



Una Voce

PAPUA NEW GUINEA - INSIGHTS, EXPERIENCES, REMINISCENCES

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WISHING YOU
A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS
AND BEST WISHES FOR THE
COMING YEAR from THE
PRESIDENT & COMMITTEE

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

This will be on Sunday, December 3, at the Mandarin Club, Sydney. Full details, plus booking slip are on the separate yellow sheet. Please pay in advance. (Paying at the door inconveniences our committee members and the Club.)

Brett Hilder retrospective

There will be an exhibition at our Christmas luncheon of the art, books and life of the former well-known Burns Philp sea captain who regularly visited PNG.

PNG's silver jubilee

We will also (somewhat belatedly) be celebrating PNG's 25th Anniversary of Independence at the luncheon.

IT'S RENEWAL TIME AGAIN

Subs are due on 1 January 2001

The new rate is \$12 per annum

A renewal slip is on the separate yellow sheet. Renewing for two or more years helps reduce paperwork.

New airmail rates came into force a year ago. These are listed on the reverse of the renewal form.

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**'UNA VOCE' IS THE
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has been increased to \$12 per year to cover GST and other costs. The membership year is the calendar year. Membership application forms are available from The Secretary, ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069

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**CHRISTMAS THANKSGIVING
CELEBRATION**

The PNG Chinese Catholic Association will be holding a Christmas Thanksgiving Celebration on **10 December**. Mass will be at 11.45 am at **St Leonard's Church, cnr Merremburn & Willoughby Roads, Naremburn**, followed by **lunch and a concert**. Everyone is welcome to attend but please bring a plate. About 400 people are expected.

**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 we have decided to print them annually 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.

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HAVE YOU HEARD???

Margaret DUNLOP (née SEALE) wrote, "Thank you for sending me the last issue of *Una Voce* in which there were tributes to my mother **Heather SEALE**. The support and friendship I have been shown from my parents' New Guinea friends has been wonderful and much appreciated." We are very pleased we will not lose touch with the Seale family - Margaret is joining our Association.

Advising a change of address, Ex-Didiman **Robin ERSKINE-SMITH** added a postscript to our secretary - "I finally finished my PhD Joe!" Robin is still in Jakarta.

Ex-Kiap **Bruce DUNN**, also advising a change of address, wrote, "Have now retired back to my farm in the Sunshine Coast hinterland after 26 years in the Queensland Fire and Rescue Authority."

Dr Ken McKINNON, Director of Education in PNG from 1966-1973 and later vice-chancellor of the University of Wollongong, will become the sixth chairman of the Australian Press Council in December. The appointment is for three years. The press council was established in 1976 as a self-regulatory body for Australian newspapers and magazines at a time the press was under threat of government regulation. *SMH 19-10-2000*

Olympic note - Pat Hopper reported that **Melanie CHUNG**, daughter of Charlie and Josie Chung was a dancer in the Opening Ceremony and **Vernon CHEUNG**, son of Peter and Flavia, was in the Handball Event - the first PNG born Chinese to represent Australia in the Games.

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY: **Jim Toner** writes,

"The celebration in Darwin of the 25th anniversary of PNG Independence was a major success. Held in the sound shell of the NT University, 300 attended and heard Prime Minister Morauta's pre-recorded speech. They were entertained by Patti Doi, PNG's No 1 vocalist, brought south at some expense, also Samoan and Maori dance groups.

Two of Ansett's air routes (Darwin or Alice Springs to Cairns) have just been taken over by Flight West, the founder of which is **Sir Dennis BUCHANAN**. Those who remember that 'Junior' was running Talair from Goroka when he felt obliged to have frank and meaningful discussion with the founder of Ansett regarding rights to PNG routes may wonder what Sir Reg would have thought of that.

I was saddened to learn in the last issue of the passing of **Bob COTTLE**. I shared a donga with him when he was District Agricultural Officer, Southern Highlands and recall being lumbered with a piece of his paperwork when he went on leave. Bob had eight head of cattle wandering about the Mendi station and DASF headquarters required a quarterly 'Return of Livestock'. The old Mendi airstrip could easily be closed by rain and after a fortnight without aircraft or 'freezer' ex Lae, a quantity of fresh beef was distributed amongst station personnel.

The printed Return offered explanations for any variation in livestock numbers of which one was 'Killed for Rations'. Accordingly I gave this option a big tick. A small fit was what Mr Desmond Clancy had when he saw the form. "No, no, James," said the Acting District Commissioner. "Fell in barat; broke leg; mercifully destroyed."

As an exponent of the derisory snort Bob Cottle was in the gold medal class and this was best demonstrated when the Didiman was in debate with Kiaps. His reaction on return from leave was much looked forward to by station residents and we were not disappointed. But in the end Bob and Des, both ex-RAAF, agreed to consign the missing bulamakau to the great paddock of history.

Talking of the Southern Highlands, I see that a strong call has been made for a large slice of it to be amalgamated with a part of the Enga to create a new province to be called HELA. Stretching from Porgera through Tari down to Kutubu this would be potentially mineral and oil rich but whether PNG needs a 19th province will, of course, provoke much discussion.

Following the example of Australia and New Zealand, creation of an Order of PNG has just been approved by the Queen. Decorations will be awarded in the New Year but concurrently with Imperial honours until the latter are phased out. Recipients of Silver Jubilee medals will get them somewhat earlier - Air Niugini flew four tons of the medals from Singapore to Moresby just prior to Independence Day.

Halfway through reading Paul QUINLIVAN's account of extraordinary behaviour at Samarai (No 3/2000) I was flooded with memories. 1954 was certainly not the last time that 'Canberra' - definitely a pejorative term in TPNG and NT - posted persons unwanted there and, as we soon came to realise, of dubious mental balance, to either of the two Territories. I can vouch for that. Not that like Paul I ever had to handle so prickly a customer as a Supreme Court judge. But at least he didn't set fire to his hair like one of my problem imports.

PNG NEWS:

RESTORATION OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE GARDENS: Bet Whitten of Port Moresby wrote, "Justin Tkantchenko, the very young but extremely talented ex Curator of the Botanical Gardens, is busy restoring the Parliament House gardens plus many other projects around PNG. His creative ideas for the gardens has made a quantum leap in beautifying Port Moresby in the few short years he has been in PNG. He is turning it into the beautiful city it could and should be. He is the President of the PNG Orchid Society and, as such, active in conservation of Orchid species. PNG needs citizens of his ilk."

RESTORATION OF OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE: Old Parliament House was built in 1905 as a hospital. The National Museum now has responsibility for the building and is restoring it and creating a visual and sound display on site. Sir Julius Chan is patron of the group dedicated to restoring the building. Sir Michael Somare is also a strong supporter of efforts to protect and revitalise it. *(National, 16-8-2000)*

25th ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE - Comments in the PNG press:

The *Post-Courier* carried a front-page headline "Cleland returns" in its September 14th issue. Dame Rachel was interviewed at length. She said she had fond memories of her 27 years in PNG and "I feel I belong here." She said she believed that a bit more experience on the part of Papua New Guineans in the public service and private sector before Independence would have served the nation well. She praised the achievements of Sir Mekere Morauta in just one year.

The same issue contained an interview with Jim Sinclair - he and his wife Jan were also official guests. Jim is the author of 26 books on various topics concerning PNG. He said, "I met my wife up here and my children were all born here, so whilst I'm living in Queensland, I never really left Papua New Guinea." Jim was a district commissioner in the Eastern Highlands before Independence. *(He describes the Silver Jubilee Celebrations on page 5.)* *Post-Courier, 14-9-2000*

Another cutting contained a lovely picture of Bobby and Jean Gibbes, looking very fit and well. Bobby, one of Australia's top WWII fighter pilots, was the founder of Gibbes Sepik Airways as well as being a coffee grower and owner of the Bird of Paradise

hotel. The couple were flown to Madang by Ian Oliver.

National 14-9-2000

There was an interesting article by Malum Nalu in *The National's* 'Weekender' entitled 'Where did we fail?'. After outlining the disappointments of the past, he wrote, "Everyone has their own theory on the causes of PNG's problems over the last 25 years. Mine is that we've been too complacent, choosing to receive things rather than doing them ourselves... Each individual must do away with the apathy that has besieged him/her since Independence. ...people no longer spend time in their gardens or out at sea, but queue outside their MP's office to ask for free money and donations." The writer encouraged people to strive to free themselves from impediments which prevented them from achieving a better way of living.

The National 29-9-2000

THE SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

by Jim Sinclair

We have just returned from PNG, where we were guests of the State at the Silver Jubilee celebrations at Port Moresby, together with Dame Rachel Cleland and Tom and Susan Critchley.

It was a truly momentous event, wonderfully staged and managed. There was not one serious hitch in the arrangements, which were under the direction of the Chairman of the National Events Council, Peter Barter, who will be known to many of you. Peter came up in 1966 as a pilot for the Franciscan Mission at Aitape. He later joined Talair - Junior Buchanan's airline - and set up their travel branch, Talco. He is now the proprietor of the old Madang Hotel (recently completely overhauled) and is heavily involved in tourism. He seems to be the unofficial PNG troubleshooter.

We were flown to PNG by Air Niugini, and greeted at the airport by Peter Barter, Damien Gamiandu (Chief of State Protocol), and Foreign Affairs escort officers. Dame Rachel, the Critchleys and ourselves each had an escort officer throughout the visit. Our officer was Miss Barbara Age, and what a great job she did. These young, educated PNG women are really impressive.

Dame Rachel was of course given a tremendous reception. Although she recently had a fall and broke a hip, she refused to allow this to deter her, and kept on the go in true Rachel style right through, outstaying all of us. In fact, she is still up there as I write this, as a guest of Peter Barter's on a visit to Madang.

Tom Critchley has changed very little in appearance, although he is in his mid-80s. He got a warm welcome, too.

Moresby was hot and dry - and very windy. But it had been cleaned up for the big event and looked great.

It was a pretty full programme. In brief:-

Thursday 14 was a free day, except for a reception on HMAS *Leeuwin* that night. She is a hydrographic survey vessel, carrying on the process of mapping and charting the coastline that has been under way by the RAN since the end of the Pacific war.

Friday 15 started with an exhibition of cultural activities at Ela Beach. The highlight was undoubtedly a performance by the most amazing group of acrobats from China, who were hugely popular with the people. Then came a procession of decorated floats, very nicely done. This was followed by lunch at the Royal Papua Yacht Club, where we were entertained by a Motuan dancing group. The new Yacht Club premises were completed only a year or so ago, and are exceptionally impressive - far grander than the old Club building which is being redeveloped as office accommodation.

The State Dinner was held that evening at the newly refurbished Parkroyal Hotel (the old Travelodge), hosted by the Governor-General H.E. Sir Silas Atopare (from Kabiufa in the Eastern Highlands). It was on an appropriately grand scale, and just about everyone who was anything was there. I have never before seen so many medals.

Jan and I were overwhelmed by the warmth and friendliness of our welcome. Time and again politicians and national leaders went out of their way to assure us that they have not forgotten the Australians who served in PNG before Independence.

Saturday 16 began with the raising of the Flag on Independence Hill behind Parliament House, just after dawn. This was a tricky business. The flag was a huge one, and the wind was very powerful. But the flag unfurled absolutely perfectly while a soloist backed by a choir of schoolchildren sang the national anthem. It was an emotional experience.

Then it was off to the Sir John Guise Stadium for the "Nation on Parade". Hundreds of school children, the Constabulary Band, detachments of Defence Force personnel and police, Scouts and Guides, sing-sing groups and so on, all beautifully turned out and drilled to perfection. The flag lowering followed, and then they turned loose 10,000 balloons. The wind pushed them along like projectiles and there were yells and screams from the thousands of spectators in the Stadium.

That evening there was a reception at the National Parliament hosted by the PM, Sir Mekere Morauta. Again very impressive, and all speakers emphasised the debt that PNG owes to Australia.

Sunday 17 started with a combined church service, and ended with a reception hosted by the Australian High Commissioner, Nicholas Warner. We were up at dawn on Monday morning to catch the 6.45am Air Niugini flight back to Brisbane.

The whole thing was beautifully done, a credit to all concerned.

We all know that PNG has lots of problems. And the national leaders don't try to deny it. They admit that things have not gone as well as they should have. There appears to be a genuine realisation that PNG is at the crossroads. Time and again leaders acknowledged that in the first 25 years of Independence, the ordinary people in the villages have been the losers - as they have been.

Of course, a silver jubilee is a time when speeches, optimism and well-intentioned promises can be expected, but there really does seem to be a process of self-examination going on in PNG. If the Prime Minister, Sir Mekere Morauta, can hang on to power long enough then some fundamental changes are going to be made in the way PNG is governed. It won't be easy. He has only been in Parliament for three years or so, and hasn't had the time to build up the power base that some other leaders have constructed, and he may be fundamentally too decent to force through the changes that will have to come if the nation is to survive, let alone prosper.

Time will tell.

SYDNEY EVENT celebrating the 25TH Anniversary of Independence: a Thanksgiving Mass was held at St. Leonard's Catholic Church, Naremburn, Sydney on Saturday 16 September 2000. The celebrants were Rev. Fr. Bernard Kaleh MSC, Fr. R.C. Mitchell MSC and Fr. Frank Dineen MSC. Speeches were made by Fr. Kalek, Mr Daniel Luke, President of the Sydney PNG Wantok Club and Mr Harry West.

Bible readings were made by Gregory Corner, Vice President of the Wantok Club, and Helen Yun, Vice President of the PNG Chinese Catholic Association. Prayers of the Faithful were read by Pamela Foley. A special choir for the occasion included Joe Nitsche. Afterwards a sumptuous 'cup tea' was held in the church hall. □ **Pat Hopper**

THE CLOUD OF DEATH: Mount Lamington, 21 January 1951

by Hank Nelson

On Monday 22 January 1951 the residents of Port Moresby woke to find gritty pumice dust heavy in the air. Visibility was so poor that those who normally looked from Tuaguba and Paga out to the reef and the Coral Sea could not even see the other side of the harbour. All surfaces were covered with grey sand that drifted inches thick. People did not know where the dust came from and what catastrophe it had left behind until Clem Searle from Awala plantation managed to set up his transmitter in the bush and for the rest of the day send messages to Port Moresby. It was then that the rest of the world began to learn that just after 10.30 am on Sunday 21 January Mount Lamington had exploded: the accumulated reports revealed the greatest natural disaster to have occurred on Australian administered territory. It was Tuesday before the first plane, carrying Ivan Champion, Director of District Services, and medical staff, could land at Popondetta.

As there were no known local legends of volcanic ash showering the area, it was generally thought that Mount Lamington had long been dormant. But in December 1950 its rumblings sent unease through the district. On Tuesday 16 January the detonations increased and smoke belched out. On Thursday more clouds of black smoke surged from Lamington and rolled towards Higaturu, and streams of what looked like hot sands flowed down the sides of the mountain. On Friday night the whole area was lit by a dazzling lightning display, flashes even seemed to be emerging from the peak. On Saturday the subterranean violence was sending greater tremors through the area and a giant plume of smoke rose above Lamington.

Responding to calls for assurance, the Acting Administrator, Justice F.B. (Monty) Phillips and others circled Lamington in an aircraft on the Friday. With their knowledge of Rabaul and other volcanic areas the Administration officers decided that there should be no immediate evacuation of the area. The officers thought that the already active volcano was dissipating the built-up pressure, and there was no reason to assume that this pattern would change. It was not an unreasonable conclusion.

Government officers and Anglican missionaries stayed at their stations and went about their ordinary tasks to set examples of normalcy. At early church services on Sunday preachers told their congregations that there was as yet no cause for alarm.

Just after 10.30 am Mount Lamington exploded, shattering one side of the mountain and releasing a cloud of searing gas and grit. It was a known but rare and lethal form of volcanic explosion. Over sixty square miles were devastated. The line between the desolated area and still green jungle and kunai was marked: it looked strangely like the hot cloud had not gradually lost force but had suddenly stopped. Father Robert Porter at Isivita left his house, walked a few yards across green grass and looked at a desert of pumice dust. Most people in the vulnerable area had attempted to flee. Those at Higaturu station and at Ademba village had been caught on the station and village boundaries on the side furthest from Mount Lamington. Dr John Gunther, the Director of Public Health, said that 'The Medical Officer, his wife and child were in the Jeep with their Native servant. The ignition was still on.' From the impact on plastics and other objects it was calculated that the temperature of the cloud six miles from the volcano was still 200° centigrade. Death for nearly all those caught by the hot gas, blast and dust was instantaneous. The new steel-framed hospital at Higaturu looked as if it had been 'crushed by some giant steamroller'. Thirty patients and the staff were all killed.

The first attempts to help the burnt were dependent on the people and the few resources in the area. Impeded by the smoke and dust that reduced visibility, Australians

and Papuans did what they could for the living, and began digging the first graves. Through Sunday night Sister Nancy Elliott walked twenty miles from Gona to arrive early on Monday and set to work. By Tuesday the rescue teams from the rest of the Territory were arriving. Popondetta was developed as the centre of operations, and three refugee camps were set up at Wairopi, Cape Killerton and Inonda. Patients were given morphia, blood plasma and temporary dressings and flown as quickly as possible to Port Moresby and Lae.

Medical Assistant Bert Speer remembered: 'Not many burn cases survived, and those that did were mainly scarred on the back and shoulders. The main ones that I treated had dived into a river or creek and their backs were all burnt. ... Whenever rains occurred up on the mountains hot ash and clouds of steam would wash down. This would leave a layer of ash which would be up to two or three hundred degrees underneath the crust. People would just walk into it unknowingly and burn their feet ...

It was like a moon landscape. Higaturu station was grey, desolate, hot. When I went up there the heat was intense. ... Later on the stench from decomposing bodies was terrible. These were sad scenes and terrible to witness.'

