink Montevideo Maru on 1 July 1942.

The two boats were righted and boarded by Japanese survivors. They left the area about 1000 hours and reached Bojodoru Cape Light in the evening of the following day, Wednesday 1 July 1942.

Survivors from Montevideo Maru were two Japanese officers and fifteen men. They made camp where they landed. Next day they searched the area and obtained use of a house in a nearby village. They were able to rest, but it was very difficult to obtain food. Villagers were sent to contact the Japanese army, but failed to return. On 4 July the Japanese decided to travel overland to Lavag. Osaka Chosen Kaisha states they were attacked by American stragglers with local villagers. The Japanese were unarmed.

A party of eighteen under Quartermaster 3rd Class Katsuishii Shozo made their way to Lava after further encounters with stragglers. They were admitted to a Japanese Field Hospital on 25 July. There were eighteen Japanese in the party while only seventeen were supposed to have survived the sinking. One died in hospital. It seems to be the explanation.

Sinking of the Montevideo Maru created little interest in Australia for security reasons. Later bereaved loved ones became aware. There was no Montevideo Maru as the sinking remained a mystery for three years. Except the Japanese Navy acknowledged the sinking of Montevideo Maru in a letter dated 6 September 1943.

Sixty officers including three Royal Australian Air Force and nineteen women left behind in Rabaul after Montevideo Maru sailed were shipped out in a dirty old freighter Naruto Maru on 5 July, bound for Yokohama. Six army nurses and four Methodist Mission nurses were among the nineteen women. Colonel Scanlan was senior officer. All were battered down, sweating and starving, packed together in one hold. They reached Yokohama after nine days.

Neville R. Thams lived in Southport. He was a prisoner of war when
(continued next page)

THE MONTEVIDEO MARU (continued)

Singapore fell on 19 February 1942. A member of 2/10 Australian Infantry Battalion, he worked on the Burma-Thailand railway.

Thams was aboard the 9,500 tons Japanese transport Rakuyo Maru en route to Japan from Singapore when sunk by US submarine Sealion by torpedo in the Sea of Japan on 12 September 1944. With four Australian mates he survived in rough seas for several days before being rescued. Seventy-two prisoners were rescued by US Submarine Pampanito commanded by Paul E. Summers and fifty-one by US Submarine Sealion commanded by Eli T. Reich.

Rakuyo Maru was hit by Sealion with two torpedoes 0525 hours. Another torpedo missed. Between six and seven hundred prisoners were sleeping topside on the forward deck when Rakuyo Maru was hit. Thams was rescued by US Submarine Barb five nights and five and a half days after the sinking. One thousand and thirty prisoners died and eleven hundred and eighty-two were left to drown.

Some Japanese did not evacuate ship. They were waylaid by prisoners to even old scores. For the first time in two and a half years the prisoners were unguarded.

Thams was taken to Saipan arriving 25 September 1944. He boarded US Minelayer Monnadnock on 14 October and arrived in Moreton Bay 18 October 1944. All surviving prisoners spent two weeks under close military guard. General Sir Thomas Blamey admonished the men not to talk of their experiences to the prese.

Sir William Flood Webb, Chief Justice of Queensland and Commissioner Investigating breaches of Rules of Warfare, interviewed all survivors while under close military guard.

Thams returned to Australia totally and permanently incapacitated because of his shocking experience. He died at Southport in 1984 aged sixty-seven.

One indomitable digger applied for five days' subsistence for the period he was not looked after by the Japanese and not yet rescued by the Americans. The subsistence rate was two shillings and threepence a day. After three months haggling the army paid.

The real corroborated story of Rakuyo Maru compared with Montevideo Maru makes fascinating study. The essential difference between the two sinkings is there were no Australian survivors from Montevideo Maru to tell the story. The reason is Australians aboard Montevideo Maru were battered down. It was not so on Rakuyo Maru.

