Una Voce

PAPUA NEW GUINEA - INSIGHTS, EXPERIENCES, REMINISCENCES

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No 4, 2001 - December

HAPPY CHRISTMAS
TO YOU ALL
& BEST WISHES FOR 2002
FROM THE PRESIDENT
AND COMMITTEE

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

This will be on **Sunday, 2nd December** at the Mandarin Club, Sydney. Full details plus booking slip are on the separate yellow sheet.

Luncheon Theme

The theme for this year's Luncheon will be the 60th anniversary of the evacuation of women and children from PNG in December 1941. If you or members of your family were involved in the evacuation, please make a special effort to come.

Note to evacuees not attending

We would appreciate it if evacuees not attending would write down their recollections of the event and send their story to the editor of *Una Voce*. Some may be read out at the luncheon, others could be displayed for guests to read, or we might even do a special insert for a future *Una Voce*.

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The 60th Anniversary of the Japanese invasion of Rabaul is on 23 Jan. 2002 - a summary of those events is on page 6

The 2002 AGM and LUNCHEON is on Sunday 28 April 2002.

In This Issue

'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF THE RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC

It is published in March, June, September and December.
Contributions are welcome and should be sent to The Editor, *Una Voce*, 11 The Scarp, Castlecrag NSW 2068, or Email: mcliftonbassett@ozemail.com.au
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Membership of the association is open to anyone who has lived in PNG or who has an abiding interest in the country. The annual fee is $12. 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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IT'S RENEWAL TIME AGAIN

Subs are due on 1 January 2002

A renewal slip is on the separate yellow sheet. You may renew for 2002 plus a further four years - renewing for more than one year helps reduce paperwork.

Airmail rates for overseas members are listed on the reverse of the renewal form.

SUPERANNUATION

Further to the reference to twice-yearly indexation in the article on superannuation in the Sept. 2001 issue of *Una Voce*, the Minister for Finance and Administration has now advised that Regulations are being made to give effect to the new indexation arrangements, from January 2002, to Papua New Guinea superannuation pensions.

This means that in future, pensions will be adjusted in January and July each year, taking into account increases (if any) in the CPI for the half-year ending in the respective preceding September or March quarter. Other superannuation matters mentioned in the Sept. *Una Voce* are still under discussion with Comsuper. **H. West**

OBJECTS OF THE RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC

These are printed annually as they are not part of the Rules of ROAPNG.

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 PNG;

g)...to encourage members and associate members to contribute to the production and recording of oral and written history of PNG.

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Harry WEST and **John O'DEA** have just returned from a leisurely two months' holiday in Ireland, Turkey and the Greek Islands, with a few days in Hong Kong, London and Singapore. Harry wrote, 'The Northern Hemisphere autumn weather was near perfect. Very few tourists or Europeans were evident in Hong Kong compared with five years ago, but the city services remain most efficient. Ireland was moist and green, with miles of flowering fuchsia hedges along the roads and colourful begonias flowering everywhere. Some tension in Belfast and Londonderry but many local people feel that the gap dividing them has closed measurably in recent times.

'The Greek Islands retain their magical charm, only disturbed by the hundreds of noisy motor scooters used by the hordes of tourists. Turkey lived up to its reputation as a living museum and our ten days in Istanbul, built up to its current population of 10 million over 4000 years, gave us an insight into the splendour, power and cruelty of the Ottoman Empire and an understanding of the veneration for Kemal Ataturk, the founder of the present republic. The visit to Gallipoli and the crossing of the Dardanelles were essential features of an Australian's visit to Turkey. On to beautiful Singapore which must be the tidiest and most garden conscious city in the world. The inspiring Changi War Cemetery is meticulously maintained. All very wonderful but great to be home.'

The Annual TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS was held on Thursday 11 October. **Pat HOPPER** wrote, 'A small group from Sydney travelled by train and met up with some of the mountain folk. It was a cool misty day with some light rain but we were able to walk around Leura and see some of the glorious gardens open for the Garden Scheme. The lilacs, rhododendrons, tulips and wisterias were spectacular. We all met at the Gourmet Café in Leura for a fabulous lunch. Those present were: **Aileen GILES, Linda EVANS, Bill and Friedegard TOMASETTI, Harry WEST, John O'DEA, Elaine KIMMORLEY, Muriel SNELL, Ailsa RYALL, Pat SMITH and Roma BATES.'**.

Alan ROSS of the Gap Qld wrote, 'Concerning the news item on page 4 of *Una Voce* September 2001: it is true that I left Forests in February 2001. But it was **49 years and five months service in government in PNG, not 44 years**.' Can anyone beat that length of service?

Joe SHAW of Mt Gravatt Qld who was Public Trustee of PNG before he left in 1975 wrote recently, 'I have just returned from Hong Kong where my squash pupil David Palmer won the Hong Kong Open Squash Tournament. The importance of this win is that it makes him the number 1 ranked player in the world. David won the British Open Title earlier this year, only the second Australian to win that title in 60 years. **Joe CHOW,** who has lived in Hong Kong for 27 years after leaving Port Moresby Tax Office, was with me for this momentous occasion. He has helped us over the years when David was playing in Hong Kong. My other pupil John White is ranked 7 in the world.' Joe has announced his retirement as a coach, going out at the top with the British Open Winner and World Number 1.

News from the Northern Territory: Jim Toner writes -

In Darwin there was no major celebration of the 26th anniversary of PNG Independence. The usual organisers, disenchanted by some pecuniary outcomes from the 2000 event, decided not to put in the hard yards this year. Nevertheless the Milne Bay contingent met at the Water Gardens for a congenial *mumu* while other family groups marked the day at their homes.

Harry COEHN, ex-Education and Rabaul, and I planned to represent the Top End at the Rabaul Reunion in Brisbane during September but were prevented. It is reported that some 800 attended the South Bank Convention Centre which must surely be a record

for Wantok functions?

I am reminded that during his time with the NT Public Service Harry was asked to sit on an interviewing committee for some sort of business advisory post. One candidate, allegedly ex-PNG, said that he had been in charge of all the co-operative societies on Manus Island. When asked how many there were he replied 'A hundred'. This caused Harry to raise an eyebrow (presumably the brows of another Harry, the legendary Registrar of Co-ops, would have hit the ceiling) and he guesses that the applicant assumed he was an Arnhemlander rather than a NG Islander. A mistake which certainly cost him that job.

Another New Britain man has just added a Silver Jubilee medal to his MBE and Independence medal. The story of **Peter WOOLCOTT** is not so much one of an expat 'staying on' as one who 'never went away'. He grew up on Kabanga plantation prewar and has lived in PNG since 1946. Members will have met him when he was with the Forestry Department at Bulolo and Keravat. Since 1970 Peter, now aged 75, has lived at Ramandu plantation, become a PNG citizen, and tries to remember the names of his 20 grandchildren.

Writing indignant Letters to The Editor is one way to fritter away Retirement time but in August it had a welcome outcome for me. Alongside my contribution in *The Australian* I noticed another from **Owen HENNEY** not heard of for 30 years. He joined the Dept of Native Affairs in 1962 and had been *kuskus* at Kandrian, Talasea, Kokopo and Moresby. His daughter's need for specialist medical treatment had then obliged him to Go South, a not infrequent cause of wantoks leaving the service. Owen qualified as a chartered accountant but is now retired on the Redcliffe Peninsula, Qld.

Our telephonic reunion recalled a much earlier exchange by radio sked when he was at Talasea and I was at Rabaul. Owen complained bitterly about an allocation of funds to his sub-district and asserted that the District Office had made a mistake. Seemingly I replied tersely and magisterially, 'The District Office does NOT MAKE MISTAKES. Over and out'. I heard later that this went down like a ton of bricks amongst the New Britain plantations which just by chance were listening in to the Government sked.

The British Empire brought bat, ball and stumps to the dusky races of the world. Not perhaps to New Guinea but in Papua the LMS and Anglican missionaries soon had likely lads standing at silly short leg or bowling maiden overs. Happily enthusiasm has not lapsed since Independence. A World Youth Cup of Cricket is to be played for next January in New Zealand and when PNG sent its team to Fiji for a qualifying competition a young Hanuabadan showed his stuff. Mahuru Dai blasted 54 runs off 16 deliveries! This beats an international record held by Jayasuriya, the current Sri Lankan opening batsman. As we used to say up there, 'Givem some!'

Wandering around the Highlands in the sixties one could meet many a Pius or a Wesley. And the Anglican influence in the Northern District and Milne Bay showed in the appearance of the occasional Wellington or Nelson. I even met a Cromwell but surely that was a mistake ... But today I see that Goroka Lahanis rugby league team includes in its pack Fatty Buka and, wait for it, Tarzan Malaguna. I had great hopes that the fearsome pair might be seen playing for the Kumuls against Australia in Moresby last month but, alas, they didn't get picked.

Those intrepid travellers and former Rabaul residents **Jean and Terry DAW** are just back from a trip through all those interesting little republics just north of Afghanistan. Fortunately before there were any repercussions from the 11 September terrorism the couple were headed for Europe and have returned safely to Perth. However Terry strongly recommends not acquiring diarrhoea in Central Asia and if he ever gets around to submitting his travelogue to *Una Voce* it will probably be titled 'The Toilets of Tashkent'.

RABAUL EUROPEAN CEMETERY

Max Hayes, Pat Hopper and Peter Cohen are appealing for details of **persons buried in the Rabaul European Civil (Town) Cemetery** to enable a permanent record to be made. Max Hayes supplied this background:

The European cemetery at Rabaul probably dates back to German times, around 1910. The cemetery is nestled in the shadow of the caldera rim. Some early burials were of the first five Australians killed in WWI (see *Una Voce* Sept 2001) and of at least 25 other Australian servicemen who died during the subsequent military administration which ended in 1921.

After WWI, the cemetery continued to be utilised. At least three Australian servicemen were buried there in the months prior to the Japanese occupation of Rabaul on 23-1-1942.

Max was told that the cemetery site became a Japanese workshop during the war and was presumably obliterated by subsequent bombing. After the war the site resumed as a cemetery and continued as such until the eruption of 19-9-1994 when it was covered by more than a metre of ash. Peter Cohen of Rabaul, whose father is buried there, makes a valiant effort to clear the ash with a bobcat, but successive rains and gurias bring down further ash from the caldera rim, again obliterating the grave sites. The only possibility would be to create a cement retaining wall at the north of the site so that ash could be diverted, but this is expensive, so it seems the cemetery will remain under volcanic ash unless sufficient funds are forthcoming.

In August this year, Max walked over the site with Peter. He saw the headstone of Peter's father's grave about a metre and a half below the surrounding ash. He saw five other cement headstones, partially uncovered by rains, but all with their bronze plaques removed - assumed stolen and sold for scrap.

European cemetery covered by ash - five headstones exposed by wind and rain
Picture taken by Max Hayes in August 2001

The main concern is that the records of those buried there were obliterated in 1994 when Administration headquarters collapsed under the weight of ash. From old records, diaries and recollections, Peter, Pat Hopper and Max have been compiling a list of names of those buried there. To date they have about 95 names, often with very scant details.

It would be appreciated if members would supply names, dates, and any details of burials known to them, so that a permanent record can be created.
Max Hayes is at: 5 Peppermint Grove, Box Hill South, Vic 3128, Ph 03 9898 7459
Pat Hopper is at: 9/11 Hardie Street, Neutral Bay NSW 2089, Ph 02 9953 7061
Peter Cohen is at: PO Box 45, Rabaul 611 ENBP, PNG

P.S. Peter Cohen was contacted about three years ago by a man who cleaned up this cemetery around 1946-47. Could that person please contact us.

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SIXTY YEARS AGO - THE JAPANESE INVASION OF RABAUL, 23 JANUARY 1942

from **D.O. 'Mick' Smith**

I write this as a reminder to those not familiar with the Japanese invasion of Rabaul in 1942, and to the memory of members of Lark Force who died during the campaign that followed.

The 2/22 Battalion was part of Lark Force, a composite body of troops consisting of the 2/22 Battalion, supported by Field Ambulance, Anti Aircraft, Anti Tank, New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (NGVR), etc. Six nurses were part of the Field Ambulance unit.

Most of the equipment of Lark Force was antiquated. There were for example no Bren guns, only Lewis guns as used in WWI and WWI 3" A/A guns. Air cover for Lark Force troops was 6 Wirraways and 4 Hudsons.

Prior to the Japanese invasion the Australian Government decided 'they must be regarded as hostages to fortune - they will not be reinforced, withdrawn or re-equipped'. The total number of troops of Lark Force was approx. 1350 of which the 2/22 Battalion numbered approximately 950.

In 1940 the Brunswick Salvation Army Band enlisted in the AIF and were posted to the 2/22 Battalion. Sadly only one member of the Band returned to Australia.

With Lark Force having no air cover and no artillery, the Japanese invasion force simply sailed into Simpson Harbour and 20,000 Japanese marines effected a landing, opposed by elements of Lark Force. The landing took place at 0200 hours on 23 January 1942. With such a long coastline to defend it transpired 'A' Company of the 2/22 Battalion took the brunt of the landing. Aided by the 3" mortar platoon, 'A" Company accounted for many Japanese casualties.

The Commanding Officer of Lark Force summed up the hopeless position his men were in and gave the now famous command 'Every Man for Himself'.

The writer enlisted as a private soldier on 7 June 1940, and on 31 December 1941 was promoted 'In the Field' to Lieutenant just 23 days before the Japanese invasion and had 30 men under his command.

After the Japanese invasion a decision was made to attempt to escape from New Britain via the North Coast, and to keep together the 30 troops under command. Japanese planes bombed and machine-gunned the Australian troops. One half of Lark Force decided to travel down the North Coast of New Britain and the other half decided to go via the South Coast.

It was not long after the invasion that 600 troops and 205 civilians were captured in and around Rabaul.

While trying to escape down the North and South Coasts the various parties were constantly evading further landings of Japanese marines attempting to capture more troops.

On the North Coast the Japanese marines were assisted by local collaborators

familiar with the coastline and they were able to capture about 200 troops plus a family at Lassul known as the Harveys. Mr and Mrs Harvey and their 10 year old son were captured and taken back to Rabaul and executed.

On the South Coast the Japanese marines made a landing at Tol Plantation and captured 143 troops. On the second day after capture, the troops were bundled into parties of 10. Their hands were tied behind their backs and they were shot or bayoneted. Six troops pretending death managed to escape and eventually got back to Australia, escorted and cared for by other South Coast escapees.

Meanwhile an Assistant District Officer, Keith McCarthy, stationed at Talasea learnt by Tele Radio of the invasion of Rabaul. He then travelled up the coast by pinnace, made contact with the then small parties of troops and their leaders, and developed an escape plan. He returned by pinnace to Talasea HQ and gathered together a small group of men who had lived in PNG most of their lives.

These men assisted greatly in getting the escape parties to Talasea and then to Iboki Plantation, only about 30 miles from the Western end of New Britain. The physical condition of the escaping troops was poor, their morale was low and it was only because of the constant urging of leaders of small parties that some troops survived.

McCarthy meanwhile had learnt of an inter-island ship of 250 tons 'holed up' in the Witu group of islands 60 miles north of Talasea. The ship was the *Lakatoi* and McCarthy soon made arrangements to commandeer the vessel. Arrangements were then made to transport the escapees to the *Lakatoi* by pinnace - provisions were obtained from deserted plantations to help feed the troops for the voyage to Australia.

Headquarters in Port Moresby had advised McCarthy not to attempt to get back to Australia because of intense Japanese sea and air activity, but having put up with great hardship the troops supported McCarthy in deciding to 'give it a go'.

Six days later the *Lakatoi* moored in Cairns with 170 troops sick with malaria and malnutrition, after 2½ months and 250 miles of hard walking.

On arrival back in Victoria the majority of troops spent five months in Heidelberg hospital. Those fit enough joined other AIF units and served with distinction.

Meanwhile another tragedy was soon to unfold, this time in Rabaul. On 22 June 1942, 853 soldiers and 205 civilians who had been captured in and around Rabaul were put aboard the *Montevideo Maru* which set sail for Hainan. The 1058 prisoners were put into the hold of the ship and the hatches were closed. On 1 July 1942, when off Luzon, the *Montevideo Maru* was torpedoed by an American submarine and sank in 20 minutes. There were no survivors.

