



Una Voce News Letter

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

President:	Harry West	02.9418.8793
Deputy President:	Pamela Foley	Ph/fax 02.9428.2078
Secretary:	Joe Nitsche	Ph/fax 02.9451.2475
Assistant Secretary:	Pamela Foley	Ph/fax 02.9428.2078
Editor Newsletter:	Marie Clifton-Bassett	Ph/fax 02.9958.3408
Treasurer:	Ross Johnson	(Phone 02.9876.6178 (Fax 02.9868.2068
Caring Committee:	Pat Hopper	02.9953.7061
Patron:	Les Williams	02.9981.4734

**WISHING YOU A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS
AND ALL THE BEST FOR THE NEW YEAR**

from

THE PRESIDENT AND COMMITTEE



No 4, 1999 - December

The Association's **Christmas Luncheon** will be held on **Sunday 5 December 1999** at the Mandarin Club. Full details, together with booking slip, are on the separate yellow sheet. We would appreciate it if members would pay in advance as this enables us to plan the seating and advise the Club of numbers; also it speeds up entry to the dining room.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 2000

Subscriptions are due on 1 January 2000. A **renewal slip** is printed on the separate yellow sheet. *Paying your subscription for two or more years will reduce our paperwork and possibly benefit your pocket (as fees increase from time to time).* If you are unsure whether you are financial or not, please check the address label on the envelope which contained this issue. Cheques should be made out to ROAPNG Inc.

NEW POSTAGE RATES for ALL OVERSEAS MEMBERS

PLEASE NOTE - AS OF 1 OCTOBER 1999 AUSTRALIA POST NO LONGER PROVIDES SEA MAIL - "**AIRMAIL**" ONLY

FOR ASIA-PACIFIC AREAS, eg PNG, NZ, FIJI, THAILAND etc the charge is: \$8-00 per year for postage, plus \$10 membership fees

REST OF THE WORLD, eg EUROPE, ENGLAND, UNITED KINGDOM, USA, HAWAII etc the charge is: \$12-00 per year for postage plus \$10 membership fees

Also on the separate yellow sheet is an Application for Membership. We hope you will pass this on to anyone you know who might be interested in joining our Association.

2000 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING: This will be held on **Sunday 30 April 2000**. Normally we meet on the nearest Sunday to Anzac Day, but in 2000 that date is also Easter

Sunday. (Apologies for giving the wrong date in the September issue)

EXHIBITION AND INDEX OF WORK OF ARTIST S.T. CHAM OF RABAU

Albert Speer has had a good response to his request for photographs of paintings by S.T. Cham and is most grateful. The exhibition at the Xmas luncheon will go ahead as planned.

OBJECTS OF THE RETIRED OFFICERS ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC

(The Objects of the Association are not part of the Rules of ROAPNG, therefore the Committee recommended they be printed once a year in 'Una Voce')

- a) to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of all members, including conditions applicable to widows and dependants;
- b) to represent members, their widows and dependants in all superannuation matters;
- c) to cooperate on all matters of mutual interest with associations representing pensioners and superannuants having similar objectives to this association;
- d) to promote friendly association among all members and associate members;
- e) to foster and encourage contact and friendship with Papua New Guineans and an interest in Papua New Guinea affairs;
- f) to encourage the preservation of documents and historical material related to Papua New Guinea;
- g) to encourage members and associate members to contribute to the production and recording of oral and written history of Papua New Guinea.

HELP WANTED - Julia Clark who curated *Eye to Eye*, the exhibition of photographs by Francis Edgar Williams, **Government anthropologist in Papua from 1922-1943**, wrote: "With a colleague, I am writing a book on F.E. WILLIAMS, focusing on his photographs. One essay is on his character and relationship with Papuans, and his relationship with the administration of Sir Hubert Murray. Can anyone help me with personal information, anecdotes etc? Please contact me on (tel) 02 6285 1672 and I will ring you back, or at 11 Bavin Street, Curtin ACT 2605." (Members might be interested to know that *Eye to Eye* will tour later this year and early next to New York and Oxford.)

HELP WANTED: Can anyone help to locate **Christianus Adrianus van EGMOND**. His brother, who lives in the Netherlands, has been searching for him for some time. Christianus Adrianus was born on 15 November 1939 at Vinkeveen en Waverveen, The Netherlands. He emigrated to Australia in 1962. At that time his address was **Administration Transport Konedobu, Port Moresby**.

In 1982 his address was PO Box 720, Port Moresby PNG but letters sent to this address went unanswered. He has been missing now for 17 years. The Australian High Commission has advised that he gave up his Australian Citizenship ten years ago. If you have any information, please contact:

Clazien C. Bouwman van Egmond, Cliffordweg 12, N-3636 AG WAVERVEEN, The Netherlands. Tel 0031-297-261623. E-mail clazien@tref.nl Fax 0031 297 262987

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

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Author **James SINCLAIR, OBE**, has received an honorary Doctor of Letters from the Australian National University. The Doctorate was conferred on 1 October 1999. Jim began his career in PNG in 1948 at the age of 20, as a cadet patrol officer. In 1954 and '55 he led patrols into one of PNG's last extensive unexplored areas, in the Southern Highlands. When his career in PNG ended he held the position of District Commissioner. Jim has written 25 books on PNG, in particular its history. Many of his books are cited by academics, several of them frequently. According to the citation, at least eight would each merit an MA in any Australian university, five more could each earn a doctorate, and one based on his field experience, *Behind the Ranges: Patrolling in New Guinea*, is a rare and invaluable original contribution to PNG and Australian history. The citation concludes, "The sum of Mr Sinclair's work in the field and in writing represents an exceptional contribution to both Australia and Papua New Guinea. Mr Sinclair is one to whom Australia can point to demonstrate the high calibre of its work in Papua New Guinea."

Alf UECHTRITZ of Innisfail Qld was one of those who attended the 70th birthday of **Lady Barbara JEPHCOTT** recently. He wrote, "It was a great gathering of Markham Valley friends and some local Warwick people – 115 of us!! It was great meeting so many old friends."

Jack FLENTJE of Sunbury Vic wrote, "I was sorry to hear of **Tom Cole's** death in a recent newsletter. Tom taught me to shoot crocodiles back in the 1950s. I had seen a number of crocs in the Kapiura River which was near our home in Malalia and had told Ian McDougal (then in charge of Fred Werner's Bialla Plantation). Ian said Tom was coming to Bialla shortly to try out the area and he pleaded with me to wait till Tom arrived and ask him to show me how. Eventually Tom and Ian arrived and stayed with us about a week. We stayed a night or two over near the mouth of the river in a tent and double canoe (catamaran style). Ian loaned me his .303 rifle and Tom let me have some ammunition and I found out how it was done. Tom said, "It's as easy as picking strawberries but not so backbreaking." Tom then showed me how to treat the skins. His boys looked after the skins in a hut we had down on the beach and Tom stayed with Ian and myself up at the house with my wife Masori and family, David, Margaret and Shirley.

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Each day we went down to see how to rub the salt into the skins and roll them. Finally Ian went back to Bialla and I took Tom and David over to Talasea in the 10ft boat I had built to catch the Catalina but we were driven in to the beach by a storm at Leo Hong Kam's store near the Cape Hoskins airstrip and were delayed an hour or two. Then we knew we wouldn't make it before dark and we went further and further out to cut straight across the bay - we were well out on the sea when we were hit by a storm coming out from the shore and then by another one from the sea. We headed straight for the beach at Lou Searle's Walindi plantation. We ran in to the shore right in front of Lou's house with a big sea chasing us in and just on dark.

Lou was waiting for us on the water line and his greeting was, "Time you went South (it was just before we came home to Victoria), we've been hearing your motor for an hour and a half and couldn't see you for the sea that's running - you're 'troppo'." We'd been taking quite a bit of water too. We stayed the night with Lou and Margaret. First thing in the morning we set off for Talasea on a flat calm sea, taking Lou with us as he was to catch the Catalina too. We arrived at Talasea, beached the boat and turned it over, and there was a 2ft split in the bottom of the boat from the pounding we had taken.

PS - We don't drink and Tom told me that the first day he was with us he didn't have a drink the whole day and it was the longest day he had gone without a drink since he was a school kid. After the first day he kept going down to the beach 'to check on the skins'. He was a great fellow and he taught me well, and from there on he marketed a lot of skins for me. (Jack sent his kind regards to those who might remember the family from Malalia (New Britain) days and Kieta (1 year) and Kimadan, New Ireland (2 years).

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY:

Jim Toner writes, "The NT's most senior wantok, **Justice Sir William KEARNEY**, retired during October after 17 years in Darwin. He was Deputy Chief Justice of the PNG Supreme Court before moving to the NT, initially as Aboriginal Land Commissioner and later resuming normal duties on the Supreme Court bench. Some readers will recall him arriving in Moresby in 1963 and becoming SecLaw nine years later. Sir William and Lady Jessie will reside on their property in Opuia, Bay of Islands, NZ.

This year for the first time there was no Independence Day celebration in Darwin. This perhaps reflected the subdued mood in PNG itself on its 24th anniversary as Prime Minister Morauta told the people, 'We have failed ourselves. We have not fulfilled our own destiny.' Nevertheless it was a pity not to see the assortment of wives, from Kerema to Kavieng, serving up the kaikai while little children danced around the hall.

Jim TAPLIN whose father was Harbour Master at Rabaul has become licensee of the Tavern at Palmerston, Darwin's satellite city. His wife, Henrica, from one of Vunapope's leading families, was visited by her brother **Paul LUCKER** recently. He would be familiar within Islands plantation circles since, after ten years at DASF Keravat, he worked on Klinwata, New Massawa, Rangariri, Linga Linga, Mala, Tulane and Kessa before going south. He was hauled out of retirement on the Gold Coast - where he much enjoys the frequent PNG get-togethers - to work for a year on a Banz coffee plantation. Been there and got quite a few T-shirts.

Tempus fugit. **Patrick Virgil DWYER** a grandfather twice over? Hard to believe but he expects to retire from the WA Police administration in Perth at the end of the year and devote himself to baby-sitting. Pat, ex-kiap, reminded me of an interchange between the late **Barney MADDEN**, District Education Officer, Southern Highlands, and **Des CLANCY**, then Acting DC. The native school at Mendi had some three classes and Des commented approvingly on its progress and a future when locals who spoke English would be available to the Public Service and Police. Barney had drawn himself to full

height, looked down his aristocratic nose, and replied, "I am not educating boys to work for you as clerks and constables, Clancy. They will go on to higher things."

Well! In the event Barney did not live quite long enough to read the list provided by John Howard in *Una Voce* last March. This showed that six Southern Highlands MPs plus the Provincial Governor had all earned university degrees, something unbelievable in the Fifties. One up for Dr Madden over his old mate, I think."

NEWS FROM PNG:

In October Mr Howard paid a two-day visit to Port Moresby, his first visit to PNG as Prime Minister. During the visit he announced a rescue package that will include an \$US80 million (\$120 million) bridging finance facility.

Mr Howard was given a briefing on Bougainville by the PNG Prime Minister, Sir Mekere Morauta, and the Foreign Affairs Minister, Sir Michael Somare, who has special responsibility for the Bougainville issue. Sir Michael outlined to Mr Howard details of the autonomy deal for Bougainvilleans. As reported in the *SMH*, the islanders have until December 25 to draft their own proposals for a provincial constitution, within the framework of the national Constitution, that would allow them to manage most of their own affairs, but not foreign policy, defence or the police. Australia is providing by far the largest contingent, 250 troops, to the Bougainville peace monitoring force. *SMH 9-10-99*

REUNIONS

5TH POST INDEPENDENCE TREASURY REUNION: Terry Turner wrote, "The reunion was held at the Maroochy River Resort on the Sunshine Coast from 14-16 September last, when a number of ex PNG Treasury officers plus husbands and wives, numbering 41 in all, met for a very enjoyable get together.

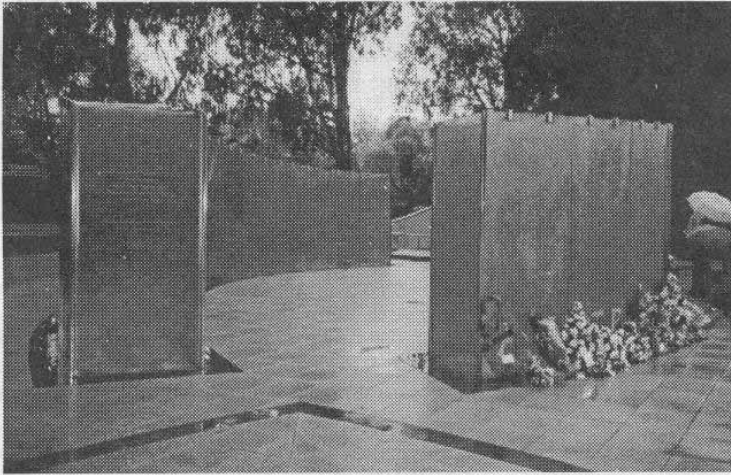
The reunion began with drinks at a reception at the resort on the Tuesday evening which allowed us to catch up with old friends, some of whom had not seen each other since PNG days. On Wednesday a bus was chartered to tour the Sunshine Coast and give visitors a good look at the area and to further add to the camaraderie which has been a big feature of past reunions.

Our formal dinner was held on Thursday evening, coinciding with PNG Independence Day. Ron Storer acted as MC with Jim Ritchie giving the keynote address. Jim reflected on the years following Independence and his optimism that under the leadership of Sir Mekere Morauta PNG would find its way through its difficulties. Ron gave a short talk on the origin of our reunions. Terry Turner reminded us of some of our departed colleagues and proposed the toast - Departed Workmates. Ian McMahon who since Independence has worked with government in various Pacific countries - now independent - emphasised that the financial management of PNG pre-Independence was far superior to that of any of the countries he worked in.

It was good to see a number of long-time Treasury people there and special mention must be made of Snow Middleton (Middy) and his wife Val who were able to attend the dinner.

Dave Martin organised the reunion and its success prompted calls for more frequent get-togethers in the future. Those attending were: Ross Blackwell, Brian & Beryl Bennett, Bob & Barb Christiansen, Marie Day, Jim Gillman, Bruce & Jill James, Max & Caroline Lassen, Ian McMahon, Kerry & Bev McHugh, Ray & Anne McInnes, David & Jan Martin, Show and Val Middleton, John Oberdorf, Sally Pang, Jim & Joy Ritchie, John & Joan Segal, John & Fran Skinner, Jaak & Sue Soome, Ron & Josette Storer, Fred & Audrey Strutt, Clive & Harriet Troy, Terry & Jenny Turner, Kay Virtue, Norm Webster and Rex Wiggins."