Through the early days of the rescue, tremors and explosions continued, and there was every chance that a second and greater explosion would occur. Everyone entering the area was at risk. Vulcanologist, G.A.M. 'Tony' Taylor, flew over or walked deep into the danger area nearly every day to monitor activity. At times he spent the night at the foot of the mountain. The citation for his George Cross praised his repeated disregard for personal safety and his frequent warnings to rehabilitation parties endangered by minor eruptions in places that 'he so fearlessly entered himself'. A total of fourteen awards of various levels were made to the aid workers that moved into the disaster area.

Gradually the terrible costs were known. About 3500 people had died. The Sangara peoples, in particular, had suffered high losses. Thousands more were evacuated, and often these were people grieving over the loss of family and friends. The thirty-five Europeans who were killed included senior members of the administration such as Cecil Cowley, the District Commissioner, and W.R. 'Dickie' Humphries, the Director of Labour. Rescuers were greatly distressed by the deaths of administration and mission families. Margaret de Bibra, the principal of Martyrs Memorial School, died close to the graves of Mavis Parkinson and May Hayman who had been killed in the war. It was a reminder that the Mount Lamington disaster had fallen across peoples only just recovering from the turmoil of war.

Dr John Gunther ended his official report: 'In retrospect, many things stand out clearly. The horribleness of the devastation of a beautiful, quiet Station, now so filled with death. The bravery of those few people who lived on the edge of the affected area and did so much, in the face of further explosions, to rescue and aid the injured. The steadfastness of the Administration Officers, Missionaries and others in the face of impending danger, who stood by their posts and gave their lives to calm an excited population. The ability of the Administration, Commonwealth Government officials, the general public, air-transport companies and many others, suddenly to meet, as a team, an extreme situation and afterwards to know that everything was done that could be or had to be done.'

It was a fine tribute. The speed, extent and efficiency of the response did much to restore the confidence of the surviving peoples.

THE MEMOIRS OF AMY WASHINGTON (Continued)

(This second section of Amy's memoirs covers the first few years of the 20th century.)

Dad joined us not long after, for leave. He had received word that he was to be transferred from Port Moresby and was given the choice of Cape Nelson, which was situated at Milne Bay, or Daru, an island at the entrance to the Fly River, on the South Western coast of Papua. Cape Nelson was an isolated place where the boat called infrequently, and so would be a worry with a young family. The only other choice was Daru, which was a very unhealthy, fever ridden place, but it was within short sailing distance of Thursday Island, where a doctor was stationed. Also the pearling luggers called there regularly with mail and supplies, so our next home was decided on and Dad left to take up his position as Assistant Resident Magistrate, Sub-Collector of Customs and Postmaster at Daru. It was Mother really, who had the responsibility of rearing the family and arranging for their education. My father was forced to spend long periods away on patrols, taking the census, investigating tribal wars, hearing court cases and dealing with all matters in his particular area.

When things were in readiness in Daru Dad sent word for us to join him. Mother with her five children and the new baby Muriel Kathleen, travelled to Thursday Island by the *Cintra*, a coastal steamer. My father arrived next day from Daru in the *Toawara*, a small sailing ship used by the Resident Magistrate of the Western Division and his assistant. Because of the dangerous reefs and uncharted waters, we only travelled during the day, and the first night anchored off Yam Island. When travelling by sailing ship in Papua, it was essential to anchor quite a distance off shore to escape the mosquitoes which descended in clouds at dusk. The *Toawara* had a small cabin which served as a galley, so we slept on the hatch, wrapped in blankets - Moresby and the baby on pillows beside Mother. Late on the second afternoon we sighted land. It seemed like a low continuous line of mangroves at first, but later separated into the island of Bobo and Daru. The clear water changed into the muddy water swept out from the Fly River. We proceeded cautiously as there were no navigational markers defining the passage. A somewhat dejected group made its way ashore. The island was surrounded by mud-flats and forbidding mangrove forests. We slept the night in the Customs House which had been reserved for our family. There were, including our family, 18 Europeans on Daru. There were only six dwellings of any substance: the gaol, Mr Luff's trade store, Messrs Minshull and Maidment's trade store, the Resident Magistrate's house occupied by Mr and Mrs Jiear and their little girl Nancy, the mission house of the London Missionary Society (LMS) and the Customs House where we lived.

Mr and Mrs Baxter-Reilly were in charge of the LMS school and as Mrs Baxter-Reilly was a qualified teacher, they had established a school for about 50 of the native children. Mother approached them about Herb and I attending, and they were delighted to have us. The policy of the Society was to accept food in lieu of school fees, so an arrangement was reached for our tuition to be paid for in coconuts - thirty per month, per child. We were Catholics, but as the native children would think it strange if we did not join in their prayers and hymns, Mother was more than happy for us to do this. We learnt to speak the native language, Kiwai, very quickly and especially loved to sing the hymns with the children. In the playground we would join in all the native dances and soon could perform them almost as well as the local children.

One of Dad's first tasks was to overcome the problem of getting ashore at low tide over the exposed mud-flats. Even at high water, heavy cargo could not be landed other than by means of whaleboat or dinghy. Even lightweight goods or passengers had to be carried over the mud on the natives' backs. This was overcome by the construction of a

lengthy causeway running from the shore to the deep water channel, laboriously constructed by the prisoners out of natural stone quarried locally. From the old photographs I have, it appears to be a quarter of a mile long. I believe it is still in existence.

We were very fortunate in having the pearling luggers, schooners and mission boats calling in with supplies of food (tinned of course), and flour, sugar etc. Mother never failed to augment our supplies with whatever local foods we could obtain. The staple food of the Delta natives was sago, and the native women brought it in large bundles, wrapped in the leaf of the sago palm. After lengthy preparation it was used for puddings, custards, dumplings etc. Dad constructed a fish-trap and several times a week we would bring back parrot fish and bream and huge fish with the most delectable flesh which I now know as Barramundi, but then we had no special name for them. It has been discovered that the Fly is an important spawning ground for the fish.

When the Torres Strait pigeons migrated in their thousands, Dad would take us in the whaleboat with his crew to shoot a couple of dozen. We would only shoot as many as we needed as there was no way of keeping perishables in those days. We would make a picnic out of it and take our lunch. As we rowed home we would pass over the reef and catch some crayfish - these were always welcome to supplement the food supply. The natives who worked on the island would often go out to hunt dugong and turtle. When they were successful they brought a gift of the flesh to Sinabada Symons. I was not partial to dugong, but roasted it was quite edible, tasting like pork. The turtle meat was floured and fried. This we enjoyed, but it had a rather disturbing habit of maintaining a nervous twitch long after it was butchered. This, according to native belief, continued till after sunset.

Rosa, my eldest sister, held a clinic each morning for the wives, children and sick natives on the station. The Rev. Baxter-Reilly noticed her interest in medicine and showed her what he used on various ulcers and cuts. New Guinea ulcers were frightful things and were treated with a mixture of sulphur powder and boracic. In the twenties, when I returned to Papua, we used diluted Milton with great success.

Malaria was the worst enemy of the Delta, both natives and Europeans suffered greatly from it. It was carried by the mosquitoes which bred amongst the mangroves and mudflats and in those days there was no preventative medicine. There was no doctor or nurse on Daru, but the Rev. Baxter-Reilly had had some medical training before leaving England and was very kind and helpful to us. I have seen him arrive after a long walk in the teeming rain to attend a member of the family who was ill. The worst times were when the whole family was stricken with malaria at the same time, which happened on quite a number of occasions. His treatment was Warberg Tincture tablets which had to be taken with brandy.

Another missionary couple I remember visiting Daru were Mr and Mrs Butcher. Mr Butcher later wrote a very interesting book about his work amongst the natives. The *John Williams*, the LMS boat, called into Daru and Mrs Butcher spent a part of the day at our home. She had a little baby girl of about three months of age. She allowed me to sit with her in the bedroom while she fed the baby and afterwards gave the little thing to me to nurse. Her name was Phyllis, and I was to learn afterwards she died at the mission station of malaria.

The annual report states that only eight children lived west of Port Moresby in 1906. Six of these were members of our family. The fear of illness and the dread of death was always with us. A mother always expected that she would lose one or perhaps two of her babies. When a child was ill on the isolated stations, we had no-one to send for. We would use the remedies we knew and hope that God in His goodness would cure and

preserve them.

I was my father's favourite. In Daru he often went on short trips to the mouth of the Fly or several miles up the huge river, and I often accompanied him. The Fly was a great wide, muddy, swiftly flowing river, sixty miles wide at the mouth which was marked by a large mud-bank. My father, with his boys, had marked a course over the deepest part. Stakes driven into the mud had been used to mark a channel up river to avoid grounding. High tide was the only time it was possible to enter and the stakes were clearly visible then. The natives named this passage Tora Pass. Mrs Jear was the first white woman to venture up the Fly and I was the first white child.

On one occasion the whole family came on the *Toawara* for an outing. We anchored off two villages and Dad rowed over in the dinghy with his boys, dressed as always in their blue serge with red trim, to investigate some incident which had been reported. As we sat on the deck the crew drew our attention to crocodiles basking in the sun on the bank. After a time they would slip silently into the muddy river, hardly causing a ripple. Before Dad returned we had counted over 108, ranging in size from 3 ft to approximately 14 ft in length. Many natives were attacked and eaten by crocodiles. The women were easy prey when they went to wash or fill their water containers. The native dogs always accompanied them, and people were always reporting a crocodile attack and their dog being carried off.

In the government stations, individual officers carried out many different functions. In Daru my father was Collector of Customs, Assistant Resident Magistrate and Gaoler. The gaol at Daru was reserved for natives who had committed very serious offences such as murder and were sent from all parts of British New Guinea. Daru was an island and because of its isolation was difficult for anyone to escape from.

There was only one European prisoner there. His name was O'Meara - he was a miner who had murdered his partner. He was termed to be 'criminally insane', and was to be imprisoned for life - that is, the term of his natural life. The native prisoners wore white ramis, overprinted with a broad black arrow. The white prisoner wore royal blue dungaree shirt and trousers and a red and white spotted bandanna around his neck.

It must have been a dreadful existence for a man. The daily inspection my father made was the only time he spoke to anyone. My mother was often concerned for him, and on several occasions my father took her over on his daily inspection to converse with him. Also, twice or three times a week, when the bread was baked, the warder was told to report to the kitchen and Tess would send fresh bread across to him.

Normally compliant, he was capable of unexpected outbursts of violence. My mother always had fears for my father's safety. Those fears proved to be well grounded as one day during inspection, completely without provocation, Mr O'Meara suddenly attacked Dad with a cosh which he had cunningly fashioned by knotting a heavy glass bottle stopper into one corner of his bandanna, the other corner tied to his wrist. Only swift reaction saved Dad from having his skull fractured, and it took the combined effort of my father and a native warder to subdue him. His Excellency Captain Barton made mention of it in his annual report:

"The *Merry England* left Kairuku on the 24th and arrived at Daru on the 25th May 1907. Only a short stay was made there as it appeared that a white prisoner, at the time a confinee in Daru Gaol, had made what might have proved a serious attack on Mr Symons, the Assistant Resident Magistrate and Gaoler. The prisoner, Mr O'Meara by name, had in 1903 been acquitted of a charge of murder on the ground of insanity; since then he has been getting violent, but was not evidently dangerous. It was impossible to keep such a man at Daru where there was at the time only one Government Officer, and it was hoped that perhaps the Queensland Government would be willing to receive him in one of the

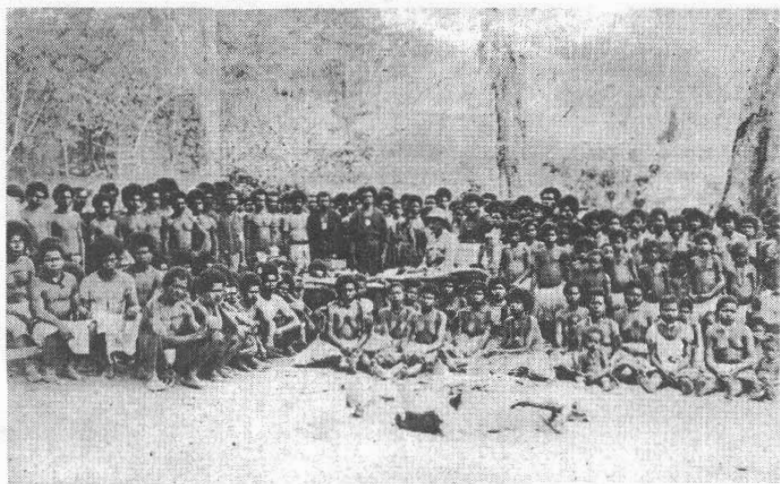
State asylums, the Government of Papua paying the costs of transfer and of maintenance."

However it was impossible to induce the Australian Government to receive Mr O'Meara who consequently was taken back in the *Merrie England* to Papua and lodged in the Port Moresby gaol until an opportunity arose of transferring him to Samarai.

Patrols from Daru inevitably involved the use of the *Toawara*. When I accompanied father on patrol he would never allow me to leave the ship unless he knew the natives of the village he was inspecting. There was always an escort of police boys with us. The people who lived on the Fly and inland villages were very primitive and did not trust white men. Cannibalism was still practised. The different tribes fought amongst themselves and always ate their enemies.

The most treasured possession was the human skull and these were kept in the ceremonial houses. Dad told us there were hundreds of these gruesome objects displayed there. When any disturbances, fights or murders were reported, a party of police led by the Resident Magistrate or his Assistant was sent out immediately to investigate.

On one particular occasion, Dad was investigating reports of tribal warfare, but as he knew the people well, he had no fear for my safety. On reaching the village, Dad followed his usual practice of immediately setting up an open air court. His bench was a folding trestle table and his stationery, documents and cash were kept in a large tin deed box which had separate compartments. The whole village would assemble in front of his table whilst his police escort and interpreter would stand behind him during the proceedings.



Court proceedings on the banks of the Fly River, 1904 with
Assistant Resident Magistrate Alexander Symons

When the case was completed he sent the dinghy back to the ship for me. As we neared the bank, the village women assembled, talking excitedly and pointing towards the boat. Dad explained that they had never seen a white child before and I was to act in a friendly manner. Even if I felt a little apprehensive I was, under no circumstances, to show it. I was dressed in a print dress, with white pinafore, tucked and embroidered, buttoned boots and long black ribbed stockings. My hair was braided in one long plait and

I wore my mushroom hat lined with ruched muslin.

A police boy lifted me ashore and the women surrounded me immediately, pointing at my clothing and talking and giggling amongst themselves. They were all dressed in the usual short grass skirt with a split at each side and wore necklaces of dogs' teeth, shells and beads. Their hands were none too clean and they began to poke my arms and touch my face, all the time firing questions at the interpreter. Suddenly their eyes fastened on my black stockings, and their voices rose shrilly as they asked the interpreter for an explanation. 'Roll down your stockings, my girl', said my father. When I eventually, and with much embarrassment, rolled down my stockings, the women screamed and ran into the undergrowth. They thought I had two lots of skin, the black on top, which I could roll down to show the white underneath!

Curiosity got the better of their fears and they recommenced their investigations. They were amazed at my clothing, even - to my horror - lifting my frock to see what I wore underneath. They marvelled at my blue eyes. They then demanded to see my hair and indignantly I turned to Dad. One look was enough, so once again I reluctantly obeyed and, undoing my plaits, I let my hair fall freely. The cries now were all of admiration and they began to run around me, slapping their stomachs in a sign of appreciation. They became very brave and began to touch and pull at it. It was all too much for me and I began to cry. However I was forced to endure it until they were completely satisfied and then Dad allowed me to return to the boat, which I was more than anxious to do.

I have fond memories of Sir Hubert Murray. He was a tall thin man with a gentle manner. Whenever the *Merrie England* called at Daru he always visited our home and shared a meal with us. There were few children in Western Papua and as he came to the door he always said, 'Where is my little Daru girl?' When I returned to Papua in the early twenties he was still in residence in Government House. I had need to ask his advice on several occasions and he was always so kind and helpful.

Rev James Chalmers - 'Tamate'

Although the skulls of the murdered missionaries, Chalmers and Mr Tomkins were recovered by Sir George Le Hunt and Captain Barton respectively, no trace had ever been found of the rest of their remains. Many of their relatives and friends were concerned about this but, however great the regret that may have been felt at the thought that the bones of these brave men should lie scattered about some cannibal village, the task of collecting them had been looked upon as hopeless.

On one of his patrols, my father's interpreter told him that a native man had disclosed that he knew the bones were still in the village of Dopima and indicated that he and several of the elders knew where they were. Dad, on returning to Daru, immediately reported to the Resident Magistrate and very soon afterwards a party arrived from Port Moresby in the *Merrie England*. This included Sir Hubert Murray, the acting Private Secretary and Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, *The London Times'* correspondent, who was on a visit to Papua.

She came to our home for morning tea. She was dressed in a white blouse, navy serge divided skirt, long leather boots and a white helmet. She admired an ornament in the lounge room - a large pearl shell, hinged and opened enough to see the pearl blister inside, with a piece of red coral still attached to the outside of the upper shell. Mother presented it to her as a memento of her visit to Daru. Miss Grimshaw was to return to Papua and take up residence in Port Moresby, in a house she had built near Rouna Falls. She wrote many books, specialising in novels, having their background in the South Seas.