Prior to the *Montevideo Maru* leaving Rabaul, the officers and nurses of Lark Force were segregated from the troops and put aboard the *Natundo Maru*. This ship arrived safely in Japan and all aboard survived the war and were returned to Australia.

It could be said the authorities were right in deploying three battalions of the 8th Division to three different islands namely Rabaul, Ambon and Timor. The remaining six battalions of the 8th Division went to Singapore and eventually were taken prisoner.

The Japanese had to capture Rabaul, Ambon and Timor before heading south to Australia via Port Moresby. This gave the authorities time to move troops to New Guinea where they met the Japanese head on at Kokoda, Buna, Gona etc.

As at 20 July 2001, there were 34 surviving members of the 2/22 Battalion.

POLLARD'S PERFUMES

from **C.O. (Bill) Harry**

As a civilian (ex 2/22nd Battalion and ANGAU) I was returning to New Guinea on the *Montoro* in February/March 1947. The passenger list included a fascinating mix of people including planters, miners, commercial people, missionaries, administration officials and their families - all returning to resume their prewar occupations. I call to mind Keith and Jean McCarthy, Dick Humphries and Mrs Humphries, Ted Fulton and Mrs Fulton, Bill Rundnagel, Bill Dolby, Bill Mossman and many others. I found myself in interesting and friendly company, a large number of whom I had previously known.

On going ashore at Lae to collect my mail I was accompanied by Dick Bell, a Wewak goldminer of earlier acquaintance. My mail included a letter from a friend in England, a Naval Officer with the British Pacific Fleet whom I knew from Manus days. His letter included a cutting from the London *Times*. It was the Fourth Leader which, by tradition, is devoted to 'The Colonies'.

Half an hour later Dick Bell and I paid a visit to the makeshift Lae Hostelry, the wartime AWAS barracks (constructed of bush materials), to be greeted by the legendary Territorian hostess, 'Ma' Stewart, who by a remarkable coincidence said 'Meet Mr Pollard'. Of course out came the London *Times* cutting to the entertainment of all around.

Jungle Perfumes

'In the New Guinea jungle an enterprising ex-goldminer, Mr Pollard, has started a perfume factory. It will be thought, no doubt, that Mr Pollard has wisely placed his factory close to the heavy-scented tropic blooms which one would expect to be his raw materials and is exporting their distillates to London, Paris, New York, Brisbane and Sydney so that the ladies of those cities may add to their sophisticated charms some of the sultry fascination of the jungle. But no. Precisely the opposite. Mr Pollard is importing essential oils from Australia selling the perfume he manufactures from them to the natives. And, we are told he is doing a roaring trade not only in scent but in hydrogen peroxide, hair dye and face powder.

'Most people on seeing the Papuan girls in their jungle villages - perhaps with flowers in their fuzzy hair and garlands round their necks - would have decided that the gilding of such dusky lilies was beyond them. But Mr Pollard, as a former goldminer, thought otherwise. He looked, and saying, presumably as miners do, 'thars gold in them thar faces', decided at once to start his factory. For the comparatively small sum of £A200 he bought an abandoned dump, a relic of the war, of 540,000 bottles of American mosquito lotion, agreeing to empty their contents into drums for the use of the employees of a mining company. It only remained to import the Australian basic oils and the rest was easy.

'Those who have experienced the attentions of tropical mosquitoes may think the company's employees did better out of Mr Pollard's deal than the Papuan maidens. But as is proved by his sales, Mr Pollard has ably divined the wishes of the latter. This was probably not a difficult task for few ladies faced with a choice between mosquito lotion (a repellent) and perfume (an allure) would hesitate. Both they could not have.

'Mosquitoes must be braved for beauty's sake, and the truth of the French saying that it is necessary to suffer to be beautiful today holds good in New Guinea as elsewhere. The native belles, a credit to their sex, must endure much in order that, transformed into scented platinum blondes, they may rival the birds of paradise that share the jungles with them.

'The ultimate effect of Mr Pollard's enterprise cannot yet be foretold. In the last century trade often followed the gift of a battered top hat to an African chieftain. Tomorrow commerce on a broader scale may follow the Papuan cosmetics of today. For cosmetics, as every husband knows, have to be paid for. The men of New Guinea, perhaps some of the last gentlemen of leisure in the world, must now cease making a carefree livelihood and get down to hard work. The days of the jungle are numbered, though its end is not yet. In the meantime the romantic minded, who resent its invasion by the white woman's perfumes, may take heart, for Mr Pollard's wares also include ceremonial paint for native dances. Even now, daubed figures may be whirling round a fire to the beat of tom-toms, strange and bloodthirsty rites be proceeding in the forest, and a jungle version of Lady Macbeth, straight from some devilry be murmuring: 'All the perfumes of Australia will not sweeten this little hand'.'

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THE LAST BABY BORN IN MORESBY'S OLD HOSPITAL

by **Marjorie Head**

The news item in the Dec. 2000 issue of *Una Voce* on the restoration of Old Parliament House brought back memories. I believe I was the last patient to leave before the buildings were renovated to become the first House of Assembly.

As I remember it, the hospital had been scheduled to move from town to Taurama Road for several weeks, and finally on the Sunday night news, 6 July 1958, it was announced that as from tomorrow, Monday, the hospital would be situated at Taurama Road. That was fine except that Philip started to announce his arrival late Sunday evening. A phone call to my doctor instructed me to go to town, as it was still Sunday, and the move was scheduled for Monday.

To say we were unwelcome is to put it mildly. Everything had been packed up ready for the move including the delivery ward equipment. The sister said, 'She can't have that baby tonight'. However Philip thought otherwise and duly made his appearance in the early hours of Monday morning. It so happened that the maternity section was full and I was put in a small bedroom normally used by doctors staying overnight. The sisters who had assisted us went off duty, and in the excitement of the move forgot to tell anyone about me! I was dying for a cup of tea, a drink of water, anything. Fortunately another Mum found a new baby in the nursery and went looking for the mother, eventually found me, told the sisters, and I got that cup of tea and some breakfast.

The maternity section was the last section to be moved. The mothers were given their babies to hold whilst the cots were taken out to Taurama. Fathers were then allowed to drive their wives and new babies out to the hospital. I was told that I had to go in the ambulance as it was so soon after the birth.

Everyone else had gone when I was finally stretchered to the ambulance. A sister, with Philip in her arms, sat in front next to the driver. When we arrived, the ambulance stopped on Taurama Road, it didn't go up to the hospital. The nurse made off with the baby and left me to the ambulance staff. They opened the double doors at the back and all these passers-by peered in, wanting to see what was going on. All they saw was a frantic Sinabada wondering where her baby was.

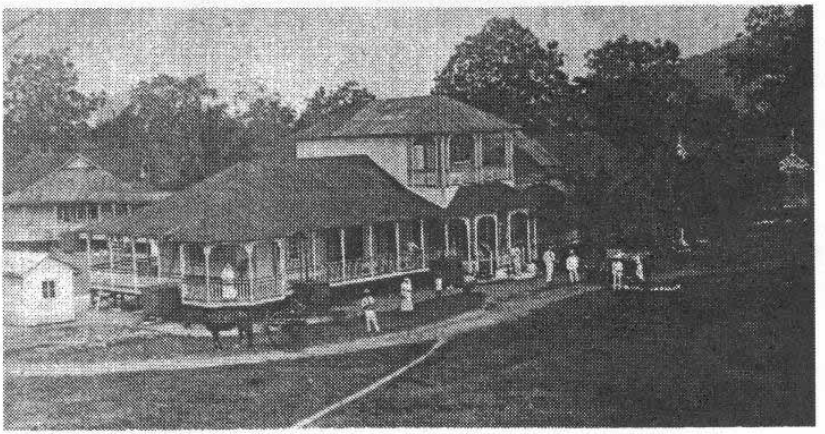
There were many teething problems with the new hospital. It had been designed by somebody who had never lived in PNG. The maternity section had open verandahs, clear glass louvres from floor to ceiling, and no window curtains, and they forgot to include a nursery! A small ward was quickly converted to a nursery and the sisters hastily stuffed sheets in the louvres so that mothers could feed their babies. The first baby arrived without the aid of a doctor because the phones, bells etc. also had teething problems.

However it all sorted itself out and our babies were none the worse.

EXTRACTS FROM - *COCONUTS AND TEAROOMS*

The Memoirs of Margaret Wood as told by her daughter Pat Boys (ctd)

In mid 1932 I became pregnant. It was the general rule in those days for European women to go south to have their babies but I didn't want to go so far away to have our baby. Dr Hosking assured me that it would be quite all right to stay in Rabaul for the birth as the hospital was well equipped for maternity work and my pregnancy was going along smoothly... our daughter was born on 20 April 1933.



Namanula Hospital, Rabaul - taken about 1929 (it covered acres)

There were not many babies born up at Namanula, and a great fuss was made of new arrivals. The nurses carried this 'new entrant' around the wards for the other patients to see and, because our surname was Wood, she got the nickname of 'Splinter'. Most of the other patients were men, mainly suffering from malaria. The hospital was built by the Germans on a ridge above the town where it caught the cool breezes. The grounds were full of tropical flowers and shrubs, and the only noises heard were the chirping of the cicadas and birdsong; a truly ideal place for a *haus sik*. Just a short walk across the lawns, and you could look down on the wide panoramic view of Rabaul, its enclosed harbour, and the hills and mountains in the distance...

I doubt that any of our house boys, let alone the labour line, had been in contact with such a small white baby in their lives, and when we were home she became the centre of curiosity. They became very fond of the *liklik missus* as they called her. She was a great joy to both Eric and myself. When she was about four months old, a carrying contraption was made for her. Poles were put on a wooden beer crate and the boys used to carry her around the plantation in this. We had a pram but the 'roads' were only rough tracks, so she was more often in the beer crate, which she loved. As she grew older she could sit up and look over the top.

She became a very important person on the plantation, and Saratoa watched the boys carefully if they were helping to look after her. Soon the natives from the mountains heard of her and wanted to come and see this little white baby. I used to put Pat out under the trees in her pram, covered over with a mosquito net, and when these mountain people came down to see her the net was pushed back and our house boys became very

protective. It was arranged that the mountain folk would form a ring, enabling them to walk right round the pram. If any of them got out of line, or too close through trying to have a better look, they would receive a severe whack across their behinds from our boys' sticks...

Eric enjoyed the times when visitors to our plantation would sit and drink his 'bush beer' (home brew) with him. He often asked me to join him and, just once to please him, I had a glass, but was violently ill afterwards. I just couldn't stomach it, but Eric would sometimes drink himself into oblivion. He would be out to it for several days. I became very upset at these times and, of course, felt very lonely as I was left to my own devices until he recovered. He would seek my sympathy, explaining that it was an illness over which he had no control. He was an alcoholic. I couldn't sympathise with this sickness in the environment of a lonely plantation miles from anywhere and Eric's apologies went unheeded when it happened time and time again.

And yet there are good memories. There was the time when, on one of my birthdays, he planned little surprises for me. He gave me a small gift with a note attached telling me where to look in the garden for my next gift, and then on to other places for yet more presents. I remember those times, too. It was just the drinking.

After leave in New Zealand in late 1934, the Wood family returned to a different plantation, Lilinakaia, further west along the coast from Neinduk. Margaret however was very lonely there, and also felt that Pat needed to be with other children. Instead of applying for a position in Rabaul as he had said he would do, Eric accepted the job as manager of the Fead Islands, off the east coast of New Ireland - an even lonelier place than Lilinakaia.

The Nuguria, or Fead, group of islands is about 200 km east of New Ireland, and the same distance from Bougainville. It consists of two atolls with some 50 islands, the total land area of which is only about five square kilometres (PNG Handbook). Lew Carson bought the Fead Islands from the Expropriation Board in about 1926.

When the schooner *MV Feads* was finally made ready we loaded all our gear, went aboard and sailed from Rabaul Harbour. The three Fead Island crew were the only ones aboard who knew anything about running the boat or even where we were going. They were strangers to us and we were in their hands.

The engine was the type that had to be started by a blowlamp and, when this was done, we, as far as I was concerned, set off for the unknown. I don't know the size of the schooner, but in the cabin were two bunks, a table over the engine and a wood stove up in the bow... It took us two days to travel the western New Ireland coast... On the second day we stopped at a deserted bay which had quite a history.

Here, on going ashore, we saw just a few relics of the sad days of the 1880s when an aristocrat in France, the Marquis de Rays, had fraudulently persuaded a large number of people to emigrate to this spot with promises of great prosperity. They were told of a perfect climate, great tropical beauty and their own land to cultivate. The Marquis had never been there himself and had relied on a written report from a ship's captain who had called there in 1823. (It seems that for the ship's brief stay they had experienced unusually clement weather, a phenomenon for the southern end of New Ireland.)

The *La Nouvelle France* expeditions were promised houses and a small flourishing township ready for their arrival. The response was overwhelming; the subscriptions rose to several hundred thousand pounds and altogether four ships made the journey.

On arriving at their destination the emigrants found nothing but isolation and months of rain at their promised Utopia. There wasn't a building in sight. It was

impossible to build a settlement in that hot, wet, mosquito-ridden area of the coast. Many died of fever, bitter heartbreak and starvation. Eventually the survivors were evacuated to New Caledonia and Australia, with a few staying to settle in New Britain.

The Marquis was tried and sentenced to four years in prison and fined 3,000 francs (at that time worth £120). It was proved that he had embezzled part of the funds described for his own use.

Our trip around the Cape was quite an experience. The boys warned us that it would be rough - and it was. I put Pat in one of the bunks and lay down beside her and hung onto the sides to keep us both from falling out. I can't remember being seasick; I think I must have been too frightened and anxious about Pat to think of myself.

I was very relieved when late the following afternoon we arrived at the Anir group and anchored on the sheltered side of a small island. On going ashore we were met by a group of very friendly natives who invited us to walk through their village. We were surprised to find boiling mud pools and steam rising out of the ground in lots of places, similar to the Rotorua area in New Zealand. A bit of sun dried copra was made there to be collected by any boat that happened to call which, I thought, wouldn't be very often.

After a meal the boys decided to sail on through the night as it was easier to pick up Nuguria in the early morning. Sure enough, when the sun rose we could see a dark patch of cloud on the horizon and the boys shouted '*Ailan i kamap*' (island he come up). We sailed through a passage in the reef into a huge lagoon. On going ashore at Nuguria we were greeted with the news, '*Wan boi i dai pinis*' (one boy has died), so we went to verify this. It seemed that he had died of pneumonia. The boys were preparing to bury him close to the back door of our house, but we persuaded them to take him further away. They started digging in the coral but, because the island was only about three feet above sea level, they soon struck water. They placed the body in the hole along with all his belongings, then piled rocks on him to keep him down.

That was my introduction to the Fead Islands!

Margaret's bungalow on a tiny island of the Fead Group

It took only about ten minutes to walk right round our 'home' island. It was very bare, mostly coral rock, no grass, a few trees and thousands of coconut palms. There was a copra shed on the beach, some houses for the labour line and house boys, and behind that was our bungalow. It was a good house, well built in wood with an iron roof and surrounded by a large verandah. All the rooms had windows covered with mosquito-proof wire, but we had our bed put out on the verandah as it was cooler and, with Pat's cot beside us, we were all covered with a large mosquito net at night.

Rainwater was collected in tanks and if it became scarce we could dig down a few feet to collect the water that filtered through the coral rock. It had a flat, brackish taste, but at least it was water. There was no garden as there was very little soil.

A very long island, about five times the area of our island, lay at the end of the immense lagoon. The local islanders, all Polynesians, had their village there. It was over an hour's trip in the schooner and I visited it just once. The village was one long road with houses and coconut trees each side and as we walked through, I noticed that all the men had long hair and the women had theirs cropped. They were very friendly and made a great fuss of Pat.

Another atoll lay about 32 miles (51 km) to the northeast. The reef islands were uninhabited but grew coconuts. Eric had to make trips there in the schooner, taking labourers with him to collect the nuts and he would be away overnight. I felt nervous on my own at these times and would chain Dipso, our Alsatian dog, to the leg of the bed at night and have Pat tucked in beside me. Unfortunately the chain rattled every time the dog moved, so we didn't get much sleep.