On 17 November 1944 Acting Prime Minister Frank Forde made a statement in the House of Representatives revealing that Australian prisoner of war survivors had arrived home in Australia after surviving a torpedo attack and sinking. He described shocking, inhumane conditions on the Burma-Thailand railway.

Two widows whose husbands were reported missing on Montevideo Maru lived in Southport. Each had received an official telegram after the war telling of the loss of their husbands on Montevideo Maru. Mrs Iris Schmidt returned to Rabaul after the war. One day she met some local natives she had known before the war. They told her they had seen her husband killed by Japanese in Mango Avenue, Rabaul. Adolf Schmidt had been a headmaster in Rabaul. Schmidt was in the Red Cross. The natives said they knew where he was buried.

Mrs Schmidt was a persistent little lady. She went to District Officer Rabaul, Charles Dowson Bates and convinced him to have her husband's grave exhumed. Unlike Matupit there were no identifiable items. However, horse-shoes from army boots, buckles off army webbing belts and other webbing was seen as evidence of Australian servicemen lying in the grave.

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THE MONTEVIDEO MARU (continued)

Mrs Schmidt was in a terribly distressed state of grief. It was as if she had been an ill-treated prisoner herself. She had bad dreams about her dead husband. She was obsessed by Montevideo Maru's stark tragedy and of the Australian Government's calumny in suppressing the story from relatives for so long. Like Bishop Scharmach, she too said "there was no Montevideo Maru".

The other lady, Mrs Jessie Bird, was the widow of Corporal R.A. Bird of New Guinea Volunteer Rifles who had been a clerk in the New Guinea Administration. The two ladies had known each other in Rabaul for years. Both have since died haunted by stories of Montevideo Maru, their dead husbands and Japanese atrocities.

Australian, Japanese and American Governments are not enthralled at mention of Montevideo Maru. They favour Bishop Scharmach's view that there was no Montevideo Maru. But if not, what is the palatable explanation of what happened to so many Australians allegedly lost when Montevideo Maru was supposedly sunk by US Submarine Sturgeon off the coast of Luzon in the Philippines on 1 July 1942?

There is much expedient difference of opinion concerning the roles of Montevideo Maru and Sturgeon. United States of America General Services Administration National Archives Record Service say a search of deck logs of USS Sturgeon for July 1942 reveals no information about sinking of Montevideo Maru nor about the vessel itself.

For some inexplicable reason Japanese officers from Rabaul called to see Bishop Scharmach. He had not met these officers. They volunteered information that civilians who sailed on Montevideo Maru had been torpedoed near the Philippines and all civilians lost.

Montevideo Maru came before War Crimes Trials. The Japanese told the same story told to Bishop Scharmach.

United States Navy headquarters said they had never torpedoed any ship like Montevideo Maru near the Philippines on 1 July 1942.

Scharmach said that there was no Montevideo Maru.

Log book of SS Sturgeon (SS187) reveals Submarine Rate, commanded by W. L. Wright, Lieutenant-Commander US Navy, twenty-two Division, attached to two Squadron US Submarines, South-East Pacific Fleet, commencing 1 July 1942 at War Patrol, and ending 31 July 1942 at Albany, Western Australia.

Sturgeon left Fremantle on 5 June 1942 on her fourth war patrol which found her on station west of Manila in the Philippines. Was still on west coast of Luzon on 1 July 1942 when she sent unescorted transport Montevideo Maru of 7,267 tons to the bottom.

Rear Admiral Charles A. Lockwood commanded two squadron of nineteen US submarines based on Fremantle. Lockwood recorded details of Sturgeon's sinking of Montevideo Maru off the west coast of Luzon.

Sturgeon returned to Fremantle 22 July 1942. During a refit on 13 August 1942 Commander William (Bull) Wright was relieved by Lieutenant-Commander Herman A. Pieczenthowski, US Navy.