The Dedication of the AUSTRALIAN SERVICE NURSES NATIONAL MEMORIAL described by Pat Johnson



Dedicated on Saturday, 2nd October 1999, on Anzac Parade in Canberra was the Australian Service Nurses National Memorial. A competition for the design of the Memorial was held and the winner was Robin Moorhouse who lived in Rabaul between 1958 and 1963. Her design is based on the phrase from a letter written home by a World War I nurse - "dying soldiers just wished to be held". Talking to Robin about the design, she said that reading the book "White Coolies" and having lived in Rabaul where war evidence was still around, were strong influences on her concept and decision to enter the competition. A jeweller and silversmith, now a sculptor, Robin sees the Memorial as a "jewel on the landscape" and that "glass was chosen for the walls as it is a living material and also reflects life. It is as timeless as women caring for men during wartime. The Memorial is a celebration of nurses' lives, their courage and compassion".

The decision to visit Canberra for the weekend to attend the opening and dedication of the Australian Services Nurses Memorial by myself and a friend, both of us being nurses, had long been made. What a weekend it turned out to be, a weekend full of surprises, meeting old friends and making new, stories and the emotion of the ceremony. Long overdue, the Memorial takes its rightful place on Anzac Parade and acknowledges service nursing over the last 100 years from the Boer War onwards.

Arriving on Friday in drizzling rain, our first thought was "we hope it doesn't rain tomorrow" so we decided to check out the site. Driving up Anzac Parade and past the site of the Memorial, we could see frantic preparations going on, the last minute rehearsals and finishing touches. From a distance, in the rain and not knowing what to expect, we saw this low-slung elongated structure that seemed to be covered in green canvas. Low slung, yes, but green canvas, no. When we returned on dusk, with only a Security Guard and interested visitors like us, we were able to have a closer look. The green canvas turned out to be glass, thick (25mm) and consisting of sculptured etched panels. The Security Guard informed us that each panel cost \$10,000, and there are sixty. We stood and marvelled that glass would be so expensive. Of course it is very special safety glass. Somehow, standing back, the

Memorial seemed in marked contrast to the other more masculine memorials on Anzac Parade.

One enters the Memorial on the north side from a slight ramp. The curved lines of the panels lead one through to a contemplative space at the southern end where there is a low waterfall and sunken garden. We returned to this again on Saturday and on Sunday. As we walked through, cast into the back panels was a scenic collage depicting the zones where nursing service was given. Overprinting named these places so well known to us, for example, Gallipoli, Salonika, Singapore, Banka Island, New Guinea and Rabaul. Although not of any specifically recognisable place, some of the nurses visiting appeared to recognise several of the scenes depicted. Likewise myself, the tropical scene depicting Pacific areas caused me to remark "I know where that place is", it was a small peaked mountain with a harbour below - readers can decide where that might be. For my part, I had to have a photo of that section. The lights illuminating the Memorial came on and so I was able to get the photo, rain and all. Opposite, cast into the inside front panels were nurses depicted from the Boer War onwards in their uniforms of the day with hand written extracts from the personal and poignant accounts of nurses etched into the glass. The front panel facing Anzac Parade simply says "Beyond all Praise".

Leaving, we decided wet weather gear would be needed for the service next day and resolved to be at the Memorial very early to get a seat. Saturday 2nd October dawned and we remarked "someone from above must have decided that this was a special day" - yes, it was dry and sunny. Off we went early to find we were not alone and already at 8:00 am the site was buzzing with people, buses and taxis arriving. Service personnel were directing people and handing out the Order of Service and a booklet of nursing service titled "Just Wanted to Be There". No seating seemed to be reserved for non-service nurses like us, however nothing ventured, nothing gained, so we decided to sit in the back corner of one of the stands which proved to be a good move as we had an excellent view of the whole proceedings. The Memorial itself, in the sun, looked soft and cool. Ex-Army nurses arrived, some in their Association uniforms with medals glistening in the sun - nurses, we could see, are a highly decorated group. As we watched these women arrive (they came from every State and Territory as well as New Zealand, United Kingdom and the USA), the joy of reunion was evident.

Two ex-Army nurses came and sat next to me and we recognised each other from having met at an Army nurses' luncheon. It turned out, chatting as one does, that the husband of one of them was Warwick Rowell who served in the AIB on small ships in PNG waters. After the war he was involved in clearing mines as well. Digressing, Warwick rang me on return to Sydney to tell me he keeps in touch with some surviving members of Lark Force. Warwick also said with admiration "those Coastwatchers were indestructible". Just as proceedings were to commence, there was a "vroom" and "roar" of motorcycle engines on the other side of Anzac parade. We all turned and saw a large contingent of the "Vietnam Bikers" from all over Australia parking their motorbikes on the grass before coming over to watch the proceedings. There they were, in their leather jackets, emblazoned with a skull and slouch hat atop. I could not help but be moved when chatting to a group of them afterwards, one of them said to me "we come every two years to rededicate the Vietnam War Memorial and we decided to coincide the visit with the dedication of the Nurses Memorial". Continuing, he said, "We wanted to be a presence but it is the nurses' day". I asked this group of somewhat burly men what they thought of the Memorial and the reply astounded me. "It is beautiful, calm and gentle, so different to the other masculine memorials". With that, they all went off to their special memorial.

The ceremony commenced with the Master of Ceremonies, Ita Buttrose (an excellent choice), welcoming us and giving an overview of what was to come. The Honour Guard, comprising cadets from the Australian Defence Force Academy, took up their positions between the two stands. Their drill was faultless. Behind them stood the Duntroon band whose playing was likewise faultless and behind again, sat the choir.

The Prime Minister, the Hon. John Howard MP, arrived followed by the Governor-General, Sir William Deane AC KBE. After inspecting the guard and band, the Catafalque party was mounted. This honour was given to four service women. Not having witnessed this before, the slow drum beat, the orders and the positioning of the party at each end of the Memorial, heads bowed with rifles at rest, set the scene for me of what was to follow. For those like myself not aware of the significance of the Catafalque party, it originally signified the guarding of the coffin to prevent desecration and theft.

In pride of place were six ex-POW nurses. Of special interest to PNG people was the presence of Lorna Johnston (née Whyte), she was one of the six army nurses taken prisoner in Rabaul in 1942. Along with civilian and missionary nurses captured at the same time, she spent 3½ years as a POW in Japan. Hearing that this amazing woman was there I determined I had to meet her and did so at the luncheon later on.

Next in order came the Flag Bearers march past. The procession of 103 flags was in remembrance of 102 nurses who died in conflict, the extra one being for civilian nurses who also died. Leading this parade were nurses wearing uniforms from the Boer War to the present day. I could not believe my eyes, the leading nurse in the Boer War uniform was an old friend from University days. The flag procession, accompanied by the band playing, moved slowly and reverently through the two inner panels of the Memorial, the flags forming an arching effect evoking spontaneous clapping from the assembled throng.

Then followed a report of the years of planning culminating in today's Memorial dedication by the Executive Director of the Royal College of Nursing, Ms Elizabeth Percival AM. The Prime Minister followed and spoke movingly as he acknowledged the service and compassion of nurses over the last 100 years up to the current contingent serving in East Timor. The Governor-General, assisted by ex-Army nurse, Brigadier Perdita McCarthy, unveiled the Memorial. Brigadier McCarthy had a long and distinguished army-nursing career. Serving in PNG, she was at Jacquinot Bay in 1945. She is the only nurse to have achieved the rank of Brigadier and even though frail but still indomitable, continues to take an active interest in service nurses affairs. The Memorial was then dedicated by the Chaplains with the singing of "Abide with me". The Minister for Veterans Affairs, the Hon. Bruce Scott MP, read the first lesson with the second being read by the Hon. Graham Edwards MP, representing the Leader of the Opposition. Mr Edwards is a Vietnam veteran, sustaining injuries that resulted in the loss of both legs, his mobility is now a wheelchair. Reading from the Gospel of Matthew, Chapter 5, v 1-10, the words were compelling and concluded with "God blesses these people who are treated badly for doing right. They belong to the kingdom of heaven".

Lorna Johnston and Pat Darling laid one of the many wreaths, theirs being on behalf of the POW nurses. During the wreath laying the choir sang the "Captives Hymn"; at this stage, as you can imagine, there was hardly a dry eye. This hymn, the harmony of which represents the sounds of an orchestra was composed and sung by a choir formed in Banka POW camp. The composer, who was also the choir leader, died in captivity just prior to the war's end. At the completion of the wreath laying, the Ode was recited followed by the "Last Post", one minute's silence and then the "Rouse". A fly-past by the RAAF Roulettes, the singing of the National Anthem, the

dismounting of the Catafalque party (how did they stand so still for so long) and the general conclusion followed.

After the dedication we spent some time chatting to other nurses before going to the Ainslee Function Centre. Well what a luncheon, there would have been at least 1200 persons there on two floors. Can you imagine the stories? We were seated next



Vivian Bullwinkel's uniform

to some WA nurses and the story of their family typifies what was occurring all day. The youngest sister, by many years, was accompanying her oldest sister for the weekend. During the war the oldest sister was a nurse in Labuan, Morotai and on the hospital ship "Wanganella". She was one of five members of this family all serving in the armed services. The youngest sister (a small child during World War II), also a nurse, just retired, told me the troop trains used to go through the town where they lived to and from the Army centre at Northam. Every time a train came through, mostly at 4:00 am, they would be there. This younger sister said she spent most of the time crying behind the sheds, her mother, she recalled, was very stoic and the only time she saw her mother cry was when she heard that Nurse Vivian Bullwinkel was going to Singapore. "She'll never come back," her mother said. The postscript is of course that Vivian did return, the only one of the Vyner Brooke survivors massacred on Banka Island. Now confined to a wheelchair, Vivian came from WA and was one of the six ex-POW nurses attending the ceremony. For those who may visit Canberra, the uniform she wore when marched into the sea to be machine gunned, survived the war and is now on display at the Australian War Memorial, bullet holes and all. Hidden in the POW camp, it was saved to be

worn when released from captivity.

After a delicious meal I went in search of Lorna Johnston. Having read the story of the Rabaul nurses capture, internment at Vunapope and subsequently Japan (*Not Now Tomorrow* by Alice M Bowman), I had to meet this person. After all, we both had strong connections with Rabaul. Eventually I found her on the other floor and introduced myself. We chatted and I was struck by the warmth, vitality and sense of humour of this woman who had endured so much. Lorna mentioned that she had breakfasted with Bert Speer (ROAPNG member) and that he was at the ceremony. We spoke of Mary Goss who was a civilian nurse at Namanula and interned with Lorna. Mary's husband Tom, a NGVR member, was taken by the Japanese in Rabaul and never seen again. I remember Mary looking after me in Namanula Hospital in 1947 when home on school holidays. Lorna said, "You must know Robin Moorhouse, the designer of the Memorial", who also lived in Rabaul. I didn't but I do now. It was a delight



Lorna Johnston
(née Whyte)

meeting Robin, she told me she was a friend of Pat Hopper (ROAPNG member). Robin introduced me to her daughter Felicity Carruthers who was responsible for the computer graphics of the design. Felicity was born in the same malthoid and timber Namanula Hospital. Robin is the sister of David Moorhouse (ex Admin. Officer and ROAPNG member). By this stage, feeling quite overwhelmed by all the events, the time came to leave but not before I had some photos taken of Lorna and myself. Lorna now lives in New Zealand.



**Robin Moorhouse (designer)
with her daughter Felicity**

We returned to the Nurses Memorial again. Now that we knew something of the conceptual ideas, we wanted to take it all in again slowly and read the inscriptions as well as view the Memorial in sunlight. We sat in the contemplative area, casting our eyes down the panels and listening to the soft tinkling of the waterfall. We walked along the front reading the cards on the wreaths. Yes, this Memorial is certainly different and unique. Later that evening we attended a function hosted by the Vietnam Veterans Association where we were treated to yet another feast of food, drink and stories.

Sunday dawned and we were back to rain again. Not daunted, back to the Memorial we went to take some photos before going to the service at the Anzac Memorial Chapel, Duntroon. Again we arrived very early to an already crowded chapel. Nurses, we observed, are well trained to be on time. The service followed the normal pattern - prayers, hymns, readings. Lorna Johnston did the New Testament reading - such stamina, how did she keep going? Much to my surprise someone I had been looking for the whole weekend read the prayer to our Nation. Dianne Badcock, ex-Vietnam nurse and friend, turned out to be the chaperone or "minder" of, you guessed it, Lorna Johnston. Well of course there was more chatter. So many unexpected connections that occasions like this bring out into the open.

Leaving the service in pouring rain, our next stop was the Australian War Memorial as there was a photographic exhibition of Army nursing that we felt we had to see. In need of sustenance we diverted to the War Memorial café symbolically called "Poppies". Walking up the path we passed a bronze statue of Edward Weary Dunlop as an older man. How fitting, as this enriched a weekend already overflowing with emotion. The photographic exhibition included among others, some photos of the Rabaul nurses. Continuing, we visited the World War II section primarily to see Vivian Bullwinkel's uniform. The World War II display has been revamped, it is now done in sectors and all exhibits are in chronological order. Another surprise was the story of Lark Force, the Tol massacre and details of the sinking of the Montevideo Maru. Around a corner was a section dedicated to the Coastwatchers. Displayed were the medals and some memorabilia of Alan Roberts, ex Coastwatcher and Director of District Services and Native Affairs. We saw Vivian Bullwinkel's uniform - it was all there, bullet holes, bloodstains and the story. I cannot adequately express my feelings engendered by seeing this uniform, surviving as it has done and now preserved for future generations, and reflected on how much it represented: courage, compassion, tenacity and survival against all odds.

We drove back to Sydney (it was still raining) in quiet contemplation of the events of the weekend and marvelled at the spirit of all the thousands of nurses who visited Canberra for this important dedication.

(Sincere thanks to Robin Moorhouse, Warwick and Mary Rowell and Dianne Badcock for their helpful comments in preparing this account.)

