



Una Voce

PAPUA NEW GUINEA - INSIGHTS, EXPERIENCES, REMINISCENCES

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No 3, 2002 - September

THE CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON will be held on Sunday, 1 December - full details in December issue. **AGM and Luncheon** will be on Sun. 27 April 2003

VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS - Thurs 10 October at Leura. Lunch will be at the **Leura Gourmet Restaurant** (as last year) at 159 The Mall, which is on the right hand side a short easy walk down from the station. Be there a little before 12.30 as the restaurant is crowded between 1 and 2 p.m.

There should be two suitable trains from Central, departing at 9.02 a.m. or 9.57 a.m., arriving Leura 10.53 a.m. or 11.48 a.m. (\$2.20 Return for Seniors Card holders). Please check with City Rail prior to the day (City Rail, Sydney, 13 1500, select 0 to speak to operator). If driving we suggest you arrive midday or earlier.

If interested, please ring Pam Foley on 9967 2818, before 5 October

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TALES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

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**The Sydney, PNG Wantok Club's
FAMILY INDEPENDENCE BALL**

will be held at the Panthers Club in Penrith
on Saturday 14 September from 7pm to
midnight. Further details, and to obtain
tickets, ring Liz Corner 02 9834 2272 or
email Dianne: karmycle@bigpond.com

THREE NEW WAR MEMORIALS IN

PNG - The Federal Government has
allocated \$1.5 million for the construction
of three new war memorials - on the
Kokoda Track, at Popondetta and at Milne
Bay - to mark the 60th anniversary of the
PNG campaigns of WWII. The Isurava
Memorial on the Kokoda Track is located
near where Private Bruce Kingsbury of the
2/14th Battalion won the first VC to be
awarded in the south-west Pacific. The
Popondetta Memorial will commemorate
the beachheads of Buna, Gona and
Sanananda. The memorial at Milne Bay will
be at Alotau, scene of fighting and also
where another VC was awarded to Corporal
John French of the 2/9th Battalion.

□ Pat Hopper

WAR GRAVES IN PNG - Work has

begun on upgrading, repairing and cleaning
sandstone memorials in each of the three
war cemeteries in PNG. Entrance buildings,
Memorials to the Missing, Crosses of
Sacrifice and one Stone of Remembrance
will all be repaired.

□ Pat Hopper

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HAVE YOU HEARD???

The U Thong restaurant at Cammeray in Sydney lived up to its reputation for good Thai food and fine wine when **Harry WEST** gathered more than 60 of his friends from over the years on 24th July to celebrate his 80th birthday in a relaxed and leisurely atmosphere. Harry has been secretary and then president of our association for the past 20 years and, next to Freddie Kaad, its longest serving committee person.

Many of the guests were ROAPNG members. **Bobby GIBBES**, there with Jean, flew Harry from Wewak to Telefolmin - then and even now very remote - in March 1950. A cultural shock for Harry after more than two years living at Mosman, attending the first ASOPA long course. This post was earlier manned by Des Clifton-Bassett, whose life was saved by a whisker from the dreaded scrub typhus when Bobby braved foul weather to get the legendary Dr John MacInerney from Wewak to Telefolmin just in time. All visual flying in those days - light aircraft had no radio contact then.

Syd NIELSON, who shared one of the few permanent houses in Goroka ('Rotten Row') with Harry in 1952, came from the Sunshine Coast to be M.C. Speakers were limited to **Fred KAAD** who bounced back to his exuberant best after a long stint in hospital. **Flora NITSCHKE**, now 98, was there. In the early 50s Flora frequently indulged Harry and **Bill BROWN**, who was present with **Pam**, with the lergesse of Aiyura Agricultural Station - the only complaint was that the honey had a quinine flavour, as the bees loved the flowers of the cinchona trees planted during the war.

Margaret and Bill KELLY came from Brisbane. When Harry was DO at Goroka in the mid 50s, the Kellys were at Chimbu and Margaret coped, in the isolation, with four young children, correspondence classes, a full-time job at the office and cheerfully accommodated hordes of official visitors - no motels in those days. Approaching 90, **Linda EVANS** was in fine shape. Her late husband, Hal, had been with Harry at Salamaua in 1945. **Margarette WILLIAMS** interrupted a holiday at Coff's Harbour to fly down for the day, but 96 year old **Roma BATES** was too far away - travelling somewhere between Darwin and Broome. Likewise **John COLMAN** was piloting on an around-Australia air safari. At the last moment an emergency arose and **John BUCHANAN**, son of Della and the late Sir Dennis (who loaded the aircraft on Harry's 1950 trip from Wewak to Telefolmin) could not leave his drought-stricken cattle property in the Upper Hunter. **Jeanette LEAHY** phoned from her property at Zenag near Wau. Still in New Guinea after 63 years, Jeanette and her son provide employment for more than 400 nationals.