The following is an extract from the Annual Report of Papua New Guinea 1907-08 written by Sir Hubert Murray:

"At noon on the 3rd February, we left Daru for the island of Goaribari and anchored off

the village of Dopima. Great excitement prevailed on shore at the appearance of the steamer, and the women and children were seen running along the beach, and making the rest of their way in canoes up the creek which runs past the village from the interior of the island. One of the armed native constabulary who could speak the language of the island called out to the fugitives telling them not to be afraid and that our mission was a peaceful one, and after a time first one and then another canoe, each containing one man, put out from the shore and approached the ship. The first arrivals being rewarded with presents of tobacco and Turkey Red, others gradually plucked up courage and by one o'clock half a dozen single canoes had arrived and the stampede to the bush seemed to have abated. At half past one, Mr Symons, assistant resident magistrate, Western Division and myself went on shore with a crew of the Daru police, and at once went up to the Dubu-Maimu (men's house) - a large building, 190 yards long, situated near the bank of the creek. At our approach, the panic-stricken dash for the bush recommenced, but Mr Symons and myself, passing as quickly as we could through the big house and on to the bank of the creek, succeeded after a few minutes in allaying the fears of the runaways. Happily the distribution of a few presents persuaded them our intentions were not hostile, and they soon became as calm as the nervous and suspicious disposition of these absolutely uncivilised people ever allows them to be. A little way back from the centre of the beach are the platforms on which the dead are exposed. Four bodies were seen in various stages of putrefaction, and the presence of several other platforms, in a state of greater or less dilapidation, showed that this was the usual place for the exposure of the dead. We were told that the custom was to leave the bodies on the platform until they were reduced to skeletons, then to take the heads into the dwelling houses and to bury the rest in a large mound which was pointed out to us close by. From the number of skulls that were seen it was evident that inter-tribal fights are of common occurrence and there can be no doubt that cannibalism is an ordinary practice, but at present nothing can be done to put a stop to this beyond remonstrances and exhortations, which cease to be effective as soon as the smoke of the *Merrie England* has faded away on the horizon."

On the morning of the 14th February, it was suggested by one of the natives of the neighbouring village of Turotere, that if they remained a little time, he might be able to get the remains, so Sir Hubert gave orders to postpone the departure of the *M.E.* and the party returned to shore.

The extract from the Annual Report continues:

"On entering the big house, a bundle was brought in, wrapped up in matting. I opened it and found it contained bones, which from the size, appeared to us to be the bones of an European. We then questioned the chief as to where the rest of the bones were and we were taken to the mound, near the place where the bodies were exposed, which had been pointed out to us the day before, and were informed that the bones of the white men were buried in a particular part. Shovels were sent for, and a number of bones disinterred and placed with the others. The whole were sent to Thursday Island for examination by the Government Medical Officer, who certified that all the bones with one exception were human, that they formed portions of the skeletons of three men, two European and one man of dark race, and that one of the Europeans suffered during life from a tubercular trouble. It appears that the Rev. Tomkins suffered from a tubercular complaint, so that it would appear probable that the remains are, as represented by the natives, those of the martyr missionaries." The remains of the missionaries were brought to Daru for burial. The police were formed into a guard of honour and a procession of Government officials walked slowly from the landing stage to the London Missionary Society Church. One of the mission boys carried the box containing the bones, which was covered in white calico. Mother had dressed us all in our best and we stood in a group outside our house as the

procession passed by, bowing our heads in respect for the two brave men. The burial service was conducted by the Rev. A.N. Johnson, Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. Mr Dauncey, the Rev. Mr Butcher and the Rev. Baxter-Reilly assisted him.

My father's term of office in Daru was expiring in 1908 and he was anxious for news of his transfer. This was always awaited with trepidation, as British New Guinea was still very primitive, government stations few, and many hundreds of miles separated them. Transport was by sailing ship or small steamers. European schools were non-existent. Also, one was particularly fortunate to be posted to a government station where a medical practitioner was in residence. With a large family such as ours, it was a time of stress for our parents until we knew where our next home would be. My father's time of leave in Australia was due and as the *Merrie England* was going to Brisbane for her routine overhaul, arrangements were made for her to call and collect us from Daru. Mother wrote to Mrs Hunter, wife of the captain of the *Merrie England*, and she procured a rented house for us in Earl Street, Red Hill, Brisbane.

In 1908, while on leave in Brisbane, Dad was informed he had been appointed as Resident Magistrate, South Eastern Division. His headquarters would be at Kulumadau, on Woodlark Island. He sailed on the Burns Philp Steamship *Madambo* and arrived at Bonagai on 23rd October 1907 to take up his appointment and make a home for us all.

Mother was expecting again, and arrangements were made for a midwife to attend. The baby was born in the house in Earl Street. It was a little girl. She was named Ena, after Queen Ena of Spain, whom mother admired greatly. Mother was lying in the bed with the dear little thing beside her and she handed the baby to me and said, "You are old enough, Amy, to take care of her. She will be your responsibility." It had always been the custom in our family to give one of the older children charge of the baby when it was born. I was so proud to think I was old enough to be given the responsibility. It was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to me, and from that day I was completely devoted to her. (To be concluded in next issue)

BOSANGAT'S STORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SOCIETY

(This is a story which Geoff Melrose's much-loved Bosangat told him - see 'Bosangat' in the September 2000 issue, page 14.)

"There was once a man - the only man - standing on a headland. He was holding a piece of *diwai* (wood) in his hands and looking at the *solwara* (sea) and wondered why he was the only man. He looked into the sky and saw a bird which kept flying down to him and then away again. The bird wanted him to follow it. It led him down and around the beach and over the next headland. On the next beach there was a strange man. He had *susus* (breasts). He gave this other one his piece of *diwai* and she looked at it for a long time:

Together they built a house and had many children, and they had many children and they had many children and there was not enough room for them all. So, many looked for more room for their houses. Some even went on the *solwara* and swam or canoed to other places. Some went very far to where there was not much sun so they stayed pale, while we who stayed where there was much sun turned dark."

I was about six or seven when he told me this. In answer to my question as to why there were children, he simply stated, "He was a man, but the one with *susus* was a woman and they always have babies." To my question "Why did he have the *diwai*?", his answer was "It was his message for the other one." Childish curiosity was satisfied with this.

IMPRESSIONS OF KIMBE, GOROKA AND KEREMA

by John Howard

John Howard is a member of an AusAID group at present working in PNG. He spent most of August conducting week-long training sessions in different centres. The aim of the project is to help communities plan for the education of their children and maintain their schools. John sent the following impressions of the areas he visited:

KIMBE - Kimbe had a relaxed air about it, certainly compared to Port Moresby and Lae. I stayed at a new hotel beside the San Remo Club which had rusa deer roaming around the grounds. The shopping areas of town were very crowded and no sign of the poverty evident in Port Moresby. In some parts of West New Britain, at least, people are able to make an income from palm oil and timber royalties. On a Sunday afternoon I drove east of Hoskins towards Bialla. I was surprised at so much activity in the villages - football matches, people watching ARL on the television at a technical school, a couple of parties etc. The road was in excellent condition but one had to drive slowly because of the numbers of people out for a Sunday promenade. Until this visit to West New Britain I had not known that there was a road across the island. Subject to road conditions it is possible to drive from Talasea to Gasmata. Most of the road was constructed by a timber company for logging purposes. It links up with the road along the north coast which goes from Talasea to Ulaamona.

GOROKA - I was paying my second visit to Goroka since my return. One of the first things I saw reminded me of the Goroka of old: an expatriate walking down to the airport with their luggage! In fact one of the things that sticks in mind was expatriates walking around, an uncommon sight in Port Moresby. I myself walked back from the National Sports Institute to the Bird of Paradise, reaction of the locals suggesting that it was nothing out of the ordinary. I was told missions are one of the biggest businesses in town. Certainly the bistro at the Bird at lunchtime seemed to be full of New Tribes people. (New Tribes also had a big base in Hoskins.) We conducted training at the National Sports Institute in a building of river stone and cement similar to buildings in the old showground. I asked what the building had previously been used for and was told it had been the Girl Guides Hall.

KEREMA - It was my first visit to Kerema. Everything in town has a very dilapidated appearance. The hotel no longer operates and the only accommodation in town is the Catholic Mission guesthouse. There are only two medium size stores in town, one Chinese owned, the other owned by some absentee businessmen. Ilakaraeta School is very run down and our project will be helping it. The wharf is no longer used - the area around it is silted up. In any case, a local court has awarded ownership of the area to a local clan. When a barge unloads cargo on the shore a fee is paid to the 'landowners'. The former district commissioner's residence still stands on the hill overlooking the 'town square' - it had been condemned but a school inspector purchased it and has made repairs. The provincial government has recently had some planners up from Cairns and they propose to make Kerema like Kuranda! We went for some walks through villages and along the beach and people are very friendly. There would be less than half a dozen non-Papua New Guineans in the town now. There is a good market here and we went back to Moresby loaded with mud crabs, betel nut and sago for friends and colleagues.

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BLOGG FAMILY RETURNS TO PNG

by Judith Blogg

At first everything was unfamiliar and Mt. Hagen bore little resemblance to the town I had known 20 years before. But after two days, when I became better oriented, remnants from the past emerged. There was the DC's house, the primary school which our boys attended, the Council Chambers from where I ran the Mt Hagen Post Courier office and, further out, the old high school where I had taught.

The avocado tree we planted over the grave of our boxer, Puddenhead, was a flourishing 20 feet high and surely there could be no greater monument to a dog than this evidence of health and well-being in a town that seemed sorely lacking in both. The house we built in Hagen was still standing, neglected looking. The town streetscape was a conglomeration of ugly, box-like buildings among which were a few business names we had known all those years before. On the corner, opposite the first purpose-built Hagen Country Club, which my father designed, a security guard patrolled outside the bank with a bored-looking Alsatian while inside guards clutched batons. We easily identified the sites of the Hagen Park Motel and the Hotel but they were hidden behind high, featureless fences.

The urgent need for security measures, especially the high fences around residences most of which were ragged, corrugated iron affairs topped with razor wire, highlighted the level of lawlessness. The forlorn buildings, the mindlessly strewn rubbish and heavily pot-holed roads lent a derelict, forsaken air and the people wandered along the roads in their thousands, apparently aimlessly. We had expected deterioration, but not this. Only the market, still in the same place but bigger and, unlike the rest of the town, better, showed real signs of life, even if one of these signs was the apprehension of a thief by a group of young townsfolk.

Despite this, George Leahy, our host, demonstrated that the heart of this town still beat strongly, all manner of enterprises taking place behind the barred windows and security gates, his own Oilmin Field Services one of them. And stretching away from Mt Hagen are the highland valleys as beautiful as ever. High on the range above Mt Hagen, on the way to Dan Leahy's Kuta where the townspeople do not congregate, is a superb native material tourist hostel with magnificent gardens and a fabulous view and no high fence or razor wire to be seen.

George is a realist. He knows there is opportunity in Mt. Hagen and has learned to live according to the cut of the Mt. Hagen cloth. We called his house Fort Knox, with its great, high, concrete-rendered fence set with outward jutting, barbed spikes. Behind it, and indeed in George's company, we felt absolutely secure and immeasurably grateful

for his support. We could not have done what we set out to do without him.

We arrived in Hagen on July 2, 2000 and the next day set off for the Nebilyer Valley and Alimp where Barry had created, and for 21 years owned and managed, Verona Coffee Estates. The group included George at the wheel and my sons Christopher and Julian, Julian's wife Julie, and myself. And there was the box holding Barry's cremated remains that we were bringing back to the place he never really wanted to leave. There was one omission in our little family and that was Christopher's wife, Lee, who was not with us because their new baby was only a few weeks old. In the back of the car were two of George's children who were in Hagen for the Brisbane school holidays. They have wonderful Irish names in memory of their proud heritage.

In a second 4 x 4, also donated for the day by George, was an employee of builder Jim Gilsenan and the equipment he needed to install a plaque I had brought with me. With him was Mar, a member of the Board of Management now in charge of the Alimp plantation. It was reassuring to have Mar with us.

Again, everything was different yet the same. What had been a dirt track with numerous bridges had become sealed for much of the way and the bridges had been replaced by culverts. Timber bridge-decking to the local people had become synonymous with keeping warm in the cold highlands nights. But the hills and bends were the same and the pot-holes in the tar just as plentiful as in the dirt. The sealing stopped beyond Joe Leahy's place and from then on, stretches of the road had broken down completely. The beautiful Nebilyer Valley and the great, forested ranges flanking it were barely visible along much of this track where, in the absence of kiaps, tall grasses had grown almost to the wheel ruts. It seemed incomprehensible that I had regularly driven a station wagon over this road with two children on board.

The mighty Trug gorge, where the rocky road dropped sharply to a Bailey bridge and the river raged far beneath, were all exactly as I remembered. Soon after we had climbed up the other side from the bridge, Joe Leahy caught up with us. Bloggs had been Joe's neighbours and I suddenly felt tears stinging as we stopped to say "hi". And so a convoy of three vehicles descended on the little hamlet of Alimp. In 20 years three trade stores, now quite dilapidated, had been added to the scene and a large concrete monument beneath which was buried Nintepa, a local bigman. The people there now wore grubby European clothes instead of the traditional bilum and pulpul. That was all, except that the plantation was gradually becoming overgrown and the coffee trees slowly declining. Not the way Barry left them. Still it seemed to be intact and productive, which is more than we had dared hope.

The welcome was overwhelming. There were hugs and pats and tears and hand-wringing and the locals remembered Christopher and Julian's names though they weren't sure who was who. I was still Missus. Since it was clear that we needed their approval, the people of Alimp had known we were coming, thanks to George and Joe, and the reason for it. Nevertheless a "discussion" was essential during which Joe, speaking fluently in the local dialect, reiterated that we were bringing Barry back to bury him. The elders said this made them very happy and wanted him buried next to Nintepa which pleased me as they had prepared a *ples matmat* for their leader and were likely to care for it.

To me, the smell, the heat, the pressing crowd and the grimy hands reaching for ours were incredibly familiar and it was as though I had never left. I wondered how Julie was coping as she had never been in the country before. But there was a good deal of truth in Julian's observation that the event was something she could not witness anywhere else in the world and would happily put up with any discomfort for what it gave to the uniqueness of the occasion. They are both called Jules, which is difficult, especially as

I'm mostly Jude.

Barry died in 1997 and it was Christopher's suggestion that we bring his ashes back to Alimp in 2000. I don't know why he said 2000 but we all approved the idea and the timing and, as the grave was dug at Alimp and the soil trodden down, we knew we had done the right thing. In fact, Barry would have got a huge kick out of what went on at Alimp that day and I certainly found it infinitely more significant than the Melbourne service we gave him.

Being PNG, it seemed perfectly normal when we discovered that no one had remembered to drill holes in the plaque to match those in its stand. I could almost hear Barry's comments at that discovery and I couldn't help smiling. George took command of that situation, too. We lowered out little cask into the hole along with coffee beans from the Alimp trees, forgetting until later that Barry really would have appreciated a nip or two of rum to go with the coffee.

So we left Alimp for the second time, amid urgings from the people that we, or at least the boys, should return to help them. Their needs were so obvious and their expectations of what independence would bring so unfulfilled that it made me very sad. I know Christopher and Julian, deeply touched by the events of that day, would like to have said yes, they would return. But it was not something that could be promised.

The other part of this epic journey of historic interest to Bloggs was a visit to Madang which we made because Christoph was anxious to see the Lutheran Mission station, Yagaum, where he was born. Jules was to have been born there too but at the last minute that happened in Australia because, for medical reasons of his own, the Yagaum surgeon was sent south at the critical time. As it turned out, Jules may have been relieved at my enforced change of plan.

The old building in which so many expatriate women from the highlands had their babies in the early '60s, was falling down. The operating theatre, with twisted overhead lights still dangling from the ceiling, was minus most of its fibro walls and puddles lay on the concrete floor. But at Yagaum there are also weary-looking newer buildings and, in them, one man, a charming Madagascan doctor, runs a health centre under the most formidable constraints.

Although Madang displays fewer overt signs of the lawlessness we saw in Mt. Hagen and later in Lae, even in that tropical paradise there was evidence to show the breakdown of an infrastructure, deprived of money and foresight. I was fearful that Yagaum might be symptomatic of the people's PNG today. Run down, no money, no forward planning and not much hope for the future. The tragedy of what is happening is the greater because the country is so rich and so very beautiful.

The people seem to have been overwhelmed by events since we left, to the point of apathy. It has made them vulnerable and easy prey for the corrupt and those who spend the nation's money on things like buying votes. But now there is a glimmer of hope. As George Leahy said, Sir Mekere Morauta is a prime minister of the right calibre, with the interests of the people at heart and the strength of character to try and turn things around. It is to be hoped he will get the support he needs to make his enlightened policies work.

HELP WANTED: Des Pike of Moil, NT, wrote - "Would any member who has a spare **Papuan Village Constable's badge** for sale or exchange, please contact me. What I am after is one of those round aluminium badges that were handed out to village leaders in the days prior to the introduction of Local Government Councils. Am prepared to pay any reasonable amount for one of these, or would exchange it for a Tul-tul's badge, if anyone was interested." Please contact Des at 12 Thompson Crescent MOIL NT 0810, or e-mail: despike@optusnet.com.au or phone 08 8927 3706

TRAVEL IN PNG

Peter BARTER, a/Chairman of the PNG Tourism Promotion Authority (TPA), advises that the TPA is now releasing Travel Advisories to the media and foreign governments in an effort to disseminate accurate information about travel in PNG. Following is a copy of a recent issue:

TRAVEL ADVISORY - PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Papua New Guinea remains a safe destination to visit providing visitors follow basic advice provided by the PNG Tourism Promotion Authority.

CAUTIONARY ADVICE - There has been some crime in Port Moresby and parts of the Highlands. The Kokoda Trail remains closed until further notice due to demands being made by landowners on the Government. The Oro Provincial Government has also stated that until the land issues are resolved, visitors are not welcome in the Oro Province. Since the closure, tour operators selling the Kokoda Trail have successfully operated treks to other areas of PNG. *(It is hoped that the landowner problem will be resolved in the near future, and Kokoda Trail and Oro Province is re-opened to tourists.)*

Visitors intending to dive or cruise islands or Sepik River should not be concerned over the security. All diving locations in PNG remain very safe and security is excellent at hotels in Madang, Rabaul, Kavieng, Alotau, Wewak, Lorengau and aboard live-aboard dive vessels.