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EARLY '50s Series 5

By Paul J Quinlivan

No 11 – Planters, Traders – and Monte – and their Former Employees

The King against Peter James Jameson (Kavieng, 14-22 February 1952) was my very first trial in TPNG and the only one in which I faced two lawyers defending the one man. I issued two reports on it, the first in my speech to the Old Boys Association (this follows as No 12) and this one to the Law Students because of the basic rule that you never ask, in cross-examination, a question to which you don't know the answer. Nowadays, this one's value lies in the insight it gives into the type of relationship which grew up in those days but which was not liable to develop when people are appointed from Australia to high positions in the Territory.

Jameson had been Officer-in-Charge of the Production Control Board (PCB) weighbridge at Kavieng and he was charged with stealing £221/5/7, in small amounts, from PNG nationals who sold copra to PCB. The amount may seem small but he used his position to victimise Papua New Guineans and, in those days, 'Australia's Good Name' and 'trusteeship' were terms often spoken about. It was the most complex trial in TPNG history, with 39 Prosecution Witnesses, so Jameson employed a team of lawyers (Mr Foy, the Kavieng solicitor, and Harold James, a barrister from Rabaul) and their efforts were aimed at proving that an elderly Luluai, MAMAWUS of Nonopai, was a liar and part of a conspiracy to frame Jameson. During the cross-examination of MAMAWUS Mr Foy tugged at Harold James' gown and said, in a stage whisper, "Ask him about his Luluai's hat!" Normally, a lawyer never asks, in cross-examination, any question he/she does not know the answer to beforehand but, since Foy had presumably investigated what he was now instructing Harold James to ask, he complied, with disastrous consequences. Patrol Officer William Arthur Stokes was the Interpreter. My notes of the cross-examination read:

"Q. by James: I put it to you that you are lying.

A. by MAMAWUS: No. What I have said is the truth.

Q. You say you have been Luluai since long before the war.

A. That is true.

Q. But you were stripped of your Luluai's hat, at one time, weren't you?

A. That is not true.

Q. We will call KASE to tell the court that he wore your Luluai's hat for some years.

A. That is true.

Q. How could he wear the Luluai's hat when you were Luluai? What you have said proves that you are a liar! Therefore everything else you have said is a lie!

OBJECTION by Quinlivan

Question WITHDRAWN by Mr James.

Q. Can you explain to the court how KASE could wear your hat when you were supposed to be wearing it?

A. One day a letter came to a man in our village. It was from his former employer and, since it was written in pidgin, all the people assembled and he read it to us. It said, "When you went back to your village and I came to England to serve in the war on the other side of the world, I thought you would be safe. ..."

OBJECTION by Mr James: "Not interested in employer/employee relations".

Quinlivan: Witness was asked to explain something and is entitled to do so in his own way. If it becomes clear that he is wasting the court's time, he can then be reigned in. At this stage, he is only beginning his explanation.

Court OVERRULED Mr James saying, "He will be stopped if or when his explanation becomes irrelevant. Let him proceed".

A... the letter said: "I thought you would be safe but the Japanese have bombed some American warships so Japan has now joined the war and you and your family may now be in danger. My First Talk is that this danger is very real. The Japanese will try *giamining* everyone that, because they have coloured skins, they are *wantoks*, but they have been raping and killing people with coloured skins in Manchuria and China for years. My Number Two Talk is that, because Australians are helping England fight this war, many people from this side of the world, including the Americans who have just been bombed, will come and help Australia. So although the Japanese may arrive, they will not be allowed to stay long. My Number Three Talk is that you must get your people to build gardens in a far-away place which is secret so that, when the Japanese come, you can all move to safety until the Australians come back and get rid of them." What he said had wisdom so everyone agreed to do what he suggested. Then, when the new gardens were built the Japanese came so we moved to the new gardens and stayed there. Before we left, however, I said to KASE, in the presence of all our people: "You have always coveted my hat. Here it is. We are now leaving for our safe place but you must remain here and wear my hat so that you can convince the Japanese that you are the Luluai and they will stop searching for us. When the Japanese are got rid of we will come back and I will want my hat back. Make sure that you do not dirty it while I am away." That is why the Japanese never found us. And that is why, for a time, KASE wore my hat but I never lost it.

Q. How can we know if what you are saying is the truth?

A. Ask the Big Judge here (pointing with his chin to the Bench). He can tell you! It was he who wrote the letter his former servant read out in the village.

JUDGE: I have not been writing down what was said because we have been in a *voire dire* (a trial within a trial) to see whether the explanation is relevant. That last answer gives us something totally unexpected. It would appear, Mr James, that if you wish to pursue this line, I may have to make an important decision.

COUNSEL FOR BOTH SIDES CONFERRED and it was agreed that the Judge was intimating that he would stand down and order that another judge do the trial again, from the beginning, if Counsel for the Defence wished to take this line of cross-examination any further.

Mr James: "I do not wish to pursue this line of cross-examination." (End of my notes)

It is interesting that, although the discovery that it was Monte who had written the letter did cause a flurry of interest, this was because of the discomfort it caused Jameson's lawyers, not because Monte had laboriously pecked away on a typewriter because nobody could read his writing and his letter was in pidgin. That was 'no big deal' because everyone who had 'grown into their careers' in the Territory would, I am sure, have done the same if danger had arisen again. Nor was there any significance in the fact that, since we had discovered this letter, it is probable that he wrote many because he had 'worked bush' with many people who would have come into jeopardy. But, as more and more people arrived to take up important positions, this aspect – which originally had had no significance – began to take its place beside another feature of the case which impressed me greatly in those earlier days.

Two Asians and eight Australians were there for much of each of the eight days of the trial and, since I had been told that Kiaps often sat in to see how courts should be conducted, I remarked to Tom Aitchison, the DC, that he must have a lot of spare Kiaps. He laughed and said, "They're not Kiaps. They're planters or traders and they want to see the bastard go for a row! Some of them were caught up in the Jap Occupation and owe their lives to growers he fleeced; others employed one or other of the growers and, in their own quiet way, they want to show support." This was my first trial and I was supposed to have an accountant sitting beside me, piloting me through the exhibits, but he disappeared

after the first day because of a foul-up in Moresby. I could easily have become dispirited but the fact that so many busy planters and traders were there, day after day, to give support to people who had been victimised, gave me a continuous boost. And I have often wondered just how many, in other parts of the Territory, helped former employees etc. in more lasting ways. Mowapo, Andy O'Driscoll's 'monkeymaster', told me Andy left his estate for the education of his (Mowapo's) children. And the trusts set up by Fred Archer and Dr Strong are well known. Who are the others who should be remembered because of the quiet works of goodness they did?

No 12 – What 'Trusteeship' Means Part One

In the Jameson Case I produced evidence that he had used several different schemes for stealing the money, all of them directed against village people and never against European or Asian producers or companies. In a lengthy judgment Monte went through the evidence in regard to each of those schemes and seemed to enjoy saying that Counsel had raised a 'reasonable doubt' in regard to several. He convicted Jameson of stealing £33/2/5d by means of only one scheme and sentenced him to six months gaol. He then said, "There is a further Order which all Europeans, tempted to adopt the course of action which you took, might well ponder. This is a Trust Territory, administered by Australia under the terms of a Trusteeship Agreement which Australia has signed and for the upholding of which she has pledged her good name. And, incidentally, your good name and mine. You were employed by the Production Control Board in a position of trust. A trust which you depended upon for the success of your various schemes. For that reason, alone, you are a person whose presence in this Trust Territory must be reviewed in light of what the Legislature has decreed regarding 'Expulsion of Undesirable Persons'.

Apart altogether from the fact that you were employed by an organ of Government, there is another reason why I will be recommending that you be deported and forbidden re-entry for as long as this remains a Trust Territory. You are a European who deliberately preyed upon the Native producers. You never attempted to use your schemes on Europeans and the only explanation I can think of is that you thought Europeans might find you out but Natives were, to your way of thinking, uneducated and therefore easy prey. In this case the fact that the Chief Accountant was unable to remain here for the duration of the trial meant that Counsel for both sides had to rely on their own resources in regard to the intricacies of the documents. Had it been otherwise we might not have seen an elderly witness, who could neither read or write, pointing to his Weightnote amongst the array on the Bar Table and then, when Counsel for the Defence mixed it in with dozens more to test him, selecting it a second time although it appeared, to untrained eyes, to be no different from the others. And that is my point. To untrained eyes they all appeared to be the same but, to one educated in what to look for, it was clearly a unique item. I am sure that, had a jury been determining this case, its members would have been greatly impressed and it is possible that, on the parts of the charge where I acquitted, that jury might not have been so kind. Be that as it may, the question of who is an uneducated person is by no means as simple as you seem to have thought. More to the point, your duty – the duty of all 'Europeans' here – is to 'advance' the local people so that they can become rulers of their own country and members of the Community of Nations.

What I want to be very clear is that any European who tries to 'take the Natives down' undermines Australia's sworn task. He besmirches Australia's Good Name and he can expect to be declared an UNDESIRABLE PERSON and expelled."

No 13 What 'Trusteeship' Means Part Two:

God alone knows how often Monte hammered home the 'Expulsion of Undesirables' warning before I arrived in TPNG but he returned to it (so as to make sure that it was not applied) in The Queen against Francis Terence Murphy (Rabaul, 3 March

1952) but my report of that case is too long to be given here. He returned to it in The Queen against Reverend Johannes de Roo (Lorengau, 13 March 1952). De Roo was in charge of Loniu Protestant Mission and, with HILUN, a Manus man, he was charged with stealing an oil drum and 25 gallons of oil from ComWorks. He claimed that he was justified in taking it because 'everybody was doing it' and this meant that HILUN's case was separated and the court was compelled, by section 22 of the Criminal Code, to hear de Roo's 'bona fide claim of right'. When he was unsuccessful in this he claimed a second 'claim of right' in that ComWorks owed him money and this was the only way he could get the debt repaid. He was unsuccessful again and was convicted and sentenced to two months gaol. The Judge then spoke about TPNG being a Trusteeship Territory, as he had in Jameson's Case, and then said, "You failed, signally, in your duty in regard to HILUN but there is a substantial difference between failure to be a good example and 'taking a person down because he is a Native'. Moreover, I have taken account of this when imposing a light sentence on HILUN. I have decided that, as far as this Court is concerned – and I am, of course, speaking purely in so far as this Court's jurisdiction is concerned – I should order that your sentence be served at Rabaul, rather than draw the attention of the Administrator in Council to the fact that you have been convicted and can be deported under the Expulsion of Undesirables Ordinance 1935."

No 14 – What 'Trusteeship' Means Part Three

Not that it was only Monte who was talking about deportation and 'undesirables'. The case of Queen against Donald Drury (no relation to the then Director of Civil Aviation) was the first of the series of more than a hundred roneoed documents which became widely known as the 'Q' Reports and came about because the case, which I prosecuted in Port Moresby on 20 September 1952, was so badly reported by the *South Pacific Post* that the trial judge, Judge Bignold, asked me if I would publish a 'law report' on what actually happened. My report was also issued to the Law Students. Drury worked with ComWorks and the facts which I proved were that, during the night, he forced his way, uninvited, into a Papuan home in Hanuabada village and banged an unopened bottle of rum on the table, making movements which the people in the house interpreted as indicating that he wanted a woman – unspecified – to have sex with him. I quoted a ruling from New Zealand (in Boland's Case, 1907) which said that it was not necessary for the prosecution to nominate what purpose the Accused was in the house for but I also called witnesses to show that the body movements he had made had been made by other Whites who had intruded into other homes in Hanuabada recently and the interpretation I have mentioned was what a 'man on the Clapham omnibus' would make. Despite Drury's claim that he went into the house because he thought a friend of his was there – a friend he named but whom nobody had heard of – he was convicted. The Judge gave a long speech in which he said, "Before the war, everyone knew that Papuans were protected in their homes by 'The Law' but, when the Army used the Wartime Emergency Powers to forcibly remove them from their homes in the Port Moresby area simply because they were Papuans, and resettle them elsewhere, doubts arose. The evidence in this case shows that Papuans no longer feel secure in their homes so it is necessary that 'The Law' restore their security. For this reason I want it known, far and wide, that anyone doing what this man has done must expect to be deported, as 'an Undesirable Person', in addition to any other punishment, and he will never be able to return no matter what business or other connections he might have here."

The local weekly newspaper, the *South Pacific Post*, reported the case in its issue of 26-9-1952, under the headline "Man Fined for Entering Native House" but it failed to mention any part of the speech which Mr Justice Bignold made, or the order for deportation. My report rectified this omission.

ISLAND BULLY NO MATCH FOR A DASHING ENGLISH OFFICER

by George Blaikie

Reprinted from 'South Pacific Post', 6-2-1966

Whenever difficult problems confronted the administration in New Guinea in 1898, the man to send for was Patrol Officer C A W Monckton.

Monckton, an Englishman, sported a fine pair of dashing moustaches that would have done credit to a World War II fighter pilot, and specialised in watering-down native uprisings and controlling unruly white men.

In 1898 he was just the man to send to Woodlark Island to sort out a problem on the goldfield – a bully named Brown was standing over the miners. An ex-prizefighter and a heavy drinker, Brown was a thoroughly nasty piece of work who would approach the owner of a promising claim and invite himself in on the enterprise. For a fee he was prepared to go away and stop being a nuisance. If his demands were rejected he would post a notice on the claim saying it was in dispute. That meant that no-one legally could work the area until a mining warden came along to decide the issue. And mining wardens rarely dropped in at Woodlark Island. It therefore was worthwhile for a man with a good claim to pay Brown and be left in peace to get on with extracting the gold.

This was a perfect case for Patrol Officer Monckton. One solution would have been simply to remove Brown from the island, but there was no legal way to do this. Monckton had to find an answer in his official capacity as a magistrate. The problem needed all his ingenuity.

A miner came to him alleging that he had been assaulted by Brown. It was a case of one man's word against another, but it created an opening. Brought before magistrate Monckton, Brown was found guilty but no penalty was imposed. Instead the wily magistrate required the accused to produce two men to each put up £100 surety that he would, in future, keep the peace. Brown sneered and pulled £200 from his pocket and threw it at the magistrate. Such a sum was nothing to him.

But no, Magistrate Monckton said, "I do not want a surety from you. I want the money from two friends of yours. You have until tomorrow to produce two friends willing to put up their own money and vouch for your future behaviour." The trap was sprung! Brown did not have a single friend – let alone two. His unpleasant personality had caught up with him. Brown spent his last day on Woodlark hustling round the field, begging miners to stand surety for him. When it was clear that there were no takers he vented his frustration by wrecking a miner's tent.