Australia's Minister for Administrative Services did not encourage seeking too much information concerning the fate of soldiers and civilians captured by Japanese at Rabaul, particularly those lost in Montevideo Maru. Harold Hillis Page DSO, MC, Government Secretary since 1923 was Deputy Administrator of New Guinea in January 1942. He was the younger brother of Sir Earle Page. He sailed on Montevideo Maru on 22 June 1942. His son, Captain Robert Page, DSO, was captured and executed by Japanese in Singapore on 7 July 1945 after attempting a repeat raid on shipping in Singapore harbour as a member of Operation Rimau. Chief Archives Section, National Archives, Japan, say they share the sad feeling and chagrin of being unable to find any trace of lost soldiers, and sincerely pray for the souls of these dead soldiers.

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THE MONTEVIDEO MARU (continued)

Australia's Minister for Defence did not think we could take the Montevideo Maru story much further.

It is a calumny of a true war story about Australian prisoners sunk on a ship that never was by a submarine that never sank it.

Australians don't know and Governments don't care why they died.

(This story was "Highly Commended" in "Anthology 1993" and in a foreward to the Anthology by Senator the Hon. John Faulkner, Minister for Veterans' Affairs, he wrote:

"It is these memories which are important to preserve and record. This anthology plays an important role in encouraging veterans to write down their thoughts and experiences. But oral history is just as important. There are many untold stories and unsung heroes of wars involving Australian men and women. Could I urge that you make use of audio tape recorders to lay down your own personal experiences of war. Many of our veterans, unfortunately, have already taken their stories to the grave."

The same comments apply to people who lived and worked in PNG so members please try and have your memories recorded before it is too late. This was the last story Lyn sent me before he passed away and I know he had done research with respect to a number of others. Ed.)

COLONISTS FOR A DAY

by Terry White

The motion that class action be taken against the ABC with regard to the TV production "COLONISTS FOR A DAY" will I am sure, be a surprise to many Association members. Should such an action be taken there is a distinct possibility that this fine Retired Officers Association will be regarded as possessing attitudes of paranoia and intellectual immaturity.

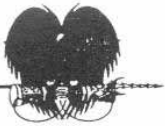
Certainly, "COLONISTS FOR A DAY" lacked balance but only those lacking objectivity would contend that many of the statements made by those experienced and knowledgeable expatriates, and the Papua New Guineans interviewed, lacked facts and reality.

Might I suggest that a sounder and much more positive approach to achieve acceptable balance would be to foster the publication of more articles (along the lines of Peter Ryan's article in 'QUADRANT') and books to detail Australia's many proud contributions made during the colonial era.

A further suggestion would be to seek Film Australia or other TV producers to make a film documentary which presents the full and balanced picture. After all, Film Australia has made some excellent films for and about PNG in the past.

(Terry, no further consideration has been given to any 'Class Action' in this matter and a full report will be given at the next AGM. Ed.)

CONSULATE-GENERAL OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA



TELEPHONE: 299 5151
Telex: Kundu AA120263
Facsimile: 290 3794

100 Clarence Street, Sydney
Box 4201, G.P.O., Sydney 2001

21st September, 1994

MEDIA RELEASE

Establishment of Rabaul Disaster Appeal

You may by now have been made aware of the volcanic eruptions in Rabaul, Papua New Guinea (PNG) which started on 18 September, 1994 requiring the residents of Rabaul to implement the self-evacuation plan that has been refined over the past decade.

The PNG Government has declared a National State of emergency over parts of East New Britain Province and the Prime Minister, Sir Julius Chan, has made a commitment to protect the thousands made homeless.

The PNG's Consul General in Sydney, Mr William Nindim, today established a Sydney committee for the **Rabaul Disaster Appeal** to help bridge the gap between the contingency evacuation plans already in place in Rabaul, the government efforts and the National Appeal organised by the PNG High Commissioner in Canberra, Sir Frederick Reiher.

The greatest assistance can be provided in the form of cash, clean summer clothing, bed linen and towels.