Trekking in most regions of PNG is safe, but visitors are reminded to use reputable tour operators.

It is recommended that tourists visiting PNG book all arrangements with reputable tour operators and travel agents.

In Port Moresby and some townships in the Highlands tourists should not walk around by themselves after dark. Hotels remain very safe and a source of immediate area local information.

The regional instability in Fiji, Indonesia and Solomon Islands has NOT affected PNG.

The PNG provinces of East New Britain, Milne Bay, West New Britain, Manus, New Ireland, Sandaun, Madang, Morobe, Gulf, Simbu, Eastern Highlands, Enga, Western Highlands all remain quite safe.

ACCOMMODATION - PNG offers fine hotels, resorts and village lodges all offering excellent accommodation. In addition, live-aboard dive vessels are available in Milne Bay, Madang, East New Britain, New Ireland, West New Britain offering superb diving. A small expeditionary cruise vessel operates schedule cruises along the Sepik River and to the Trobriand Islands. New hotels have opened at Kimbe, Lae, Rabaul, Mt Hagen and Alotau. Guest Houses are opening in all major centres of PNG offering comfortable inexpensive accommodation.

MEDICAL - Visitors to PNG should consult their doctors to obtain the appropriate anti-malarial suppressants and dosage. Malaria is endemic throughout most parts of PNG but this should not deter visitors providing they have taken the precaution of taking anti-malarial medication. Water in most parts of PNG is quite good, but if in doubt, purchase bottled water which is readily available, or boil. In all major townships there are private doctors and a hospital that can provide visitors medical attention, and Medivac

organisations that can provide fast jet ambulance services to North Queensland in an emergency. Well stocked Pharmacies are available in all major townships of PNG. A decompression chamber is available in Port Moresby in the event of a diving accident.

Like many other developing countries, HIV/Aids is becoming a major problem and visitors should be aware of its prevalence in larger urban areas.

COMMUNICATION - PNG has a modern telephone system but it is sometimes disrupted due to failures of repeater stations. ISD/STD dialing is possible throughout PNG. The country code is 675. Satellite telephone systems are now becoming widespread in remote regions of PNG along with television and other communication technology. Internet is available but tends to be slow and sometimes unreliable.

BANKING - In most major townships banks are available. Major banks in PNG include the Papua New Guinea Banking Corporation, Westpac, ANZ, Bank of South Pacific, Maybank, Bank of Hawaii. The best exchange rates can be obtained from banks and there are bank exchange facilities at the airport in Port Moresby.

The currency in PNG is the Kina made up of 100 units called toea. Exchange rates vary from day to day. Currency exchange is possible at most major hotels.

TRANSPORTATION - Travel within PNG is by Air Niugini, the National Airline, plus a number of smaller commuter airlines including MBA, Airlink, Island Airways all of whom have a good safety record. In addition to airlines and charter operators in recent years a number of fast ferries have been introduced providing inexpensive travel between major centres such as Rabaul, Kimbe, Lae, Madang, Wewak. The Highlands Highway runs from Lae into all Highland Provinces but visitors should practise caution in utilising public motor transportation (PMV vehicles) which can be uncomfortable and dangerous. Whilst most major towns have feeder roads, very few of the major centres are connected by road. There are no trains in Papua New Guinea. Visitors should practise some caution in using public motor transportation. Rental cars are available in all major centres throughout PNG.

PNG is served internationally by both Qantas operating between Australian ports and Port Moresby and also by Air Niugini who operate international flights from Brisbane, Cairns, Singapore, Manila, Honiara to Port Moresby and from Cairns to Port Moresby and Lae. Aircraft used are B767, Airbus 321, F28-4000 series. Air Niugini recently announced they have signed up with the Qantas Frequent Flyer program.

FESTIVALS - The Goroka, Mt Hagen, Enga, Wewak, Morobe, Hiri Moale and Madang shows will all be held in 2001 - dates to be confirmed.

For further details, contact the PNG Tourism Promotion Authority in Japan or Port Moresby or the nearest PNG Mission.

Peter Barter OBE, A/Chairman, PNG Tourism Promotion Authority
2nd Fl. Pacific Insurance Haus, Champion Parade,
PO Box 1291, Port Moresby, NCD
PAPUA NEW GUINEA
Tel: (675) 320 0211 Fax: (675) 320 0223
Email: tourismpng@dg.com.pg [Http://www.paradiselive.org.pg](http://www.paradiselive.org.pg)

NOTE: Regarding safety issues, **Peter Barter** wrote, "It would be foolish for us to suggest there are no crime problems in PNG. It is equally irresponsible for anyone to state that Papua New Guinea is not safe to visit. Providing basic precautions are taken, visitors to PNG will enjoy their visit without any problems. Avoid areas of known danger, visit areas which are stated safe and accept local advice when given; most of all, treat the people as you would like to be treated, the results are quite spontaneous."

Peter added, "Please convey to all, Christmas greetings from myself and the PNG Tourism Promotion Authority and we look forward to your members revisiting PNG."

A CLOSE SHAVE

by Bill Guest

During 1952 it was decided that the Pacific Islands Regiment would establish an outstation at Vanimo. Myself, with a warrant officer and captain from Northern Command in charge, together with six Pacific Islands Regiment soldiers and a dozen Army engineers sailed from Wewak in the good ship *Thetis* under command of Don Henderson, disembarking at Vanimo on 28 November, thus creating another page in the history of Papua New Guinea.

All went well, but I was out of luck whilst engaged in a softball match and was flown out to Wewak Hospital with a fractured right toe. This was quickly dealt with by Dr Roth and his staff, and I found myself with a plaster cast stretching from toe to knee. I was well looked after in Wewak, and especially enjoyed film nights in the old Sepik Club where any breakdown during the showing would result in a dive for the bar.

After about a week, Dr Roth told me that the following morning the flying doctor (John McInerney) was going to Vanimo in his Auster and I would accompany him. It was a beautiful dawn as we took off, and John was in good humour whistling some ditty as we followed the coastline. Suddenly he yelled out "Look below", pointing down towards the sea. He put the aircraft in a deep dive and, looking down there, floating on top of the water was the biggest puk puk (crocodile) I had ever seen. Just when I expected my Army career to come to a sudden end, John pulled out and back up to our flying height. He shouted "Must be at least twenty feet!". A bit further on there was a repeat of the action. This time I found myself staring at a giant manta ray, likewise floating on the water. John pointed ahead and called out "Aitape". I looked forward and saw a large church with a sizeable white cross on top. There were three figures standing outside waving. Down we went again, and John yelled out through his side "Good Morning gentlemen!" Up we went again, and shortly after landed at Vanimo.

About six weeks after that, Graham Taylor (kiap), told me that the flying doctor was coming in the following morning and I could go back with him to have the plaster removed. Next morning in he came (after sending the engineers flying for safety when he buzzed the strip) and I dutifully went down with my haversack for the return to Wewak.

Shortly, down the road leading to the haus kiap, came Graham, George Wearne and Ian Skinner, accompanied by John McInerney. Graham said to me, "Sorry Bill, but these two have to get back to Wewak in a hurry. John will be back this afternoon and you can go then." I thanked him and returned to my place of work. I heard the engine start up, and then go into a roar as it took off from the Wewak end. I heard nothing more, and then the voice of Mick Casey (our 2IC) calling "Hurry Bill, McInerney has gone in!" I clambered into the Jeep and we raced up the strip and looked out into the water. There we saw a few canoes around a spot about 100 yds out, one of which had towed a large coconut tree log behind it. The log was brought back to the shore with George and Ian

clinging to it. Father Raymond Quirk from the Mission had arrived at this time and commenced diving (in his underpants) to try and reach the sunken plane. Later we found out that when the plane was boarded, Ian Skinner got into the luggage compartment behind the pilot and George Wearne was in the left-hand seat. Evidently John had turned to buzz the strip, with insufficient height, and side-slipped into the water. George fell out the side and Ian suffered deep leg wounds as he was thrown through the aircraft roof. Of the pilot there was no sign.

The Army engineers produced a very thick rope, and one of the divers managed to fasten one end to the plane's undercarriage. The police boys went into the native hospital and came back with the entire nursing staff plus those patients who could lend a hand, and with much verbal encouragement dragged the Auster onto the water's edge. There was a deep dent in the instrument panel where the pilot's head must have struck. Gibbes Sepik Airways arrived in force, with Bobby Gibbes, Peter Manser and Pat O'Toole, and although they searched the water they could not locate the unfortunate pilot. However his body was washed up at either Mushu or Iako village a couple of days later; it was obvious he had suffered a severe head injury. Somehow John must have got his door open just before the impact.

I have often thought how fortunate I was at that time, because I would have had no hope of survival with my leg in the heavy cast.

THE OLYMPIC TORCH AT THE KOKODA TRACK MEMORIAL WALKWAY

The Olympic Torch, after travelling throughout Australia, made a spectacular appearance at the Kokoda Track Memorial Walkway on Thursday 14 September 2000. It was due at 5.56 a.m. so when Albert Speer and myself decided to go at the invitation of Ms Alice Kang, Honorary Secretary of the Walkway, it was an early start. However a booked taxi for 4 a.m. took us there via Ryde with no traffic on the road. We were met by be-medalled RSL members with invitations for free coffee and tea or a sausage sandwich. The whole area was lit up, bristling with TV cameras and crew. Seating was provided for the memorial service preceding the torch's arrival. It was a splendid morning - quite warm and a glorious full moon over the Parramatta River. The Dawn Service with Mr Rusty Priest A.M. as M.C. was conducted with the help of the NSW Corrective Services Band, The Sydney Town Chorus, Melinda Edwell, Simon Militans, pipes and drums of the Royal NSW Regiment, National Servicemen's Association of Australia, Illawarra & NSW Branches, and Concord Council. There was a wreath-laying ceremony and the Last Post by a bugler, Lament by a piper and the Reveille by a bugler. At the end of the service a large basket of white doves was opened and they (reluctantly) flew off.

We were all invited to line the Walkway and we joined Judy and Kila Karo (PNG Consul-General) there. The torch was lit in the car park by Mr Priest and then carried by four veterans who were: Don Oughtred who spent 13 weeks fighting at Gona and then went to the Aitape-Wewak campaign, Ron Cashman who fought in the Korean war, Eddie Wright who fought in the Korean war and the Malayan emergency and John Keenan who fought in Vietnam. It was very exciting to be so close to the torch - we really could have touched it. Afterwards there was more coffee and breakfast. A shuttle bus ran regularly to Concord RSL where a full breakfast was available. It was all very well organised and made for a memorable occasion for the 2000 Olympics.

□ Pat Hopper

PARALYMPIC NOTE - Freddie Kaad carried the Paralympic Torch along Miller St, Nth Sydney. A smiling Freddie received a wonderful welcome from the crowds, and was prominent on ABC TV News that night. We hope to have a photo in the next issue.

MORE PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE ARCHIVES from DON BARNES

Don Barnes of Mitcham SA (previously a European Medical Assistant) has sent a further 24 photographs for the archives, taken between 1944 and 1969. Below are some of them.



Taken at Voco Point, Lae, about 1960. Don wrote, "The builders of this vessel were rightly proud of their work and painted the name of their village, KAPA KAPA, in large black letters on its side." The vessel's superstructure is built onto a double canoe - you can just pick out the canoe hulls on either side of the slats at the rear of the vessel.



The Barnes Family about to depart Morobe for 'Zaka', 1949 (taken with box camera)

Don wrote, "Our only neighbours were a German missionary family, Lutheran - Rev. L. Goetzelmann, his wife and two small daughters. The mission station was near the mouth of the Waria River. To visit was by canoe for about an hour, and then about three-quarters of an hour's climb up to the mission station, 'Zaka'. We had Christmas 1949 with the Goetzelmann family and later they visited us and baptised our baby son, Ray. Up a river just off the right hand edge was an American motor torpedo-boat base."

Please give this Membership Application Form to anyone who might be interested in joining. Current members please use the Renewal Form located below the luncheon booking form in this insert.

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC.

(Incorporated in New South Wales)

ABN 35 027 362 171



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

I, the undersigned, support and subscribe to the objectives of the Retired Officers' Association of Papua New Guinea as detailed on the reverse of this application form and hereby apply for membership of the Association. My personal details are as follows:

Full Name (Please Print)	Title (Please circle) (Mr, Mrs, Ms, Miss, Dr,)
------------------------------------	---

Mailing Address (Please print)	Residential Address (if different to Mailing Address)
.....
.....
.....
..... Post Code Post Code

Telephone	Facsimile	Mobile	E-mail
Home / AH			
Work			

Membership Type (Please 'tick' appropriate box - see over)	Member (PNG Superannuant)	Associate

Details of PNG Residence or Interest: (attach additional sheet if necessary)	Year of Arrival	Year of Departure
.....		
.....		
Position(s) / Occupation(s) / Award(s) held:	
Current Occupation and / or Interest:	

The following information will assist your Executive in the administration of the Association.
(You are assured that the information provided will be kept strictly confidential)

Date of Birth: / / **Spouse/Partner's Full Name:**

Children(s) Names:

The Annual Subscription is \$12 per calendar year and future years can be paid in advance.

Year 2001 @ \$12 \$.....

..... years @ \$12 \$.....

Airmail postage
if applicable \$.....

(see over)

AMOUNT

ENCLOSED \$.....

(Cheque or Money Order)

Please return completed form to -

The Secretary,
ROAPNG, Inc
PO Box 452
ROSEVILLE NSW 2069

Signature

.... / /
Date

The Objects of the Association

- (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 co-operate 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.

Definitions

Member (Superannuant) - A retired officer or widow or dependant of a deceased officer entitled to pension as a result of the officer's previous service in the Public Service of Papua New Guinea.

Associate Member - A former (or current) resident of Papua New Guinea or other person subscribing to the objects of the Association.

In Touch With Old Friends

ROAPNG has been established since 1952. Originally its main task was to oversee the superannuation entitlements of retired PNG officers and their dependants. While our responsibilities to our superannuant members continue as always, ROAPNG has taken on a wider role in recent years. The Association has expanded its activities to create a network that provides a friendly contact point for any person who has ever lived or worked in Papua New Guinea. Indeed, persons who have a positive interest in PNG have also been invited to apply for membership even if they have not lived in PNG.

ROAPNG is primarily a social organisation with more than 1200 members. The Association keeps in touch with its members, their partners, children and friends through its Journal - "*Una Voce*" which is published four times a year. This Journal is read with interest by 3000 or more readers.

"*Una Voce*" publishes tales of old PNG days, current news from former colleagues who now live in all parts of Australia and overseas, items of interest, information on PNG reunions anywhere in Australia as well as obituaries. The membership list, circulated annually with "*Una Voce*", enables members to keep in touch with each other.

Organisation and management of ROAPNG's activities are undertaken on an honorary basis by several members who give much of their time in "keeping the show on the road". ROAPNG in Sydney has a caring committee that maintains contact with members who are old, ill or need assistance. There are two lunches in Sydney each year and similar gatherings are promoted in other parts of Australia.

We invite you to join us ...

International Postal Charges - Delivery of the "Una Voce" Journal

Australia Post International postal charges (all items are sent by airmail) are as follows -

Asia/Pacific region - \$2 per issue or \$8 per year

Rest of the World - \$3 per issue or \$12 per year

Overseas members should increase their membership subscriptions by the above amount and remit the total (subscription plus postage) by bank draft in Australian dollars to avoid imposition of Australian bank charges.

THE ASSOCIATION'S 2000 CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON
SUNDAY 3 DECEMBER at 11.45 am for 1.00 pm
at THE MANDARIN CLUB - Cnr. Pitt and Goulburn Streets, Sydney

Cost: \$24.00 per head including GST - a banquet style meal will be served. Drinks at Club prices: Beer \$7.50 per jug, \$2.70-\$2.80 per can/ Wine \$8.10 per carafe, \$2.70 glass/ Soft drink \$6.40 per jug. 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 \$7.00 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 1 December (Ph 9876 6178/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:

(Annual subscription now \$12.00)

My luncheon payment	\$24.00
* My luncheon guest(s)	\$.....
* 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 \$12 per year (overseas members please see reverse side of this sheet for 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)
Post to The Secretary, ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CHARGES - DELIVERY OF THE *UNA VOCE* JOURNAL

Australia Post International postal charges (all items are sent by airmail) are as follows:

Asia/Pacific region - \$2 per issue or \$8 per year

Rest of the World - \$3 per issue or \$12 per year

Overseas members should increase their membership subscriptions by the above amount and remit the total (subscription plus postage) by bank draft in Australian dollars to avoid imposition of Australian bank charges.



Voco Point, Lae (undated) The Hotel Cecil buildings are at bottom right hand of picture. Buildings on water's edge, centre, are a sawmill.



Abel Tasman approaching Cape Killerton, Northern District, Oct 1963

Don wrote, "The lad sitting on the railing is our son Terry, aged 11. The *Abel Tasman* is wooden and was owned and skippered by Jim Donald. It was made of Huon pine with tall masts, that is until somebody cut off several feet. The last time I saw it, it had settled on the bottom at Finschhafen with only a few feet of masts above water." Don thinks the small structure on the left with a drum of water on its roof was the toilet and the small structure opposite could have been the galley.

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

PAPUA NEW GUINEA People, politics and history since 1975 by Sean Dorney

To mark the 25th anniversary of PNG independence, ABC correspondent Sean Dorney has updated and thoroughly revised his highly-acclaimed portrait of Australia's nearest neighbour, and included material gathered for the ABC-TV documentary series 'Paradise Imperfect'. Brisbane based Sean Dorney is Radio Australia's South Pacific correspondent. *The Age* wrote, "This is the best book on Papua New Guinea politics to appear since independence." Available from **Pacific Book House**, 17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters, Qld 4218, Ph 07 5539 0446, Fax 07 5538 4114. \$34.95 incl. GST plus \$8.05 postage within Australia.