Monckton moved in with a small squad of native police and arrested Brown, placing him in shackles. Ordered to march to the launch to be transported from Woodlark Island to the mainland, Brown hurled himself to the ground and refused to budge. Monckton took his native police aside and instructed them in the art of frog-marching. This technique was new to the native police but it sounded like grand fun, particularly when the victim was the hated white man Brown, who found himself grabbed by the collar and the seat of his pants and hoisted to his feet. Next moment he was being propelled down to the beach where the laughing native police dumped him into the government launch.

And so Brown was exiled to the mainland. Monckton, who had a lot of discretion in those times, had him taken deep into the New Guinea rainforests and released. On small Westlake Island he was able to frighten the miners with his standover tactics but the jungles of untamed New Guinea, still inhabited by head-hunters, were a different proposition.

Brown caused no more trouble. But C A W Monckton went on to create more colonial legends in a long career as a patrol officer and district magistrate.

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MANNERLY MEN OF THE UPPER SEPIK

by Adrian Geyle

Our oil search company established a base camp at the confluence of the August and Sepik rivers, in the Green River sub-district of the Sepik District (now the West Sepik Province). We were a field party of about fifty lower Sepik labourers, six boatscrew from the coast near Madang, and seven whites. We were there for seven months' duration, taking advantage of the dry season. The time was the mid-50s, soon after I had left the TPNG administration and service as OIC Green River Patrol Post.

Apart from it being gazetted 'restricted' territory, the area we were in was very remote and neglected, primarily because the population was sparse and the terrain difficult to traverse. The rivers were dangerous for their currents and submerged snags, and the



The Razor Blade Man

bush was 'dirty' with the various vectors of diseases such as dengue, malaria, hookworm and scrub typhus. The local people mostly were afflicted in some way - yaws and tropical ulcers being the most common of the visible complaints - and we treated those cases we could relieve and maybe even cure.

Elephantiasis and leprosy sufferers we referred to the Green River Post hospital, a half-day away by canoe and overland.

Small groups of men would often come into the base camp with bunches of bananas, tubers and the occasional bush fowl and eggs, for trade. One of these men (women only occasionally accompanied their men) was a tall, lean, well-built man with a tidy, grey beard and handsome face. He stood out, as, apart from his appearance, he had a certain aura of wisdom and authority about him. A quiet man, he was in his mid-forties I would guess, and he always seemed to be well in control of his emotions when others were sounding excited. He mostly brought in food in exchange for twist tobacco and

newspaper to roll his fags in, and became a familiar sight as he casually wandered about watching our day-to-day activities.

One day he couldn't be paid in his preferred 'tabak'; for some reason we didn't have

any at hand to give him. There were razor blades, mirrors, beads and matches, and for big purchases such as wild pig and cassowary there were knives and axes, both big and small.

I asked our dignified visitor, "What about matches?", and he asked me what could he do with matches since they had fire burning in his long-house home, "all the time". "What about razor blades?" I asked, and then he wanted to know what he could do with razor blades. I pointed to his thick, grey beard and jokingly suggested he might like to shave it off! Beards were widely worn by the older men there, perhaps to avoid pulling out whiskers one by one, or shaving them off with a cutting edge of bevelled bamboo, or even glass.

He accepted the blades and some matches without objection, and not much enthusiasm either, grinning as though to show us he could see the humour behind my suggestion and in the ribbing his mates were giving him from the side.

We didn't see him then for the weeks leading up to the day of our departure. Pulling out of there with the arrival of the wet season rains and rising streams, we were visited by all our 'regulars' but not our distinguished one. I asked where he was: "What's happened to my old friend, is he dead or gone away?" I had to repeat the question, as though I wasn't understood. "There he is, there," said our interpreter, pointing to a tall, lean, undistinguished bloke in the background. He had been coming in nearly every day and we hadn't recognised him! He was pretty miffed, according to those with him, because he had shaved off his beard as I had jokingly suggested and then none of us wanted to know him!

He had shaved off not only his beard but all his hair and both eyebrows too. His appearance was amazingly transformed! In his society which has survived down through the ages without mirrors I suppose a man can't imagine how 'looks' can matter much, in any social setting, anywhere. A man is more than a face to a greater degree on the Upper Sepik than in our vanity-plagued West, without doubt. Mirrors were not unknown there, I suspect, since the German colonisers sent an oil search party up the Sepik before WWI, and Champion and Karius passed through the area in January 1928. And wherever water can be found with a still surface one can find one's own reflection of course, but the images that mirrors and water reflect on the Upper Sepik could hardly have the vanity-loaded ramifications that 'image' has in sophisticated societies. Physical attributes other than visages, as well as ornamental appendages such as trophies of war and mementoes of deceased relations (often just a finger), hold more sway than looks, where the August River flows into the Upper Sepik!

Gunio was another local identity we had a lot to do with. He too was of fine physique, and full of confidence. He was a 'headman' in his late thirties probably, and was so muscular he too stood out from the rest. Beardless, his face usually wore a bemused grin. He came from a long-house community further up the Sepik, less than thirty minutes' paddle away. Visiting our camp nearly every day he became very popular with us whites, if not with the men from Madang and the labourers from other tribes down the river. They saw no value in his presence at all. On reflection I see how ethnocentrically we whites acted when we failed to consider the stresses and strains that must have developed between the likes of Gunio ('bush kanaka' to some, behind his back) and the more sophisticated ones in our field party from tribes down river, and along the coast. Stresses must have existed, of course, but because they never surfaced in front of us and didn't hinder our work, we never gave them a thought.

Every evening we whites exercised as we waited in turn to take a shower under a horizontal 44-gallon drum rig-out, on the bank of the August River. We casually 'chinned the bar', a horizontal bar in the form of a drill rod erected (to Olympic standards of

course) between two uprights, close to the shower set-up. It was a kind of 'club' activity, every evening there between the huts and the river bank, usually with some locals hanging around still, including Gunio. He was always one of the last to get into his canoe and head for home.

Our 'chinning the bar' was a great joke to him, as we kidded him, ribbed him and cajoled him to 'have a go'. We all did our variable six, ten, twelve or more chin-ups, getting a sweat up before flopping down on the grass, exhausted, and in line for a shower.

The last day arrived. We were pulling out and even the horizontal bar had to come down. In fun we offered the bar to Gunio, even to the extent of suggesting we erect it outside his long-house home for him. He suddenly sprang up and grabbed that bar as though he was claiming it there and then. He must have thought it was his last chance to meet our challenges or remain forever, in our minds, and maybe his too, a wimp! He sure accommodated us: 20, 30, 50, 70, 80, 90, 100 chin-ups and more until we all fell about, hysterical with laughter. Gunio too cracked up laughing as we tried to hold him down from having another go - his adrenalin was pumping and all he wanted to do was get on that bar again and stick it to us, to give us 'heaps'.

We got a lot of mileage out of that hilarious humiliation, as we later theorised about Gunio's muscular development - he was awesome! We wondered, could it be that he had - secretly - practised at home on a 'borrowed' drill rod? That couldn't be, we figured, as there would have been someone ready to 'dob him in' if he did. He was just physically so superior, we concluded, and hadn't wanted to embarrass us during our stay in his domain, in case it ruined friendships!

Another one of Nature's Gentlemen, Gunio. He was great.

POLICE TRUCK DEMOLISHES TRADE STORE

In Rabaul in the early 1960s little happened during the 12 midnight to 8am shift at the Rabaul Police Station except for the duty of posting the guard and checking on their point duty, supervision of a few sleeping prisoners and finally preparation for the normal day's duty commencing at 8am.

Thus the quietness of the night was interrupted by a phone call placed to the duty counter where a frantic voice delivered the message, "Stua kaikai-im guard truck bilong mipela". "Where?" I asked. "Antap" came the reply, and then silence as the call ceased.

Quickly rushing to an unknown scene near the market area, all was quickly revealed by a commotion at the corner of Casuarina Avenue and Kamarere Street.

Here was our 5-ton police guard truck totally within the framework of the Waisan Company trade store, the roof of which was supported by the truck structure and canopy (next day as the truck was pulled from within the trade store, that part of the roof collapsed). There were no injuries to the police driver though a few police in the rear of the truck sustained bruising as they leapt from the rear of the truck as the brakes failed and it veered towards the trade store.

Damage inside the store was quite substantial - glass counters smashed, trade store items propelled in all directions. I imagine it cost the Administration a pretty penny to settle. It certainly livened up my midnight to 8am shift.

□ M.R.HAYES

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The Searchers **and their endless quest for lost aircrew in the Southwest Pacific** **Jim Eames**

As the war in the Pacific drew to a close in 1945, almost a thousand Australian airmen were still unaccounted for in the islands to the north of Australia.

Headed by tenacious Squadron Leader Keith Rundle, the RAAF's search and recovery party covered countless thousands of kilometres by air, by sea and on foot through often hostile and trackless country seeking clues about their disappearance. In their quest to bring home the stories – and sometimes also the remains – of downed aircrew, the searchers frequently traversed steep and hazardous terrain, even clinging precariously to cliff-faces to investigate crash sites. In the jungle, crocodiles and snakes were not their only enemies – isolated pockets of armed Japanese soldiers remained at large.

Many of the stories are told here for the first



time, heroic stories of those few who walked out of the wilderness; and tragic tales of those who never made it. Still others stayed with their wrecked aircraft and slowly perished.

Jim Eames spent several years in Papua New Guinea as editor of the *New Guinea Times Courier*. Returning to Australia he served as a press secretary to the Minister for Civil Aviation in the Gorton Liberal government and aviation adviser to a transport minister in the Whitlam Labor government. In 1975 he became the chief press officer at Qantas and later the airline's Director of Public Affairs.

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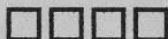
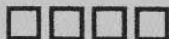
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ROAPNG is primarily a social organization with more than 1000 members. It keeps in touch with members, their partners, children and friends through its substantial News Letter which is read with interest by about 3000 readers. Management of our activities is undertaken on an honorary basis by members who give much time in 'keeping the show on the road'.

The newsletter publishes tales of old PNG days, current news from our colleagues who now live all over Australia and overseas, items of interest, information on PNG reunions held in Australia, and obituaries. Our circulated membership list helps members to keep in touch with old friends. In Sydney a caring committee keeps in contact with members old, ill or needing assistance. Each year we have two lunches in Sydney and we encourage the same in other parts of Australia. We invite you to join us. As numbers grow we become better able to keep in contact with even more old friends who shared so many happy, unforgettable PNG experiences.

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To join ROAPNG please complete the application form overleaf and enclose a cheque for \$10 per annum for each year of membership (if from outside Australia, please ask the Secretary for the new airmail rates). Paying for two or more years in advance reduces our bookkeeping and may reduce your costs, as fees increase from time to time. Note: The form overleaf is for new members – would current members please use the renewal form provided below the luncheon booking form in this insert.

APPENDIX 1
(Rule 3(1)(a))

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Occupations:.....

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OPTIONAL: Date of birth.....

Spouse's full name.....

Children's names.....

RETURN TO: SECRETARY

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P.O. BOX 452

ROSEVILLE NSW 2069

.....
Date

(1) If not a former PNG resident please provide brief details of your interest in PNG.)

THE ASSOCIATION'S 1999 CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON
SUNDAY 5 DECEMBER at 11.45 am for 1.00 pm
at THE MANDARIN CLUB - Cnr. Pitt and Goulburn Streets, Sydney

Cost: \$22.00 per head - a banquet style meal will be served. Drinks at Club prices:
Beer \$7.00 per jug \$2.50 per can/ Wine \$7.00 per carafe/ Soft drink \$6.00 per carafe
Drinks (alcoholic and non-alcoholic) available by the glass.

The Council parking station, cnr Goulburn and Castlereagh Sts, will be open from 9am to 11pm - charging a flat rate of \$5.00 for the day. The Club is not far from Town Hall, Central and Museum Stations. If you need assistance with transport please ring Pamela Foley on 9428 2078. Also ring Pamela if you would like a vegetarian meal.

Special care is taken with seating arrangements to help those attending alone, or those who feel they may not know many people. If you would like to sit with friends, please indicate this on the booking slip and we will try to arrange it (but it is not always possible). **Please book early!** Re cancellations, please notify the Treasurer, Ross Johnson, by noon Friday 3 December (Ph 9876 6178 or fax 9868 2068) to obtain a refund.

LUNCHEON BOOKING

Please print Christian Name and Surname for name cards:

I,(name) will attend the luncheon and will be
accompanied by

If possible I would like to be seated with

The enclosed cheque includes:

	My luncheon payment	\$22.00
	* My luncheon guest(s)	\$.....
(Annual subscription now \$10.00)	* My Subs to year 19....	\$.....
	TOTAL	\$.....

** Delete if not applicable. If you are sending a combined Luncheon Booking and Membership Renewal cheque, please fill in the details on the form below to assist the secretary.*

Cheques to be payable to ROAPNG Inc (please do not use staples)
Post to The Secretary, ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069

RENEWAL OF MEMBERSHIP

The membership year is the calendar year. Fees cover from 1 Jan. to 31 Dec.

I(full name - please print)

of

.....(current address) Phone.....

wish to renew my membership of the Retired Officers' Association of PNG Inc to end of
December (please state year) at the rate of \$10 per year (overseas members
please see item in box on front page of Newsletter re new postage rates).

It is suggested that you renew for two or more years.

Enclosed is \$ **Cheques to be payable to ROAPNG Inc. (Please do not use staples)**

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BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

ANGAU – ONE MAN LAW - Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit, by Clarrie James

ANGAU – *One Man Law* is the story of an ordinary Private soldier who was sent to Port Moresby with the 53rd Militia Battalion. There was pre-embarkation chaos and a general state of unpreparedness for the unit. The men then spent months in manual labour with no time to hone their military skills.

Clarrie James decided he needed something more worthwhile to do and volunteered for the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit (ANGAU) that looked after native affairs and organised carriers for the Australian troops. After a few weeks of basic instruction, the author found himself in the highlands of New Guinea – a lone white man amongst several tribes of warring villagers. War against the Japanese was raging in the valleys below but James was busy keeping himself from being killed by tribesmen. His approach to the village people and his way of settling troubles are a credit to his skills and lateral thinking. His fascinating experiences extended from Goroka to Milne Bay to Misima Island where he was involved in bringing to justice the murderers of ANGAU Lieutenant Mader. This is a story of self-sufficiency in a young man, surviving in the exotic but often dangerous environment in which he found himself.

Aust. Military History Publications, 13 Veronica Pl., Loftus NSW 2232, ph 02 95452 6771
Fax 02 9542 6787. 207pp, maps/photos, index, s/cover, \$20 (incl. postage Aust.)