Life on this remote coral atoll was quite frightening for me, especially with our very young daughter there. If there had been an accident or serious illness, there would have been a long delay in getting help. Pat was the first to need medical attention when she developed a high fever. A lot of this was due to her not getting enough fresh food... she got better, but I was not happy about her. Then *I* got dysentery and had to cure myself with laudanum tablets. I felt very ill but was determined not to let it get me down. We guarded the few scraggy fowls with our lives, feeding them on scraped coconut and left-over scraps, and were rewarded with a few eggs. There was an abundance of fish. It could be three months between boats to obtain stores.

There were strange stories of previous managers who had lived there on their own. Apparently one had died and the boys had dressed him in his best navy suit and sat him in a box to wait until the next ship called! Another had gone *longlong* (insane) and the boys found him walking naked up and down the beach. They just couldn't stand the isolation. This same feeling of isolation did not help my awful feelings of loneliness and worry as by this time our marriage was an unhappy one and the Fead Islands was quite the wrong place for such a situation.

However there were some bright and interesting interludes. Because of the heat we spent a lot of time swimming in the lagoon. It was exciting to walk out to the edge of the reef, lie down with goggles on and watch the marine life. Near the surface were hundreds of tiny coloured fish but further down one could see the large dark shapes cruising.

My illnesses and homesickness got me down completely and I made up my mind to get to Rabaul on the first boat that called. Eric was quite happy there, in fact in his element, but I longed for that ship.

One morning the boys gave a shout *Selo!* (sail ho!). There was great excitement, but as the ship got nearer it was obvious that it was a strange vessel. When the boys announced, *Sip bilong Japan*, we felt very apprehensive because we had heard of

Japanese ships sailing around the islands poaching trochus shell; and their 'spying out the land' was talked about even then in 1936. The sampan landed two boats on the reef and several shots were fired at our boys who, luckily, were not hurt. None of us were armed and we could only watch helplessly. We were very relieved when, on seeing our schooner, the sampan sailed away. I suppose they didn't expect to find any Europeans in such a remote place. (A full description of the incident, written by Eric, was published in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of Saturday 26 September 1936.)

After this incident I was all the more ill at ease and determined to leave. At last a coastal vessel arrived to pick up copra and Pat and I returned to Rabaul with much relief, albeit with a failing marriage.

Back in Rabaul again I found myself in the embarrassing position of having no money. Credit, which I was relying on at the big stores, had been stopped due to the slump in copra prices. Although the world depression was ending, it was still being felt in the islands. A gap had been left in the tearooms business when *The Palms* restaurant had closed the year before. When a friend, Jean Doyle, suggested we start up a new tearooms together, it seemed just what I needed.

We were able to get premises for our new venture in the upstairs rooms of Furter and Paatzsch's building in Mango Avenue. From being isolated and very unhappy at the Feads I became extremely busy. We worked very hard. I found rental accommodation for Pat and me in Mango Avenue, very close to the tearooms...

The Coconut Tearooms opened on 1 December 1936. The *Rabaul Times* of 4 December wrote, '*The Coconut* Tearooms was opened on Tuesday afternoon last and justifies our anticipation that such an establishment is required in our town. The rooms are carefully arranged with an eye to cleanliness and coolness, two essentials in a tearoom. We understand the management is already besieged with orders for cakes and catering. It should be a handy rendezvous after office hours and also do a good trade on picture nights when special suppers may be obtained.'

Eric came back into Rabaul in February 1937. He was able to get a job with the Public Works Department as a roadmaster and was allocated a small house at Karavia for £48 per year. The house was about eight miles out of Rabaul. In this house we could finally store most of our belongings, including my carved camphorwood chest in which I packed a lot of our crystal and crockery. I didn't need any of these things at our rented accommodation in town, nor were they needed at Karavia. Eric divided his time between the two places, as I remained in town for the convenience of being close to the tearooms. Our relationship was teetering badly but we struggled on, trying to keep up appearances.

In May 1937 the Coronation of King George VI was celebrated throughout the British Empire and Rabaul did him proud with a week-long celebration. Coronation Week began on Sunday 9 May with a church service at the Regent Theatre. On Monday everyone went to work but there was excitement all round the town with preparations being made for the big parade to be held on the Wednesday. Flags were being hung on archways across the streets and everything was a-buzz. The next day Jean and I were too busy making cakes and savouries to notice all that was happening. The following day, Wednesday, was Coronation Day and there was a big parade. We didn't get a chance to see the full parade, just dashed out to have a look when we had a few minutes to spare.

On the afternoon of the parade a Garden Party was held at Government House. Everyone was there except for Jean and me, it seemed. That evening there was a fireworks display down on the waterfront and later that night the Chinese put on a magnificent fireworks display at the baseball ground.

The Coronation Ball was held on Friday evening and Jean and I, with some outside

assistance, prepared the supper. With catering for this large function, neither Jean or I actually got to the ball and we realised afterwards that it had been too big a job for just the two of us. Oh, how we worked that week!

Coronation Week was my last big event to do with the tearooms. I had decided to leave Eric and return to New Zealand with Pat, who was now four. I realised I couldn't go on as I was and became more homesick for New Zealand as the days went by. Eric was hankering to get back to plantation work. He wasn't really happy in town and he continued to drink. Jean and I wound up our partnership and *The Coconut* closed its doors a few weeks later.

When the day came to leave, I said my farewells to the friends I had made and my emotions were in turmoil as I said goodbye to Eric. The *Macdhui* had brought me to Rabaul five and a half years ago and now she was taking me away.

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Postscript: Margaret married again in 1944 and was widowed in 1974. She lives on Auckland's North Shore. Pat attended schools in Auckland. While working in Rarotonga, Cook Islands, she met her husband David - they married in 1955 and have two sons and a daughter. In 1981 Pat returned to Rabaul and, during her four weeks there, was able to spend one week back at Neinduk.

Eric left Rabaul soon after the eruption (late May 1937) to work in Bulolo. He was with ANGAU during WWII and later managed a plantation on Bougainville. He died in hospital in Sydney of tuberculosis in 1954, aged 50.

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DISPOSABLE CAMERAS HELP SOLVE WWII MYSTERIES

Disposable cameras are proving an invaluable aid in finding missing US and Australian aircraft in the jungles and mountains of Papua New Guinea.

Tribesmen still regularly report a broken *balus* (aircraft) on return from a hunting trip in some remote area. Now Australian and American authorities have a reliable and cheap way to assess the discovery - a simple $20 disposable camera and a few minutes' tuition on how to use it. Previously it required an expensive helicopter and days of searching, with the result often being a known wartime wreck, a jettisoned aircraft fuel tank or a piece of abandoned mining machinery.

Now it is only a matter of point and press. With flash-equipped cameras and instructions to stand one or two metres away, the island people are returning with proof of their discovery. Before departing they are instructed to try and photograph identification numbers or aircraft tails, if possible. The results have been astounding.

The disposable camera idea was first tested by Richard Leahy, of Lae, PNG. Leahy is well known as an island pilot who has assisted both the Australian Air Force and American Army over the last 20 years in identification and recovery of crew remains from wartime aircraft. So successful was his technique that it has now been officially adopted by both the Australians and Americans.

However most credit should go to the people of Papua New Guinea who so willingly and enthusiastically trudge for days back to their discovery often at some freezing peak, sweltering swamp or distant damp valley.

There are still hundreds of missing WWII aircraft in PNG and West Irian. As well as American and Australian fighters, bombers and transports, they include Dutch, Japanese and New Zealand aircraft. With the aid of Japanese camera ingenuity, an Australian idea and New Guinean dedication, many of these mysteries are now being quickly and economically solved. ☐ **Bob Piper**

MAL'S BIRTHDAY

by **Chips Mackellar**

There was a gathering of old kiaps at the Manly Sailing Club in March this year to celebrate (or commiserate) the 70th birthday of Malcolm Lang. Mal and I joined the PNG Administration on the same day in April 1953, along with some now famous old kiaps like John Coleman, and Sir Barry Holloway. Others attending included Neil Grant, Harry Redmond, John Stuntz, Tony Locke, Bert Speer, and John Blythe.

As you can imagine, the reminiscences and tall stories flowed with the beer all that afternoon. Those PNG days are now behind us all, except for Harry Redmond who is still serving in PNG, as a privatised kiap working for the oil companies.

Apart from the common experience of PNG which still bonds us all together, there was another experience common to most of us present, and that was a past or a continuing association with the Philippines. This is because the direct air link from Port Moresby made Manila, albeit in the opposite direction, not much further away than Melbourne - so when leave time came around, the Philippines was a pleasant alternative. It therefore came about that for many expats, the Philippines became a natural extension of their PNG experience.

Then with a population of 60 million, the poverty-stricken Philippines during the Marcos dictatorship was a booming tourist Mecca. The seven thousand Philippine Islands, basically looked much like the islands we knew in PNG. The same towering mountains, the same blue lagoons, the same waving palm trees, and the mosquitos were just as bad. But in the Philippines, the main difference at a glance was that the broad flat lands teemed with crowded, filthy, cities and towns, filled with the exotic sights and sounds and smells of Asia, while the towering mountains were terraced with rice fields.

In fact, at Benaue on the island of Luzon, the Philippines is home to the biggest continuous rice terraces in the world. Built during the era of Philippine pre-history, and still in use today, the Benaue rice terraces are said to be the eighth wonder of the world. Archaeologists and anthropologists still do not know who masterminded this construction, or how it was built. These incredible terraces climb step by step upwards into the monsoonal rain clouds from one valley floor to the next and are so immense that their full scope and extensiveness can only be seen from a passing aircraft.

The Philippines had other interesting attractions. For example on the island of Cebu is Magellan's cross, planted there by Ferdinand Magellan in 1520 during the first circumnavigation of the world. The Spanish began their settlement of the Philippines here, in 1570, 200 years before Captain Cook discovered Australia.

Superimposed upon the same fundamental kind of landscapes and seascapes which we had known in PNG, the Philippine Islands exuded an incredible mix of Eastern and Western cultures. The basic Malay population had been colonised by Spain for 400 years, mostly through the agency of Catholic missionaries. After the Spanish American war, the Philippines was a colony of the United States for 50 years, and to this day it still displays a weird mix of ancient and modern values, old and new ideas, and behaviour patterns both sacred and profane. It is said that Philippine society is a crazy mixed up jumble of customs which reflect 400 years of life in a convent, and 50 years in Hollywood. The people have Malay faces, Spanish names, and they speak English with American accents, and through this kaleidoscope of contrasts, it is said that while the devil cursed them with fiendish politics, God blessed them with beautiful girls.

These days some 6000 Philippine girls migrate to Australia every year to marry Australian men. But in the years before independence, Harry Redmond was the first Australian to bring back to PNG a Philippine bride.

Manila under Marcos was a vibrant, bustling city. The heart of its tourist belt where most expats from PNG congregated was in and around a street named Del Pilar, which stretched about one mile from Rizal Park to the suburb of Malate. This whole area was a gaggle of tourist hotels, restaurants and girlie bars. In some of these bars, the girls wore Playboy Bunny costumes, but in most of the others, they just wore very brief bikinis. The bikini was an excellent employment criterion for these bars, because any girl who did not look good in one would not get a job.

But not to worry, because hundreds of Philippine girls did fill their bikinis in the right proportions, to work and play in the multitude of bars which ranged in size from small hole-in-the-wall dingy little dives to the big raucous night clubs, which boomed out honky tonk music all night. These places had splendid names, like Red Rooster, Kiss, Firehouse, and El Dorado, and the most notorious of these was Bubbles, which boasted 300 girls.

A girl could leave the bar with a customer if he paid her 'bar fine.' This was an amount said to compensate the management for the loss of bar trade caused by the girl's absence. In reality, it was a money-making gimmick for both bar and girl. But it wasn't all heartless, because if a steady relationship developed between girl and customer, as it frequently did, the bar manager would agree to a '*steady* bar fine' which was a daily rate, much reduced, to accommodate the customer's budget and his infatuation with the girl.

Since the girl was not obliged to return to the bar during the currency of the 'steady' bar fine, this arrangement turned the customer into a companion. It allowed the girl to accompany the tourist and to help him explore other parts of the Philippines where foreigners might never otherwise have gone alone. These exotic adventures together to the rice terraces at Benaue, or to the Mayon volcano near Legaspi or to the historic cities of Cebu or Zamboanga often led to lasting, intimate friendships, and sometimes even to marriage.

Expat families visiting from PNG were also known to pay the steady bar fine. For them, the girl would act as tourist guide, shopping companion, and nanny for the children. Thus, in some romantic tourist resort far from Manila, while the girl was minding the children, the husband and wife would enjoy rare moments of privacy which they never otherwise would have had during their holidays in the Philippines

In some of the bars, the girls lived in, upstairs in a dormitory. This was to ensure that they were always available, even after the bar had closed. One famous bar had a very accommodating arrangement with the big hotel next door. From his hotel room a tourist could telephone the hotel lobby and ask to be connected with the adjoining bar where he might order a bottle of beer. A bar girl would bring the bottle to his room, and her 'bar fine' would be discreetly incorporated together with his beer, as 'room service' on his hotel bill.

In fact, the bars were so accommodating that they were known to offer other services outside the tourist strip. For example, one of the most daunting experiences in the Philippines was leaving the international airport passenger terminal building. Most international terminals throughout the world are busy places, but it was always a real challenge to escape unscathed from Manila International terminal because of the throng of pimps, touts, hawkers, pickpockets, bag snatchers, and bogus taxi drivers which engulfed every traveller at the passenger terminal exit doors.

Not to worry, seasoned travellers to the Philippines from PNG were known to telephone their favourite bar in Manila before departing Port Moresby Airport, to ask for a girl to meet them on arrival in the Philippines. And sure enough, when exiting the Manila International terminal building, the traveller would see his name displayed on a card held high by a slender arm above the multitude of touts and hawkers, and with both arms wrapped tightly around his hand luggage so as to avoid bag snatchers, he would push his way through the noisy milling crowd to the sweet smile and the friendly greeting which awaited him.

The traveller would then be quickly whisked away in a taxi which the girl had reserved, to a hotel arranged by the bar. Behind the scenes there would have been kickbacks, commissions and tips, all covered by a 'service charge' added to the hotel bill which, soon preoccupied with the girl, the traveller would never notice.

In the early days, there was often a communication problem. This was because although the Filipinos were well attuned to the American accent, they had some difficulty understanding the Australian accent, and our slang and our idioms completely baffled them.

The Filipinos referred to our way of speaking as 'Kangaroo English' and often you could overhear a cross-cultural tiff which went something like this:

'Can't you understand plain English?'

To which the answer would be 'Plain English? Yes. Kangaroo English? No.'

Or, you might overhear the prelude to an introduction like this: 'Do you speak English, Honey?' to which the answer would be:

'Yes I do..... But I don't speak Kangaroo.'

The focal point for most Australians in the Philippines in those days was the Kangaroo Club, situated in the heart of the tourist belt in Manila. It was run by an ex-kiap John Balderson, ably assisted from time to time by other former kiaps, including Tony Locke who attended Mal's 70th birthday party that day. The club was not a girlie bar. In fact, it was the exact opposite. It was a quiet haven from the bustling city outside, where PNG expats and other Aussies could gather for a quiet drink without being hassled and overcharged. It was also a place to catch up on news from home because it had PNG and Australian newspapers, and it displayed the latest football scores and relayed horse racing commentaries from Radio Australia.

The Club also owned the Clarkton Hotel at Angeles City in the dusty central plains of Luzon. This hotel was located right on the boundary of Clark Field which was then the largest US Air Force base outside of mainland USA. A few interesting hours could be spent on the top floor veranda bar of the hotel, watching the giant C5 Galaxies landing at Clark Field, and the jet fighters flew so close on take off that the pilots would wave as their planes screamed low overhead.