Bob EMERY will be celebrating his 94th birthday in November. In a recent phone conversation, he said that 60 years ago he didn't expect to see 94 - understandable when you remember that he rafted down the Markham at night, under the noses of the Japanese, in order to find out more about Japanese positions at Lae. 'A pretty hair-raising sort of a trip' said Bob in his *Una Voce* story (March 1997).

Bert SPEER joined the group which visited Kavieng in July to dedicate a plaque to the memory of people in the area who lost their lives in the war. While in PNG he visited the Lae/Wau area, Rabaul and Port Moresby. He contacted people he had known during his time there, and said it was 'just like going home'.

John MIDDLETON of Karkar Island in the Madang District was awarded a knighthood in the Queen's Birthday Honours for services to the development of PNG. His earlier award, an OBE, was also for services to the country.

In the 20s John's father joined the Expropriation Board and moved to the New Guinea side. He then settled on Karkar island. In 1948, after finishing school, John returned to New Guinea to help his father rebuild the family plantations which had been

badly damaged during the Japanese occupation. (John's brother, Roger, did likewise.) John was a Member of Parliament from 1968 to 1977. He served on numerous committees including the Constitutional Development Committee (1969-72), and was Chairman of the National Fiscal Commission from 1977 to 1982.

John and Anna's sons, Brett and Derek, are carrying on the family tradition - Brett is general manager of Dylup plantation and Derek is general manager of Kulili. Brett has two sons, Sean and Michael, and Derek a daughter, Celeste.

Roger and Rosa MIDDLETON are still at Kaviak plantation on Karkar, and their son, Ian, is growing barramundi at Dylup.



Standing - Sir John Middleton, son Brett (with braces) with wife Vicki, and son Derek
Seated - John's wife Anna and Derek's wife Joell (taken at Kulili plantation)

MORE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS (from Jim Toner)

Meg TAYLOR, lawyer daughter of Jim Taylor, the Highlands pioneer known to some members but a legend to the rest of us, was made DBE in June. Currently working for the World Bank in Washington she had already spent five years there as PNG's Ambassador to the USA, tripling up as Ambassador to Mexico and High Commissioner to Canada. Dame Meg said that her honour also belonged to her parents Yerima and Jim, sister Daisy, her Catholic sister teachers and the Goroka community. Callers phoning her Washington residence were greeted by music from *South Pacific*. Of course "Is there anything you can name which is anything like a dame?"

Ted WOLFERS researcher in PNG politics since the days of the Bully Beef Club in the Sixties was made CMG. Now a Professor, his award was for assistance to the public service in advisory capacities.

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY Jim Toner writes -

In August **Helene EAST** (nee Thomson) represented the NT at Port Macquarie where cadet education officers from the 1962 ASOPA intake reunited for a 40th anniversary bash. She had taught at Madang before becoming Art lecturer at Wards Strip Teachers College. Helene has been in Darwin for 20 years initially working at Education

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Department HQ then the Aboriginal tertiary training college at Batchelor before retiring.

I'm willing to bet a quid or two that the only *wantok* currently engaged in Dragon Boat racing is Darwin's **Philippa PIKE**. One problem with that sport is the need to find 21 other oarspersons to row your boat. However the spouse of Des, who is now retired from Parks Australia and formerly a Deputy District Commissioner, managed to do that at a local regatta in July. Philippa was secretary to the late Des Clifton-Bassett when he was DC in Madang where of course she met Marie, our editor. The two ladies had a reunion earlier this year when Philippa went to the Gold Coast with her all-female crew to compete allegedly under the name of Dragons Abreast.

Stan CARSWELL, formerly Transport Officer at Rabaul and Mendi, settled in Cairns not Darwin but he has had a long association with PNG through his wife's family (the Gangloffs of Kokopo). He chaired a Far North Queensland (FNQ) Volcano Relief Committee following the 1994 eruption which collected a considerable amount. Stan returned to Rabaul for the first time this year taking a FNQ donation towards a disabled persons' service and was shocked by the town's devastation.

"Biggest in the Southern Hemisphere" - a classic Australian claim to fame. Rarely heard from PNG but it turns out that New Britain boasts the biggest and deepest hole south of the Equator. The Pomio patrol post was established in 1938 but existence of a giant cave near the Ba river does not seem to have been publicised until 1998. Certainly our fellow members **George OAKES** and **Frank LEIBFRIED**, both of whom served at Pomio in the sixties, never stumbled across it. A good thing perhaps since it is 1,160 metres deep.