TERRITORY KIDS - A Memoir by Genevieve Rogers

Genevieve Rogers will be signing copies of her book, *Territory Kids - A Memoir*, at the Irish Club, 171-175 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane (opp. Hilton Hotel) from 11 am to 1.00 pm. on **Saturday 18 November**. Books will be on sale - \$39-60. Lunch and drinks will be available at the Irish Club (Club prices apply). Full details about the book were given in the previous issue of *Una Voce* (No. 3/Sept 2000), p.30.

MASTAMAK - The Land Surveyors of Papua New Guinea by James Sinclair

This book will be published soon. It focuses on the land surveyors of PNG from the late 19th century to independence in 1975 and covers their work as cadastral, geodetic, topographic engineering and mining surveyors. The work of surveyors in exploration, and in search of oil and minerals, will be an important aspect of the book.

The book is the Millennium Project of the Association of Surveyors of PNG. The technical committee supervising publication comprises Graham Matheson, ex-Surveyor-General of PNG and Mick Larmer and Fred Pratt, both of whom are long-time surveyors in PNG. The book will be issued in a very high quality edition of 1,000 copies, 500 of them leather-bound, gold blocked, numbered and signed by the author. It will be profusely illustrated with maps and photographs. Standard edition - \$89-95, deluxe edition \$249-95 plus p&p (Aust. GST and PNG VAT to be added where applicable).

If interested in reserving a copy, please contact **Pacific Book House**, 17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters, Qld 4218, Ph 07 5539 0446, Fax 07 5538 4114.

THE EVACUATION FROM SALAMAUA by Bert Rowe

This 'mini-book' will be reviewed in our March 2000 issue. Bert Rowe, a young Guinea Airways employee, kept a diary of his experiences from the first Japanese bombing raid on Salamaua on 21 January 1942 and the subsequent evacuation on the 23rd, until his arrival in Adelaide on 25 February 1942. It is an extraordinary story, vividly described, but factual. Bert wrote it especially for the Australian War Memorial in 1995 when the 50th anniversary of the ending of WWII was being celebrated. Several libraries have copies including the Australian National Library. Bert took photographs of the Salamaua aerodrome when the last white women and children from mainland New Guinea were being flown out to Australia. We hope to include at least one photograph with the review. David Marsh, the reviewer, said that great credit is due to Bert Rowe for this remarkable work, and added that if anyone would like to read it, he was sure Bert Speer would lend them a copy (it was Bert Speer who arranged for it to be reviewed in *Una Voce*).

YOURS SINCERELY, TOM - A lost child of the Empire by Margaret L. Henderson

The author, Margaret Henderson (née Simpson) was born in 1941 in Kavieng and was evacuated to Australia with her mother early in WWII. She is a teacher with broad experience in a wide variety of public and private schools in Australia and overseas.

The author wrote, "After my mother died in 1992, I found an old dust covered leather kit bag on top of a wardrobe in her bedroom. In it I found a cache of old letters and photographs. The letters were dated in the 1930s and very early 1940s. They were handwritten often in pencil on lined yellowing paper and there seemed to be hundreds of them. They were invariably signed 'Yours sincerely, Tom'. My father was Tom Simpson and I realised that the letters were from him to my mother, Nellie."

This unexpected find allowed her to uncover the mystery surrounding her father who died in 1942 when she was less than a year old. Until that time she had only the vaguest idea of her father's life. Using these letters and written records of the time, she has been able to piece together his short and tragic life.

She found that Tom Simpson was born in London in 1908; was orphaned in 1918; came to South Australia as a Barwell Boy in 1924; went to PNG as a missionary in 1936 and was killed by the Japanese in 1942. The book documents life in post WWI London, the Barwell Boy scheme and Simpson's mistreatment as a farm worker in the Mallee; the petty church bureaucracy at the time; life in PNG in the late 1930s and the lack of institutional and government preparedness for the Japanese invasion.

In a letter to the author, Professor Hank Nelson of the Division of Pacific and Asian History at the ANU wrote, "You have written with clarity and just the right balance of private intimacy and public disclosure. I was absorbed by the story - strangely more compelling because we know the outcome. I was surprised about how much you had been able to regather about your father's early life. And that life was a personal triumph - so few lives can have been made in such isolation from the support of family or other benefactors. He made himself." Tom's letters, now permanently preserved in the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau at the Australian National University, provide a valuable insight into life in New Guinea during the pre-war period.

167 pp, quality paper, photos, soft cover. Available from the author at 11 Fourth Road, Belair, SA 5052, ph 08 8278 7154/fax 08 8278 4849, Email: mabear@camtech.net.au \$20 incl postage (cheque/money order or cash please).

Also at 'Mostly Books' in the Mitcham Shopping Centre, SA, 'Open Book' in Gawler Place, Adelaide, and Dymocks at the Westfield Marion Shopping Centre, Adelaide.

REUNIONS/ANNIVERSARIES

SAMARAI REUNION 2001: This will be on **Saturday 3 March** at the Canberra Yacht Club (a buffet-style lunch, with tables optional). The organisers say it is just about sold out, so suggest you get in quickly if you'd like to go. They are hoping to have breakfast on the Sunday at the Haus Tambaran of the PNG High Commissioner. To make a booking or obtain further information please contact:

Mrs Una Douglas, 13 Molineux Place, Farrer ACT 2607 Ph 02 6286 2456 (AH)
Laurie Le Fevre, 16 Highland Avenue, Croydon Vic 3136 Ph 03 9725 8765 (AH)
Ms Onu Palm, 48 Carr Crescent, Wanniasa ACT 2903 Ph 6296 4153 (AH)

1956 INTAKE OF CADET PATROL OFFICERS - 45TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION: Andrew Macintosh is organising the above reunion as part of our Association's Christmas luncheon at the Mandarin Club, Cnr Goulburn & Pitt Streets, Sydney on **Sunday 3 December 2000**. If interested please ring Andrew on 02 9977 4287.

PARADISE IMPERFECT

Comments from Jim Toner

Over two nights during August the ABC showed a TV documentary compiled by Sean Dorney. He went to PNG in 1974 as a reporter for the 9PA station, married a Manus girl, and his voice has become familiar to many of us as a commentator on PNG news and affairs ever since. Actually his book *PNG, People, Politics and History since 1975*, an updated version of which was published this year (ABC stores, \$29-95), is of more value to those wishing to catch up on the last quarter-century - an excellent read - but of course a TV 'doco' makes for easy watching.

The film touches on some developments since Independence in our former Paradise which are certainly Imperfect but I shall not catalogue these. Instead I mention some items which will remind readers of the past.

The Hiri festival for Motu canoe dwellers is still held but the young ladies no longer have to submit to the pain of facial tattoos - these adornments are now made with a felt pen ...

PNG is the only country with Rugby League as its national sport and the camera was taken inside the Mt Hagen Bowling Club last September to show it packed with locals watching the Australian Grand Final on TV. The outcome, until recently unbelievable, was that a team from Melbourne became Premiers and its star winger, Marcus Bai, was a native of Cape Hoskins, West New Britain.

Dick Hagen, having gone to the Wahgi in 1950, has now clocked up a half-century in PNG's world of coffee. He was shown refreshing himself in the Banz Club with one or two other gnarled veterans. (Apparently the Western Highlands is the only one of the five Highlands provinces not yet legally 'dry').

Arthur Somare, son of Sir Michael, is Governor of the East Sepik and I was surprised to learn that like the other eighteen governors he also has a seat in the National Parliament. It will be recalled that each member was originally provided with K100,000 for discretionary allocation within his electorate but this has enlarged, according to Dorney, 'to over a million dollars a year to spend as each sees fit'.

An interesting innovation in the market at Mt Hagen was the dartboard. No doubt its owner was making a small income from those paying for three darts in order to win a prize. Plenty seemed willing if inexperienced.

Much of the second hour of the documentary was devoted to Bougainville and a detailed account of events, from the establishment of the copper mine at Panguna until the PNG government sought to reactivate it by force in 1997, is to be found in Dorney's *The Sandline Affair* (ABC stores, \$27.40). However the film revealed that in contrast with the provincial capital, Arawa, which had no electric power for years, the inland village of Paruparu (?) has been generating electricity since 1994. Dorney introduced one Michael who carried equipment from the abandoned mine where he had been employed and set it up for his own and two neighbouring hamlets. It also supplied Radio Free Bougainville for a time.

Another interviewee was the impressive Anna Solomon, publisher and obvious boss of *The Independent*, an English language weekly in Moresby. Actually Dorney enlivened his documentary by conversing with a number of intelligent and interesting PNG ladies. On that score, Prime Minister Morauta has just announced (23-8-00) that financial incentives are to be provided to political parties which run women candidates at future elections.

Finally there was film of those unprecedented moments last year when the Deputy

Prime Minister was publicly sacked in the car park at Jackson's airport and of the empty Government benches in the Waigani parliament when their occupants including the redoubtable Mr Skate, then Prime Minister, crossed the floor to vote with the Opposition for the election of Sir Mekere Morauta as new PNG chief. Oloman!

MY INTRODUCTION TO PNG - 1954

by Leo Butler

As auditor for Vacuum Oil Co (later Mobil Oil), I arrived at Jacksons strip in July 1954 and was surprised to find it so similar in appearance and climate to Darwin, which I had visited in August 1953. Moresby had the appearance and atmosphere of a frontier town.

Cordially welcomed by Don Williams, our Papua Manager, and his wife Audrey, I was fascinated by the trip to Moresby town, passing through Badili, Koki and Ela Beach. I eventually settled into the Top Pub and after a brief shower and lunch took a stroll around the town, hilly as it was, and finally found my way to Ela Beach. A chance meeting with a long-time resident named Eric Whitten led me to the RSL Club where a most enjoyable and informative several hours of good conversation and a few good old CUB drinks relaxed me for the rest of that day, so by the evening I was finally initiated into Papua New Guinea.

Work commenced in earnest on the Monday morning and a busy few weeks was taken up in my responsibilities as auditor of our Papua Operations.

The hospitality afforded me by the Vacuum staff was excellent and at weekends Don and his wife took me to many exciting and interesting places in the area. Most notable were visits to Hanuabada, Koki Market, Wards Strip, Napa Napa, Fisherman's Island, the Brown River, Sogeri and Rouna Falls as well as a visit to McDonald's Corner. My visit to Rouna Hotel was another highlight mostly due to the infamous host 'Woody' Troeth. I was most grateful to the local identities I met over my stay of three weeks in Port Moresby.

I must also mention my first visit to the impressive and inspiring Bomana War Cemetery. It had a sombre feel - but most uplifting due to the meticulous condition in which it was maintained. The wreck of the *Macdhui* in Port Moresby and visits to Wards Strip provided further reminders of the wartime operation which occurred in this area. As a point of interest, the bulk oil storage tanks at Port Moresby and Lae were installed from the Army storage tanks built at Milne Bay, which were then taken apart and shipped and re-installed at these locations.

To enable tankers to eventually offload their cargoes at Port Moresby it was necessary to design and construct a submarine pipeline approximately half a mile from the Vacuum bulk installation. This was the first type of underwater pipeline to be designed and installed by Vacuum Oil Australia engineers, and it was the first built in the Southern Hemisphere.

Vacuum staff at Port Moresby in that period were Ian McArdle, Lindsay Tomkins, Ron Burgess, Kepple Milton, Ken Beck, Eric Harrington, Bob and Joy Minnican, Mick McCarthy and Frank Best.

Club life was a big part of leisure and social life in the Territory in those days. Good camaraderie was enjoyed in a relaxing atmosphere at clubs such as the Papua, RSL, Works, Aviat, Paga, Aquatic and Kone Clubs.

My tour of duty for Vacuum also took me to the delightful and unique Samarai.

Fond memories are recorded of the trip both ways on Qantas Catalina flying boats, as well as the kind hospitality of Steamships Manager 'Dusty' Miller and his friends.

Local personalities I was fortunate to meet in 1954 were Bill Johns (Port Moresby Freezers), Viv Crisp (Steamships), Eddie Frame (Burns Philp), the Champions (Administration), Jack Sedgers (New Guinea Company) visiting from Rabaul, Alan Roberts (Administration), Jim Crombie (solicitor), E. James (solicitor), J.K. McCarthy (Administration) and T. Grahamslaw (Customs).

Then it was on to Lae, which was Vacuum Oil Co headquarters for Papua New Guinea.

I enjoyed my first visit to PNG which was instructive and enlightening. It is tragic to hear of the current problems being experienced there but etched in my memory was that at that stage the local people seemed to live a reasonably happy and contented life. Recent reports appear to show that the changes which have taken place have been of such magnitude as to disrupt the family and village culture once enjoyed by these people. No doubt it will take time for these changes to be absorbed, and I trust that peace and harmony will eventually take this diverse nation to maturity, and prosperity.

As a footnote, I returned again in 1956 as auditor. In 1960 I was transferred to the Marketing Division of Vacuum (now Mobil Oil Co) and fortunately was posted to Lae headquarters. My wife and myself and two children spent from 1960-65 in PNG. My position in the Marketing Division took me to many interesting places such as Madang, Wewak, Vanimo, Rabaul, Kavieng, Goroka, Mt Hagen, Wabag, Minj, Banz and Mendi. Reluctantly we left PNG in 1965 as I was then posted to Mobil head office in Melbourne. But it is great to be able to keep in touch with names and places per medium of *Una Voce*.

HELP WANTED: Can anyone help with information about **Ronald Hugh KITSON** of Lumi, West Sepik District, generally known as **Kit**, or **Ron**. It seems he was employed by A & B Wewak. Ron's nephew, Jack Leach of Yorkshire England, wrote, "My uncle was demobbed in Singapore in 1946 and from there went to PNG. I think he went to Lae first to help in clearing tanks from the beaches. From Lae he went to Lumi (approx 1950) where he became a recruiter and later a trade store owner. He never returned to England, not even for a holiday. I have read through all his old letters to his sister from 1950 to 1985, they are very interesting but in all of these letters he never mentions anyone's name... I eventually managed to get to PNG in April last year and was there for two months. I met lots of very nice friendly people who knew my uncle including Robert Parer, who told me to write to you. All my uncle's holidays were spent in Brisbane, but we never had any address for him there, just a Post Office. If any of your members can help with any information at all about Ron we would be very grateful... Ron Kitson is buried in Lumi - he died there in February 1987, aged 61." If you can help, please write to Ron's nephew Jack Leach at: 11 Hawes Drive, Bradford BD5 9BB, Yorkshire, England. Ph 07 802 700270.

(Jack Leach sent us copies of reports by Frank Jones, ADO Lumi, and Mert Brightwell, ADO Ambunti, dealing with the Lumi massacre of August 1956. Ron was on a recruiting expedition when he learnt of the massacre and hastened to report it to the Administration. Copies of a press release and relevant reports and memos were found in his box of papers when he died.)

A SOLO EFFORT ENDS ON A HIGH NOTE

by Kingsley Jackson (Written mid-1995)

It's 1.14 am but my only hope of getting back to sleep is to empty this can of worms I call a brain. Surely any piece of writing must have its *raison d'être* - one must have something worth saying. What is the message here? Simply that difficulties can be overcome, don't let them toss you.

More than two years ago, I practised keenly to sing that mighty piece, *Arise O Sun*, in the seniors eisteddfod. You've got to be in good voice to hit those top notes. But, alas, I developed influenza and could not produce a squawk.

Last year, it was much the same. An angiogram indicated open-heart surgery. I wrote to the cardiologist and said that I particularly wanted to sing *Arise O Sun* in the eisteddfod and he replied that it wouldn't be a problem. Any fool could have seen he was spinning me a line as my operation was only a few days beforehand. How smart he was not to argue with me.

I couldn't take this lying down and on day five after my operation - and after checking no-one was dangerously ill - I waited for the sun to peep over the Story Bridge. I bustled into the veterans' ward shouting 'rise and shine' and burst into *Arise O Sun*, accompanying it with my heart exercises, arms raised, etc. I'd overlooked the fact that in putting tubes down my throat, my vocal chords had been parted. Although I had a startled, even captivated audience, it was a musical fiasco of no mean order.

Then, this year, things looked crook. Dorothy, our wonderful pianist, was listed for an operation, so the Beaudesert Seniors decided to give the eisteddfod a miss. But my friend, Syd, who won the men's solo last year, decided to enter and said his pianist, Eunice, would play for me.

So, after gargling for a week, I set out at chilly dawn with my wife, Judy, and my mate, Ken. We country cousins faced a problem finding the All Saints Centre in Ann St, being unfamiliar with Brisbane. We overshot the mark in peak hour traffic along Turbot St and then turned right, and right again.

We saw a parking sign and shot in, up a ramp into a gloomy car stable - all stalls full, bar one. Beauty. No sooner were we out of the car than we heard a loud clang and were pitched into inky darkness. I saw a little red light and we edged around cars to reach it. Feeling around, I discovered a door handle and we exited on to a fire escape, that door also clanging like doom behind us, and walked down spiral stairs to the entrance of the parking area.

I said to the attendant, "My word, you have wonderful security here." He replied, "Mate, you've parked in the executives' park at the Workers' Compensation Board and I have no key to get you out!" Up on the ninth floor we were told, "Be seated, someone will attend to you shortly."

Time was now of the essence. I was pacing up and down when I was brought up short when Judy, in a stage whisper, said, "Your fly is agape." Luck was on my side as I had a plastic bag with a funny hat and I made repairs behind crackling plastic.

Finally everything was sorted out but unfortunately we'd lost our bearings. Judy and I had a difference of opinion midstream but a kind woman pointed us to Ann St. We arrived, 20 minutes late, with the eisteddfod in full swing.

We slid into back seats but I couldn't hear properly. When I felt for my hearing aid, I realised I'd left it at home. I decided not to wear my glasses as they clashed with my gold teeth anyway, so on I went, half deaf, half blind but wonderfully supported by Eunice. We got through just fine. And the biggest thrill was tying for first, with Syd, in the men's solo, singing *Arise O Sun*.