Down the road from the Clarkton Hotel in Angeles was the Rams Hotel, then run by another ex-kiap, Mike Slough. One year Mike told me that the hotel employed 40 girls at any one time, not as bar girls, but as waitresses, receptionists, house maids, cooks, clerks and so on. He said that, because the resignation rate for reasons of marriage was so high, in any one year up to 120 different girls would pass through those 40 positions on their way to the altar - every one of them marrying Australians, Americans or Europeans who had been guests at that hotel.

The Kangaroo Club closed many years ago, and John Balderson returned to Australia and is now living in Sydney. Tony Locke also returned to Australia and is now living on the NSW Central Coast. And in keeping with the times, the bar scenes of Del

Pilar have long since faded into history. They were swept away after the fall of President Macos, during a city-wide cleanup of Manila.

In any case, land developers soon realised that there was more money to be made from the spread of high rise commercial and residential buildings into this part of Manila than from the scruffy little buildings which housed the girlie bars. Some of the Del Pilar bars and night clubs did relocate elsewhere around Manila but, deprived of the competition and the camaraderie of their former neighbours, they became isolated expensive clip joints, and the old atmosphere of Del Pilar was gone forever.

Nevertheless, some of these old buildings still remain, some even with the stages behind the bar where the bar girls would gyrate in their bikinis. But these days, the stages are bare, and the old bar scene has been replaced by respectable family restaurants.

But the memories of Del Pilar still linger on, mixed up together with our memories of PNG. And they all came back to us on your birthday, Mal, so we hope you enjoyed it, and may you have many more like this one.

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PNG GEOGRAPHY - ORIGINS OF GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES

by **K. Humphreys**

This article explains how some geographical features of **Papua** were named. A New Guinea listing is in preparation. We start at the Irian Jaya border -

BENSBACH RIVER -named in 1893 by the British New Guinea Administrator (BNG) Sir William MacGregor after the Dutch Government Resident of Tenate in the Netherland Indies. MacGregor was the BNG Administrator then Lieutenant Governor from 1888-1898.

MOREHEAD RIVER - after Boyd Dunlop Morehead, Queensland Premier 1888-90.

STRACHAN ISLAND - after John Strachan who explored the Papuan coast 1883-86.

FLY RIVER - Captain Blackwood on HMS FLY discovered the river mouth in 1842.

BRAMBLE CAY - HMS BRAMBLE was the supply ship for HMS FLY from 1842-46; later was tender to HMS RATTLESNAKE in 1849. It is recorded that the BRAMBLE was sunk once a year for four years to 1849 to get rid of cockroaches. The ship was stripped of stores and moved to a mud flat on a falling tide. Then a scuttle was cut into one side so at high water the vessel was completely covered. Millions of cockroaches escaped to the rigging but were washed overboard by the crew with buckets of sea water. At the next low tide the scuttle was sealed and the ship pumped dry. For one such cleansing it is estimated that the dead cockroaches would fill twenty 200 litre drums. The problem was that the eggs survived each flooding. A beacon was erected at the cay in 1886, but not lit until 1944.

ELLANGOWAN ISLAND - named after the London Missionary Society coal-fired *Ellangowan*. The vessel was a gift to the LMS from Miss Baxter of Dundee, Scotland at a cost of £2,000. It arrived in BNG in 1874 but was lost in a storm in 1898. 'ELLANGOWAN' was the name of Miss Baxter's house.

MACROSSAN ISLAND - named by MacGregor after Queensland Secretary for Mines John Murtagh Macrossan.

EVERILL JUNCTION - Captain Charles Everill in the *Bonito* explored the Fly River in 1885. He was a teacher of navigation when chosen as leader of the expedition. He had been a tobacco planter in Sumatra, so spoke Malay. There were eleven Malays in the party. The steam launch *Bonito* was chartered for six months at £50 per month.

STRICKLAND RIVER - named by Everill in honour of Sir Edward Strickland, President of the Geographical Society of Australasia: river discovered 28-7-1885.

MASSEY-BAKER JUNCTION - Godfrey Hugh Massey-Baker was born in England in 1868 and arrived in Papua in 1908. He became a magistrate in 1911, explored the western rivers in 1913 and retired in 1919. He died at Kerema on 18-12-38.

LAKE MURRAY - discovered by Massey-Baker in 1913 and named after Lt. Governor Sir Hubert Murray. One source states that the lake was discovered also in 1913 by magistrate Sydney Douglas Burrows.

LAKE HERBERT HOOVER - Possibly named by American Dr Brandes who led an aerial survey for sugar cane varieties in 1928, the year that Hoover became President of the United States. However, since Brandes had left Papua before the 1928 election, the naming of the lake may have been done by US scientist Richard Archbold in 1933-34.

D'ALBERTIS JUNCTION - The Italian naturalist Luigi Maria d'Albertis travelled the Fly River from 1875 to 1877. The junction of the Fly and Ok Tedi rivers was named after d'Albertis by MacGregor on 10-1-1890.

ALICE (OKTEDI) RIVER - named the Alice by d'Albertis in 1876 in honour of the wife of Sir John Robertson, Premier of NSW. Another source states Alice was the sister of Lawrence Hargrave, engineer on the *Neva* loaned by the NSW Government.

RENTOUL RIVER - named by Jack Hides in 1935 after A.C. Rentoul, a Daru magistrate who explored the Fly headwaters in 1913-14; died in Sydney in 1962 aged 77.

STAR MOUNTAINS - named by a Dutch military expedition in 1910.

MOUNT BLUCHER - named by MacGregor in honour of the late Prussian Field Marshall. MacGregor thought the peak was in German New Guinea.

NOMAD RIVER - named by Jack Hides in 1935.

VICTOR EMMANUEL RANGE - named by d'Albertis after the King of Italy , Victor Emmanuel II

PALMER RIVER - named by MacGregor after the Queensland Governor Sir Arthur Palmer.

INGHAM HILLS - named by Rev. Chalmers after W.B. Ingham who arrived at Port Moresby in 1878 supposedly as Queensland Government Agent. He met his death by ambush on

Brooker Island in the Calvados Chain in November of that year. The Qld sugar settlement of Sligo had its name changed to Ingham in 1882 in honour of Ingham's sugar pioneering. His skull was surrendered to a magistrate in 1892 and is presumably buried on Logea Island.

PORT ROMILLY - Hugh Hastings Romilly was appointed Deputy Commissioner of BNG in 1885.

YULE ISLAND - named by Captain Owen Stanley of *HMS Rattlesnake* on 26-9-1849 after Lt. Yule of *HMS Bramble*.

CAPE POSSESSION - named by Lt. Yule in 1846. His party landed on 16 April forgetting to take a Union Jack with them. That posed no problem as Yule sketched the flag on a notebook page and attached it to a tree. He then called for three quiet cheers so as not to broadcast the party's presence. But it didn't work and all were lucky to escape.

OWEN STANLEY RANGE - Captain Owen Stanley's sole sighting of the range which he named in 1849 was at dusk - 'Suddenly, towards the evening, the entire mass of clouds lifted from the land and dispersed. A magnificent chain of mountains stood before us, their table-topped summits sharply defined against the sky, and brilliantly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun.'

A dawn sighting was recorded in 1846 by Ships Clerk John Sweatman of *HMS Bramble* - 'A range of lofty mountains rose up in strong relief against the dawning daylight and extended all along the horizon....their ragged edges and numerous peaks tinged with a bright glow by the rising sun while all their lower part and even the land near us was buried in deep shadow.'

Owen Stanley named the highest peak Durville after Captain Jules Dumont d'Urville who visited New Guinea in 1829. Then the name was changed to Mount Owen Stanley by the London Hydrographer Sir Francis Beaufort in 1851. Another name change occurred when the peak became Mount Victoria in 1888.

Owen Stanley died on board *HMS Rattlesnake* in 1850 and is buried in St Leonards cemetery in Sydney NSW.

REDSCAR BAY - named by Owen Stanley after similar high red cliffs at Redscar near his home in Cheshire.

CAPE SUCKLING - Lt. William Suckling was First Lieutenant on *HMS Rattlesnake*; described as being old and somewhat deaf.

BOOTLESS BAY - named by Captain Moresby. He considered the land to be useless, equalling the inadequacy of a seaman without his sea boots.

MOUNT BELLAMY - It is the highest point on the Kokoda Track (Trail in 1942) which opened as a fortnightly mail route in January 1905. The peak was once thought to be named after medical doctor and magistrate R.L. Bellamy. However Rev. Chalmers named the mountain in 1879 when Bellamy was five years old. Chalmers' 'Bellamy' is not known.

MULLENS HARBOUR - also spelt 'Mullins'. Best evidence is that it was named by Rev. Chalmers circa 1878. There was no Rev. Mullens in the Pacific London Missionary Society so possibly named after an English friend.

ORANGERIE BAY - visited by Torres in 1606 but named Cul de Sac de l'Orangerie by Comte Louis Antoine de Bougainville in 1768.

GOODENOUGH BAY - Commodore Goodenough was Commanding Officer of the Royal Navy's Australia Station in Sydney 1873-75. He died of tetanus in the Solomons in 1875.

MILNE BAY - named by Captain Moresby after Sir Alexander Milne, Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty.

CAPE NELSON - named by Captain Moresby after Viscount Nelson of Trafalgar fame. Also claimed to be named after the Queensland Premier 1893-98. But as Tufi was known as Hardy Harbour, again of Trafalgar fame, that claim is questionable.

DYKE ACLAND BAY - Sir Thomas Dyke Acland was an English politician. His sole claim to fame was his position as first Treasurer of the Pitcairn Island Fund Committee.

WOODLARK ISLAND - named by Captain Grimes of the *Woodlark* circa 1836.

MOUNT LAMINGTON - named after Queensland Governor Lord Lamington whose wife was credited with the invention of the small lamington cake. Not wanting to waste stale sponges, she cut them into cubes, dipped the cubes in liquid chocolate and rolled them in desiccated coconut. However it is now claimed that the Government House chef, one Armand Galland, created the treat in 1900-01 by making French butter cake, adding the chocolate and dipping in desiccated coconut.

CAPE WARD HUNT - named after G. Ward Hunt, First Lord of the Admiralty 1874-77.

****

DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

The following occurred about 1978/9 when Will Muskens left the Goroka Local Government Council and his successor, Himony Lapiso, was the first indigenous person to hold such a position.

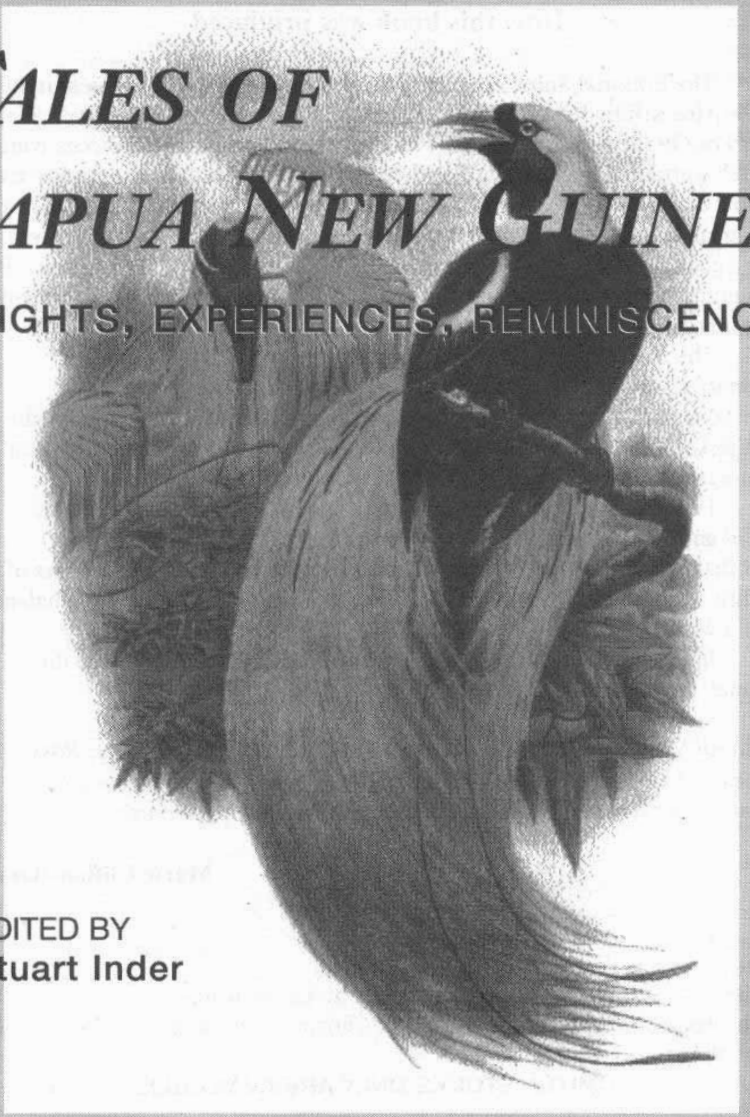
On this particular day the Council convened and Himony opened proceedings. In the gallery were citizens of Henganofi, Asaro, Bena, Lufa, Kesavaka etc. Soon after the meeting started, one councillor raised his hand and said, 'Mi laik wokim wanpela mosen, tasol, ol kaunsel igo lukim Japan'. Another worthy shot his hand up and said, 'Mi laik seken long em'. A hush came over the councillors and onlookers, and at this point (although I had no desire to go near the place) I put my hand up and said 'Mi go wantaim?' A chorus responded, 'Orait, Bil i go wantaim mipela'.

Himony considered for a couple of moments and said, 'Yu mas painim planti moni'. One councillor called out to the effect that the Council had plenty of money. Himony denied this was true, but said that it would be possible if some amendments were made to the Council estimates for the next year. He said that ten thousand kina had been earmarked for a new road at Bena, but that could be deleted. The watching members of the Bena community stared. Bridge work at Asaro estimated at five thousand kina could also be a non event. The Asaro audience became silent. Another access road at Henganofi at four thousand kina could also not take place. The Henganofi worthies glared at their councillor. Himony named a couple of other items of similar sources of funds, then waited. The council chamber became a place of silence. Then the mover of the motion got to his feet, and spoke the inevitable, 'Mi laik rausim mosen!' Himony moved on to the next item on the agenda. I realised I was not going to Japan after all. □ **Bill Guest**

Translation: I would like to move that all councillors visit Japan. I second that. Can I go too? OK, Bill can go with us. You'll have to find a lot of money. I withdraw the motion.

TALES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

INSIGHTS, EXPERIENCES, REMINISCENCES



EDITED BY
Stuart Inder

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC.

How this book was produced

The Editorial Sub-Committee decided to undertake this project in mid 1999. After sifting through all the articles and stories from the early days of *Una Voce* to the end of 1999, we eventually selected about 150 pieces which we felt warranted publication. We then realised we needed some guidance as to how to proceed, so invited Stuart Inder to our next meeting. To our surprise and great delight Stuart agreed to edit the book and see it through the press 'for a good bottle of whisky'. He recommended that graphic design, selection of a printer and final production be handled professionally by designer Moyna Smeaton, of Concept Press, Sydney.

The final selection of articles, their order in the book and their illustration was left to Stuart. Moyna, as promised, was imaginative, painstaking and dedicated. Graeme Baker suggested the photograph for the dust jacket and asked graphic designer Margaret Clift to produce it for him. Photographs were obtained from a wide variety of sources.

In the event, the book contains 60 major articles, about 20 shorter pieces and 50 photographs, one or two stories having appeared in *Una Voce* later than 1999. Stuart says his final selection was not made on the basis of quality, because 'all the material was first-rate', but with an eye for a balance over a wide range of PNG experiences.

In those circumstances, and depending on the reception given this volume, there might well be a need for a second one.

Editorial Sub-Committee members are Don Drover, Pamela Foley, Ross Johnson, Jean Mulholland, Doug Parrish and myself; recently co-opted members are Graeme Baker, Joe Nitsche and Andrea Williams.

Marie Clifton-Bassett

Printing is under way at the moment.
It is planned to launch the book at our Christmas luncheon on 2 December.