CASH DONATIONS:	By deposit	At any Westpac Bank to Rabaul Disaster Appeal Account 03 2729 102198
	By mail to	Rabaul Disaster Appeal GPO Box 9866, Sydney 2001
CLOTHING:	Deliver to:	Papua New Guinea Consulate 4th Floor, 100 Clarence St, Sydney
	By mail to:	Rabaul Disaster Appeal GPO Box 9866, Sydney 2001

Your assistance in publicising these arrangements is highly valued and appreciated. If you require further information, please telephone (02) 299 5151 during business hours or (02) 290 2055 after hours.

WILLIAM NINDIM
Consul General

INITIAL POLICY STATEMENT TO THE NATIONAL PARLIAMENT

The Rt. Hon. Sir Julius Chan, GCMG, KBE, MP.
8 September 1994

"No one can say it has not been an exciting time since I took office on Tuesday 30 August 1994. Allow me, Mr Speaker, to once again congratulate you and thank the Members of Parliament for their support. Since then a new Government has been formed. We have allocated Ministerial portfolios. We are proceeding with the governing of Papua New Guinea. It is a tribute to all the people of Papua New Guinea that once more we have had another trouble-free, smooth transition of power in this country. There are not that many places in the world about which you can say the same thing. It is not the first time it has happened in Papua New Guinea but the circumstances behind the latest change will not...they must not...be repeated.

Papua New Guinea does not have time to continue playing games with its own political stability. Leaders should no longer dissipate energies meddling with the Constitution and interpreting its words to suit their own convenience. Of course the Constitution has again won, but how many times must we put it to the test? Our attention must be returned to what is in the best interest of Papua New Guinea and its people.

There is only the one equitable track to follow and that is clearly towards the fair and equitable development of our people. What other track could there possibly be? The new government was not a purchase job. We did not flood the open market with money or gifts - or with promises of patronage. All too often outside commentators and even ourselves are cynical about what goes on behind closed doors. Friends, there have been no closed doors. We will approach our task with openness and frankness. I have with me a Ministry which combines considerable experience with fresh ideas. Mr Speaker, let me introduce the new Ministry to you and the rest of the House:

The Rt. Hon Sir Julius Chan Prime Minister & Foreign Affairs & Trade
GCMG KBE MP

Hon Chris Haiveta MP	Deputy Prime Minister & Finance & Planning
Hon John Momis MP	Communications
Hon Joseph Ongugl	Education & Culture
Hon Paul Pora	Civil Aviation & Tourism
Hon Bernard Narokobi MP	Agriculture & Livestock
Hon David Mai MP	Commerce & Industry
Hon Mathias Ijapem	Defence
Hon Daviel Tulapi MP	Energy Development
Hon Perry Zeipi MP	Environment & Conservation
Hon Titus Philemon MP	Fisheries & Marine Resources
Hon Andrew Posa MP	Forests
Hon Peter Barter MP	Health
Hon Moi Avei MP	High Education, Science & Technology
Hon Makikus Konga MP	Home Affairs
Hon Dick Mune MP	Housing
Hon Robert Timo Nagele MP	Justice
Hon Arnold Marsipal MP	Senior Minister Assisting Prime Minister
Hon Jerry Nalau MP	Labour & Employment
Hon Sir Albert Kipalan MP	Lands & Physical Planning
Hon John Giheno MP	Manning & Petroleum
Hon Paul Mambei MP	Police
Hon Castan Maibawa MP	Provincial Affairs & Village Services
Hon Bart Philemon MP	Public Service
Hon Paul Tohian QPM MP	State Affairs & Administrative Services
Hon Andrew Baing MP	Transport
Hon Peter Yama MP	Works

Mr Speaker, I am also pleased to announce the appointment of Hon Bernard Narokobi as Leader of Government Business and Hon Andrew Baing as Deputy Leader of Government Business." (Extract from PNG Post Courier 9/9/94.)