(First published in *The Courier-Mail*, 'First Person' column, 3-8-1995)

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SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EARLY '50s

From Paul J Quinlivan

No 23 - George Greathead's Report on 'Crime in Mount Hagen'

On my first circuit (January-May 1952) I found copies of this report at many Government Stations because the judges wanted it used as a precedent where cases arose in areas the Supreme Court had not been to before. It was written on 1 June 1947 by George Greathead, who was then District Commissioner at Wewak, because the Chief Judge had, on 28 May 1947, completed the first Supreme Court trial at Mount Hagen (The King v. PORGE) and had called for a 'report on the local situation'. Although I have compressed it slightly, the wording is exclusively George's - especially 'my staunch local Native advisers', 'we had made considerable progress', 'our stocks ... would slump', 'rehabilitate our position'. It presents a wonderful picture of a dedicated kiap on a busy one-man station, several days' walk from anywhere.

"The Hagen country was first penetrated by a Government Patrol conducted by ADO Mr J.L. Taylor accompanied by Messrs M.J. and D.J. Leahy (prospectors) and Mr K. Spinks (Surveyor) during 1932-33. During 1934 the Leahy brothers were granted a Mining Lease at Kuta, 4 miles south of the present Government Station at Gormis, and immediately commenced working the lease. The same year the Administrator, Brigadier-General T. Griffiths, invited the Lutheran and Catholic missions to establish Stations in the newly discovered country from Chimbu west as far as Mt Hagen. This invitation was immediately accepted: the Lutheran Mission established stations at Ega and Kerowagi, in the Chimbu sector, and at Ogelbeng, in the Hagen sector, while the Catholics established themselves at Denglagu, at the head of the Chimbu River, at Dimbu, in the Chimbu sector and at Wilya, in the Hagen sector. The Wilya station was moved during 1937-38 to Rebiambul, adjacent to the present Government Station. From the outset the Hagen people traded freely with the Leahy brothers and the Mission Stations, and were quick to offer themselves for casual labour. In no time, many hundreds of young Hagen warriors were experienced miners, understood the use of a spirit level, and generally made themselves very useful units in assisting their new visitors from the east. Tribal fighting continued but it appeared to be the Hagen code that the Europeans were not to be molested - a code that was rigidly adhered to. Hagen was only visited periodically by Government officers from 1933 until 1935, the visits becoming slightly more regular and of longer duration after 1936, following the establishment of a permanent Government Post at Kundiawa - 70 miles east of Hagen. In January 1938 administrative consolidation began at Hagen when Patrol Officer M.S. Edwards established a post at Gormis and, by the time of his departure in December 1938 he had laid down solid foundations upon which future intensive

consolidation of Government influence was pursued. Inter-tribal warfare has been reduced to a minimum; offenders being detained on the station more for educational purposes, than as punishment.

It was my privilege to relieve Mr Edwards at Hagen in December 1938. From the outset it was evident that the Hagen wanted to be directed; they could not help themselves and, probably quite unconsciously, they became amenable to discipline and were accepting direction as though they had been doing it for years past. A court-house was built on the station which the people were given to understand was their house in which their differences were to be presented to the Government Officer as against their previous practice of settling disputes on the battlefield. Their reception of this innovation was immediate; and for the time being it was effective - the differences for the most part were of such simple nature as minor domestic common assault, trespass, with a limited amount of stealing. The usual punishment amounted to detention at the station on general labour jobs for varying periods of from one week to three or four months.

But by March 1939 there appeared disturbing signs on the west flank. From the outset it was my policy to confine administration to a radial of 12 miles from the station. The people within this radial area indicated their acceptance of Government control and direction, in return for which the Government accepted the obligation of protecting them from attack from outside the radial. Up to this stage not one instance of a capital offence had occurred within the radial area, although quite a few instances had occurred just prior to my taking over. The try-out of the new Government Officer came towards the end of March 1939 in the form of the wilful murder by ANDAGELGANGAM Natives from beyond the area of radial control, of a man of Kuli, just within the area. The demand from my staunch local Native advisers for tangible evidence of my good faith in assuring protection from outside attack was immediate and sustained. Death must be met by death, they clamoured.

My first step was to request the presence of the offenders at the Station court-house. With what result - "Who are you to tell us what we will do? Are you a flower that we can cut down only for you to spring up again? Have you not blood in your veins that we cannot cut and bleed you to death? If you want, come and get us!" - were the retorts. Government prestige demanded that I accept the challenge to 'come and get' them. It took the form of a dawn raid since that was the only practical possibility of securing the wanted men. Well prepared for our arrival, the patrol was greeted with showers of spears and arrows. The patrol, forced to protect itself, opened fire, resulting in casualties among the Native attackers. Regrettable as the affair was, it meant the saving of many Native lives in the future, it advanced administrative consolidation many years, and was welcomed by the community as satisfying the requirements of justice and a realistic deterrent to the contemplated revenge for past killings. Contact with the ANDAGELGANGAMS was quickly established and they remain to this day among the most co-operative and most understanding supporters of Government consolidation. With Government prestige and good faith now established the way was paved for permanent consolidation. The construction of the great arterial highways of which Hagen boasts today were got under way, each group constructing roads surveyed through its own territory, and court arbitration became a daily routine. This state of affairs prevailed until about July 1939 but it was the transition period when a flare-up was to be expected at any time, and in any locality.

Up to this time the Native population was profuse in its assurance that they had attained a status equal to that of the coastal Natives, eg under complete Government "control". I assured them that we had made considerable progress and that our goal was in sight, but that we had not yet achieved that objective. "But we have reached the status

of coastal Natives" was their retort. "We built the roads, we have abandoned criminal offences; and we bring our differences to you for arbitration and adjustment. What else must we do to convince you that what we claim is correct?" They did not have long to wait! Towards the end of July 1939 an influential citizen of the DIGA ANDABANCH reported early one Saturday morning that a difference had arisen at Andabanch. Asked for further details he told me that a slight difference had arisen between two couples who had been attending a private courtship dance. Pressed for further details he said that other family members of each aggrieved party had interested themselves in the difference and were throwing mud at each other. "Just a friendly quarrel; nothing to worry about" was the philosophical reply of my informant when I demanded the presence of all participants at the court-house. It will suffice to say that by the time my informant returned to the scene of the disturbance, four warriors were dead and 35 were seriously wounded.

Here, indeed, was the test. Throughout the day influential citizens of adjacent Native groups visited the station and expressed their disgust at the turn of events, and their sincerity was not to be denied. All leaders of groups bordering Andabanch were called together and the position outlined to them. It was impressed upon them that the goings-on at Andabanch had cast a grave reflection upon whatever progress we had made, and that our stocks in the eyes of the District Officer at Madang, and the Administrator at Rabaul, would slump immediately. It was then put to them that they alone could rehabilitate our position with those above, whose eyes were now focussed upon us. "Well, boys, the ball is in your court", I told them. It was indicated to them that the following morning a patrol would proceed to the scene of the disturbance and, since this would be the cue for every man, woman and child to move out and take refuge with relatives further afield - such was former procedure - I suggested to the chiefs that such evacuation had to be cut off and every participant apprehended. By so doing it would be some basis for our rehabilitation.

The results were far beyond the highest expectations. Probably 4,000 warriors put a block on every exit and, by the following evening, the total of 218 Andabanch Natives had been apprehended. This work was facilitated by the fact that a census of the group had been completed only a week previously. "What is the use, he has our names in the book" - was the thought uppermost in the minds of those turned back from escape through the cordon, to hide along the undergrowth fringing the creek banks. In all, 76 of the 218 arrested were detained on road construction work for various terms compatible with the seriousness of the part each played in the disturbances. The populace considered that justice had been done, not by reason of arrests, but because of the fact that two men had been killed on either side. The terms of detention of those arrested were considered by the responsible citizens as commensurate with the offences committed by the offenders.

This disturbance marked the close of serious crime in the sub-district until about September 1940. Then there was the isolated killing of a man by GUR of Kuli, on the eastern flank. GUR was arrested and escaped on two occasions, with the result that it was possible to try the experiment of committing him to Kainantu gaol for a term of 18 months. At that time there were no Hagen Natives in the Police Force and Hagen Natives never made the journey to Kainantu. GUR went out of the minds of people at Hagen and this factor is interesting. Nowadays, however, Hagen police are located at all Highland stations and members of the local community travel freely from one end of the country to the other. Having due regard to health, it would appear that Wau is the logical location for committal of Highland natives on long term sentences.

But happenings at Hagen from April 1946 to January this year have brought us face to face with the real problem of the administration of justice in the Highlands. In late April of 1946 PORGE of Diga Muguga, who had worked for some years on the Leahy mining leases at Kuta, committed the deliberate, cold-blooded pitiless killing of a woman of

Ruruga - the crime for which he appeared in the Supreme Court last week. In my long experience among the Hagen people I cannot recall any similar method of killing and I would suggest that it is entirely against the code of the people. It disgusts every decent citizen. Barely two months later, a long woman of Palinger was stoned to death in her house at night by an unidentified killer. Later, in July 1946, a woman was cut to pieces about sundown at a point not more than one and a half miles south of the station. The following day, over 500 warriors armed with spears and bows and arrows and in full war splendour, marched on the station and demanded that the time had come for direct action. Threateningly, they asked what I was going to do about it. A suspect was already in custody and the warriors demanded that, if I did not propose to take immediate and direct action, they would tear down the prison and deal with the culprit in their own way. For over two hours the atmosphere was tense and ugly - to such an extent that I deemed it essential to issue ball ammunition to selected police and I put a strong protective guard on the suspect. Quiet was restored only when I took the matter up with the District Officer, Lac, on the radio telephone, and gave an assurance that I would leave no stone unturned in my efforts to invoke the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court.

Late in 1946 and in January 1947 came two more brutal killings of women by tomahawks - one on the mountain slopes 4 miles south of the station and the victim slain, as she walked innocently along the track, by a Hagen man who had worked for months on the mining leases at Kuta. The January 1947 homicide was similarly perpetrated north of the station. Never before has Government, in the Highlands, been faced with a problem of a magnitude comparable with what confronts us today.

Your Honour has heard, from the lips of the community itself, its reactions to homicides of such revolting nature as those perpetrated at Hagen during the past twelve months. These people, from the first days of our Administration amongst them, have co-operated to the fullest with us. Our conception of law and justice has been diligently interpreted to them over a period of 9 years. For over 4 years I have considered that all Natives within a radial of 12 miles of the Government Station are under complete 'control'. All of the killings referred to have been committed within this radial area.

I submit that capital punishment is by no means foreign to us in the past consolidation of Government influence in the Territory. I submit, further, that for some years past the Hagens have been placed on a pedestal and there has been a disinclination to invoke the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. My long experience among them has convinced me that they are no different from other Natives of the Territory. Certainly they would appear to have a more highly developed system of society - but it is a society that demands of us that we mete out punishment commensurate with crime. Today we must face up to this obligation. If we evade that obligation most serious repercussions and loss of Government prestige at Hagen will be very imminent."

WAR VETERANS RETURN TO PNG

An extract from 'The Bulletin', 10 October 2000: Seven Kokoda Trail (sic) veterans, aged 82 to 90, are travelling to PNG to recover the remains of fallen soldiers of World War II. They will travel by helicopter to locate the track's most famous battle site, Isurava, in the Owen Stanley Ranges. Remains of Australian soldiers will be buried in the Bomana War Cemetery in Port Moresby where 200 Australians are buried. □ **Pat Hopper**

GAOL BIRDS

by Adrian Geyle

Finding friends in villages on the banks of the Upper Sepik was not to be expected. Abaru village 'rang a few bells' in my mind when I set foot there again in 1958, not as a patrol officer this time (I had served as one, as OIC Green River Patrol Post some 30 km from Abaru, in the years '54 and '55), but as a field assistant/native labour recruiter and supervisor with an oil exploration company. Returning to the Sepik aboard our work vessel M.V. *Henrietta*, to the confluence of the August and Sepik rivers where we had previously established a base camp (in 1957), it was prudent to talk with village people on our way upstream. The site at the August river was to be 'home' for the next seven months. Approximately fifty labourers recruited along the Sepik, seven boats-crew from the Madang coast, and seven of us whites made up the boat's complement.

The Green River sub-district took in some restricted territory, and ordinarily no non-government field party could enter such territory without a government police escort. Out of recognition of my previous role as a *kiap* there, this requirement was waived so long as I was part of the company team working in that restricted area where the August and the Sepik flowed.

As I sauntered around this small village of Abaru one man in his early thirties seemed keen to walk with me, to escort me, to win and hold my full attention. Fit and clean-looking in a *laplap*, his appearance was vaguely familiar. His confidence suggested he'd been away to work, maybe in a town or on a plantation somewhere. He wore a perpetual grin and I just had to ask him "What do you want?" and "What are you laughing at?" He wasn't laughing, just keeping his grin up as he turned to stop in front of me, face to face. "You put me in *gaol* once, at Green River," he said. A little taken aback I asked, "For how long?", and "What for?" "For three months", he replied; "I called you a bastard." I was further taken aback!

A few of his *wantoks* close by laughed as he and I did, mostly at the irony of the situation with a little nervousness mixed in. He probably wondered if I was still a *kiap* as I had no police with me. His grin however and the warmth of the mirth from some other vaguely familiar faces around me were so disarming I felt then that, since he seemed to bear me no grudge, I really was among friends, some of whom also had 'done a stretch' at Green River station.

With no malice in mind, obviously, my confronting ex-prisoner extraordinaire told me how he had bad-mouthed me (I was a 'rubisman tru'), and that to his surprise the 'stori' must have got back to me at the station via a policeman who had visited his village on some other matter.

I had called him in, he reminded me, and had asked if he had been spreading 'bad' talk, and he hadn't denied it. "Em-I tru Masta, *tasol mi tok pilei, em tasol*." (I did talk like that, but I was only joking.) Here, now, in his village three years later, I couldn't recall these details - the claims and evidence heard remained just a vague memory to me as many other court cases did. But to my congenial confronter here his 'term' had probably been a time of high adventure, and one he would never forget! Three months in the *kalabus* at Green River with regular meals with just some light labouring, at the behest of a somewhat nonchalant (and bemused) Corporal Nabundameri, wasn't bad at all. And extra eats for helping some police maintain their little garden plots? Compared with the familiar, customary, routine doings in a small Upper Sepik village, a term at Green River - in any capacity - was, apparently, an experience to be counted as a definite plus!

He was like a proud 'graduate', that man from Abaru, who enthused so much he would have thanked me I'm sure, had I stayed to talk longer, for giving him three months in *gaol* - that stretch of nearly one hundred nights - back in 1954. For spreading false reports? Indeed.

A DOG'S DEMISE

by Adrian Geyle

The little German Shepherd pup who gave the alarm in Green River, when Iuri tribesmen in the dark and heavy rain broke into the station store, stayed with me when I moved to the Madang District and worked in the Ramu Valley. Born the runt of a large litter in Wewak, and delivered to me at Green River by Gibbes Sepik Air Norseman, he was so small I carried him about in a webbed, gas-mask shoulder bag until his legs strengthened and gave him freedom and independence. But closeness to me was his preferred place and he didn't need to be trained to guard me against any one or any thing he perceived to be a possible threat. The bond between us was singularly German Shepherd 'driven' in its mutual concern and loyalty richness.

I was detailed to help two Australian botanists from Canberra find some virgin rain forest in the Ramu Valley for their research purposes, and establish a base camp not too far from an old WWII airstrip named Faita. We settled for a camp site about an hour's walk from it.

Two wartime strips - Dumpu and Faita - had been reclaimed from thick kunai grass with hired local labour, and one of my duties was to mark out Faita with white concrete markers and then advise Madang (by runner) when I had assessed the landing surface to be safe enough for the landing of light aircraft. The landing speed of 50 mph was the benchmark. When the runner returned from having delivered my advice to the District Commissioner in Madang he had an ETA for me - a Tiger Moth from the Department of Civil Aviation was to test the prepared strip.

To meet this plane at the given time I had an hour's walk through tall pitpit* and along sandy beaches, over gravel, and through shallow watery edges of the powerful Ramu River. Setting out I missed the company of my half-grown German Shepherd. For the first time since we left Green River on transfer to Madang his constant company wasn't there. During the night he had whimpered and even howled, bumping the underside of my canvas camp stretcher as he agonised. Unable to help him much in the night other than make him swallow some chloroquin tablets, I left it until morning to attend to him.

At first light he was nowhere to be found. My cookboy Harry joined me in the search around the camp, to no avail. I had this plane to meet - it wouldn't wait - and had to go. Harry kept searching, calling the dog's name as he did. He had grown very fond of Pal, feeding him and 'de-ticking' him, even washing him at Madang occasionally where he was kept from swimming in the sea and tempting sharks.

About noon I came back into camp after meeting the aircraft that had arrived and departed to plan. Walking through the sharp, cutting kunai grass I had missed the wet black nose brushing the backs of my legs. Pal's nose had been cut once and bled profusely, and he had learnt to protect it from further cuts by following me closely and allowing my gaitered legs to part the grass. It could cut like a sharp knife.

Harry was at my tent when I got back. By his depressed look I expected to hear the worst. "Did you find Pal?" I asked with some effort, not wanting to hear his reply, as though we still had to search more. Harry didn't answer as I entered the tent - the khaki-clothed bundle on the ground said it all. It looked so compact, and small, I wanted to believe there was some mistake!

The cloth was Harry's laplap. He was standing there in a g-string made from a narrow strip he had torn off one edge of it. "Will you bury him, Harry, up that bank away from the river, as deep as you can, with plenty of big stones on top." Harry asked about the dog's collar which was - as befitted a young German Shepherd - made of leather with

metal studs. I asked him not to remove the collar but to take the laplap off. Harry replied, "Nogat Masta, mi laik plantim insait long laplap bilong mi. Em-i gutpela dog bilong yumi wantaim." (No Masta, I want to bury him in my laplap. He was my dog too.)