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Order form on page 3 of this cover page

TALES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA
- Insights, Experiences, Reminiscences

Your Committee is delighted to announce the imminent publication of our book - **a selection of some of the best stories, articles and anecdotes from past issues of *Una Voce*** (mainly up to the end of 1999). We hope this will be the first of several books as we have an abundance of good material. Our honorary editor is Stuart Inder who for many years was editor of the *Pacific Islands Monthly.*

This quality book should be available late this year, the cost will be $25 to members and $30 to non-members, plus P&P* (see below). (200pp., hard cover, dust jacket, illus., index, glossary.) If you have any queries, please contact our Assistant Secretary Pam Foley on 02 9428 2078 or our Treasurer Ross Johnson whose email address is: lapun@ozemail.com.au

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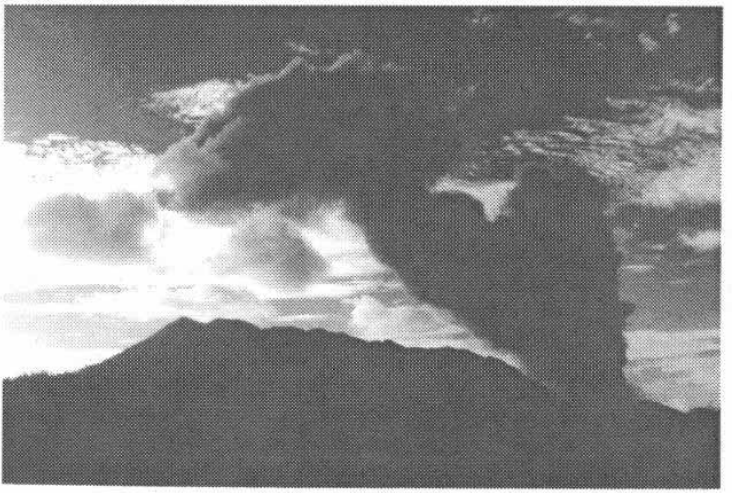
MAX HAYES RETURNS TO PNG

After an absence of 27 years, I decided it was time to revisit Rabaul and Lae. Passing through Port Moresby I renewed contact with Andrew Sterns, Chief Superintendent and Adviser/Staff Officer to the Commissioner RPNGC. Andrew is the only expatriate police officer, though there are several AusAID officers serving as advisers (but not sworn into the Constabulary). With 36 years' continuous service, Andrew is the longest-serving expat officer. I renewed contact with ACP Fred Sheekiot, one of my constables at Lae in 1973.

Arriving in Rabaul, I was transported from Tokua strip along a mostly sealed but frequently potholed road to the remains of Rabaul some 50km away. I had made arrangements to stay at the *Hamamas Hotel*, now owned by Gerry McGrade whom I knew in the 60s. The Hotel is ably managed by his daughter Susie and her husband Bruce Alexander. Rooms were quite adequate and the dining room is an oasis in a desert of volcanic ash. During my eight-day stay, Matupi blew ash or steam daily and most mornings revealed an ash deposit of 2-5mm.



August 2001 - Matupi volcano emitting its daily clouds of ash and steam Rabalanakaia (or Rabalnakaia?) volcano in foreground

I travelled extensively in public motor vehicles (PMVs), and had a very friendly reception from the locals, especially as I had some greetings for them in the Tolai *Gunantuna tinata* language - my pidgin did not let me down either. They seemed very amused finding me seated in the PMVs.

Malaguna Road has been cleared of ash, and Mango Avenue south from Malaguna Road as far as Namanula Hill Road has been largely cleared, though mountainous piles of ash are everywhere. Other roads are largely uncleared. Sulphur Creek Road towards the Golf Course and the Lakunai Strip are covered with perhaps 400-600mm of ash and with washaways, and really require a four wheel drive vehicle, as does Namanula Hill Road. Skeletal buildings and abandoned structures are everywhere.

Several trade stores and some businesses exist on the western end of Malaguna

Road, and the *Kaivuna* and the *Travelodge* struggle on. The foreshore is mostly derelict though the Yacht Club appears to prosper and is perhaps the focal point of Rabaul.

Susie suggested I take a short tour with visiting Japanese tourists. First stop was the Japanese War Memorial half way up Namanula Hill, and constructed in 1980. There they made offerings, chanted prayers and put up banners. After that a quick trip to the end of the airstrip for photos with Matupi in the background, and finally to the five Japanese barge wrecks in a tunnel at Karavia.

Kokopo is now the main centre and the two-lane sealed road bypasses what used to be the main beach road. Stores are everywhere and seem to be mostly Chinese owned. The road to Bitapaka War Cemetery is sealed and the cemetery is well-ordered as always. There is a new police H.Q. outside Kokopo, built by AusAID. On the beach road near the Ralum Club there is an interesting museum which houses many war relics, also some old maps, photographs, etc. The Ralum Club is securely fenced and is at the top of the many steps which once led to Queen Emma's mansion, *Gunantambu*, though all evidence of that has long since disappeared.

At no stage did I feel threatened by *raskols* in Rabaul or Kokopo. I was able to locate former Sgt Major Topiris at Karavia, and also our former driver, Walakan, now in his 80s and living at Gili Gili. Before he joined the police, Walakan was the driver for Colonel Murray, the Administrator.

After a wonderful eight days in Rabaul, it was time to move on to Lae where I was met by an old friend Fred Cook, now a businessman. Fred was most generous to me, lending me a car and financing me a few days later when I was bereft of cash. Another Lae businessman, Alan McLay, was also exceedingly helpful, as was Sheryl Guthrie at the Lae Chamber of Commerce. Lae appears prosperous - I am told there are something like 200 businesses as members of the Lae Chamber of Commerce. I stayed at the *Lae Travellers Inn*, a fairly new lodge in Vee Street off Coronation Drive.

I called at the Lae Police Station where I was OIC in 1972-73, and found some old police who remembered me. I also visited the divisional police headquarters situated in the old RSL building. Unfortunately the station is under-resourced and the police struggle on as best they can, with equipment and vehicle failures common.

One day I visited the University of Technology to look at the 'Rainforest Habitat', a marvellous construction where Birds of Paradise, native animals and fauna and flora may be seen close up. On the way back in Fred's car, I mistakenly continued down Butibum Road instead of turning right at Bumbu Road. Butibum Road is one of Lae's major roads, traversed by hundreds of vehicles daily. At 3.30 pm, about 1 km along Butibum Road, five *rascols* suddenly appeared out of the bushes and across the road. I noticed that two were armed with what appeared to be home-made shotguns, one with a

bush knife, and two with large rocks, all aimed at the car.

Being conscious that I was in a friend's small car, I decided to stop. In a flash the five were all over me, all the time saying 'Where is the money, we will kill you, where is the pistol' (searching me around the waist for the pistol many Europeans carry there). The robbery happened so quickly. In about a minute or so it was over and they fled as other vehicles approached. I sustained some cuts, bruises and other wounds, and the loss of items of around $1000. Fortunately Fred's car was not damaged. Within a minute or so, a passing Papua New Guinean who identified himself as a former Sub Inspector came up and we went to the police station to report the offence. A raid on a village a couple of hours before I left Lae resulted in the location of my air tickets and passport, but the Chamber of Commerce had already made arrangements for replacement documents. As my travel insurance policy replaced the stolen items, I am only about $400 out of pocket.

I recently heard from Lae that the police went out later in a decoy car and the same *rascols* took the bait and have been dealt with. Although Lae seems normal in most respects, there is always the risk of attack by *rascols*. It must be said that the main thrust of the *rascols* is against their own kind. I heard dreadful tales of their attacks on women and children - little wonder then that the police have no sympathy for them. Lae has an immense unemployment problem, and hundreds of locals can be seen hanging around everywhere. The local people really try to be helpful and obliging, and I found the police most efficient.

I had hoped to see some former police officers in Lae, but missed them. In particular, Sari Mesa now at Finschhafen, and Boin Merire at Porgera. Boin was Deputy Commissioner in 1975, and a cadet under me at Goroka in 1968. He came to Lae especially to see me but we missed out by a slim margin.

After six days in Lae it was time to return home. It was a trip which I really enjoyed, meeting so many nice people, old police, and reminiscing with the past.

(This is an abridged version of Max's trip, owing to shortage of space. If you would like to read the full account, please contact the editor.)

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HELP WANTED: John Farquharson wrote, 'Can anyone help me with information about **Reg EVANS**, who was working with Burns Philp when the Pacific War broke out and was commissioned into the Royal Australian Navy? He operated as a coast watcher in 1943 in the Solomons, stationed on Kolombangara Island above Vila plantation. I have the references to Evans in Eric Feldt's book *The Coast Watchers*, but I am interested in what happened to him later. I have a vague reference that he worked in Sydney as an accountant after the war and at one point travelled to the United States where he had a meeting with John F. Kennedy, after he became President.

Though not mentioned in Feldt's book, while at Kolombangara Evans had organised the rescue of Kennedy and other surviving crew members from his PT boat 109, after a Japanese destroyer sank it. When he was brought ashore, the future US President was taken to Evans's camp. Hence the reason for Evans being able to link up with Kennedy in the US. *The Age* (3-9-01) published a photograph of Evans with Kennedy at the White House in an obituary from *The New York Times* on the last surviving crew member of PT boat 109. I am trying to establish whether Evans is alive and, if so, how I can contact him or any family members.'

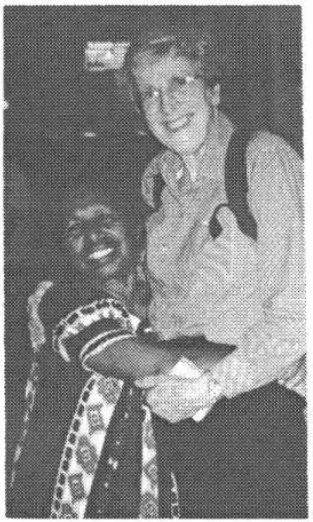
John is at ph/fax 02 6236 3204, Email: mirrima@austarmetro.com.au or at: 'Mirrima', 165 Hardy Road, Urila via Queanbeyan NSW 2620

SEPIK RIVER JOURNEY

by **Mary Pulsford**

The telephone rings and the familiar voice of Marie Clifton-Bassett says, 'You know I did a weekend trip to Madang in May? Well now I want to do a one week trip which includes five nights and four days on an air-conditioned catamaran sailing from Madang to Manam Island and then up the Sepik River visiting villages along the way and finishing at Timbunke. This is followed by a day in Goroka for the Goroka Show and a day in Madang before returning to Sydney. Would you like to come?'

Would I like to come!! Bob was totally supportive, so we arranged for him to stay with our son Ian in Canberra and I joyfully said yes and began preparations. It was special going back to the Sepik because my life in PNG had begun in that district 48 years ago, not on the great river but on the coast, in Urip village near Dagua 30 miles west of Wewak. Bob was the agricultural officer there.



Mary and Kun after 28 years

We flew to Port Moresby in an Air Niugini airbus with a friendly smiling cabin crew. At the airport we were met by Kun, my former domestic help in Boroko, together with her son, his wife and seven assorted grandchildren. What a reunion after 28 years! One of the grandchildren is now at the University of PNG studying journalism.

In the early evening we flew by Fokker to Madang and were transferred to the catamaran moored at the Madang Resort Hotel. Next morning we found ourselves anchored off Manam Island. Speedboat tenders took us to the black-sand beach where we were met by village people and many children, some speaking English. There were beautifully made artefacts for sale. We walked along a track past small groups of houses with patches of forest between and at Waia village a singsing was performed for us by village men in front of a men's house. The volcano rising in the background was quiet.

Mid-morning we set off in the catamaran along the coast and entered the mouth of the Sepik River whose burden of silt stained both fresh and salt water brown. The vegetation along the banks was at first low growing and grassy, then larger patches of sago palms appeared. Mid-afternoon the catamaran anchored in the river and we journeyed by speedboat along a canal lined with overhanging sago palms and occasionally clogged with water hyacinth. This opened into the Murik Lakes with mangroves lining the banks and we sped across to Mendam village where we were greeted with another market. The ground around the houses was covered with bush timber and lengths of flattened bark which acted as land fill as the village suffered at times from rising water levels. For our entertainment a short play was performed, greatly enjoyed by both villagers and their visitors.

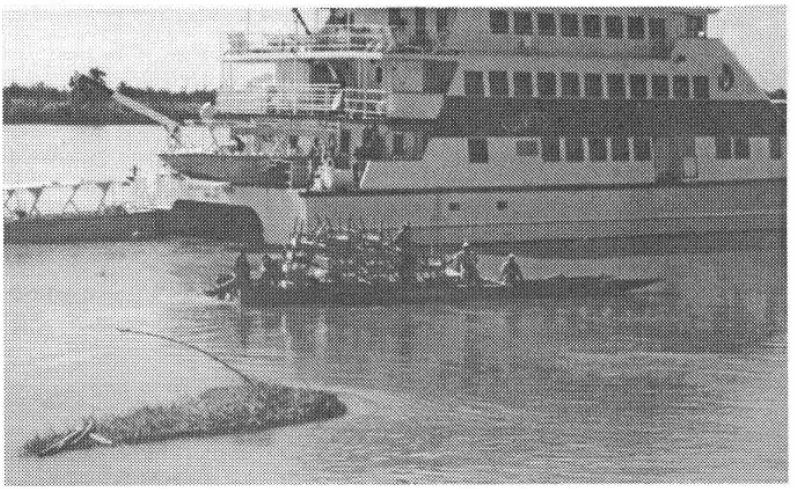
For the next three days we travelled up the great river visiting different villages, the speedboats transferring us from the catamaran to the riverbank - Wednesday it was Angoram and Kambaramba, Thursday Tambanum (the largest village along the river), Wombum and Aibom (famous for pottery) and Friday Palembei, Yentchen and

Kaminabit. Each village provided different experiences, too many to describe here, and always a market - there were masks, carvings large and small, story boards, shell and seed jewellery, string bags, woven bags, pottery and other items. The American tourists bought enthusiastically. We saw demonstrations of village skills, eg making a dugout canoe, cooking sago cakes, making string and so on. We saw many beautifully built houses on stilts, and productive food gardens with yams, sweet potato, taro, manioc, sugar cane, melons, bananas and *apika* (a small shrub with spinach-like leaves).

In Yentchen and Palembai artefacts for sale were kept in the spirit house. As we were not of their culture we were not subject to their taboos and were allowed inside provided we removed our hats. Local women are not allowed inside the spirit house. Each village entertained us with a singsing - no two were the same. In one village, Kaminabit, the men performed the singsing inside a screened enclosure, accompanied by hand drums and two long sacred flutes - local women were barred from taking part or seeing it.

At Tambanum seven of us had our faces painted by local artists - patterns were copied from traditional masks in reddish brown, black and white. The brush was a chewed hibiscus twig with the tip shaped to a fine point - the results were impressive!

After visiting Yentchen we crossed the river to deliver 20 desks to a small village school. The desks had been carried on the catamaran and were a gift from Sir Peter Barter's Melanesian Foundation, which we later learned has supplied 25,000 desks over the years to village schools. The shy boys and girls sang a welcome song and their national anthem, and raised their flag, after which the teacher expressed their thanks and Jan Barter responded. The contrast between the poverty of this school and the wealth of Australian schools struck me deeply.



Desk-delivery, Sepik style
One speedboat in the water, the other on Melanesian Tourist Services' 'Discoverer'

Early on Saturday morning the group flew to Goroka in two chartered Twin Otters, ours with a PNG pilot. We had a very enjoyable hour-long flight, passing Mt Wilhelm, clearly visible, on the way. We spent the morning at the Goroka Show and in the afternoon saw parts of Goroka by bus before flying on to Madang. On Sunday we went for a cruise around Madang harbour and visited Siar village; in the evening there was a

special dinner at the Madang Resort Hotel as it was Independence Day.

My outstanding memories of the trip are firstly of the kindness, pleasantness and helpfulness of all the PNG staff everywhere we went, and of the excellent organisation of the trip. Secondly, on the trip up the Sepik River, of villages which are culturally alive and well maintained with beautiful houses and productive food gardens. The artistic creativity displayed in their artefacts is extraordinary. People looked healthy and there were lots of children, but we heard that health and education services are far from adequate. Lady Jan Barter provided most interesting additional information in a talk every evening before dinner and our accommodation was very comfortable and mosquito free.

I treasured every minute of the trip!

(This is an abridged version of Mary's trip. For the full account, please contact the editor.)

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THINKING OF FLYING TO PAPUA NEW GUINEA???