OIL SEARCH LIMITED
SCHEME OF ARRANGEMENT UNCLAIMED MONIES

Jennifer Buchanan Graham	Estate Samuel Edgar Goudie	John Alexander Picken
Hugh Royie Goodwyn	Graham David Gilmore	Keith Darren Porter
Rupert Frank Giles	Terence Charles Gee	Anthony James Radford
Garnet Michael Gatty	Eric Neil Gardener	Maria Flaka
Colin Freeman	William Allan Flick	Ernest Reel
Diane Flower	Mona Frances Flower	Marie Clayton Feid
Aubrey John Fleming	Josephine Firms	John Alfred Richardson
Duncan Ferie	Wilma Faulkner	Peter Robinson
Paul Frederick Feneley	William Richard Espin	John Ronald Rose
Estate Gilbert English Deed	Norah Kathleen Eginton	Christine Anne Ruge
Elizabeth Cowan Elias	Lazare Eliou	Wolfgang Schneider
Charles Horace B Edmunds	Anthony Durkan	Robert Meredith Scott
Robert John Durrington	Janis Shirley Driver	Roy Keith Scaegg
William Samuel Downey	Minnie Douglas	Donald C A Shepherd
Daryl Simon Donahoe	Noela Alison Donaldson	Kevin James Shorthouse
Orsola Joan Day	Cecelia Davis	Marjorie Modesta Smart
Estate Kevin Durtin Deed	Sydney Allen Cruikshank	Warren Edgar Squires
Adrian Dudley Cox	Frederick Desmond Cowell	John Charles Sticpewih
Michael Tristram Cottam	Anne Osborne Collins	Ingrid Elizabeth Stifter
David Cohen	Ralph Harbord Chester	Phyllis Doreen Stokes
Ama Chapman	Terence Arthur Cave	Ronald Strachan
David D I Campbell	Barbara Louise Bunn	Stanislav Szymezak
Marilyn Marie Brown	Anita Ann Brookman	William R B Thomas
Maureen Cecilia Brophy	George Dezso Brenner	Margaret Ella Tierney
Louis Shewin Boulton	Walter Christopher Bourke	Ivor James Treasure
Terence James Blyth	Barbara Elizabeth Bond	Thomas Teret
Jean Shirley Bladwell	Donald Eric Bonsted	Jean Margaret Van Meurs
Malcolm R C Beilby	Betty Bell	Wendy Walker
Dorothy Fraser-Bell	John William Bell	Robert Allen Wall
Eileen Nancy Burns	Lois Catherine Baker	Clive Leslie Walters
Walter Henry Armour	John Peter Adams	Selwyn Ward
Paul Henzell Hall	John Harney	Dorothy Margaret Willet
Allan Frederickj Hartley	Margaret Rose Hawley	Jessie Anderson Willis
Donald Higgins	Frank A D Hill	Francis Joseph Wood
Richard John Hilton	Bernard Thomas Hooley	Sausengi Wrasause
Eric Roy Ireland	Isabel Ellen Ireland	David Wylie
Dickson Iupa	Walter James Jackson	Alice Frost
Charles Alexander James	Marjorie Noelle James	Rosalind Ann Gombos
Jean Margaret Johns	Brian Bernard Johnson	Joseph Patrick Exton
Desmond John Johnston	Frank Harry Keates	Bill Lamond
Raymond John Kelly	Marcia Jean Kerridge	Genevieve J W Darson
John William Knight	Eric Knowles	Penelope G W Darson
Phillip Korau	Christopher William Lane	George Charles Griffiths
Kenneth Herbert Larkin	Lynette Ivy Lawry	Antonia Anne Griffiths
Marc Phillip Lawson	James Shanahan Lawton	Michael John Haag
Gillian Lewis	Henry Lewis	Kaye Doreen Haag
Jill A E G Lewis	Peter Fabian Liddle	Smais Hudson
Brian Long	Love Anne Lucas	Godfrey Phillipus
Dugald Macgilp	Colin Mancey	John Cecil Kinna
Alexander Joseph May	Darrell E J McDonald	Rosemary Eve Kinna
Harold James McDonald	Jocelyn Hazel McIntyre	Ronald Lehamann
John James McKenzie	Farquhar Donald Morae	Kenneth Cheung
Doreen Floris Meade	Thomas Ango Menton	Madan Lal Nagrath
Kathleen Patricia Mitchell	Dennis James Molan	Dorothy Nagrath
Bryan Morgan	William Frederick Mortimer	Damien Pio
Robert Vernon Mullaney	Peter Edward Murphy	Daisy Pio
John Edward O'Brien	Olive Irene Nash	John Patrick Walsh
Richard Sinclair Parker	Kevin Desmond Palmer	Lesley Margaret Walsh
Jan Patcha	Helen Elizabeth Parr	Eric Thomas Washington
Lorna Ella Peterson	Billy Louise Perkins	Gwen Vivienne Washington
Elizabeth Brown	Fay Elizabeth Svensson	Leonard Michael Taylor
Douglas Burrows		