THE SEARCHERS by Jim Eames

Reviewed by Bob Piper

Jim Eames' long awaited book on the endless search for lost wartime aircrew in the South-West Pacific is finally out. Congratulations Jim. It was worth the patience we all showed over the years. The result is an intriguing and thought provoking publication not to be missed. The South-West Pacific, and especially New Guinea, is still littered with missing allied and enemy aircraft. Each year a few more of these mysteries are solved as another comes to light. Exploration of the mountains and remote areas reveals yet another wartime crash site and mystery to be solved. Weather and rock studded clouds were the main culprits combined with young and often inexperienced pilots pressing on, no matter what.

Most obvious is the painstaking research and investigation that has gone into this book. It is evident on every page. I well remember Jim contacting me in RAAF Historical Section (Defence) some fifteen years ago and forwarding lists of wartime RAAF/USA investigation and casualty files for him to chase up and sift through. We had a common interest in 'missing aircraft' and New Guinea.

The Searchers extensively acknowledges, for the first time, the late Group Captain Keith Rundle. He and other members of the RAAF gave so much dedicated time and effort, often risking their lives, in searching for and recovering missing airmen.

One of the more amazing stories is that of the Avro Anson aircraft on Mt Kenevi in New Guinea. With Group Captain Wight and Wing Commander Hammond it had disappeared in 1944 on a routine flight from Moresby to Nadzab via the Kokoda Gap. When Keith Rundle and his team



recovered the pilots in 1964 the plane was hanging precariously and inverted on the edge of a ledge at 8,970 feet. Both airmen and many of their personal effects, including an unbroken bottle of whisky, were recovered after an operation that entailed risks that legends are made of.

This book is compulsory reading especially for any wartime, New Guinea or aviation enthusiast. In fact it is comfortable reading with an easy and enjoyable style. There are some 230 pages complemented by 55 photos and an index. Published by University of Queensland Press, it retails for \$30.

EVACUATION FROM EDIE CREEK, DECEMBER 1941

Extract from a letter written by Hilda Johnson to a close friend

The letter was written sometime during January 1942. Ted (Johnson) was the Chief Metallurgist for New Guinea Goldfields - he was evacuated during Jan. 1942 between Japanese air-raids on Wau. (Hilda and Ted were the parents of Ross Johnson, our Treasurer.)

"...However one can only live a day at a time these days and things would sort themselves out later I hope. I'm hoping very hard that Ted may get away from N.G. He could easily get a job in Munitions and if we can all be together again, money won't matter very much. I can't bear to think of all the things I have left behind me. Goodness only knows whether I'll ever see any of them again - quite apart from some lovely bits of furniture and my pictures etc, there is all my linen - and blankets and cutlery etc and practically all my clothes. The people who got out by ship were lucky as they could take plenty of luggage with them. We who were on the mainland of N.G. were the unlucky ones. The whole journey now seems like a bad dream and just ages ago.

When Japan declared war we radioed and cancelled Ross' trip home. He was disappointed but not nearly as much as we were, as we had made such preparations for his Xmas etc. However Mrs Gross [wife of N.G. Goldfields' General Manager] and Pat arrived by the plane on Friday and thought we were crazy not to have let Ross come. The following Tuesday we were told that the Commonwealth Government were evacuating all women and children. I spent a hectic afternoon packing linen etc, and next morning started packing and re-packing my 30 lbs trying to decide what I needed most. I was told to be ready to go at a moment's notice on Thursday. I also did a bit more packing of household stuff and then decided I'd better use up all the fruit and stuff I'd got in for Xmas cakes and puddings so I made Ted two large Xmas cakes. By night I was so tired I could scarcely stagger. On Thursday we were told we'd probably go on Friday. We decided anyway to go to Wau and do some banking business. We were only allowed £5 in cash as the Bank was short of money. Some folk were lucky enough to be able to collect a bit of cash. I took my suitcase down on Friday and left it in Wau. The road was in an awful state as we had had so much rain and it was a most unpleasant journey.

In Wau we discovered that as the flying had been so bad, there wasn't much chance of our going before Monday so we returned to Edie Creek. Saturday morning I spent making four tins of biscuits - fiddling sort of rusk affairs that Ted likes and that keep indefinitely. It became very difficult to settle to anything so I decided Ted could do with another pair of socks. By Sunday night I had finished one sock and started the other one. On Monday we were told Wednesday and I began to hope for more bad weather so that I'd get Xmas at home. However the weather was very good for flying about that time. The first lot that flew out went from Moresby by boat but as it must have been very expensive keeping a big ship there waiting when the flying was bad, she departed and they then chartered a Douglas and two Lockheed airliners to ferry everyone to Cairns. From Wau they used the two big Junkers and a few smaller planes. The Junkers are only for freight and people had to sit on suitcases and they had some very rough trips - one Junker load

was 11 women and 33 children and nearly all were sick - there is no air conditioning in a Junker, very hot and dark inside and near the tail are two open porthole affairs and there it is bitterly cold. They sent four pregnant women and their children in one planeload - they were deadly sick and two of them had their babies before the boat left Moresby. Anyway, to return to my story, I heard a rumour on Monday afternoon that they were trying to hurry things up a bit and that we'd be going the next day. By evening I had half a sock finished and then word came that we had to be on the drome by 10 a.m. the next morning. I had to dash round then and do a few things about the house and we left home at 8.30 a.m. the next morning. Some plane-loads had left Wau before we arrived and we were told we'd be going in the afternoon. Getting baggage weighed was a great business as most people had over 30 lbs. And we were made to disgorge. My handbag weighed at least 14 lbs and I wore one coat and carried my fur coat with a cardigan stuffed into its sleeve. In the afternoon the biggest Junker came in and its pilot refused to fly again - said it was too rough. We had to wait for the other Junker to come and everything depended on its pilot. It is generally considered dangerous to fly after 4 p.m. there so we had booked a room at the hotel for the night and thought I'd go at 6 a.m. the next day. However at 4 p.m. the 2nd Junker arrived and its pilot reckoned he could make Moresby. He has never been known unwilling to take a chance. Finally we were loaded in - over 20 women and about six young babies and we had to sit on planks along each side. I had a seat in the tail beside an open porthole. We left the drome at 4.30 and all the men were very sick at our flying so late. That departure was a frightful business and half the planeload wept bitterly. We flew round in the clouds for a solid hour around Wau. The pilot tried to get through at 6000 ft. but finally had to go 14000 ft. to get across and it was very bumpy in those clouds. Everyone thought they were going to be sick but only one woman was and she had several bouts. It was bitterly cold where I sat even with my fur coat and finally just when we all felt we couldn't hold out much longer we got into Papua and mercifully it was clear there and we arrived at Moresby at 6.50 p.m. and about five minutes later dusk fell like a blanket - no twilight there. We were not expected so late and no preparations were made for us.

They got our luggage out by lantern light and the soldiers took charge of us - nursed the babies and made us tea in buckets. We sat out there for over 1½ hours, much to the disgust of the mothers. Finally we were taken into the hotel (about 5 miles) in army wagons and they had managed to get a meal for us there. The hotels were all full and there was nowhere for us to sleep. Finally they got us billeted round the town (all the women having departed) but it was well after 10 p.m. before most of the mothers got their infants parked. It really was an awful day. I had a very hard bed in the bachelor quarters of the B.N.G. Trading Co. however I was so weary I'd have lain anywhere. Next day we returned to the drome about 11.30 a.m. - they served tea and sandwiches out there under a canvas sail. While we were there a couple of plane-loads arrived in - one lot came from Bulolo in our Junker and never have I seen anything so ghastly as they looked - some had to be carried out. Finally, about 2.30 p.m., we were ready to leave. The Douglas took off and we went in the Lockheed later - we passed the Douglas in mid ocean and beat it into Cairns by over ½ hour. It was a lovely trip over the ocean though very bumpy just before we landed. We were taken to a hotel and told we'd be there till Friday. There are lots of decent hotels in Cairns but we were unlucky and struck a poor one - the Railway Hotel where we were regarded as a nuisance. A special train of about 200-odd people had left Cairns on Xmas Day and they intended to wait till they collected another trainload. There were only about 70 in our party. However the hotels were booked up for Xmas and we were not wanted, so they put two carriages on to the usual morning train to Townsville. We were given an awful breakfast at 7 a.m. and left at 8 a.m. in two aged 2nd

class carriages. In our half were over 20 women and about 10 infants and one had to sit bolt upright on a hard seat for the day, jammed up with people one hoped one would never see again. Xmas dinner we had at a Railway restaurant - oily fish and lumpy potatoes - frightful and we were hot and thirsty, also filthy. However Townsville wasn't quite so bad as we got a better meal there and also I had a decent bath at the station. The Red Cross met us there and were very kind. They managed to get some sleepers and extra room for the mothers with babies. That emptied our carriage considerably and we were relieved to lose the kid who had screamed all day. We could lie down at night but it was very uncomfortable and so filthy. We had to have the windows open because of the heat and our door wouldn't shut so the soot just poured in. I spent two days and two nights in that awful carriage and by the time we reached Brisbane I felt very ill and determined to buy myself a sleeper to Sydney. However at Brisbane the Tourist people met us and took us to the Hotel Canberra where we were given rooms and had baths and a really good breakfast - mothercraft trainees took over all the babies and bathed and fed them on the roof garden. We had an early lunch and there and then left for Sydney, this time in first class sleepers - shared a sleeper with a friend who had a tiny baby. He behaved like an angel the whole trip. However as soon as we crossed the border the heat became intense until we could scarcely bear to sit on the leather seat cushions - it was 110 degrees at Casino. We had dinner at Grafton and VADs [members of a Volunteer Aid Detachment] met the train there and minded the babies. My arrival in Sydney I told you of in my last letter."

THE UECHTRITZ FAMILY – OVER 100 YEARS IN PNG

The Uechtritz family history goes back to the time of Queen Emma. Emma Forsythe Coe came to the Duke of York Islands in 1878. Realising the potential of the area, she soon sent for some of her family, in particular her sister Phoebe who had married a Danish/German botanist and scientist named Richard Parkinson. With their help, Emma established a trading empire and a large chain of plantations on the Gazelle Peninsula. Richard did the botanical work and Phoebe translated and recruited labour. At the same time Richard was involved in anthropological studies - his work, *Thirty Years in the South Seas*, was honoured by scientific bodies worldwide. Richard died in 1907 and Phoebe remained in New Britain among her friends, the Tolai, living in a little house of local materials. Despite her advanced age, she continued to earn an income by recruiting labour for the plantations. During the Japanese invasion in 1942 she was imprisoned in a small village on New Ireland where she died in 1944.

One of Richard and Phoebe's daughters married Peter Uechtritz, the son of a Prussian nobleman and an Italian countess, who had come to the Duke of York Islands to work for Hensheim & Co. Alf, one of their three sons, was born near Kokopo in 1926. At an early age Alf was sent to boarding school in Australia. His schooling was interrupted by WWII - his father, a German national, was forced to leave his plantation, Sum-Sum, and there was no more money for school fees. Alf started work as a jackeroo at the age of 14. For the next few years he worked on a country property where he developed a love of horses.

Alf's father died in 1948, and at the age of 22 Alf returned to New Britain to rehabilitate the plantation. In Rabaul he met and married Mary Lou, a teacher whose father had begun his working life as a patrol officer. Alf and Mary Lou had seven sons and three daughters.

In 1959 Alf and Mary Lou left PNG and purchased a property in Central Queensland where they raised cattle and sheep, and grew wheat, sorghum, and sunflower

with great success. It was in Gympie Qld that Alf first began to appreciate the tropical potential of Brahman cattle, and where he first read of the newly developing, fertile Markham Valley. The family returned to PNG in 1968. Alf began working as a field supervisor with the Department of Primary Industry (DPI) where his wide knowledge of farming, and of pidgin, was soon recognised. In time Alf became OIC of all the DPI training schools. The policy of DPI in the beginning was to train and encourage small holders, but eventually the Department realised that small holdings were not viable.

In early 1978 the people of Zifasing and Tararan approached Alf with the idea of starting up a cattle ranch on their undeveloped land, 20,000 acres in all. Alf, still with DPI, spent a year and a half setting up the scheme and in October 1979 the first fence post was erected. The people then asked Alf to manage the project. He gave all his time and effort to Zifasing for the next nine years. The couple retired to Australia in 1988.

In 1994 the Zifasing Cattle Ranch was handed over to the people by the Rural Development Bank. Alf was invited back for the hand-over and paid tribute to the many cowboys, drivers and fencers who had worked with him over the years. The Bank's deputy Managing Director said that the Zifasing project was the only one that had paid off its loans. The Chairman of the Ranch's Board of Directors said that Alf's contribution in the first seven, critical years had laid the foundation for the success of Zifasing.

Today Zifasing Cattle Ranch has grown to 30,000 acres with some 8,000 head of cattle. In addition, it has bought out BP's Freezer Works in Lae and is supplying all PNG with beef. It is the largest 100% nationally owned cattle project in the country.

Over the years, Mary Lou was often teacher to each of their ten children, as more often than not the family was miles from an established educational institution. She was a long-time supporter of the Girl Guides in PNG and still helps Papua New Guineans through the St Vincent de Paul Society where she is responsible for PNG affairs (drought, floods, schools etc). Alf added that anyone bearing the name Uechtritz in Australia is part of his family. Alf and Mary Lou have every reason to feel proud that their efforts to bring development to PNG are now bearing fruit in a big way..

From "Your Guide to PNG" Aug 1981, "Post-Courier" 20-5-94, and information from Alf

A SEAFARER'S TALE: Member Ben Scheelings tells the following story about Dave Donnan, a very keen yachtsman who owned the catamaran *Pussy Galore* whilst frequenting the Royal Papuan Yacht Club: "On one occasion when Dave was sailing from Samarai to Port Moresby the weather was so calm that the ocean appeared like a sheet of glass. Naturally sailing was out of the question so progress was made by using a small engine. Reminiscent of a similar story in a previous *Una Voce*, nature called, and Dave had no alternative but to expose his backside to the elements. However, as he had consumed a number of beers, he lost his footing and ended up in the water. The boat in the meantime put-putted merrily along leaving Dave in its wake wondering whether he should give chase. Very soon it disappeared from his horizon and he was left wondering what to do. However, after some time, he heard the sound of an engine coming from the opposite direction, and hoping to 'flag down' a sailor, he waited in anticipation. Soon a small boat appeared looking remarkably like his, but instead of stopping (in spite of his yelling) put-putted straight past and disappeared from his horizon. By this time, Dave realised that this was his own boat going around in circles (due to a bias in the propeller?). The next time Dave was ready and when his boat reappeared he swam like mad, caught up with it and dragged himself on board."