A lot has happened since those travel flyers went out in the September issue of *Una Voce*. An event that affected Australia-PNG travel was the demise of Ansett. Needing more planes for Australian runs, Qantas took its planes off the PNG run and Air Niugini has taken over the QF flights. Sir Peter Barter of Melanesian Tourist Services wrote,

'We welcome this move as it will enable Air Niugini to operate viably and improve their chances of ultimately being able to make a profit. The problem of course is that this arrangement is only temporary - in January Qantas may resume their flights?

'Whilst the current schedule has been affected, I have received assurance from Peter Roberts, CEO of Air Niugini, that the low cost airfares/packages will continue to be made available. We are currently looking at those flights that have lower loadings; once identified, the packages will continue but of course the level of fares will be higher to cover higher security charges. I estimate that they will start around $700 for three days in Madang or Rabaul.

Peter added, 'We have just begun promoting PNG in Australia. The results this year have been very encouraging and I know we can expect the support of Air Niugini in the future. Like us, they need to develop more tourism to PNG.'

A few of you may have heard that the *Discoverer* was about to be sold. Peter advised that the sale had been cancelled at the last minute, and 'as a result I am happy to advise you that the *MTS Discoverer* will continue operation as normal, or at least as soon as we can reschedule the cruises after the ship returns from Cairns. At this stage the ship will be in Cairns from Nov 10-Dec 10, in Port Moresby from Dec 12-21 to undertake local Xmas cruises, and then depart Port Moresby on Dec 21, 8 nights to Madang via Trobriand Islands (Xmas Cruise) $1600 per person. Then depart Madang Dec 29, 5 nights Madang/Sepik/Madang (New Year cruise) $950 per person. Prices are for twin share, inclusive of all meals, tours, cultural performances. Also I believe special PX [Air Niugini] airfares will be available from SYD, BNE and CNS. (Other cruises will be announced when we have time to properly look at the amended Air Niugini schedule.)'

REUNIONS

PNG REUNION 2002, GOLD COAST: Saturday 8 June 2002 (Queens Birthday Weekend) at the Southport RSL Function Room, 36 Scarborough Street, Southport. Cost for three-course buffet dinner is $36 per person; liquor will be at Club prices (which are cheaper than those charged at previous venues). The same band will be in attendance as at the 2000 reunion. If you are interested in attending please supply your name, address and contact details (home/work or mobile number) to:
Paul Bolger, 5 Tamarix Avenue, Bray Park Qld 4500 (Phone or fax 07 3889 6805)
Full details, including suggested accommodation venues, will be sent to you.

SOGERI REUNION, CANBERRA, September 27-29 2002: The venue for this reunion will be the Garden City Premier Inn in Manuka. The Garden City is in a convenient location, being near the PNG High Commission, also just five minutes drive from the centre of Canberra and near a golf course. The PNG High Commissioner, the Hon Renagi Lohia, has agreed for the group to use the Haus Tambaran for a function on the Saturday afternoon. The organisers hope to launch Lance Taylor's 'History of the Sogeri School (1944-1994)' at that function.

The organisers would welcome any news items directly or indirectly related to Sogeri, also suggestions about activities for inclusion in the Canberra reunion. Contacts:

Christopher Martin -	1/41 Lantana Road, Gardenvale, Vic 3185, 03 9596 4860
Marjorie Walker -	31 Josephine Ave., Mount Waverley, Vic 3149, 03 9803 9071
Robyn Warnock -	29 Barrallier Street, Griffith, ACT 2603
Jeanette Richmond -	46 Crozier Circuit, Kambah, ACT 2902

RABAUL AND GAZELLE PENINSULAR REUNION held on 22 Sept. 2001 -
Report back by Margaret L. Henderson*: 'In October 1999 a Rabaul High School reunion was held in Brisbane. The attendance exceeded all expectations and a desire was expressed for another gathering for people who had resided in Rabaul and the Gazelle Peninsular, had enjoyed a holiday there, or who had passed through to visit friends and relatives. This Bung Wantaim was held in the Brisbane Convention Centre in September.

'The gathering provided me and many others with an opportunity to discover people who knew PNG residents from earlier generations. After 60 years of virtual walls of silence about my father, the Rev. Thomas N. Simpson, I met a man who said, 'I knew your Dad in Kavieng. He was a great bloke'. I waited for him to add 'for a missionary' but he didn't! Those few words meant so much. My experience was repeated for many others who met old friends, discovered new friends, and had gaps in memories and knowledge filled.

'The beautiful convention centre in Brisbane was an ideal venue for the 850 people who came. The majority were relatively young but there were many older people with PNG connections there too. The programme included addresses by Father Albert Chan, formerly of Rabaul, and the President of Guam (Marianas) who presented a flag to Beverley Barker who was descended from a resident of Guam. The beautiful Wantok Women's Choir from Port Moresby added a touch of nostalgia for many. And then the band started! I have never seen people enjoy dancing so much. The dance floor was overflowing. It was a wonderful night and a great credit to the organisers.

'It was well worth the trip from Adelaide!'

The Organising Committee members were: Graham & Stephanie Richardson; Chris and Dulcie Kramer; Benjamin and Jacoba Tinggee; Lawrence Cheung; Tommy and Josephine Tinggee; Tina Tahija; Bill and Beverley Barker; Stephen Chee; Don and Barbara Green; and Max Tahija

*Margaret's book, *Yours sincerely, Tom* was reviewed in our December 2000 issue.

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

A Very Long War, The Families Who Waited, by Margaret Reeson (2000), Melb. Univ.Press, 212pp, 29 plates, 2 maps $32-95 (for details of P&P and source, see flyer)

Reviewed by Pat Johnson

The impetus for this book is derived from examining the effects of wartime separation and, in some cases, the loss of family members in Papua New Guinea during World War II. In the tradition of social research, questionnaires and interviews were conducted from which comes the richness of experiences as described in the book.

Historical events and facts are interwoven with the stories gleaned from the women and children. This is essentially a story about the effects of war on women and children coping alone during the war years without information on the whereabouts of their menfolk. These effects continue to this day. As with other books written about these times, it too reviews the evidence concerning the loss of the *Montevideo Maru*.

With the passing years, the children of these families have sought to uncover details of the fathers they never knew. The book frequently acknowledges the pain felt by these children in maturity because these matters were never discussed.

The recounting of these personal stories places on public record the largely ignored effects of conflict and trauma on women and children. This is the strength of the book.

MASTAMAK, The Land Surveyors of Papua New Guinea by **James Sinclair**

This book focuses on the land surveyors in Papua New Guinea 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, is an important aspect of the book.

The book is in 14 parts beginning with early voyages of discovery and the surveying and mapping of the coastline, and the partition of New Guinea between the Netherlands, Germany and Britain, and ending with an account of PNG's march to independence and the work of UniTech in the training of indigenous surveyors. It contains a wide range of historical material and covers a variety of topics such as: significant geographic and scientific expeditions; the formation of the Department of Lands, Surveys, Mines and Forests; the early history and the development of the Morobe Goldfield; the search for oil in PNG including the work of famous surveyors and geologists; the work of ANGAU and the developments in wartime surveying and aerial mapping; Titles restoration after the end of WWII and the work of the Native Lands Commission; West Irian-PNG border surveys; the development of major projects such as Bougainville Copper and Ok Tedi ... and much more.

The author, James Sinclair, was a kiap from 1948-1975, retiring as DC of Eastern Highlands District. His first book was published in 1966 and many more have followed since. In 1999 he was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters by the ANU.

336 pp, 289 x 214 mm, 300 b&w photographs, $89-95 (standard edition) or $249-95 (deluxe edition), plus $10-75 p&p both within Aust and overseas.

Available from Chris Salmon, Chartered Accountant, PO Box 310, Kenmore Qld 4069. Ph (AH) 07 3374 2276, Fax 07 3374 2402

The following books are all available from Pacific Book House* (see below)

THE SOUTH PACIFIC by **Ron Crocombe,** published by the Institute of Pacific Studies at the University of the South Pacific, Suva, Fiji. $45 plus $9-50 P&P in Aust.

The South Pacific covers an extensive range of topics and issues across the region. It is a valuable reference tool and a thought-provoking overview of the Pacific Islands region. Dr Crocombe lived and worked in the Pacific Islands for over 50 years. In the '60s he was Director of what is now the National Research Institute of PNG; during the '70s and '80s he was Professor of Pacific Studies at the University of the South Pacific and Director if its Institute of Public Studies. Approx. 780pp., index, bibliography

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SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EARLY '50s from Paul J Quinlivan

No. 35 - The Telefomin Trials. Two Points Raised by Newspaper Reports

The September issue contained the first of what I intended to be three sets of Snapshots about the Telefomin trials but, because of something unforseen (which I will discuss in the third set), I find it necessary to extend the series into four sets. I hope you won't mind. This means that I will defer the main thing I wanted to deal with in this set. Instead, we will look at three matters which, at first blush, seem unrelated.

The first, The Kiap's Wife says 'It Happens Everywhere!', is necessary because, after the Telefomin trials were all over and I had returned to Port Moresby, the *South Pacific Post* published a headline report which disturbed me greatly. That report, dated 25 August, 1954 (ie. nine and a half months after the killings) read:

> 'NO INFORMATION ON MURDERED SON', Father Claims
> 'I went to see Mr. Timperley about his statement that my son disobeyed orders' Mr Harris said.

I was absolutely appalled that the bereaved Szarka and Harris parents had, all these months, been allowed to endure the totally unnecessary worries that their sons' deaths were due to them 'disobeying orders' - a charge which, to a generation whose minds were coloured by a lengthy war, could only mean that their deaths were 'self inflicted'! I, myself, had been completely out of touch with the 'outside world' for the whole of that period and two questions immediately arose: Who spread this hurtful self-serving lie? And whose 'orders' were supposed to have been disobeyed? At that stage I did not know that an earlier report had said that it was 'Canberra' that had made the original allegation but I was sure that Alan Timperley would never have spread it. Since I knew that the parents' anguish was totally unnecessary, I felt that I had a duty to set their minds at rest but, since neither Mr nor Mrs Harris had raised this worry with me when they attended a luncheon I put on to thank the people of Wewak for their cooperation, it seemed that a personal letter was not the way to go. So I wrote the *Oceania* article which Professor Jackson refers to in his book mentioned in No. 32.

Now, as we approach the 50th anniversary, potential authors may feel tempted to rely on this mischievous allegation so I would point out that, before the Section Ten Investigation of the late '50s changed things for so many kiaps, they went out, in all weathers, when necessity called. Stopping tribal fights was the usual cause but I well remember the first time I met a particularly placid kiap's wife as she told me, amid tears, that her husband was absent because he had gone out to prevent two groups of B.T.O.s (Big Time Operators - in this case War Surplus Collectors) shooting at each other! They were careful not to hit anyone, for that could lead to trouble with the Courts, but one group had caught members of 'the opposition' bathing in a crocodile infested creek and they wanted to keep them there so that the crocs would do their work for them! Her worry was that, since vast sums of money were involved, they might easily turn their guns on her husband so that their 'business methods' remained secret! I include *The Kiap's Wife*

article (which I wrote in an entirely different context) because, to me, it defines the 'normalcy' of what Szarka and Harris did.

The second is an explanation of The Queen against Francis Terence Murphy which has already been mentioned in Snapshots 1(a) and 13. Although this may seem wildly unrelated it is actually necessary for several different reasons - one being the 'something unforseen' which has caused my change of plan - but mainly because of the announcement, in the *South Pacific Post* of 7 April, 1954 that, whereas the latest report showed that 'only' 83 Telefomins had been arrested and brought to Wewak Gaol, a further 43 had since been brought in. The explanation was quite simple. There were a number of search groups acting independently, and they continued to send in the men they had arrested. For reasons which I will explain later, I do not have the final tally but it was in excess of 200. This meant that the main question which faced me was how to preserve the Telefomin people from racial extinction! No matter how one looks at it, charging (as distinct from arresting) 200 of the most virile of any racial group's menfolk because four of our men had been killed was disproportionate and unless the vast majority of them could be returned, the Telefomin people, as a race, would be destroyed. But each had been legitimately arrested, and a case could be made out against each and every one of them! Who was I to decide who should be tried and who should be returned home so that the race could be preserved?

The third gives us a glimpse of what kind of person Gerry Szarka was, as well as being a rather good example of the detailed range of defences which kiaps used to raise as Defending Officers, even in the one case.

No. 36 - The Kiap's Wife says: 'It Happens Everywhere!'

I have just described why I feel that this is especially relevant in a sequence about Telefomin but I should also explain how it came to be written. From the 1960s on, as the foibles of 'Big Time Operators', War Surplus Materials Collectors and other post-war characters declined, the needs of the *South Pacific Post* changed. At the same time, it changed from being a weekly to a daily with a need to curry favour with the increasing number of planters and the multiplying number of public servants, all of whom were now called 'temporaries'. Since the kiaps were 'permanents', there was a move towards anti-kiapism (by referring to them as 'petrol officers' and so on) and, after one particularly unfair outburst I wrote this article. It was not published so, years later, when the editor dealt rather roughly with a call by Michael Somare for a return to the 'good old days when the kiap could be relied on', I sent it in again. This is its first publication. It reads, in part:

'It is important to note that a patrol officer does a lot more than patrolling. In fact, the picture which that word conjures up in my mind is not of a man at all, but of an Australian woman nursing her new baby, at Kundiawa, in the most heavily populated area of the Territory. In those days, the Station was in two parts, the Kiap's part and, half a mile away, the hospital. Monte was staying with the kiap, A.D.O. Bill Kelly, and I was staying at the hospital with one of the European Medical Assistants. On our last day there we finished quite early and the two Defending Officers flew out to return to their various posts. Then, since the Court had finished and there was no reason why I could not be seen hobnobbing with the Chief Judge, Margaret Kelly invited me to dinner. It was a lovely evening but, at one stage, there was a scratching sound near the open window and Bill excused himself and went out. He returned and said something to Margaret and the evening continued as if nothing had happened. Next morning, however, when I got up I found that the two European Medical Assistants had left to attend wounded men in

another valley. And when I told Monte this, he told me that the diversion the previous evening had been the Sergeant of Police telling the kiap that tribal warfare had suddenly broken out in a valley on the other side of the mountain range so Bill Kelly had gone off, 'at first light' with three unarmed native police, to quell it.

This meant that, apart from the Lutheran missionary a considerable walk away and the Catholic missionaries at Mingendi, twice the distance in the opposite direction, Margaret and her baby were the only whites in the area, apart from the Chief Justice and myself, and we were waiting for a charter flight to take us out. So we decided to cancel our charter and wait until Bill returned. It was the gentlemanly thing to do and, in my case, it was the desirable thing to do because I loved Kundiawa and I was entitled to a day off. The only problem with this masterful piece of decision-making was that we were not able to use the wireless transmitter so we had to let Margaret in on our decision. She exploded! Very courteously but quite emphatically, she said that she and her baby were in the safest place on God's earth and that the Chief Justice and I should catch our charter flight out because people were waiting for us at the next 'Court Town'. This - the kiap being suddenly called away - was a perfectly normal situation, she explained, and it happened on every station in the Territory.'

No. 37 - The Queen v. Francis Terence Murphy (Rabaul 3 & 4 March, 1952)
Part One - The Power to Prosecute.

When I arrived in TPNG, in January 1952, most of the files for the criminal cases I was about to prosecute were missing because a senior law lecturer, resident in Sydney, had been briefed to fly up and do the prosecutions. There was, however, a 'duplicate' file for the Murphy case and, when I read it, I said to the Crown Law Officer, Wally Watkins: 'This is really a compensation matter. It should not be prosecuted!' but he said that Canberra wanted it prosecuted and I was to go ahead with it. I did what I was told but, because of what I discovered when the case came on, I wrote to my parents to send me a file of newspaper clippings concerning the Stone of Destiny which I had been collecting because my name is Quinlivan.