After that patrol I resigned from the service for health reasons that were to take me to Sydney and occupy my time and drain my bank account for many years to come. Losing my dog that way was probably preferable to putting him to the pain of separation, which this magnificent breed of dog suffers so acutely. I would have had to leave him behind. "I suppose you are depressed over losing your dog," said the District Commissioner back in Madang. "Is this why you are resigning?" In the parlance of those with nothing useful to say, I 'let that one go through to the keeper'.

*A variety of wild sugar that grows in swamps and along watercourses.

QANTAS - FIRST FATAL CRASH

by Bob Piper

QANTAS operated three high speed Lockheed 18 Lodestars in World War II. One of these transports, VH-CAB, was lost on 26 November 1943 under circumstances which remain a mystery even today. In fact the book *Front Line Airline*, the story of QANTAS at war, fails to even record the tragedy.

In a pre-dawn takeoff the Lockheed Lodestar roared aloft from Ward's Strip, near Port Moresby, and disappeared westward into the cool tropical night. With a crew of four and eleven passengers the aircraft was en route to Australia, a destination at which it was fated never to arrive.

When VH-CAB failed to alight at Townsville a search was quickly instigated along the intended route. To everyone's surprise the shattered wreckage was discovered only 13 kilometres from the departure point, just below the lip of a three hundred metre hill. The Lockheed had, unbeknown to those back at the airfield at the time, crashed only three minutes after departure.

Captain William Campbell, 1st Officer John Henderson as well as the engineer J. Hamilton and purser Keith Little had all perished. In addition there was Robert E. Lewis and H.H. Poague, both civilian journalists with the American Red Cross. Also on board were two RAAF and four Army personnel. In addition there were three others whose names are currently unknown and are just another part of the mystery.

Storms and poor weather in and around Port Moresby the previous day, the 25th, may have contributed to the accident. However, the Lockheed Lodestars were also known to have weight and balance problems if not correctly loaded. This had been the case with Queensland Airlines' plane, VH-BAG, which crashed at Coolangatta Airport in 1949 with the loss of all on board.

The other distinct possibility is that the two pilots in 1943 at Port Moresby suffered from what is today better known as 'the somatogravic illusion' or 'false climb' illusion. When a pilot is subject to climb and acceleration forces on a dark night he experiences a strong sensation, in the organs of the inner ear, that the climb is steeper than it actually is. Ignoring his instruments he simply holds the nose down and flies the aircraft into the approaching high ground.

The three QANTAS Lockheed 18s in World War II were all ex Dutch having been evacuated from the former Netherlands East Indies, now Indonesia, when that area fell to the Japanese in early 1942. They operated in drab camouflage and Australian 'VH' call signs with QANTAS on the nose in small white lettering.

These same Lockheeds were particularly popular because of their high cruise

speed, 320 km/hr, and excellent rate of climb of over 600 metres a minute. Also they could fly long legs of three thousand kilometres between refuelling, an excellent endurance over half a century ago.

In 1971 the writer and his father discovered part of VH-CAB's undercarriage lying in a deep washout beside the road in the crash-site area. However, despite repeated attempts by himself and others at Port Moresby, including their Military Aviation Museum, to locate the actual impact point it also still remains part of the mystery.

(Can any reader provide further details to Bob Piper please?)

ARTICLE REPRINTED FROM *CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE* - Early 40s:

The following is a shortened version of an article sent to us by Jim Dutton of Pomona Qld. His wife Joan found the article among some memorabilia left to her by her late father, William Wyatt, who went to Port Moresby in the 20s and served as an officer with ANGAU during WW2. It was written by a War Correspondent from *The Chicago Tribune* stationed in the Southwest Pacific. At the end of the manuscript was a note to the boss which said in part, "I know this is not exactly a news story. But I fell in love with Samarai and couldn't help doing the story. If I never come back to Chicago you'll find me under that tamarind tree."

GAY GHOSTS HAUNT WAR TORN SAMARAI ISLE

Samarai was founded some half century ago and finally became the gayest spot in the Pacific: rendezvous for plantation managers seeking a brief break in months of lonely living, Mecca for pearl traders, gold miners, drifters and wastrels from the world's end, wide-eyed tourists, oasis of liquor and gambling and - the whispers go - women. Then, too, it was the most important trading and commercial centre between Rabaul and Port Moresby, despite its tiny size and small population.

There were two hotels, the Samarai and Cosmopolitan (The Pacific closed years ago), two churches (Anglican and Catholic), a power plant and ice house, four large stores, several smaller ones, the bank, a school house, electric lights and even a tiny railroad running along the wharf. Every two and a half weeks the Burns Philp boat brought supplies - fresh meat, eggs, butter, liquor and all the things that make Samarai seem like paradise to those on less fortunate islands.

Errol Flynn, Tasmania's gift to Hollywood, knew Samarai in its less golden days. Beatrice Grimshaw, South Seas novelist, did some of her work there. American yachts, complete with millionaires, used to make it a port of call. Life, according to legend, was a permanent party. And even former residents admit that not too long ago Samarai was 'a wild place' adding wistfully that it quietened down in the last few years.

Samarai has the outlines of a sleeping goddess when seen from a distance against the mists that often serve as a backdrop for her light green loveliness. At first far-off glance the white houses, red roofs bright against the palms, green roof blending with them, give the aspect of a still populous place filled with enviable people.

But as the boat draws closer to the yellowed sea wall, patched with moss, the evidence of a town's death lies sprawled along the coast. Charred timbers from the pier are tumbled into the sea, a jumble of twisted iron and crumbled concrete, with galvanised metal roofing beside a few sagging walls, marks the business section. The strongbox of the Bank of New South Wales stands like a faithful sentinel amidst the wreckage.

They must have known Samarai was doomed, all the gay people, when the Japs began their relentless march southward, hopping from island to island like a swarm of

incredible locusts. By mid-December a few days after Pearl Harbour, the women and children had been sent south for safety. The Japs poured into Rabaul a month later, and most of the male residents left Samarai early Sunday morning, January 25. The following month a torch was put to the business section.

That was more than a year ago and Samarai has become a ghost island plagued with echoes of ghostly laughter, the rustle of silken gowns, tinkle of ice against glass, scent of perfume.

Those who step ashore pass the bathing area, its diving board waiting for swimmers who never come, and into a patch leading to the main street. Only the Anglican Mission, which is said to have been fired four times but refused to burn, still stands in the business area. A grass-grown crater, reminder of the two bombs the Japs dropped on Samarai, is nearby.

The schoolhouse next door, attended by Samarai children until they go to Australia to school at 10 or so, is gone. The store beyond, where the Samarai Hotel stored its empty bottles, is gone - only the bottles remain, half filled with rain water. A few yards farther on is the cement strongbox, through which someone has chopped a hole. The steel safe within is still closed but the vaults floor is covered feet thick with cheques and papers; thousands of others, a file clerk's nightmare, are scattered for yards around outside the vault.

Elsewhere through the area melted trade beads, the colourful glass which once intrigued the natives, fused into permanent clusters, rusty hurricane lamps, tiny padlocks, tons of shells from which mother-of-pearl buttons were to be made, crockery, pans, rusted tin cans, twisted typewriters, the sign of the Cosmopolitan Hotel Company, a small safe open nearby. The outline of the principal street is already growing dim and the ruins are adorned with something that looks like morning glory. A couple of natives shout in sleepy unison as they try to push down a still-standing section of the wall. Other than that, and the birds singing and the sigh of the surf, there is no noise.

Wander down the avenue past the fallen flagpole to the edge of the residential section. There, a well kept marble shaft seems oddly out of place in such desolation. It is a monument to Christopher Robinson, a former governor, and reads:- "Able Governor, upright Judge, an honest man, died 20th June, 1904, aged 32 years....." Someone tells you later that Robinson killed himself after a rebuke from the Home Authorities on his administration. The cricket pitch is just beyond, knee high with grass, next to it a wild choked tennis court.

There are dozens of houses on the island, some in the central valley, a malarial swamp until filled in by the native prisoners years ago, others on the hill that runs three sides of the island or along the coastal plain; all are surrounded by fragrant blooms and flowering shrubs of red, pink, purple, orange, yellow, white, blue, scarlet and indescribable shades.

Most of the houses are bungalows, although at least one has a second storey, nearly all the gates are ajar, as though waiting for someone, and the few that are closed swing open at a touch. The doors are open too and most of the windows are either open or partially covered with broken glass or torn screen or matting, what little furniture is left is invariably tipped over and smashed.

Vines have begun to work their way through cracks in the house walls, their green fingers exploring tentatively before beginning to rip and tear ... the jungle has begun to attack from below, too, aided by the white ants. Rain pours disconsolately from a broken gutter, its spatter undermining a piling.

Paths wander in a friendly fashion from house to house, sometimes dipping into

the valley by means of cement and stone steps. But little else is friendly.

The grass hinders passers-by, roots trip unaccustomed feet and even the vines and branches seem reluctant to permit passage. Huge spiders, harmless but horrible, spin webs where the unwary are sure to become enmeshed and the spiders themselves, soft and alarming, sometimes drop onto the wayfarer. Wasps have built nests in the houses and the very coconuts seem to drop with malicious purpose. There is a great loneliness about walking up a once well kept path. There is an impulse to shout 'anyone home?' But the impulse dies at sight of the wide verandah and spacious rooms, newspapers from January 1942 strewn about, broken lampshade, perhaps an old wicker chair, ping-pong paddle, a dolls house, a child's torn book, household hints pasted up by a conscientious housewife, or "Simpson's Book of Baking Treats". The houses shelter nothing alive but insects or reptiles. In what must have been one of the finest houses on the island are found tattered music rolls from a vanished player piano, a fountain on the porch equipped for running water and electric lights, cages for a large aviary, the rim of a Chinese lantern, the bone handle of a carving knife.

In the yard in the back is a huge tamarind tree providing shade on even the sunniest day, a bench nearby, and beyond it a rock garden and grotto, lovely moss and vines growing on the damp walls. There are dozens of other houses, each with mementos of merrier times.

There's the War Memorial and library, dedicated Anzac Day 1926 ... and the native hospital, its beds all wooden, which the natives are said to prefer, or the native jail, each cell spotless with whitewash, each bolt noiseless and well oiled.

In the hospital (visiting hours 10.30 to 12 noon, 4pm to 6pm, 7.30pm to 8.30pm, please ring the bell) are a cast iron crib, a huge basket (probably for dirty linen) dozens of bottles of medicine and a notebook for the year 1934 and part of 1935. There's a feeling of disapproving eyes watching as you look through the daily items, discovering astonishingly intimate details of the ailments of residents of Samarai and nearby islands.

You've talked with someone who lived on Samarai for many years and you know other things about the place. It was once known as Dinner Island. It can be walked around in 20 minutes. There were about 130 European adults and 40 children with perhaps 40 married women and 15 single. The Samarai Hotel accommodated 20 persons, the Cosmopolitan 30, the town boasted electric lights since 1926 and everyone had a radio and a refrigerator. There was no cemetery, all burials being on Logeia or Rogeia nearby. Malaria was unknown. Five shillings monthly was the only charge for living there (exclusive of rent of course) since there was neither income or sales tax. Sometimes one would see three prisoners picking up leaves - one holding the bag, one spearing the leaf, and the third removing it and dropping it in.

There were thoroughfares named Marine Parade, Dart, Opal, Ballantyne and Healy Streets. The women were crazy about bridge and wore evening dresses to official affairs or 'flash' (stylish) parties. Men wore dress trousers, white evening jackets and white waist coats with stiff collars.

"I've never seen such an ideal place to live," the good Samaraian said, "clearing out was the hardest thing I ever did in my life."

As the boat leaves, and Samarai Island - the closest approach to a Hollywood set you'll ever find anywhere - begins to drop behind, the red roofs and green roofs still show distinctly and the ruined water front is hidden by distance, and you'd swear you were seeing a populous place filled with invisible people.

But you know better and it makes you sad.

GEOFFREY DAVID HAND - 54 YEARS IN PNG: 50 YEARS A BISHOP: David Hand celebrated the anniversary of his consecration as bishop at Dogura on 29 June 1950 with a service at the same spot, SS Peter and Paul's Cathedral Dogura, 50 years later.

Bishop David, formerly Anglican Archbishop of PNG, had arrived at Dogura in 1946, having volunteered to replace Fr Vivian Redlich, killed by Japanese soldiers in the Oro Province. At the start of the anniversary service Trevor Davora of Wamira village danced and led the procession with the spear and fisherman's net used by his grandfather during the original service in 1950. Many of the dancers were descendants of dancers of 50 years earlier. A Melanesian Brother who teaches music at Holy Name School arranged the music with electric guitars and a trumpet. Bishop Hand preached the sermon; his voice broke several times during the preparation for the Eucharist. During the feast held afterwards in the grounds of Dogura House, people presented gifts, shook or kissed his hand or bowed and hugged him. Bishop David presented a cheque from his parish of St Mary's Gerehu near Moresby. The people then sang sad songs until the sun went down.

The Wedau and Wamira people were moved to see an old and frail Bishop David, so different to the strong muscular priest whom they had first seen 55 years earlier. Bishop David, who once walked up and down mountains and forded raging rivers, now suffers from a knee problem. But he still has remarkable eyesight and a good memory. In his speech after the service, Michael Galore remembered Fr David Hand's first arrival in 1946 aboard the vessel *St George*, when he was welcomed by both his predecessors Henry Newton (Bishop of New Guinea 1922-36) and Philip Strong (1936-63). Bishop David Hand was the first naturalised citizen of the new nation of PNG.

(Adapted by David Wetherell from an article by Barnabas Orere, with acknowledgments to the *Post Courier*)

TOWN OF 1770: On Tuesday 23 May 1770, Lieutenant (later Captain) James Cook anchored the *Endeavour* in five fathoms of water abreast the Round Hill Head halfway up the coast of Queensland. This was his second landing in Australia and the first in Queensland. The town of Seventeen Seventy here is the birthplace of Queensland.

The next day Cook and a party including Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander went ashore. The Merooni tribe of Aborigines lived in this area when he landed but he had no direct contact with them, only seeing them from afar and finding remnants of campsites. They found mangroves and pandanus growing in dry sandy soil, and a small stream of fresh water. They saw many large birds like pelicans and a species of bustard, one of which was shot. It weighed 17.5 lbs and they agreed it was the best bird they had eaten since leaving England and in honour of it they named the inlet Bustard Bay. They sailed away next morning and it was nearly 32 years later that Captain Matthew Flinders anchored the *Investigator* in almost the same spot the *Endeavour* had moored.

John Little was the first settler in the Miriam Vale Shire in 1853 and others followed. In 1867 a lighthouse tower was erected at Bustard Bay.

The cairn to commemorate Captain Cook's landing was unveiled by the Senior Officer Commanding, RAN, Commodore George Hyde on 12 June 1926. An area was surveyed at Round Hill for the site of a township and the name for it of Seventeen Seventy chosen. The name became official on 24 June 1936. Since then the town of Seventeen Seventy and the adjacent town of Agnes Water have developed considerably. There is a large camping reserve and plenty of holiday houses. Subdivisions have sprung up, bitumen roads surround the townships, and a few shops and other businesses service the locals and the many visitors. Power, phone and a school are in the area now, and a motel, liquor shop and restaurant make it a pleasant holiday destination. □ Pat Hopper

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 Leslie Augustus CASS (10 August 2000, aged 76 years)

Les Cass went to Popondetta in the Northern District in 1953, after service as a teacher in Victoria and in the Education Wing of the RAAF at Wagga. He was accompanied by his wife Kaye, also a teacher, and their children Lee and Peter.

Les was posted to Sogeri Senior High School in 1956-57. Many of his students were later among the first wave of PNG's senior public servants, politicians and business leaders. One of his students, Nagama Geno, by then a senior Education official, told Les's son Peter, "We used to call your father Mr Shortcut. He made us work really hard until we understood the principles involved in solving a maths problem. Then he would say, 'Now I'll show you the shortcut'." From Sogeri Les went as Principal to Brandi High School, East Sepik, then for a short time became District Education Officer, Bougainville, at the time of the Hahalis disturbances.

He then moved to the Milne Bay District in 1961, remaining there, first at Samarai and then Alotau, until 1970. During this time he oversaw considerable expansion of the primary school system and the establishment of Cameron High School. After a stint at Konedobu in the early 70s he was posted to Wewak and Kavieng as District Superintendent. Education was something of a family business - Les, Kay, sons Lee and Peter, and Peter's wife Pauleen all worked for the department at this time. Les's final post was as Superintendent of the International Education Unit. He retired in 1975, moving to Rockhampton, where he and his son Philip graduated together from the University of Central Queensland, and to Nambour in 1981.

Les is survived by his wife Kaye, and children Lee, Peter and Philip. (From Peter Cass)

Mr William Sydney PECKOVER (26 July 2000, aged 78)

Bill Peckover began work as a telephonist in the Main Trunk Exchange, Sydney in 1939. In 1942 he enlisted and served in the army telephone section until mid-1946. In February 1956 he went to PNG to take up the position of Superintendent of Telephones. He was a key figure in the Department of Posts and Telegraphs from 1956 until 1974 - his last position was as first assistant director. Throughout this time he worked closely with the Director of Posts and Telegraphs, Bill Carter. Both men were specialists in telecommunications which greatly benefited PNG as, over the years, telecommunications came to overshadow postal services. Bill was largely responsible for the organisation of the World Bank loan in 1968 which funded the establishment of the network of micro-wave repeater stations around the country. After Independence, Bill was First Assistant Secretary for Telecommunications in the Dept of Public Utilities between 1977 and 1979, and was later brought back as the first chief General Manager when PTC became a statutory body. He retired in 1984.