The above shareholders are advised to lodge their claim in the Scheme proceeds in writing to:

The Scheme Manager
C/- Ernst & Young
Post Office Box 112
Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea

*(This was a notice in the PNG Post Courier 5/9/94 supplied by
Fred Haynes of Port Moresby and contains the names of a number of
our members or the names of their spouses or their children.)*

GAMES PAST AND PRESENT

Marist Ashgrove's former 1st XI captain Bernie Knapp hopes that the good electoral luck of his old halfback rubs off.

Solicitor Knapp and businessman Jon Haseler are locked in a neck and neck struggle for a committee post at Doomben. Knapp's old halfback was J. Chan, better known these days as Sir Julius Chan who was re-elected Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea recently.

Chan, a nuggety goal-kicker and tennis player in his day, is descended from a long line of Chinese-PNG traders.

"Sir Julius phoned to apologise for missing the Marist reunion this weekend. His 'pressing business at home' excuse was pretty valid", said Knapp who played his school rugger at number eight.

(Extract from Courier Mail, Brisbane, October 1994)

IRISH MEDICAL DICTIONARY

ARTERY	The study of paintings	MEDICAL STAFF	Doctor's walking stick
BACTERIA	Backdoor of a cafeteria	MORBID	A higher offer
BARIUM	What doctors do when patients die	NITRATES	Cheaper than day rates
BOWEL	A letter like A,E,I,O,U.	NODE	Was aware of
CAT SCAN	Searching for Kitty	OUTPATIENT	A person who has fainted
CAUTERISE	Made eye contact with her	PAP SMEAR	A fatherhood test
CAESAREAN SECTION	A neighbourhood in Rome	PELVIS	A cousin of Elvis
COMA	A punctuation mark	RECOVERY ROOM	Place to do upholstery
DILATE	To live longer	RECTUM	Dang near killed 'em
ENEMA	Not a friend	SECRETION	Hiding something
FESTER	Quicker	SEIZURE	Roman emperor
FIBULA	A small lie	TABLET	A small table
GENITAL	Not a Jew	TERMINAL ILLNESS	Getting sick at the airport.
HANGNAIL	Coat hook	TUMOR	More than one
IMPOTENT	Distinguished, well known	URINE	Opposite of "You're out"
LABOUR PAIN	Getting hurt at work.	VARICOSE	Nearby
		VEIN	Conceited

VALE

With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends. On behalf of the Association the Committee extends our sincerest sympathy to their families.

Mr. Albert Campbell BRERETON (August 94, aged 94 years)

In 1920, at the age of 20, he joined the New Guinea Public Health Department and trained as a Medical Assistant specialising in Tropical Medicine. His duties then were to administer to the native population as an officer in charge of native hospitals in the former German New Guinea, which Australia administered under Mandate from the League of Nations. In 1923, Constance, his bride-to-be, joined him and they were married as she came off the boat.