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THOSE MAGNIFICENT BANTAMS

Don Barnes of Mitcham SA has sent us some more photographs of BSA Bantams and their riders.

He also sent an article from the *NSW Motorcyclist* of 1 April 1955 describing a trip he and three others made from Lae to Kaiapit and return. (Prior to this, only one vehicle, a big diesel motor truck, had managed to struggle through – all movement in and out of Kaiapit was by air.) The following story of their journey is from the above article:



6.30 am - The travellers about to set out from Lae.
 L to R: Frank Shipway, Qantas engineer; Don Barnes, Govt pharmacist; Barry Strong, Qantas office; Alex Floyd, Dept of Forests

From Lae to Kaiapit is only 80 miles – but what miles! The machines selected for the trip were three Bantam BSAs and an Excelsior 98 cc. (Villiers).

The four set out from Lae at 6.30 am full of vim and vigour, with the big adventure ahead of them. The first of the big rivers was met at 8.15 am. This was the Erap River. The following 30 miles were through intense heat, over rough and desolate country which comprised a stretch of stinking bog which continued for more than a mile. After negotiating this 'mess' they were greeted by miles of 'talcum powder' dust

which soon formed a hard, baked cake over the mud on their clothing and machines.

Dust filled the air with every movement, and rapidly the enthusiasm for the adventure commenced to deteriorate, but the will to go on still predominated. They were still capable of carrying their mounts over the second river crossing and upon reaching the other side set off along the track which was covered by a couple of inches of water. An amusing incident occurred here when the leading machine suddenly disappeared in a huge hole, only the handlebars being visible above the water. All hands were soon on deck to render assistance, each with visions of dismantling the soaked machine. It looked a sorry sight when it was dragged out of the hole, shedding what appeared to be gallons of water.

To their amazement the engine started after a couple of sharp kicks, and the happy rider set off – leaving his pack behind in his excitement! These first two rivers were about waist high and fast flowing – twice, a sapling on which one of the machines was being carried across broke, but on each occasion the machine landed on one wheel, thus saving the motor from being completely submerged.

At 1.00 pm they reached the biggest river. This was the Leron, where, fortunately, there were some surprised natives to assist them in getting the machines across the fast current. Here they 'wasted' some time 'gambolling in the swift running river, and generally relaxing'.

From this point to Kaiapit was about 25 miles, the first part through tall kunai grass where the rough edges of the blades played havoc with their bare shins. Then they travelled along riverbeds, some dry, others with water. It was always rough, but the travellers welcomed the vegetation and above all the shade from the burning sun.

At 5.00 pm that day the four weary riders checked in at Kaiapit. That night the local Lutheran Missionary acted as host and a good night's sleep was fully appreciated.

The return journey: Refreshed to some extent, the riders set out early on the return journey. No time was lost on this trip by taking wrong tracks. The worst of the hazards were known, and in particular the big waterhole in the track was avoided. Overnight rain had fallen in the mountains, and about an hour was lost waiting for one of the streams to subside. By the time the Erap River was reached, the cyclists were only too pleased to be carried across the river by a tractor and trailer from a nearby farm.

It took the four riders ten hours to cover the first day's run, and nine hours on the return journey. They had packed a variety of tools and spares, also a certain amount of food and each took along one blanket, but all that was required were two spark plugs for the gallant little Excelsior.

One thing they learned was that riding a motorcycle can be mighty hard work; another, that the lightweight motorcycle will go anywhere, in any climate, and under any conditions. □ **DON BARNES**



About 1956: Chief Wizil of Chimbu on a Bantam belonging to Pastor Len Barnard, SDA Mission

JUST CHECKING UP ON THE BANKS:

Remember the days when the banks were open in PNG on a Saturday morning? I do, especially in the early 60s. I have often witnessed a seemingly poor Papua New Guinean whispering his 'haid nem', withdrawing quite often substantial sums of money in the shilling 'fuses' common in Rabaul, unrolling the 'fuse', counting the money, rerolling it, and then redepositing it, with the words to the teller, "Moni istap strait yet". Just checking up on the banks. A message for us in the present perhaps?? □ **M. R. HAYES**

PNG HISTORICAL TREKS with ROPE, PACK AND PADDLE ADVENTURES

Dick and Gail Baker have a number of trips planned for 2000 - they are probably more suitable for younger members, although the Milne Bay trek is graded Easy/Medium.

There are **four treks to the Kokoda Trail** (14 day itinerary, 9 day trek). Dates are 19 April, 24 May, 3 July and 21 August, 2000. **Three new trips** are planned for 2000:

- the Bulldog & Buisaval tracks (21 day trip, 15 day trek), departs 3 July 2000
- Mt Hagen Show, a walk to the summit of Mt Wilhelm, walk to Shaggy Ridge, walk to Madang area (21 day itinerary, 13 day trek), departs 21 August 2000
- Milne Bay, Goodenough Isle - Cultural journey, walking and using local coastal boats (19 day itinerary, 15 day trek), departs 24 May 2000.

If you would like further details please contact: Rope, Pack & Paddle Adventures, PO Box 18 Lowanna NSW 2450. Ph/Fax (02)6654 5454

MY PNG YEARS (Ctd) by Kingsley Jackson

This is the second part of Kingsley's talk to the Beaudesert CWA on 6-8-98. The first appeared in Issue No 3, Sept. 1999, page 18

1955-60 - KEREMA: Our next posting was to Kerema in the Gulf of Papua and I was immediately in serious difficulties because the Kerema people did not speak English or Pidgin at all. They spoke Motu, of which I didn't know one word! I went through six weeks of hell learning the language, and then things started to fall into place. Amazing how quickly you learn a language when you have to!

The Kerema people were a very hard crowd, rapes, murders, woundings and assaults being everyday occurrences. They loved dobbing each other in and settling scores with their enemies by taking them to court - after all, it cost nothing! Always there were great crowds under the ficus tree outside my office and I ploughed through the court cases either hearing the lesser offences or preparing papers to the Supreme Court for the serious ones. A Supreme Court Judge would arrive every few months and those cases would be heard before him. Do you know, I never once heard a Kerema admit he was guilty - and never did the Supreme Court fail to convict those people whilst they loudly proclaimed their innocence!

There were three types of people in the Gulf District, the Keremas who were Melanesian, the East Keremas who were Papuan (tall, like Daru people, they were trained by the London Missionary Society, and spread throughout the Territory working on government stations as clerks and contractors), and the Kukukukus who were pretty much untamed.

When we arrived at Kerema, the girls' boarding school was tumbledown, the hospital collapsing, the labour quarters leaking like a sieve and few roofs keeping out the nightly downpour. I embarked on a tremendous building programme and found I loved being a builder. In this I was greatly assisted by my predecessor Eric Flower who had set up a motor-driven sawmill and a pitsaw frame, and had built about eight permanent houses for married police. Most government officers developed a specialty - law, roads, mechanics - mine was building and later on water reticulation to villages, my great love. I obtained information from CSIRO on how to divert and dam streams and pipe water to villages - wonderful projects involving hundreds of village people. Great fun!

SOME THOUGHTS ON RACISM: In the last few days I have finished reading Nelson Mandela's inspiring *Long Walk to Freedom* - comparatively speaking, Papua New Guinea had it easy. From memory, racism wasn't even mentioned at our induction course before coming to PNG. We were a mixed bag of army officers and other ranks but like most troops we were totally 'colour blind', to use Nelson Mandela's expression. We

never even thought of race. However it is strange that when you are in a country for a while you absorb the outlooks and prejudices of the country.

On arriving in PNG I was most impressed by the competency of the mixed race radio operators who sent and received all messages in Morse code. For this they received a pittance, whereas a white person was paid many times as much. No-one seemed to be complaining and in a short while I accepted this as the natural order of things. You were paid in accordance with your colour. It just shows how necessary it is for people to be allowed to complain – and to be listened to.

All newcomers to PNG absorbed racial attitudes and our group was no exception. The general attitude of labour overseers, recruiters and most white bosses was that if a PNG employee jacked up you thumped him ... the only way to maintain control. I admit I was converted to this line of thinking for a time. I'm not sure, but I think my wife finally reasoned me out of it.

There was also passive racism: you never shook hands with a Papua New Guinean – and, strangely, never discussed this with other expatriates – you had to maintain your position of dominance. How silly it appears now! But perhaps you shouldn't judge by today's standards.

Probably many Headquarters people shook hands – certainly His Honour the Administrator J K Murray and Dr Gunther did. In the 50s the Administrator did a tour of Small Buka in the *Laurabada* and we reached the island of Pororan. The luluai thrust out his hand but I ignored it. J K Murray looked down and said, "Mr Jackson, your hand" and I extended my hand! Did I feel small!! We watched some people in a canoe kite-fishing with no hook on the tail of the kite, just spider's web – and an immediate catch! It came on to rain and the colour ran from my new pork-pie hat staining me and my immaculate whites brown from head to foot. Poetic justice!! I've often wondered what the PNG people thought of it.

The PNG people also influenced our attitudes. They regarded their women as the property of men – a wife was a thing, a chattel, owned by a man. Wife beating was almost universal; if a woman committed adultery the husband took her to court and he and the elders often asked the magistrate to order her to be beaten. To my shame on at least two occasions I quite illegally made such an order. I did so because I had become imbued with the PNG attitudes to their women and believed that physical punishment was the only effective remedy and that it was what the people wanted – excuses, excuses.

On the last occasion we had only been at Kerema a short while. Dear Miss Whitchurch, who was in charge of the girls' boarding school bearded me in my office and said I had done a very wrong and immoral thing. It was said with dignity and touched me deeply – so you see a gentlewoman on her own achieved a moral victory which radically softened the boss's attitudes.

Miss Whitchurch was unique. She lived with these 25 Papuan girls – her 'little rays of sunshine' – and brought them up as her daughters. Dances were held with the schoolboys every Saturday night and the old boarding school used to rock to Etei Iepo and Demo Demo Demo Dei. Many went on to marry leading Papuans. In marked contrast to the menfolk, her girls (and PNG women generally) were totally 'on side' and enthusiastic about our plans to improve village conditions. But we were such a chauvinist bunch – not one female patrol officer in our government. What a chance we lost! (Welfare and Agriculture stole a march on us!)

In all my time in PNG I never experienced discourtesy from PNG men, but felt their reluctance to adopt our ways. There was no specialisation in villages – no carpenters, no builders, no bakers, no nothing – and our attempts to set up entrepreneurs were largely unsuccessful. To be a successful businessman a Papua New Guinean had to cut himself off from traditional obligations – very few could. On the other hand, the people had had a tradition of agriculture and arboriculture (looking after trees and palms)

and had wonderful success cash-cropping copra, cocoa, coffee etc. We helped them arrange land tenure agreements to enable cash-cropping to take place.

More than reluctance, men of different races often develop hostilities – it's just natural male ego – and I believe there were signs of it in PNG.

Most cargo cults (and they occurred fairly frequently) had elements of militancy in them; these were clear indications of frustration that the whites were the haves and they were the have-nots. They may have also been the subconscious reactions of a subject people who only a few generations ago had known complete freedom.

Late in our time at Kerema I heard that a militant cargo cult was developing in Moveave – a densely populated strip of land between the Lakekamu and Tauri Rivers. Because of land shortage Torea Erekofo had built a five-storey house. When he looked in the mirror he saw God! Torea was a strange person – he was a pansy with six children and a tendency to paw people! He drew graphic pictures of the universe with Moveave at its centre, all power radiating from there. His followers believed him implicitly. The Moveave were militaristic people and were practising rifle drill with sticks with the idea of conquering Port Moresby!

The matter was serious so I sent a patrol officer down to investigate, with advice that the police carry ammunition and that the patrol officer's wife (who was pregnant) remain on the coast, because I thought a riot could easily occur. That last advice was not followed. The party (including a cadet patrol officer and six police) went to Moveave and the patrol officer commenced hearing a charge against Torea Erekofo of spreading false reports. The patrol officer's wife sat beneath the house sewing baby clothes whilst a huge crowd gathered. Voices became raised upstairs and suddenly the crowd swarmed forward crying "Kill them, kill them." The cadet patrol officer shouted "Load! Over their heads, fire." Boom! The crowd froze then took to their heels, some swimming the Tauri River in their flight. The patrol officer pursued and apprehended Torea who was later sentenced to a short term in Kerema gaol.

Civil disobedience was another indication of the latent hostility of the menfolk. There were about 100 prisoners when we arrived at Kerema, a significant number being dissidents (virtually political prisoners) having been gaoled for refusing to work on the roads, keep houses in repair and the like. At night they were locked in unlit, windowless corrugated iron barracks – perhaps materially no worse than in their villages, but they had no freedom. Every night or so they'd bash the iron walls in protest, and I suspect the police belted them into submission.

In time I got to accept that the prisoners were just people like any other, became good friends with them, and improved their conditions. A Miss Archer came from Port Moresby and taught them craftwork and I ended up flying paper planes with them! No more political prisoners and we allowed the long termers a little dignity and self-respect – put them in charge of outboard motors and sundry other things. I issued soap so they could all wash their laplaps on Sunday – they all did.

It has taken me years to admit it, but of course there was racial discrimination in PNG. We were always so much better informed and better educated than any PNG person we ever met so subconsciously and quite incorrectly we felt superior. Added to that, we were in positions of authority – and the economic gulf between the races was so great. It's hard to invite people to dinner when you know they'll be too embarrassed to invite you back, hard to invite people who regularly beat their wives! The gulfs were there, in the Gulf District!

In 1965 we arrived in Port Moresby to find no house had been reserved for us so we moved into rough old temporary quarters. I struck up friendships with half a dozen Papua New Guineans who came around most afternoons and shared our ginger beer plant with us. Race was forgotten, so it does appear that circumstances have a lot to do with discrimination.

But to return to Kerema in the 50s, I had a big change of attitude there – crossed a Rubicon. I came to realise that one person cannot run everything and delegated many of my functions to the local people – to the clerk, to the storeman, the foreman, the police sergeant and so forth. I also set up a Kerema advisory progress association of these men and their wives. We met monthly at our house and discussed sub-district plans. The ice was broken. We tried to arrange morning teas for all office staff - Judy would send down a beautiful tray of tea and homemade biscuits. After a time the PNG staff said they'd prefer to be on their own. You can't remove discrimination by a wave of the wand!