Since this sounds obscure I should explain that 'Quinlivan' is the spelling the English gave my ancestors when they outlawed them 900 years ago. The original spelling is **Caindealbhan** and *The Annals of Ireland* show (see eg., entries for the years 432 and 925) that we were Kings of Ui-Laeghaire, a small kingdom based on Ath Trim, the town nearest Tara. For readers who were taught to sing about the 'harp that once through Tara's Halls' I should mention that the legendary palace was like the temporary Long Houses which some Highlanders build for a special gathering and then tear down. Tara was actually an empty field in 'No King's Land' and its importance lay in the fact that, in that bare field, there were two drinking wells and a small and highly portable rock called the *lia fail* - the Stone of Destiny - which screamed if a person unworthy to be king sat on it. It was a very convenient way of getting social stability and for generations we Quinlivans had the sacred duty of guarding that rock! Then it was taken, first to Scotland and then to London where it was enshrined as part of the Coronation Chair. Then, just before I went to New Guinea, Scottish Nationalists burgled Westminster Abbey and stole it. And the authorities resolutely refused to do anything about it!

I don't suppose there was any lawyer, anywhere, more interested in the legal problem which unfolded. As I have said, it was <u>our</u> Stone and we had spent hundreds of years protecting it. Now, Government refused to gaol those who stole it! It was not because there was any lack of proof; the Nationalists named those involved, published their pictures and invited the police to arrest them. And there was no doubt they were

guilty of burglary, sacrilege, theft and destruction of property, all serious charges! It was just that Government did not want to give the Nationalists publicity! And their legal experts said that 'the facts' were only one part of the equation; that the real issue was whether the Power to Prosecute was being manipulated by outside forces for their own purposes. The arguments and explanations flowed thick and fast and, in the end, formed the definitive statement of the law on Prosecutions, When and Why They Can Be Brought. The situation is best summed up in these words of Lord Simon:

> 'there is no greater nonsense talked about the Attorney-General's duty, than the suggestion that in all cases the Attorney-General ought to decide to prosecute merely because he thinks that there is what the lawyers call 'a case'. It is not true, and no one who has held that office supposes it is.'

Then, after working 12- to 16-hour days for three months, I again raised the Murphy Case with Wally and asked him what he meant by saying 'Canberra wanted it prosecuted', and I gave him a Grand Tour of my unique collection of newspaper clippings. And he gave me an assurance that local considerations, and not outside interference, would rule from now on. This is why he was so upset when an official announcement, made in Australia, forced the Telefomin cases on us at least a year before they should have come before the Courts.

No. 38 - R. v. Francis T. Murphy - Part Two - The Facts of the Case

There are several levels of 'facts' in this case. The first is that, on 3rd January 1952, Murphy deliberately threw a plate at a Native; the plate hit him in the face and Murphy admitted the assault to the police and offered to pay compensation. Since it was all so simple the police had no cause to do anything more than collect a few witnesses who had seen what happened. Murphy also admitted the assault to the Committing Magistrate the following day and he was committed for trial. The papers were sent to the senior law lecturer in Sydney but a copy of the depositions was kept in Moresby. A copy of the police report was also kept and it mentioned that Murphy was an elderly Commonwealth public servant who had been seconded to the Territory for a year preparatory to his retirement, and that he should have returned to Australia some months before the date of the offence. And that, if he did not get back there soon, he might lose his retirement benefits.

It was not until I was actually prosecuting the case in Court that I discovered the second level of facts. These were that, after being committed for trial, Murphy panicked about his pension so he saw Mr. Foy, one of the solicitors in Rabaul. After listening to his client, Foy wrote off to three doctors in various parts of the Territory and as a result of their replies he then wrote to the Prosecuting Authorities (who, as I have said, were not the Crown Law Officer but the Sydney lawyer), disclosing his full defence and suggesting that the prosecution be stopped immediately by the Crown entering a *nolle prosequi*. The Sydney lawyer refused this and placed the letter on his own file. But he added the names of the three doctors to the back of the Indictment which Wally signed and this meant that those three doctors had to be physically present at the courthouse when the trial came on. This meant - apart altogether from the expense of returning the two who had left Rabaul - that hospitals in distant towns had to do without their doctor for at least a week and, if someone had an accident or became gravely ill, it would be a case of 'Stiff Cheese: Canberra wants this man potted so that's all that matters'!

And why did they want him potted? The first thing to note is that 'Canberra' was a pejorative word which, in those days, covered many things and I have no idea who was

meant. But the facts were that Murphy, although due for retirement, had been seconded to the Territory for a year because he was the only expert available to solve a particular need. He served his allotted term and did wonderful work, facts which are vitally important because, in April 1951, he had been bitten by a rat as he slept in the single officers quarters and had suffered from fever for most of his working period. In the three months before the assault, he lost over 20 pounds (roughly 10 kilos)! Dr. Wilson, who treated him for the fever certified, in his letter to Foy, that 'uncontrollable irritability' would be a symptom of his condition, even long after the fever had passed. Then came the Christmas festive season which, for many people living in single quarters in the Territory, was a time of heightened loneliness. This was quickly followed by the plate-throwing incident which was by no means as simple as previously portrayed. The facts were that a bread-and-butter plate was missing from the place Murphy was seated at in the Administration Mess so, in accordance with local custom, he called for one to be brought. Instead of placing the plate gently in its proper place the steward, who was named KAWAS, dumped it there and, quick as a flash, Murphy grabbed it up and flung it back. It was not a deliberate, cold-blooded action but a reflex one and, as soon as he saw that it had hit KAWAS, Murphy jumped up and rushed over to him calling out 'Sorry! Sorry!' And when he saw that he had drawn blood he told him that he would take him to the hospital for treatment. He drove KAWAS to hospital and instead of letting an Orderly treat him, he himself sought out and obtained the services of Dr. Con. Salemann who examined KAWAS, dressed the wound and assured them both, KAWAS and Murphy, that there was no permanent damage. As they were leaving the hospital Murphy discovered that Dr. Loschdorfer, the Territory's only eye specialist, was in Rabaul so he sought him out and pleaded with him to examine KAWAS, which Loschhdorfer did, certifying that there was no damage to the eye. Murphy then drove KAWAS back to the Admin Mess.

I formed the distinct impression that we (the Court, Murphy, the Sydney lawyer and I) had all been 'used' and that someone, somewhere, had decided to keep Murphy 'on the job, at all costs'. Monte's lengthy judgment included these passages:

> 'the power to indict puts the Courts themselves on trial … the only justification I can see for this case coming before this Court ... is the fact that the plate which was thrown was capable of breaking into sharp pieces which could inflict far greater damage than was, in fact, the case. … I also express the opinion that … the facts of this case would not warrant him being deported from a Trusteeship Territory as an undesirable person.'

No. 39 - Defence by Gerry Szarka of TIMIO SIONI (Manus, 8 May 1951)

In the unnumbered Snapshot at the beginning of page 33 of the March 1999 *Una Voce* I mentioned that Monte got all the judges to select a 'notable defence' for me to circulate to the law students. He himself provided this one because, as he said, it showed how a clever Defending Officer can defend his client at a number of different stages. To my mind it shows much more. It tells us a great deal about Gerald Leo Szarka who was one of the men killed at Telefomin. Before we look at it, however, I should mention that, according to 'The Stud Book' (the official list of Permanent Officers published in the Government Gazette of 11 August 1953) Szarka was only a Cadet Patrol Officer when he was killed and, since he joined the Service on 19 June 1950, he had only been in PNG for a year when he defended this case. Since only senior, experienced men could perform this task the question is: how could that be? The answer is that it depended on how good the District Commissioner thought his men were. And when we return to the Studbook

we see that Szarka was six or seven years older than the other cadets. I was told (but I must admit I did not check this) that Szarka trained for some years to become a Jesuit priest. This would have given him a heightened sense of self-discipline and could explain why Allan Timperley, the District Commissioner under whom he served in Manus, asked for him to be transferred to the Sepik when he, Timperley, was given the District Commissioner-ship. It makes the incongruity of the defence even more obvious but, as I mentioned in No. 21, the duty of a Defending Officer was to listen to his client and then to argue whatever defence his client wanted to raise. He could, of course, warn his client that what he wanted to say might be counter-productive, but he could not prevent him raising it.

TIMIO SIONI was a full-blood Papua New Guinean from Onei Village, Wuvulu (Maty Island) who, somehow, got himself to the British Solomon Islands Protectorate where, because of the colour of his skin (the earliest Spanish and Portuguese navigators called the Maty Islanders 'Blancos'), he was treated as a mixed race person and employed as a clerk in the Government Office. During the war he joined the Australian forces and infiltrated back to his home island while the Japanese forces were still in occupation. He rallied his people to support the Allied forces when they arrived - a fact which Szarka raised to telling effect when, despite his efforts, it came to the question of punishment. Although admittedly of 'ordinary rank', he started exercising a sort of *droit de seigneur*, sending his wife out to bring in pre-puberty girls for his sexual pleasure. He was charged with unlawfully and indecently dealing with two girls under the statutory age and, after the close of the prosecution case in the Lower Court, he admitted his guilt.

He was committed for sentence but the Crown Law Officer added two more charges, those of carnal knowledge of each girl who, to his knowledge, was 'under age'. Szarka's first objection was to the fact that, whereas he and his client had come to court to answer two charges, they were now faced with four. Monte upheld the objection and dismissed these two charges saying that, although the statute allowed for the laying of whatever charge or charges the Crown Law Officer thought fit, that applied only to committals for trial and not to committals for sentence, as in this case.

Then Szarka attacked the committal for sentence because the Criminal Code Amendment Ordinance makes 'puberty' a defence (and makes 'age' irrelevant) but the Magistrate had recorded no evidence regarding puberty. Monte listened carefully to the argument and then, as was his custom, he delivered lengthy reasons why he could not agree, but to make them understandable I should interpolate and say that, whereas - as we saw in Snapshot No. 5 - European witnesses had to endure the humiliation and danger of putting on the filthy 'Court Coats' before they could enter the Courtroom, Native witnesses appeared as they would in the market-place or the village. In other words, girls and women were naked from the waist up. The Magistrate, Monte said, had had the girl before him so under the Evidence Ordinance he would have been able to make his own decision as to whether she had reached puberty. Secondly, the defence applied to the final trial, and not the committal proceedings. The point was, however, a valid one and he (Monte) should exercise his discretion to call the girl and the medical officer (Dr. Alexander Sirko) who had examined her on this point. This he did and he concluded that this defence had never been available. But although this led to a conviction being entered, Szarka used the opportunity of the two being in the witness box to cross examine them as to native custom! This was brilliant because, from the very beginning, Szarka had to face the fact that his client had 'pleaded guilty' in the Lower Court. This meant that, if he failed in his various technical attacks on that committal, his whole strategy was aimed at producing favourable material during the final stage, the *allocatus,* when the Court is

listening to everything either side wants to raise as being relevant to the question of sentence. His client made the claim that, by native custom among the Maty Islanders, he had the right to have sex with any unmarried girl, and in his final address Szarka argued forcefully that, since the Government had not stamped out the custom, it was the Government which should be blamed and not his client. Monte delivered judgment saying that:

> 'The position regarding Native Custom is clearly stated in Section 10 of the Laws Repeal and Adopting Ordinance which prescribes that native custom is to be recognised unless it is contrary to the Ordinances of the Territory ... and to principles of humanity. Obviously what Accused did is contrary to our laws and, in my opinion, it is also contrary to principles of humanity that girls of 12 and 13 should submit to sexual intercourse with grown men as was made clear in India - see the Official Reports in Katherine Mayo's book; *Mother India*. This court will certainly not recognise such a custom.'

VALE - *With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends.*

Miss Hazel May SAVAGE (13 July 2001, aged 91 years) *(First recorded in September issue)*

Hazel Savage was well known to many older New Guinea hands, having spent time in Salamaua with W.R. Carpenter Ltd until evacuated in 1941. She worked for Carpenters in Sydney for the remainder of the war, returning to Port Moresby with the Australian New Guinea Production Control Board in March 1946. Later in 1946 she was transferred to the Rabaul office of the PCB, returning to the Carpenter fold by joining Mandated Airlines in Lae in 1948. In early 1950 Hazel travelled overseas and worked for the World Health Organisation in Geneva for about three years, then the United Nations Korean Relief and Rehabilitation Agency in New York and Korea for a year, returning to Australia in 1955. She then lived at Burwood, Cremorne Point, and for the last 21 years in a self-care unit at Willandra Retirement Village in Marsfield.

Until recent years Hazel was a regular attender at New Guinea Club functions in Sydney, and kept in touch with a wide circle of ex-New Guinea friends. She had a cheerful, warm and friendly personality, and was always ready to extend help and support to anyone who needed it. She will be missed by many. From D.S. Herborn

Mr Wilkie Desmond (Bill) COLLINS (8 October 2001, aged 83 years)

Before the war Bill had a small carrying business in Sydney's south; he then went into the trucking business. He was only 20 years old and a driver with 2/10 Field Ambulance in Rabaul when the Japanese invaded. He was among those rounded up by the Japanese at Tol and was shot three times at close range. Amazingly he was not killed and the third shot severed the bonds on his wrists that were tied behind his back - he lay still for a long time after the Japanese left. He was among the last group to be brought out by Frank Holland as part of J.K. McCarthy's escape plan and was in hospital for almost two years recovering from his wounds.

After the war he went back to driving trucks - he was nicknamed 'Whizzer Bill' as he could pick up more bricks than anyone. In 1961 the old injuries to his hands prevented him from carrying on with brick-carting. He then obtained employment with the Australian Gas Company beginning as a meter reader and later becoming an inspector. He had a retentive memory - he scarcely had need of a street directory, he remembered Sydney so well. Bill's great interest was history, and he was well informed on a wide range of topics. In 1979 he had to retire from the Gas Company (as TPI), but mentally was as alert as ever. He spent his latter years at Culburra Beach on the south coast of NSW where he played lawn bowls and was a keen beach fisherman.

Bill is survived by five children from his first marriage - Desma, Eric, Michael, Sandra and Bruce, two step-children from his second marriage, and grandchildren.

From Ian Downs' *The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles 1939-1943* (1999) and Michael Collins

Mrs Lué Ethna 'Val' CRELLIN (16 November 2000, aged 82 years)

Val came from a well-to-do family with a European background. In the 1920s the family moved from London to Sydney where her father died suddenly, and the family were left to face the Depression years. Val completed a business college course (instead of the university that had been planned) and, still in her late teens, was approached to run a travel agency. The business developed a reputation for excellence and for expertise in luxury and 'unusual' sea travel as well as the new 'air travel'. Val furthered her fascination with shipping and aviation, an interest founded in childhood and nurtured by meetings with famous sailors and pilots. She took flying lessons and was among the first women to gain a licence.

She had long had a passion for classical ballet, resulting in the offer of a scholarship to study with the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. While considering her options, and with war looming, she was approached by the then fledgling Security and Intelligence Service, later ASIO, to join them as it was thought her thorough knowledge of shipping, aviation and travel, and her linguistic abilities might be 'useful' to the 'national interest' - at the time, she declined the offer. With the deteriorating situation in Europe, she sadly declined the Royal Ballet offer.

As war approached, business at the travel agency began to decline and, at barely 20 years of age, Val applied for and attained the first cadetship in journalism ever offered by the ABC. Val was the first woman in Australia, and amongst the first in the world, to cover 'real' news (as apposed to social news), becoming the ABC's first Shipping and Aviation correspondent. At a time when there were enormous global advances in shipping and aviation, both in technical design, management and organisation, this was a great challenge. As her 'round' also included interviewing prominent people arriving in Sydney, she came to know and often befriended many of the 20th Century's more interesting figures.

During the war, the ABC sent Val to Adelaide to direct the Radio News division for South Australia, Central and Northern Australia. For a time during the war she also worked in areas of vital interest to national security - a role in some way similar to the one for which she had previously been approached, and about which she never spoke.

After the war she remained with the ABC for about eight years and became one of the organisation's most highly respected journalists. Later she worked for Sir Frank Packer and *The Telegraph*, still in news and current affairs - the first woman to do so at ACP.

Shortly before going to England for a working holiday she met Bill Crellin, a kiap at Tari in the Southern Highlands of PNG. They were married in London. Tari was home to many visitors, all of whom stayed with Bill and Val. In the following eight or so years, the couple moved to Milne Bay and Port Moresby and Val came to love the country and its people.