Much of his life in New Guinea was spent on New Ireland where, in addition to his demanding medical duties, he successfully established a large coconut plantation near Namatanai, aided by Constance who was an experienced nursing sister.

With Japan's sudden entry into World War II, all women and children were evacuated to Australia, and for Constance this was where son Max was located at boarding school.

On New Ireland sections of the 1st Independent Company were located but were quickly overrun. They were grim days. Pursued by the Japanese forces for several weeks, Brereton and eleven other civilians and soldiers escaped in a small 8-ton pinnace and tackled a 650 mile journey to Tulagi in the British Solomons. There they were picked up by a larger craft and, despite enemy aircraft, they continued to 'run the gauntlet' until arriving safely in Australia.

Bert Brereton immediately enlisted in the Australian Army and was posted back to New Guinea as a member of ANGAU (Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit) Medical Section with the rank of Warrant Officer. He then served in charge of Native Hospitals at various locations within New Guinea for the remainder of the war. After the defeat of the Japanese he returned to his plantation, bringing it back into production. A number of years later he sold the plantation and returned to Australia where Constance pre-deceased him a few years ago.

Bert, during his many years in PNG, was a true humanitarian who made a very significant contribution to the welfare of the native people.

Max, their son, also an ex-serviceman, after holding senior positions in Victoria and overseas with the Victorian Government, is now a consulting engineer resident in the Melbourne area.

Colonel Patrick William (Mike) MAUNSELL (19 February 94)

Mike was a retired Lieutenant Colonel of the Royal Australian Army Education Corps, serving in PNG at Murray Barracks, Port Moresby, from 1969 to 1973 and as a Lecturer at the Administrative College, Vunadidir, E.N.B.P. from 1985 to 1990.

His family miss him terribly, but are comforted by the fact that he rests in peace in his beloved Queensland, and also by knowing that those whose lives he touched during the course of his exemplary life will also feel the loss and be saddened by his passing.

Mike was survived by his wife, Margaret, and his four children, Susan, Stephen, Julian and Gabrielle. Stephen, who also spent some time in the PNG Public Service, died 28 May 1994.

Mr. Albert Ernest (Bert) LEE (26 August '94, aged 87 years).

Bert went to Bulolo in the early 1930s to work for Bulolo Gold Dredging Ltd. and when housing was available he was joined by his wife Jean. Prior to the Japanese entry into the War, Bert joined the original New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and, when Jean was evacuated with all the other women in the Territory, Bert stayed on with the NGVR, serving in various areas in the Morobe District.

He was always very active physically and was very much involved in local organisations. He was for many Hon. Secretary of the local RSL Sub Branch, and he was awarded Life Membership of the League. For many years he used to organise the local Anzac Day functions from the Dawn Service to the rest of the day's activities, and this was quite a job when you consider his advancing age. He also travelled extensively in the North Qld area, attending various RSL Conferences etc., or just plain holidaying.

Bert had a heart attack a few years ago, but made a good recovery, and afterwards made visits to Sydney. He usually made the journey by train, no mean feat for one of his age. He was also very keen on the history of PNG and especially his old unit, NGVR, and accumulated a lot of valuable information. He even had photocopies of pages of the old wartime issues of Pacific Islands Monthly, which, though faded over the years, contained a great amount of contemporary information.

Mrs. Barbara Louisa Victoria HOY-GRUPSTRA (28 September 94, aged 57 years)

While Barbara and husband, Gerard, were on their "farewell to family and friends tour around the world", Barbara died in Oosterhout in the Netherlands.

Born in Indonesia not long before W.W.II, she suffered internment, deprivation and dislocation at a crucial time of her development during and after those war years, but survived very much intact.

Educated in Holland she married, raised a family and saw her children off to adulthood in Papua New Guinea, Indonesia and Australia.