In line with elsewhere in PNG we also ran several adult education courses. Fifteen men and their wives were invited to attend these two-week courses at Kerema where a great range of topics was discussed – all aspects of living.

It was in these years that a remarkable Third World movement rather inappropriately called Community Education made quite an impact throughout PNG. The basic principle was that you did not tell village people what they needed, you listened to them and absolutely accepted the authority of the local situation. Villages put forward projects, agreed to supply the manual labour and meet half the cost and the government did the rest: rural development schemes.

It was a time of change – from the earlier methods of direct orders to the more subtle ones of “winning words to conquer willing hearts and let persuasion do the work of fear” (Longfellow). (That was on my date block.) Also “Coercion blinds the eyes and dulls the wits of authority.”

1960-64 MADANG: We had not unpacked at Madang when I visited Garagut Village where a wild cargo cult had recently caused a severe upheaval. Loren, a very devout man, had decided that Christ had died to save white people and he too must die to save his. Lagit, the leader of the cult, had a stockade built like an enclosed theatre, with a rest house straddling the wall.

He sent an invitation to Bishop Noser to attend a ceremony in which ‘he would kill a black rooster’. The Bishop duly arrived and the ceremony commenced. Lagit led Loren out by hand; Loren knelt and with one blow of a bush knife Lagit severed Loren's head. Chaos ensued. Lagit moved fast, proclaiming his ‘heroic’ deed and was not apprehended for several hours. He was later committed to a psychiatric institution.

My visit was the first since this terrible event and the people were severely traumatised. Very often the excesses of a cargo cult brought on a revulsion and finally a return to normalcy and it eventually did so in Garagut.

Yali was the nearest person in PNG to a Nelson Mandela. As a Sergeant Major during the war he organised huge numbers of PNG people. There was talk, so I believe, that when good times came again, PNG people would return to their pre-war way of life but with the added luxury of white man's trappings, for example tables and chairs etc. This was taken to be a promise. Cultish activities occurred around Yali postwar. In the mid-50s he was gaoled for seven years for statutory rape. He was released about 1962 and commenced a ‘progress’ from Angoram to Madang. I argued against banning him to the Saidor coast (a South African manoeuvre) – and was a minority of one! He was in Madang when I took over as acting District Commissioner and was called to Moresby for a conference. I was worried that he might lead a protest. I interviewed him and he said, “My time is not yet”. He had a ‘presence’ – very impressive. He was provided with transport to the Saidor coast and his influence faded.

Before moving on, I must mention the aircraft crashes. Madang with a good gravel airstrip was reputed to be the busiest airport in the Southern Hemisphere and I was involved in two rescues whilst there – one of colleagues and friends. But that was life in PNG – sometimes very stressful, but how much worse for the injured.

1966-71 PORT MORESBY: In 1965 I attended the University of Queensland where I completed the last year of an Arts Course which included a number of law

subjects. I was then transferred to Headquarters where I eventually became Principal Lands Officer with the responsibility on behalf of the Director 'to further, establish and protect all native interests in land' throughout PNG. In a typical PNG twist I was also responsible for the purchase from natives of all land required for development and had to reconcile these conflicting functions. (Better than fighting with someone else!)

In 1966 natives in the vicinity of Lae claimed that they had never been paid for that land and I was sent to Lae to investigate and report to the Public Solicitor. The matter came before the Supreme Court five years later but unfortunately my report had been lost. Nevertheless we won the case, the native owners being paid the appreciated value of the land.

About this time I received a letter from Willie Agabu and Moses Anai saying that they had formed the Nemea Association in the vicinity of Abau Island, east of Port Moresby. They gave notice that no person other than a landowner should set foot on their land. The letter was courteous enough but it rang alarm bells.

In 1969 my boss called me in and said it had been decided to appoint me District Commissioner of the Central District, Port Moresby. The stated reasons for my appointment were that I was a fluent Motu speaker and had good relations with the top echelons of the PNG community. I was to train Mr Philip Bouraga who would take over from me in a year or so's time.

As District Commissioner, I was responsible for 'the peace, order and good government' of Port Moresby and the Central District. There was a honeymoon period and I ran well with the ball for a couple of years but the Nemea Association was a nut we could not crack. It kept gaining supporters and moving ever closer to Port Moresby. Unfortunately, seventeen houses were burnt down in a coastal village – I knew nothing of it but somehow was blamed for inaction. The honeymoon was over and PNG leaders wanted a PNG District Commissioner. Reverse discrimination! The Administrator called me in, said I had done a fine job but he was transferring me to Milne Bay District, so that was that.

1972-74 MILNE BAY: After the terrible tensions of Port Moresby, the payback killings, the skirmishes between the Police and the Pacific Islands Regiment, Milne Bay was heaven. The Kwato Mission and Moral Rearmament had reinforced the integrity of a charming people.

But in this world nothing is perfect and in the Trobriand Islands a racist movement was developing. It was led by John Kasaipwalova who had done so well in the Queensland Junior Certificate examinations. He was distressed by the 'inferiority complex' his people had towards expatriates and believed his people had to challenge and best us on all occasions. The people refused to pay tax (actually rates paid to their own local government council but whites were enforcing them). A serious stand-off developed and I sent all police from Milne Bay to the area and obtained a riot squad from Port Moresby to arrest defaulters. We were in radio contact and a gun battle seemed imminent but fortunately at the last minute I refused to give the go-ahead and bloodshed was averted. Over a time Kasaipwalova and other leaders were arrested. As he walked up the steps into the courtroom Kasaipwalova pulled a revolver from a riot policeman's holster, pointed it at him and graciously returned it to him, butt first. Some nerve!

That is the end of my story. I handed over to Gabriel Buanam and to my Deputy Graham Lambden and we left for our daughter's wedding in Toronto, Canada.

In the 50s development was by District initiative, but in the late 60s when the decision for independence had been reached the initiative was taken over by the Administrator and Departmental Heads. Papua New Guinean leaders were trained and placed in senior positions and almost overnight racial discrimination became insignificant. In conclusion, I pay tribute to that dynamic and enlightened leadership.

P & O "FAIR PRINCESS" – REPORT BACK ON TRIP

The "Fair Princess" sailed from Cairns on 26 August 1999 for a ten day cruise to PNG. On board were many former PNG residents making the trip back to the islands where they spent so many years.

The first port was Rabaul in East New Britain and the stay from 7am-6pm enabled everyone to see Rabaul. There were 12 tours available and these included helicopter flights, trekking tours of Mt. Vulcan, tours of Kokopo & Bitapaka and full day game fishing excursions. Rabaul looked green and tropical from the wharf where the choir from the Uniting Church in Matupit (dressed in laplaps and white shirts and ties) sang welcoming songs in Kuanua. However away from there the devastation was incredible. Mango Avenue and the rest of the centre was a dusty windswept area inaccessible except for four-wheel drive vehicles with the former shops, offices and banks just heaps of rubbish and pumice.

The eruption of Matupit in 1994 was very discriminatory. The Chinese cemetery was not affected and all tombstones left standing while the European cemetery is completely covered with pumice and vegetation and only three graves visible. The Church of England buildings were destroyed but the Catholic Church on Malaguna Road was unscathed!! The three hotels, Hamamas, Kaivuna and Travelodge, and one boarding house, New Britain Lodge, were operating.

The New Guinea Club only had a few walls standing but the Club which has eleven members has rebuilt a small room, and a sausage sizzle was held there for ex Rabaul residents. There are only five expatriate women living in Rabaul.

Kokopo is a thriving commercial centre with a huge new Andersons Supermarket and a proposed new four-lane highway linking Kokopo and the airport at Rivien. The museum at Kokopo near the well-maintained Golf Club was very well organised with Mr Alistair Norrie as curator. The collection includes many photographs going back to German days, valuable and rare artefacts, bricks from the disastrous Marquis de Rays expedition of 1882 and two of Queen Emma's canons. There are many World War II relics and in the grounds a small zoo which houses the famous elusive crocodile from the Rabaul Orchid Park at Namanula. There are a few relics of the Rabaul Art Society in its heyday – paintings of Sir Alan Mann and Father Franke, a landscape by Ron Duncan and one panel of an original group of three by a Tolai telling the story of the growing of the first bamboo.

The Ralum Club next door was open, albeit with a security guard, and well managed, and Queen Emma's famous steps were still in good condition. A German company is considering restoring Queen Emma's old house *Ralum* and surrounding buildings in the architectural style in which Herbertshöhe (German Kokopo) was built.

Vulcan Island which erupted with Matupit in 1994 has increased its size four times and joined onto the mainland and looks like a huge moonscape. At 3pm Matupit decided to give the "Fair Princess" passengers a treat and staged a mini eruption which sent a huge cloud of pumice hundreds of feet into the air. This drifted across Rabaul rapidly because there are no trees or buildings left and settled everywhere, including the buses and cars which had to be hosed down for visibility. The ship also received a covering and the decks and handrails were covered in pumice. This eruption apparently has caused another vent in Matupit on the side of the Mother Volcano.

Talasea was the next port and passengers went ashore by tender as there was no wharf. The locals had organised a huge outdoor market selling artefacts and carvings and shell jewellery. There was a sing-sing and trips by PMV (Passenger Motor Vehicle) to see the hot springs.

Madang was a pleasant port to visit and a busy town with air conditioned banks, Post Office and pharmacies with staff in tailored uniforms. There were tours of coastal villages, harbour cruises, cultural and World War II tours. The Madang Resort Hotel was thriving with new beachfront accommodation and proposed new reception area. There is a very good artefact shop run by Mr Vic Pascoe formerly of Bougainville who is now the artist-in-residence at the Hotel. Shopping was good in Madang and faxes could be sent from the post office for half the price on the ship! In the shops purchases are placed in plastic bags and then sealed with tape (like bread) so no 'extras' can be popped in. Security guards at the exits frisk local shoppers. Noticed in the pharmacies – signs which said, "Viagra tablets are available here with a doctor's prescription."

At Milne Bay, Alotau was a busy town with efficient banks and post office. Cultural and sightseeing tours were available, also swimming and snorkelling expeditions. There is a new waterfront resort hotel with beautiful timber fittings throughout. All the furniture in reception is made from NG timber as are the huge carved posts supporting the outdoor terraces.

Samarai was a wreck of a town with old buildings and houses falling into disrepair. There was one trade store open and Mr Len Smith's waterfront jewellery shop selling Samarai pearls. There were no tours but local boats were available for trips to Kwato Mission and other islands. A tattered note on the wall of the trade store informed that the f.o.b. price of copra that week was 790 kina a tonne.

There was a small gathering of ROA one day organised by Joe Nitsche (see below) and later a Rabaul reunion where over 60 people gathered. These included Merle Wall and son Wayne, Donald McKenzie, Muriel Larner and brother, Ken McGowan, Mabel Holland, Don and Margo Clarke, Patsy Bryant and Roma Bates and son David and family, Jack and Winsome Sharp, Barry and Jean Bond, Ruth and Bill Harry, Olive Hull and son David.

One night a Remembrance Service was held on the deck at 9.30pm in perfect tropical weather in the Solomon Sea. All ex servicemen wore their medals and the crew were in dress uniforms with the chaplains on the ship officiating. The laying of a wreath took place from the stern of the ship and the Last Post and Reveille played with suitable hymns.

Because of the eruption of Matupit the day the ship was in Rabaul, subsequent calls at Rabaul were cancelled. Perhaps we were the last people to see Rabaul from a cruise ship!!

□ PAT HOPPER

P & O "FAIR PRINCESS" CRUISE – Meeting with ROAPNG members

On Saturday 28 August 1999 while cruising on the P & O "Fair Princess" Cruise 86 to Rabaul and other PNG ports, secretary Joe Nitsche called for an informal meeting of ROAPNG Inc members on board to get to know each other; he was ably assisted by committee member Pat Hopper. The following passengers were in attendance: Shirley Hendry, Margaret Lawson, Nancye Simington, Pat & Laurie le Fevre, Hugh & Jean Osborne, Stan Glyde, John & Lyn Owen-Turner, Jean & Barry Bond, Warren & Carole Squires, Ron & Vivienne Russell, Bruce Dunn, Winsome & Jack Sharp, Margo & Don Clarke, Olive Hull, Muriel Larner, Mabel Holland, Roma Bates, Mavis Nicholson, Ivor Lopes, Graham & Lisa Hamilton, Leila & Alistair Whittred, Norm & Beryl Furness, Harry & Pat Morris, Pat Weaver, Ron & Mrs Osborne, David & Lyn Bates, Bill & Maureen Yeomans, Carolyn Peterson.

A number of above non-members have since joined our ranks, and we welcome them. As a matter of interest, we will have P & O "Fair Princess" tables at the Christmas function, so 'let's cruise' once more in 1999.

□ JOE NITSCHKE

MELBOURNE CEREMONY COMMEMORATES AUSTRALIA'S FIRST VICTORY IN WORLD WAR I

Few Australians would be aware that the first Australian casualties of WWI occurred when six Australians were killed at an obscure location near Bitu Paka about 15km inland from Herbertshohe (later Kokopo) about 30km from Rabaul, the capital of German New Guinea. Although this event was obscured and eclipsed by subsequent battles and casualties in the 'Great War', it was here that Australia's 'Baptism of Fire' occurred in the first engagement in battle by the Royal Australian Navy and the Australian Army since becoming a sovereign nation.

In September 1914, the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force, raised only a few weeks before, proceeded to the Gazelle Peninsula on the northern tip of the island of New Britain, with the intention of seizing the important German radio station at Bitu Paka, and landed a large force. In the ensuing engagements with German military forces, Able Seaman W G V Williams of Northcote Victoria became the first to be mortally wounded on 11-9-1914, as was Captain B C A Pockley, a doctor of the Australian Army Medical Corps, both dying of their wounds shortly thereafter.

Also killed in action on the same day were L/Cdr C B Elwell, RN, of Wentworthville NSW, Able Seaman J E Walker (served as J Courtney) and Signalman R D Moffat, both of the RAN Reserve; and Able Seaman H W Street, RAN.

The full story of this battle is contained in Volume X of 'Australians at Rabaul', Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18.

On Saturday 11 September 1999, the 85th anniversary of the battle of Bitu Paka was commemorated at Melbourne's Shrine of Remembrance. This event, organised by the Northcote RSL Sub-Branch, was the fourth annual event. A colour party commenced the commemoration by parading from the northern forecourt, past a guard of honour, to within the Shrine.