In 1962, at the age of 44, she found to her complete surprise that she was pregnant. Apart from occasional work in public relations, advertising, journalism and with charitable organisations, Val concentrated on raising their son Anthony. Anthony said, 'She was a woman born of her time and yet far ahead of it in her thinking and attitudes... She was a pioneer in many things, yet never thought of herself as such.' Her husband Bill predeceased her. From Anthony Crellin

Mrs Violet Gladys PIKE (2 September 2001, aged 80 years)

Vio and husband Stan were married for 64 years, she from 16 and Stan from 18 years of age. Stan wrote that Vio was a loving and caring wife, mother and grandmother and the couple made many friends. In New Britain, where Stan was with the Malaguna Technical College from 1963 to 1973, Vio worked for Max Wright, Mat Foley and Mac McGie, all of whom praised her office and bookkeeping skills. During the last seven months of her life she bore her three illnesses and loss of sight with characteristic dignity. Vio is survived by husband Stan, two sons and a daughter, and six grandchildren. From Stan Pike

Sir Ranald (Dennis) BUCHANAN (29 August 2001, aged 68 years)

Dennis was the second youngest member of a large family. He went to PNG in 1949 to work for Bobby Gibbes as a traffic officer at Gibbes Sepik Airways. This was the beginning of a love affair with aeroplanes which were then opening up the country. Dennis went on to establish Territory Airlines/TALAIR which became one of the largest privately owned airlines in the world. He was Managing Director of Talair from 1958 to 1994.

Following are excerpts from the eulogy given by Ron Dempsey -

'On the outside Dennis seemed to those who did not know him to be a bit rough and rugged, not much of a one for the formalities but he was a man with a wonderfully kind heart. There are hundreds of stories ... about how Dennis was the first one to offer us assistance and support during times of personal hardships. He was always prepared to give a person a go. Anyone looking in from the outside would never have known that Dennis was the boss. He didn't look like the boss.

'Dennis created an enormous transport and communications network in a fantastically rugged land, eliminating the barriers of terrain and distance. This dedication was acknowledged when a knighthood was bestowed on him by the Government of PNG on 16 July 1991 in recognition of his contribution to the aviation industry.

'It was a thinly disguised secret that in so many cases in his life Dennis led from the front and governments followed. He was a real trail blazer. But his political nous was always finely tuned. He was one of the great negotiators of his time and placed a great value on his network of business and political friends and allies.

'Dennis engendered an amazing loyalty among his staff. He seemed to attract people from all walks of life and allowed them the autonomy to get the job done.

'But, at the same time his management style was truly, truly unique. There are some famous stories about the way Dennis went about things. If he was unhappy with you, you got the message. One of the best stories I ever heard was how he marched into the hangar in Goroka one morning totally pissed off about something and shouted to the amazed engineering staff that they were all sacked. He turned on his heel and went back to his office. Later in the day he was completely amazed to find that there was only one person working in the hangar. "Where the bloody hell is everybody", he asked. "Well Masta, yu sakim olgeta, na oli stap long hotel na spak pinis.." In other words, you sacked them all and they are down at the pub pissed. And the next morning, of course, they were all back at work.

'But Dennis' greatest gift was his intuition. This is what underpinned all of his wonderful attributes and if we look to analyse what it was about him that had such appeal, we find it in his instinctive feel for what was right. The standard by which Dennis lived and imparted to others was "If you think it's right, do it!" and justify your actions later, which Dennis had to do on many occasions to Civil Aviation and the bureaucracy that accompanied it.

'Dennis' marriage to Della in 1956 was the start of the Buchanan clan, all of whom have inherited Della's good looks (thank heavens) and her warmth and charm, and the quick and sometimes cheeky wit of Dennis, who was a great family man who adored and admired his offspring - and justifiably so.'

Dennis is survived by his wife Della, children Paula, John, Guy, Yolanda, Syvaun, Ursula, Carolyn, Fred and Brisbane, and grandchildren. From Ron Dempsey

Captain Rodney STRINGER (12 June 2001, aged 62 years)

Rod was born at Hayes, Middlesex, England. He was a cadet in the Royal Navy Reserve before taking up service with the Blue Star Line. He arrived in PNG in 1968, holding the position of Harbour Master in Port Moresby, Samarai and Madang before becoming Superintendent of Marine in 1972. After leaving PNG the family moved to Cairns where Rod was ship's captain on vessels along the east coast of Australia. In 1978 the family settled in Atherton on the Tablelands outside Cairns where Rod conducted retail and real estate agent business until his passing. He was a keen lawn bowler and his fellow players formed a guard of honour at his very moving funeral service. Rod is survived by his wife, Netta, and sons Damien and Dorian. From Fay Millist

Mr Brian CHAPE (25 June 2001, aged 70 years)

After some time as a farmer, Brian joined the Queensland Police Force in 1960 and there heard about opportunities in PNG. He joined the RPNGC in 1962, serving at Rabaul, Mendi, Minj, Mt Hagen, Kundiawa and Popondetta. His service was terminated in the nationalisation process in 1974, with the rank of Inspector (1st Class). Shortly after returning to Australia, and driving to a farm he was purchasing, he was involved in a motor accident which killed Betty, his wife of 24 years, and he was himself seriously injured. He then devoted his time to farming in the Murgon and Monto areas of Qld. Ten years after his wife's death he married Betsy Greenhalgh. Brian was a champion golfer and won two New Britain Opens, as well as numerous other club and zone awards. In late 1999 the family settled in Tasmania but because of his ill-health they returned to Monto to be among friends and family.

Brian is survived by Catherine Anne, Christopher and Rupert from his first marriage, and Betsy and her children Cathy, Richard, Robert and Jason. From M.R. Hayes and the Chape family

Mr Gerald NEWTON (13 April 2001, aged 88 years)

Gerald served in the RAAF for three years including two years in Port Moresby, Goodenough Island and Milne Bay. After the war he spent a year with the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme (CRTS) in Queensland before going to PNG. From 1947-49 he was with the Dept of Postwar Reconstruction TPNG (based in Moresby), then from 1949-72 was with the PNG Administration. An early position was that of executive officer of the Vocational Training Advisory Committee - this committee laid the foundations for apprenticeship training. He was Administrative Officer of the Department of Public Works from 1959-71. *(In 1971, in his role as Executive Officer Training, Gerry compiled a history of the PWD dating back to the early 1900s which will be sent to Dr Peter Cahill for the archives.)*

Gerry volunteered his services to the Red Cross, the RSL, the Papua Turf Club and fund-raising for the Olympic Pool. He was on the committee of the RSL in Moresby for many years and Senior Vice President from 1968. He assisted in co-ordinating ANZAC Day services, pilgrimages to Bomana War Cemetery from North Queensland, and several visits by WWII battalions to Moresby, Kokoda and Lae. On retirement he took a keen interest in gardening until health problems curtailed his activities. Gerry is survived by his wife Mary. From Mary Newton

Mr Horace James KNEEBONE (23 June 2001, aged 65 years)

Horace joined the RAAF at the age of 18 and spent six years in that service. In 1960 he joined the Victoria Police. In August 1967 he joined the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary, serving at Port Moresby, Rabaul, Wewak and other stations. He was promoted to Superintendent in mid-1976 and left PNG the following year when his contract with the National Government expired. Returning to Australia, he worked as a journalist for the *Sydney Morning Herald*, then operated a toy and gift shop in Sydney before joining the Federal Police during which time he served at Melbourne, Darwin and Brisbane. Returning to Darwin after resigning from the Federal Police, he became Registrar of the Liquor Licencing Commission and subsequently remained in the N.T. Public Service. He retired about four years ago.

He is survived by his first wife Barbara and children Carol, William and Timothy and by his second wife Anita whom he married in 1976, and son Warwick.

From M.R. Hayes and Anita Kneebone

Mr Ian Jack WEGENER (2-11-1999, aged 57 years)

Ian died of a heart attack whilst playing squash at Kimbe W.N.B.P. Ian spent 33 years in Sth Australia Police. He was one of the 35 secondees from Australian police forces to RPNGC between 1971 and 1974, and served in the C.I.B. at Lae. On resignation from Sth Australian Police in December 1992, he joined the AusAID project and was attached to RPNGC as an adviser for 2 years, after which he joined Securimax, a security organisation. He spent some time with this firm at LIHIR, and had moved to KIMBE to set up a security firm there. He is survived by his first wife Kay, children Scott and Catherine, and partner Deborah THIEL. From Max Hayes

Mr William James (Bill) JOHNSTON (12 September 2001, aged 76 years)

Bill's first job was at the Australian Gas Light Company where, at age 16, he met his future wife Nancy. At 18 he was called up for war service as a Morse key operator and at the mandatory age of 19 he enlisted in the AIF and was present in Timor for the handing-over ceremony of the Japanese surrender. Bill then volunteered and was accepted for service in the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit as a patrol officer. He and Nancy were married in early 1946. After a brief period in Port Moresby Bill was posted to Misima Island where Nancy joined him. Their next posting was to Woodlark Island where they lived in total isolation from the outside world. There was no wireless communication and their 'lifeline', a government trawler, called every three or four months with food and mail.

After leave, Bill and Nancy were again posted to Papua, to Sehulea and then Esa'Ala on Normanby Island. Then, after attending the second long course at the Australian School of Pacific Administration in Sydney, Bill and Nancy, now with babies Alan and Christine, were posted to Kikori in the Gulf of Papua. It was here Bill did several well-documented exploratory patrols through the limestone mountains in the Southern Highlands of Papua. His second son Gary was born during his stay at Kikori and, tragically, his beloved daughter Christine died. Christine's death was the reason for his transfer to Madang. It was there that their daughter Margaret was born.

Bill was then posted to Bogia where their third son Christopher was born. Subsequent postings were to Manus Island and Popondetta. In latter years Bill served as Deputy District Commissioner and acting District Commissioner. In 1970 he transferred to headquarters in Moresby having been promoted to the position of Director of Civil Defence and Emergency Services. In 1972 Bill was selected as Chairman of the Co-ordinating Committee handling famine relief in the Southern and Western Highlands. Bill's last job in PNG was as Director of Civil Defence and Emergency Services. Here he was at hand to assist in cases of cyclones, earthquakes, cargo cults, famine, search and rescue of planes and ships, missing people, and so on.

Bill was a devoted father who always had time for his children. As time went on, in addition to his official duties, Bill became involved with civic activities and held executive positions in various organisations. By late 1975, with the children finishing their education, Bill decided to tender his resignation so that he could provide a home for them in Sydney. Bill was then 51 and, believing he was too young for retirement, he successfully went into business for a few years and retired at 65. From 1991, chemotherapy kept him in and out of remission when cancer was diagnosed. It took three years for the doctors and specialists to diagnose the rare brain disease, Progressive Supranuclear Palsy in June 2000.

During his long career Bill's personal file was credited with endorsements from such people as Sir Donald Cleland and the Director of Education congratulating him on his achievements. Eleven years after leaving PNG, the National University in Port Moresby advised him that his name was listed for inclusion in the Papua New Guinea Dictionary of Contemporary Biography.

Bill is survived by his wife Nancy, children Alan, Gary, Margaret and Chris, and 13 grandchildren. From Nancy Johnston

Mr Eric Chiswell CLEGG (11 September 2001, aged 78 years)

Eric served prewar and postwar in the Essex Constabulary and in India in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. In 1951 he joined London's Metropolitan Police and served for about 15 years after which he came to Australia. He joined the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary in 1967 after meeting 'Mike' Thomas when they were briefly together at the Australian Police College at Manly. He established the first driving school at the Bomana Police College and held this position for some years. He also saw service in the Highlands and Kieta. For many years he was a representative of the International Police Association. He was retrenched in the nationalisation process on 5-5-1976 with the rank of Inspector (2nd Class).

He is survived by his wife Helga and daughter Tina. From M.R. Hayes

Dr David Keith HOLDSWORTH (7 August 2001, aged 66 years)

David Holdsworth was the second member of staff appointed to the Chemistry Department, University of PNG (1967). He had had experience in teaching organic chemistry at secondary and tertiary level in England. He had also spent five years as a NATO Research Scholar in Chemistry at the University of the West Indies. He was intellectually honest and showed an infectious enthusiasm for his subject. Both he and his wife Ann took a sincere interest in the social and cultural life of the local people both within and outside the university.

David was a member of the Secondary Science Syllabus Committee of the Dept of Education. He wrote several texts on organic chemistry for the university students and was a respected developer of the use of pocket calculators in the teaching of chemistry principles.

He was a keen photographer and published several attractive booklets on PNG. He also made contributions to the archaeology and anthropology of the Pacific. His main research interest was in the medicinal plants of SE Asia and the Pacific, an interest he carried after retirement.

After leaving PNG, David served in various parts of the world, then he and Ann retired to Norwich England where from time to time they led overseas tours. David was awarded a PNG Independence Medal in 1977 for services to the university, he has been a consultant to WHO, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Chemistry, London and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, London. His wife Ann survives him.

From Don Drover

Mrs Jean Letitia McCARTHY (7 October 2001, aged 87 years)

Jean was the eldest of four daughters and grew up surrounded by a loving extended family. At 20 she met Keith McCarthy, a patrol officer on leave from New Guinea. Within three weeks she became engaged, and marriage soon followed. She arrived in Rabaul just before the 1937 eruption and was evacuated to Talasea, leaving Keith on duty in Rabaul.

With the threat of a Japanese invasion, Jean was evacuated while Keith remained as the senior government official ultimately responsible for the evacuation of the remaining army and civilian personnel. Keith was a coast watcher during the war and the couple were not reunited until 1946, apart from Keith's occasional leave in Australia. Keith's wartime service left him in a debilitated condition and Jean nursed him back to health. They returned to New Guinea and Keith progressed up the ranks in the Administration, spending considerable time in Rabaul, Jean's favourite place. Like many PNG wives, she was classified as carrying out 'home duties', but she was hostess to numerous dignitaries and entertained with flair.

In 1959 Jean and Keith purchased 'Malutu' (named after Keith's first post in New Guinea) in Mt Eliza Victoria, and in 1972 they returned to Australia permanently, following Keith's period as Director of District Administration. Life at Malutu was pleasurable, with house guests, family functions, golf, solo, Mahjong and travel. Keith died in 1976 at 71 years and Jean was devastated, but got on with life. Apart from involvement with family and friends, Jean attended many charity functions and travelled extensively. She was very generous to the Anti-Cancer Council through the Jean McCarthy Bequest, and supported Peninsular Animal Aid and the RSPCA.

Jean never had children, but Margie Fenbury, as a little girl, lived with Jean and Keith for periods of time in Port Moresby after the passing of her own mother and while her father, David Fenbury, carried out his official duties in PNG.

Jean's nephew wrote, 'She embraced David, Rosie and I as her family when Mum died in 1977 at 54 years, Dad having died in 1974 ... she opened her heart to us, loved, inspired, advised and supported us as our mother ...' and 'Auntie Jean led a wonderful and fulfilling life...'

From Jean's nephew, Rod Blackburn

Mrs Hildred Anne GRAHAM (14 September 2001, aged 77 years)

Hildred and her late husband, Don Graham, went to PNG in 1966. Don worked in the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries on cattle projects in the Highlands, Sogeri and Moitaka. He passed away in April 2000 and soon after Hildred was diagnosed with cancer - she spent her last 12 months in the Atherton Hospital but was visited regularly by friends from PNG and from Malanda where the family settled in 1975. Hildred had a great sense of humour right to the end and enjoyed reminiscing about PNG with Fay Millist (Reeves). Hildred is survived by three sons, Duncan, Dirk and Douglas. From Fay Millist

FACELIFT FOR KOKODA

The Kokoda Track Development Project began in 1993 when the then Australian Prime Minister Paul Keating and PNG leader PAIAS WINGTI signed a dollar-for-dollar agreement to fund infrastructure along the wartime track.

Australia has since spent K1.5 million ($A800,000) as its share and now Rotary volunteers in PNG and Australia and PNG's National Cultural Commission have initiated agreements for a further 80 projects worth $A2.2 million. Overnight accommodation for trekkers, a war museum, schools and aid posts will be built along the famous Track as part of a development partnership between the Australian and PNG governments and Rotary. □ **Pat Hopper**

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