Barbara's lifelong interest in education started off with the early schooling of her own brood in out of the way places without schools, and culminated in getting her grades, entering university together with her first quartet on their completing secondary schooling. She then taught at many schools in Indonesia and Australia until she was forced to retire because of ill health. She retired with grace and fought the illness with method and determination as she always did things. But in the end her immunity system, impaired by early childhood deficiencies, could not cope with the havoc the Asthma treatments worked upon it.

She learned to be expert at being wife, mother, bush-nurse, rearer of pets of all kinds, top chef, couturiere, mediator, puzzler sans pareil, greenfingereed gardener, cross-stitcher of renown, wise woman, sufferer with-out complaint, most satisfying companion and loving grandmother.

Barbara is survived by her husband, Gerard, seven children and nine grandchildren.

Mr. Keith WALTERS (1 November 94)

Keith was a long term Kiap and then magistrate for a number of years. He served mainly in the Western Highlands, Morobe, New Britain and Central Districts and was well known in golfing circles in Rabaul and Port Moresby.

Survived by wife, Pat, of Mt. Gravatt Qld and daughter Kerry.

Mrs. Lorna Ellen HOSKING (7 September 94, aged 89 years)

Widow of Herbert Champion ^{HOSKING} who died in 1942. Full details next issue.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MR. S. ARMSTRONG 16 MARY ST.
 MR. L.I. ATKINSON 83 SHEPPARDS ST.
 MR. J.R. BLYTH 68 EDINBURGH RD.
 MRS. J. BROMLEY P.O. BOX 187
 MS. K. BROMLEY 63 CARA ST.
 MR. R.C. CLELLAND 8 BAILEY PLACE,
 MR. R.E. CURTIS P.O. BOX 156
 MR. G. HUTTON 2 GRETTEL DRIVE
 MR. F.E. POWELL 18 ROSS ST. MT PLEASANT
 MRS. M. REESON 5 WHITHAM PLACE
 MR. M.N. STRAVS 10/206A VICTORIA RD.
 MRS.S. STRAVS 10/206A VICTORIA RD.

HUNTERS HILL NSW 2110
 GORDONVALE QLD 4865
 CASTLECRAG NSW 2068
 MUDGEERABA QLD 4213
 ASPLEY QLD 4034
 YARRALUMLA ACT 2600
 LANE COVE NSW 2066
 MERMAID WATERSQLD 4218
 NORTH MACKAY QLD 4740
 PEARCE ACT 2607
 BELLEVUE HILL NSW 2023
 BELLEVUE HILL NSW 2023

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

MRS.E.P. ANGELL UNIT 7, 39 CAYLEY ST.
 MR. L.J. CARROLL 3 ASHER ST.
 MR. D. DUGGAN 54 GUMTREE DRIVE,
 MRS.J. DUGGAN 54 GUMTREE DRIVE,
 MR. C. FYSON 5 RIVERVIEW VILLAGE, PAULON DRIVE
 MR. E. GLOVER 6/4 CARRINGTON COURT, CARRINGTON ST
 LADY E. GUNTHER ROBINA RETIREMENT CENTRE
 1 GLENSIDE DRIVE
 REV. W. LUTTON UNIT 5, 7 ELIZABETH ST.
 MRS. V. MINCHIN 3/290 GRAND PROMENADE,
 MR. K.E. MURPHY P.O. BOX 7303 BOROKO

GLENDALOUGH W.A 6016
 COOGEE NSW 2034
 GOONELLABAH NSW 2480
 GOONELLABAH NSW 2480
 SANDY BAY TAS 7005
 BOWRAL NSW 2576
 ROBINA QLD 4226
 POINT LONSDALEVIC 3225
 DIANELLA W.A 6062
 N.C.D. PNG

CORRECTION:

MR. F.J. COOK, OBE. P O BOX 425,

LAE, PAPUA NEW GUINEA



**A Terrific Christmas and
 A Happy and Healthy New Year
 But Please Spare a Thought for
 Our Farmers and the Many Others
 Suffering from the Drought**



Doug Parrish

**Doug Parrish
 Editor**