At 11am, Mr Ron Mullinger, great nephew of Able Seaman Williams, and Mr Simon Pockley, great nephew of Captain Pockley, laid wreaths in the inner sanctum of the Shrine, and a minute silence was observed. The commemoration continued at the 'Rabaul tree' a short distance from the Shrine where, after addresses, further wreaths and floral tributes were placed. A bugle call was sounded and the ceremony concluded about 11.30am on a beautiful spring Melbourne day.

Several other descendants of those killed were also in attendance, as was a contingent from Northcote RSL, Federal Member Mr Martin Ferguson, State President of the RSL Mr Bruce Ruxton, and other interested persons – total attendance was about 70.

From Maxwell R Hayes, formerly Royal Australian Air Force, Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary, Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles.

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TRAIL OR TRACK? In the Veterans' Affairs Department newspaper *VetAffairs*, there is continual controversy as to whether the correct name is the Kokoda 'trail' or 'track'. The matter does not seem to be any closer to being resolved. Perhaps some old Territorians can help clarify the situation? □ MR HAYES

RE THE KOKODA TRAIL/TRACK, we received the following from Doug Franklin of Closeburn Qld: "In 1977, when I was 52, there was an ultimatum, jokingly given to me, 'All Principals of Popondetta Agricultural College have to walk the Kokoda Trail'. I said, 'You must be joking – not me.' But it conjured up something and I thought, yes, I will have to do it. It was not easy, carrying 25lbs in a back pack, but John Lohburger, who was the leader of eight of us, set the safe rules and pace, and we did it in 4 days 4 hours and 50 minutes."

VALE

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

Mr Max (Marcus Benjamin) ORKEN (19 September 1999, aged 88 years)

Max was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland. His family came to Australia when he was three and settled in Melbourne. Max achieved high academic results and represented his school in cricket and tennis. In 1929 he joined the Victorian State Public Service as a statistical officer.

Max first went to Port Moresby in 1938 when he was seconded to the Commonwealth geologist. While on secondment he was offered a position as patrol officer, but this he declined. In July 1940 the 2/11 Battalion AIF was formed and Max joined as an original member. He saw active service in the Middle East and then in New Guinea at Nadzab and Bougainville. He was discharged at the end of the war with the rank of lieutenant.

Max joined the PNG Provisional Administration in June 1946 initially as a clerk in HQ and then as a patrol officer in Manus, Daru, Lae and Kaiapit. In 1950-51 he attended the 2nd long course at ASOPA in Sydney, graduating as joint dux of the course. He was then posted to Rabaul to relieve the Senior Native Authorities officer dealing with the development of the Native Local Government Council Scheme. He subsequently served as ADO at Rabaul and Kokopo. From 1955 to 1958 he was the District Officer and a District Commissioner of the New Britain District.

In 1959 Max was appointed Native Lands Commissioner, Eastern Highlands and later Senior Land Titles Commissioner stationed at Goroka. His jurisdiction covered the whole of the Highlands, and the New Guinea Mainland and Islands. It was from here that he retired in 1973 having spent 27 years in PNG. Some highlights of his PNG service were;

- as Executive officer of the PNG delegation to the 3rd South Pacific Conference in Suva in 1956;
- as Executive officer to the Rule of Law Conference of the International Commission of Jurists held in Port Moresby in 1965;
- the part he played in negotiating and resolving the serious riots in Port Moresby between the Army and the Police about conditions of service that occurred in the 1960s.

With his wife and son, Max took up residence on the Sunshine Coast QLD, later moving to Sunnybank Hills, Brisbane. He kept busy in retirement. He was a very competent advocate and put his expertise to good effect by representing ex-servicemen before the Veterans' Affairs Review Board with considerable success. He was a cultured, widely read and accomplished man. He wrote book reviews and published articles. In the latter 1970s he enrolled at Griffith University as a mature aged student in the School of Humanities. He did not seek to obtain a degree. He was an expert in Australian political and social development, especially during the period of the Great Depression. He was also a gifted raconteur, with a seemingly endless fund of amusing and usually instructive yarns. Max enjoyed the comradeship of his friends, particularly at the weekly sessions at the Brisbane Irish Club where he met with his ex-PNG friends.

Max is survived by his wife Sheila, his son Jim, and his extended family.

(The foregoing is taken from obituaries by Ken Hanrahan and Doug Franklin.)

Mrs Mary Beatrice REID (29 July 1999, aged 81 years)

Mary Reid was the wife of the late George William Reid. No further details available.

Miss Lily WHITCHURCH (5 September 1999, aged 82 years)

Lily Whitchurch, an Education Officer, retired in December 1996. She was living in East Launceston TAS. Describing her work, Kingsley Jackson said: "Miss Whitchurch was unique. She lived with these 25 Papuan girls – her 'little rays of sunshine' – and brought them up as her daughters ..." (See Part 2 of Kingsley's story, "My PNG Years", in this issue for further details of his brief contact with her.) No other details available.

Brigadier Norm NICHOLLS (17 August 1999, aged 82 years)

After a distinguished career in the Australian Army spanning 30 years, Brigadier Nicholls accepted an appointment as Commissioner of Police for Papua New Guinea. He and his wife moved to Port Moresby where they remained for four years. Norm is survived by his wife Dot, three daughters and his extended family.

From *The Canberra Times* 8-10-99

Major Raymond Paul John STEVENSON MBE CSM (7 September 1999, aged 74 years)

Like many young Australians of his generation, 'Gunner' Stevenson lied about his age, enlisting in the 2nd AIF in June 1941 at the age of 16. Sent to Malaya with the 2/4th Anti Tank Regiment, he was just 17 when he became a POW. He survived the notorious Burma railway and was repatriated from Singapore in October 1945 just before he turned 21. On his 21st birthday he was presented to Lady Mountbatten, wife of the Supreme Commander.

After the war 'Gunner' Stevenson opted for a career in the Army and in 1946 was sent to Japan with the British Commonwealth Occupation Force. It is probable that the 'Gunner' nickname originated from this time, since for the remainder of his Army service, Ray Stevenson was an infantryman.

He served in the Korean War, was wounded, mentioned in despatches and promoted. From 1959-62 he was posted to Port Moresby as the Regimental Sergeant Major of the 1st Battalion, Pacific Islands Regiment, where the redoubtable Jim Norrie was commanding officer. They were a formidable pair, forming a professional and personal relationship which endured many years. Located at Taurama Barracks outside Port Moresby, 1 PIR consisted of PNG soldiers with Australian officers and senior NCOs. It was an interesting period in the history of the PIR, when the soldiers went on strike over pay and conditions. Such behaviour by soldiers was unheard of, but it is a testament to the incredible leadership skills of both Norrie and Stevenson that when the situation was finally resolved, 1 PIR's reputation was not damaged, but was considerably enhanced.

After a period at Ingleburn NSW and a tour of duty in Vietnam, 'Gunner' returned to PNG as Defence Force recruiting officer, a position he held with one brief exception until his discharge from the Army in 1979. He was in PNG at the time of Independence when Norrie was the last Australian Army commander and Colin East his Chief of Staff. After his discharge he was employed at Murray Barracks as a civilian auditor. He retired to the Gold Coast in 1985. His final years were plagued by ill health, a legacy of his captivity, which he bore stoically.

He is survived by his wife Marie, daughters Margaret and Helen and his extended family. (The foregoing is from an obituary written by Ross Eastgate, Premier's Department, Qld.)

Mr Jim COATES, (3 September 1999, aged 55 years)

After graduating from University, Jim Coates went to Wesley College to train for the ministry. Later he gave up theological studies, became a teacher and taught for seven years in Madang and Port Moresby. In 1974 he moved to Canberra where he taught in high schools for ten years. Twice he stood for the ACT Assembly. His interests covered a diverse range of topics - his last major interest was the campaign for an Australian Republic. Jim is survived by his wife Libby and children Sarea, Jessica and James. (From *The Canberra Times* 1-10-99)

Mr Alexander H SANDILANDS (June 1999, approx. 75 years)

Sandy was with OTC at Rabaul from 1961 to 1969 where he was well known and respected by the shipping fraternity. Sandy was born in Scotland. After a career at sea he arrived in Australia in 1956 and worked with OTC at Broome, Thursday Island, Perth, Hobart and Sydney. He also spent a year in the Antarctic in 1957. He is survived by his wife Betty and daughter Fiona. (Information supplied to *Garamut* by Les Harpur)

Mr Keith COLLINS-RUBY (28 May 1999)

Keith served in the Air Force in PNG during the war. He returned there at the end of 1946 and worked for Sunshine Gold which was eventually taken over by Bulolo Gold Dredging. He spent 34 years as Mine Manager. He also recruited workers for Placer Exploration Ltd. Keith is survived by his wife Valerie, four children, and his extended family. (From *Garamut*)

Mrs Margaret HOHNEN (16 August 1999)

Margaret was the wife of the late John Hohnen, Managing Director of New Guinea Goldfields in Wau from 1948-60 when the family returned to Australia. Margaret is survived by her daughter Jane and sons Giles, Mark, David and John and their families. (From *Garamut*)

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mr D. AGG	17 Bruce Road	BARMERA	S.A. 5345
Mr I. BEAN	P O Box 361	MALANDA	QLD 4885
Mr H. MacD. BODMAN	37 Norman St.	FIG TREE POCKET	QLD 4069
Mrs P. BONIWELL	28 Bedwell Crescent	BOORAGOON	WA 6154
Mrs D.M. BOURN	25 Margaret St.	ROCHEDALE	QLD 4123
Mr C. BOOTH	12 Anita Crescent	PORT MACQUARIE	NSW 2444
Mr H. BUXTON	70 Mt. Eerwah Rd.	EUMUNDI	QLD 4562
Mr P.J. CASLEY	12 Watson Drive	PENRITH	NSW 2750
Mr G. DANGAR	174 Jessie St.	ARMIDALE	NSW 2350
Mrs K. DANGAR	174 Jessie St.	ARMIDALE	NSW 2350
Mr D. DONNAN	3 Marna Rd.	MURRUMBEENA	VIC 3163
Ms J.M. FLOYD	2 Gemini Place	ORANGE	NSW 2800
Dr A.E. FOREMAN	54 Ellengowan Drive	NAKARA	NT 0810
Ms J.M. GOLLAND (FLOYD)	2 Gemini Place	ORANGE	NSW 2800
Mr W. GUTHRIE	GPO Box 12481	SUVA	FJI
Mr G.R. HAMILTON	P O Box 82	EAST MAITLAND	NSW 2323
Dr J. HOSKIN	P O Box 1995	ORANGE	NSW 2800
Mr A.K. JACKSON	85 Coolibah Rd.	JIMBOOMBA	QLD 4280
Mr N. KEENAN	P O Box 1060	BOROKO 111	P N G
Mr J.T. KINGSTON	33 Warrina Cres.	BURLEIGH WATERS	QLD 4220
Miss M.V. LAWSON	P O Box 892	CALOUNDRA	QLD 4551
Mr L. MOHR	20 Bismark Rd.	NAMBUCCA HEADS	NSW 2448
Mrs B. MULLER	PO Box 8	ALBURY	NSW 2640
Ms J. O'DRISCOLL	54 Glaisher Parade	CRONULLA	NSW 2230
Mr H.F. OSBORNE	14 Parkmore St.	BOONDALL	QLD 4034
Mr R.H. OSBORNE	31 Illowra St.	THE GAP	QLD 4061
Mrs C. PETERSON	14 Research/Warrandyte	Rd. RESEARCH	VIC 3095
Mrs C.A. SAKEY	Gundy Rd.	SCONE	NSW 2337
Mr R. SEETO	31 Whiting St.	BEACHMERE	QLD 4510
Sister Margaret SHAKESHAFT	Ebor Flats, 2/3 Sinclair	St. CROWS NEST,	NSW 2065
Mr I.T. SHORT	P O Box 3697	BOROKO 111	P N G
Mrs N.R. SIMINGTON	P O Box 128	HAWKER	ACT 2614
Mr B. & Mrs J. SWIFT	42A Adderton Rd.	TELOPEA	NSW 2117
Mr J. TOSH	32 Avocado St.	BLI BLI	QLD 4560
Mrs P.M. WALSH	5/48 Caledonian St.	BEXLEY	NSW 2207
Mr P. WHITEHOUSE	36 Wattle Rd.	FULLARTON	SA 5063
Mr. W. YEOMANS	28 London Creek Rd.	PEACHESTER	QLD 4519

MEMBERS REJOINED

Mr J.R. BLYTH	68 Edinburgh Rd.	WILLOUGHBY	NSW 2068
Mr J. DAGGE	109 Ellington St.	TARRAGINDI	QLD 4121
Mrs C. HENNESSY	25 Dareen St.	BEACON HILL	NSW 2100
Mr B. HUNT	160 Beddington Rd.	NOOSA VALLEY	QLD 4562
Mr W.C. JAMIESON	16 Old Orchard Rd.	EAST SUSSEX	U.K. BN 211
Mr W.H. MUSKENS	55 Mary St.	KILCOY	QLD 4515
Mr P.L. OAKLEY	60/3554 Main Beach Rd.	MAIN BEACH	QLD 4127
Mr K.J. ROSS	10 Roper Place	CHIFLEY	ACT 2606
Mr L.A. WILSON	17 Bentley Avenue	FORRESTVILLE	NSW 2087

CHANGES OF ADDRESS TO:

Mr W. BLISS	258 Berglund Rd.	UPPER BEACONSFIELD	VIC 3808
Mr J. & Mrs C. DOWNIE	PO Box 216	JACKSONS 133 NCD	P N G
Mr N.D. ENDACOTT	50 Highfield Ave	WARRANWOOD	VIC 3134
Mr J.R. & Mrs J.E. KLEINIG	31 Snows Rd.	STIRLING	S A 4152
Mr D.J. PARRISH, 35 Lindfield Gardens,	2 Ulmarra Pl.	EAST LINDFIELD	NSW 2070
Mr D.P. SHEEKEY	4/8 Bardwell Rd.	MOSMAN	NSW 2088
Mrs K. WILSON	P O Box 425	NORMANTON	QLD 4890
Mr E.B. YOUNG	6 Boon St.	ASHGROVE	QLD 4060

CORRECTION TO JUNE MEMBERSHIP LIST:

Mrs P. NORMAN, Madang PNG - should read Dr. P. NORMAN

LAPSED MEMBER: Mr J.S. ARMSTRONG of Hunters Hill, NSW