One of Bill's legacies to PNG was the development of philately there. Bill was convinced that a good source of revenue for Posts and Telegraphs was not being tapped, so he took steps to increase foreign sales of PNG stamps. At the same time he was becoming very interested in bird photography, particularly Birds of Paradise. His photographs were used as a basis for a number of PNG stamps, one of them being the Kingfisher set of five issued on 21 January 1981. Bill was co-author with Win Filewood of *Birds of New Guinea and Tropical Australia* (Reed, 1976).

Following is an extract from *The Independent*: "Bill's vast knowledge and enthusiasm for PNG's natural history, and for its conservation, took him ... into its remote mountain and forest terrain, even when he was well into his 60s and 70s and long after he had first suffered from a heart condition. He made a major contribution to the establishment of the Crater Mountain Wildlife Management Area (spanning parts of Eastern Highlands, Gulf and Simbu provinces), where many of his bird photographs were taken.... He was also a founding member and director of the Research and Conservation Foundation of PNG, an active PNG non-government organisation based in Goroka, involved in research, conservation, education and community development. Bill is survived by his wife Joan, children Brien and Anne (Cotter) and grandchildren Robert, Kevin and Megan. (From *The Independent*, 24-8-2000)

Mrs Betty (Eve) BELL (23 September 2000, aged 72 years)

Betty was the widow of former agricultural officer John William Bell, who predeceased her by many years. In 1950 Eve joined John in PNG and soon they were posted to the Kainantu Sub-District. John helped establish Aiyura Agricultural Station. The Bell family was stationed at Aiyura, Bereina, Popondetta and Lae in the '50s and '60s. The family left PNG in 1967 to settle in the Hills out of Perth where they built their home. By this time there were five Bell Children - Wendy, John, Julia, Jennifer and Peter.

Betty was a popular member of the community wherever she lived, with her easy-going manner, great sense of humour and generous spirit. Her interests were wide, and she was a keen and serious collector of butterflies, in contact with and respected by lepidopterists throughout the world. In her later years she concentrated on creative writing - especially poetry. She died peacefully at her Glen Forrest (WA) home from complications following an attack of influenza.

At Betty's funeral service, son Peter said that a copy of *Una Voce* was placed in the coffin with Eve. He said that she greatly enjoyed reading it each quarter, and regarded it as an important link with friends and times spent in New Guinea.

Betty is greatly mourned by her five children, 16 grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. And by her many friends.

(Provided by Jane Belfield and Geoffrey Gray.)

Mr George Barry ALLEN (about Sept 1998, aged 79 years)

George was born in New Zealand and joined the Royal Papuan Constabulary and New Guinea Police Force in October 1949. He served in Port Moresby, Lae, Higturu, Popondetta and elsewhere. He resigned in November 1967 as Inspector First Class to reside in Queensland.

(From Max Hayes)

Mrs Marjorie FALCONER (née Kleckham) (25 July 2000, aged 50 years)

Marjorie passed away after a long and hard battle with leukaemia. She spent most of her childhood and primary education in Port Moresby before going on to St Peters Lutheran College in Brisbane. She returned to Moresby to work for the Department of Posts and Telegraphs before taking off to travel and work overseas, spending time in India and Greece before going on to the UK to work. Here she met her future husband and after marriage in Port Moresby returned to the UK where she had a son and then migrated to Australia where she had her second son. In Sydney she worked for Link Communications and VitalCall where she was highly regarded.

Marjorie was a very direct and positive person with a large circle of highly valued friends. She is survived by her sons Dominic and Gideon and grandchildren Jesse and Elle, son and daughter of Gideon.

Mrs Maureen Therese McPHERSON (née Richardson) (18 March 2000)

Maureen was longtime secretary in Burns Philp office in Samarai, Madang and Lae, and her husband Joe was Shipping Manager at these centres and Accountant. Maureen is survived by her husband Joe and daughters Julia and Jacqueline and their families.

Mr Noel GASH (June 2000)

At the outbreak of WW2 Noel joined the army and served as a gunner in PNG for four years. On his return to Australia he studied history and later taught at Sydney Technical College and Balmain Teachers College. In the early 60s he was seconded to The Australian School of Pacific Administration. The School attracted some of Australia's top academics and Noel revelled in the opportunities ASOPA offered for research and travel, and teaching. He wrote articles and books, his best known publication being *A Pictorial History of New Guinea*. Later he held a lecturing position at Ku-ring-gain College of Advanced Education until his retirement in 1981.

Noel was a foundation member of the University of the Third Age (U3A) and was very active in that organisation. He also monitored local government activities.

Noel is survived by Eva, his partner of 26 years, and six children of an earlier marriage.

(Condensed from an obituary written by June Whittaker and published in *Garamut*)

Mr Bob BRADLEY (Barramundi Bob) (August 2000, aged 73 years)

As a child Bob Bradley loved fishing and hunting. He was a natural sportsman and excelled at cricket, soccer and hockey. He learnt the trade of boilermaker-blacksmith in the air force and after the war worked for the Main Roads Department and later the railways, but fishing was his great love. In between fishing, he ran a fishing tackle and bait store for two years.

He then went to PNG and worked for Steamships Slipway in Port Moresby, and with Keith Bradford in the trucking business in Lae. Later he worked in Moresby with the brewery at Badili. During his PNG years he also was a boxer, pearl diver and trochus shell diver. He returned to Australia and spent a couple of years in various jobs, then returned to PNG for 2-3 years as an administration officer with Malaria Control services. Altogether he spent about 20 years in PNG. Bob returned to Cairns and went back to fishing. Bob is the holder of the world record for catching a 34.5 lb queenfish in the Barron River 15 years ago. He was the only person to win the international ABU Garcia fishing competition twice - the other time was with a 57 lb. barramundi. He was still fishing when he felt he needed to see a doctor (he thought he had pulled a muscle) - soon afterwards he was told he had cancer and had only a short time to live.

Bob is survived by Marilyn, his wife of 35 years, and sons Glenn, Kris and Robert from his first marriage. (From *The Cairns Post*, 12-8-2000, and information from Geoff Mortensen.)

Mr George Eric (Dusty) MILLER (19 June 2000, aged 84 years)

Dusty was born in Samarai in 1915. He was educated in Port Moresby and Townsville and spent many years in Rabaul before being transferred to Misima.

With the advent of WWII Dusty joined the RAAF and was sent to Canada for training. He then went to England and was attached to a Lancaster bomber squadron taking part in raids over Europe. He completed many successful missions and was decorated by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on two occasions. On his final mission he was involved in the bombing of the German pocket battleship, the *Tirpitz*, which was sheltering in the fjords. He was shot down and spent three and a half years as a prisoner of war.

One of the great stories about Dusty is that when Churchill called on the Commonwealth for help, Dusty replied by cable from Misima saying, "Hold on Churchill, we're coming". To his amazement and delight he received a reply, "Holding on but please hurry ... Churchill". Later, when serving in Britain and armed with Churchill's cable, he and a couple of airforce friends (fortified by a few noggins) fronted the bobby at 10 Downing Street and was received by the great man himself. As Dusty would tell, he gave them all a stiff brandy and then a quick dismissal.

After the war he returned to Samarai with Buntings and subsequently managed the affairs of Steamships Trading Company there. He married Wesselina in 1959. Dusty maintained a high profile in the community, including membership of the Legislative Council. He later retired to his beloved plantation, *Nivani*, and finally left PNG around the mid 70s to live in Sydney. In the last few months of his life he established a new home with Wessy at Swansea into which he had only just moved when he died of a heart attack.

Dusty is survived by his wife Wessy. (Information from *Garamut* with thanks)

Sir Timothy POHAI (19 April 2000, aged 54 years)

Sir Timothy died in the Port Moresby hospital after a short illness. Born in Rosowen village in the Manus Province, he had a colourful and busy political career. He held many positions in both the public and private sector, and was General Secretary of the Pangu Pati under the Somare and Namaliu regimes. He was the first Lord Mayor of Lae, and was one of the directors of the Waigani Entertainment Centre, a position he held until his death. He had also been a board member of the National Gaming Board.

His funeral service was attended by many members of parliament, church leaders, friends and family. Amongst those present were the Prime Minister, Sir Mekere Morauta, Sir Michael Somare, and Pangu Pati leader Chris Haiveta.

He is survived by his wife, Lady Louisa, six children and four grandchildren.

Sir Les JOHNSON, KBE (31 August 2000, aged 84 years)

Sir Les Johnson was the last - and probably most popular - of the administrators of PNG. He played a critical role in helping PNG on the path to nationhood. His real strength throughout his long career in PNG was his ability to build friendship, trust and confidence among up-and-coming Papua New Guineans.

Les Johnson's early life was spent in a small country town in WA. He was educated, on a scholarship, at Perth Modern School. His early working life was as a teacher at one-teacher country schools. In 1940 he married Dulcie - a union of almost 60 years until Dulcie's death in December last year. During the war Les served in Borneo as a member of an AIF intelligence unit.

After the war he progressed through the WA Education Department and became director of in-service training. Looking back on this period, son Ian commented, "I remember my parents entertaining students from the teachers college in our home and also we had a constant influx of Asian students living with us..." During this time, quite by accident, Les saw the advertisement for the position of PNG Deputy Director of Education - a position which carried with it the good possibility of shortly becoming Director. He applied and was accepted (1962). A little later, on the retirement of Geoffrey Roscoe, Les became Director. As Director, he put the education system and teacher training on sure foundations. He argued strongly for the creation of the University of PNG and steered the legislation establishing it through the House of Assembly.

Four years later, on the strength of his ability, and despite opposition from the Secretary of the Department of Territories (George Warwick Smith), he became Assistant Administrator (Services) when Dr John Gunther became Vice-Chancellor of the newly created University of PNG. In 1970, with his term as Assistant Administrator ending, Les resigned to become principal of the Tasmanian College of Advanced Education. When his services to the House of Assembly's Select Committee on Constitutional Development looked like being lost, it was the intervention of fellow members with the Australian Prime Minister, John Gorton, that played a part in the events leading to his being offered the job of Administrator, an offer he promptly accepted.

Les worked unstintingly to see PNG take control of its own affairs and for its emerging leadership to gain as much experience as possible in handling political responsibilities. His formal role as Administrator ended in 1973, and he was made High Commissioner when PNG became self-governing. His PNG functions ended in March 1974, with career diplomat Tom Critchley assuming the High Commission's post until independence in September 1975.

In discharging his various responsibilities in PNG, one of his most important roles was as conciliator and honest broker. Among other things, this meant that political sessions that began in the House of Assembly often went on late into the night under the more relaxed circumstances and rules of the Johnson home. The approach remained the same when he became Administrator; he brought fine judgment to the job in winding down his position from chief executive of the Australian Administration to constitutional head of a PNG Government.

While his PNG years were undoubtedly the pinnacle of his career, he still had a professional life after PNG, as director-general of the Australian Development Assistance Agency (now AusAID) from 1974-76 and as Australian Ambassador to Greece and High Commissioner to Cyprus, 1976-80.

But it was with PNG that he and Dulcie identified wholeheartedly. Their interest in its affairs, and friendships formed there, endured throughout their retirement years in Canberra.

In this year's PNG birthday honours, he was made KBE, having been made CBE in 1976.

Sir Les Johnson is survived by his daughter Fay and son Ian, and three grandchildren.

(The above is an abbreviated version of an obituary written by John Farquharson plus information from Ian Johnson's eulogy. Our thanks to John for permission to publish this.)

FOLLOWING IS A MESSAGE FROM THE RT. HON. SIR MICHAEL SOMARE, Minister for Mining and Bougainville Affairs, which was read at the funeral service by the Hon Bart Pilemon, Minister for Transport and Civil Aviation:

"I deeply regret that I could not be there today due to the current talks and negotiations on Bougainville which reached a deadlock on Wednesday in Rabaul.

On behalf of myself, Veronica and the Somare family, who Dulcie and Seki are representing, we convey our profound sorrow and sympathy to Ian and Fay. Sir Leslie Johnson and your late mother Dulcie won the hearts of the people of Papua New Guinea as true friends of our people. History has recorded their contributions to education, community services and politics especially in preparing Papua New Guinea for self-government and independence... It's a record for an individual Australian who won the respect of so many of our people."

Other dignitaries at the service included the PNG High Commissioner, His Excellency Mr Renagi Lohia, and Mrs Lohia, and Mr Geoff Allen representing the Hon Alexander Downer, Minister for Foreign Affairs and Trade. A large group of Papua New Guineans, friends of the Johnsons, came up from Canberra to attend and sing at the service.

Mrs Joan Elaine PRATT (née Munro) (10 March 2000, aged 68 years)

Joan was born in Talwood Qld and educated in Sydney, training in nursing to Theatre Sister at the Mater Hospital and Concord Repat. She came to Port Moresby in 1962 after her marriage to Norris Pratt, then with the Crown Law Office. Her three sons were born and reared in Port Moresby and later Rabaul. From 1964 till 1973 Joan and family lived on Namanula Hill. Norris was then Deputy Crown Solicitor in Rabaul. Joan created around her a centre of hospitality and warmth for family, and for the passing parade of visitors and dignitaries including the team who tried, prosecuted and defended at Jack Emmanuel's murder trial.

After another stint in Port Moresby, Joan returned with family to St Lucia, Brisbane, in 1976. In 1981, with her three children at school and Norris back in PNG for a spell on the Supreme Court, she returned to her original profession. She became a senior theatre nurse of commanding resourcefulness, working mainly at Brisbane Hospital until just before her death.

Delivering the eulogy at her funeral, her brother Paul Munro - one of Peter Lalor's Public Solicitors' team from 1961 - repeated the comment made to him by a leading Brisbane surgeon that Joan was greatly loved and respected, having given most anaesthetists now working in Brisbane their first theatre training. Joan was a fount of caring energy all her life, interested, industrious and generous hearted.

Joan is survived by her husband Norris, sons Andrew, Steven and Dan, daughter-in-law Nicki and grandson Nicholas, and a wide circle of family and friends. (From Paul Munro)

Mr Louis Keller SEARLE, MC (8 September 2000, aged 87 years)

Louis Searle grew up southern Queensland. After school he spent some time with the family nursery, George Searle and Sons - he maintained his interest in horticulture all his life. In 1938 he went to New Guinea to manage coconut and cocoa plantations and later moved to *Pondo* plantation near Rabaul. After the outbreak of WWII he came to Australia and enlisted in the AIF but was soon seconded to the 'M' Special Unit - the Coastwatchers. For services to his country, at the rank of Captain, Louis was awarded the Military Cross. He also received a Citation from the Commanding General of the US Marine Corps.

In 1946 he met and married Margaret Ryan in Sydney. On returning to New Guinea, Louis again managed *Pondo* and other plantations. Then in the early 50s the couple decided to buy their own cocoa plantation, *Walindi*, near Talasea. Louis and Margaret, and their two children, lived at Walindi until 1966 when a then unknown and untreatable virus attacked the cocoa crop and became too destructive for them to continue. Louis then joined the Dept. of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries at Kundiawa and Margaret took on the position of Postmistress. Louis's task was to develop new cash crops for the local population and also a wider variety of food crops. Louis' lifelong fascination with horticulture was fed by the diversity of plant life in PNG. On the coast he was fascinated by orchids and in the Highlands by the Genus *Rhododendron*. He imbued everyone with his enthusiasm and formed planting parties of labourers who planted rhododendrons in public places. Louis' son, Peter, said of him, "He loved his family, supported his friends, worked hard and enjoyed his leisure time. And in his latter years, he was still the same man..." Louis' wife Margaret predeceased him. He is survived by his children Debby and Peter.

(From an obituary given by Peter Searle.)

Mrs Edna Mary GUNTHER (9 May 2000)

Edna was the wife of the late Dr Carl Gunther who was the Company doctor at Bulolo both before and after the war. Edna was in PNG from 1932 to 1955 except for the war years. Carl and Edna retired to Sydney where Carl worked for the Repatriation Department for some time. No further details available.

Rev Dr Frank FLYNN MSC, AC, AO (July 2000, aged 93 years)

Father Flynn was a priest, medical practitioner, anthropologist, architect and author. For more than half a century he took on the dual role of priest and ophthalmologist. In late 1942, when Darwin was still under aerial attack, Fr Flynn arrived to take up the dual roles of army chaplain and ophthalmologist. He carried out a survey of eye conditions among Aborigines and then led a health program to eradicate trachoma from the Territory. In 1968 he was called to serve as a priest and medical missionary in PNG. He became the national director of Catholic Health Services of PNG, as well as administrator at the Port Moresby Cathedral. In 1977 he returned to Darwin and retired from active missionary work, but continued to serve his community as priest and medical adviser.

(From *The Catholic Weekly* 27-8-2000)

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

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MR. BERNARD DAVIDSON	5 BINNING ST.	ERSKINEVILLE	NSW 2043
MRS. MARGARET DUNLOP	16 PRETORIA AVE.	MOSMAN	NSW 2088
MR. LESLIE EARLEY	P O BOX 152	DERBY	W.A. 6728
MR. JOHN FARQUHARSON	165 HARDY RD.	URILA via QUEANBEYAN	NSW 2620
MR. ANDI FLOWER	81 SIXTH AVE.	MAROOCHYDORE	QLD 4558
MR. WILLIAM HARVEY-HALL	4 KATRINA COURT	MOOROOLBARK	VIC 3138
MRS. JOAN PECKOVER	14 BALANDA ST.	JINDALEE	QLD 4074
MR. ROBERT RIDDELL	36/300 MITCHELL ROAD	ALEXANDRIA	NSW 2015
MRS. HELEN ROSS	85 PETAN RD.	THE GAP	QLD 4061
MR. PETER SCARBOROUGH	P O BOX 217	FORTITUDE VALLEY	QLD 4006

MEMBER REJOINED

MR. M. ZIGAS	19 ALCHERA ST.	MOSSMAN	QLD 4873
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