David Gillieson, Professor of Geography at James Cook University, tells me that "The Muruk Cave is big, wet and very technical with lots of pitches and swims plus a sump to dive with scuba - at 800 metres!" He adds "Needless to say this is one of the hardest caves in the world and equivalent to Himalayan mountaineering". Such a phenomenon can't have been a secret to locals but one concludes that they didn't wish to discuss it.

The Carbine Club, elite horse-racing fraternity, spent a week in Darwin during July and included **Grahame WHITCHURCH**. He was down from Moresby, where he has been since 1964, for a short break during the parliamentary elections. Grahame, known then and now as *Bogabada*, went from the staff office at the Department of Information and Extension Services to the fledgling House of Assembly and has been a mainstay of its administration - for which he was made OBE - ever since. He was not greatly looking forward to some 50 brand new members wandering into his office after the election seeking their allowances and guidance. Not to mention the 50 deposed members on the

telephone requesting their final salary cheques.

Vai Vai Avenue. Now there's a name to remember and relish. It was used by the dissolute single men around Port Moresby to denigrate the Boroko bourgeoisie. It was a euphemism for a street full of Territory Heather Buckets dedicated to Keeping Up Appearances. Apparently during the recent elections a loudspeaker van drove along the Avenue loudly announcing the merits of a candidate. At 5 o'clock in the morning! Well... any pre-1975 Mrs. Bucket would have been on the phone to the Administrator before you could say "NOT in Vai Vai Avenue".

NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA: John Kleinig writes -

Pastor **Keith NAGEL** and his wife **Jean** are now retired and living at Pasadena. Keith recalled leaving Sydney on 12 November 1946 for the 6 week voyage to Siassi Island which became their home for the next eighteen years. Jean had left for Finnhafen some two months earlier where as a nurse she became familiar with tropical medicine in the Lutheran Mission Hospital which had been acquired from the US Army. When just out of Townsville, Keith remembers they could only sail by day because of the prevalence of floating mines and both passengers and crew spent time sitting in the bow looking for any signs of danger.

They returned to Australia in the early 70's and then were recalled to Lae and Salamaua for a further period of service. When they finally returned to Australia, Keith was President of the Lutheran Church NSW District for 12 years before eventually coming to Adelaide in 1997. This was the first time that Jean, who was born at St Kitts, out of the Barossa Valley, had lived in South Australia since her marriage. Keith still plays the organ for the local church choir, the Sunday service on a monthly basis and at funerals and weddings.

In Adelaide not long ago was former Goroka and Rabaul resident, **Jeanette FREEMAN**, who can still rustle up a story or two about her days in Rabaul in the early seventies. As a preschool adviser she remembers the visit to Rabaul preschools by the Australian Foreign Minister Andrew Peacock and his wife Susan, and their abiding interest in early childhood learning and development. Jeanette tells me that she was a very diligent letter writer in those days and all her letters were kept, thanks to her parents, Ettie and Tom.

On 16 September 1975, **former officers of the Treasury Department** met in Adelaide to celebrate the independence of PNG. They have met every year since and when not in Adelaide they have toasted independence in such places as Bali, Hobart, Echuca, Katoomba and Maroochydore. This year the meeting will be at Yarrowonga/Mulwala.

Pastor **Ian KLEINIG** who is currently lecturing at the Lutheran Seminary at Birip in Enga Province, reports that he is well and being looked after, however the political situation is not good. He said that it is important to keep well away from the trouble spots. He returns to Adelaide at the end of September.

The annual Adelaide ROAPNG reunion will be held on Sunday 27 October 2002 at the Royal Coach Motor Inn in Kent Town. This year **Jane MORRISON**, **Tony RADFORD** and **John FOOTE** will be the guest speakers and will talk about their life as medicos in PNG. Jane was a registered nurse at Angau Hospital, Lae before her marriage in 1970 to Rod who went to PNG as a cadet patrol officer in 1966. They were posted to Aseki, Morobe District (restricted area) where Jane worked at the aid post then nursed at Wau and Daru Hospitals. They returned to Australia in 1978.

Tony went first to PNG as a student in 1958. From 1963 to 1972 he was there as a doctor with his family. During this time they were located in Kainantu in the Eastern Highlands, Port Moresby and Popondetta. Tony returns every 2 or 3 years to undertake Health Reviews for the World Health Organisation, AusAID and UNICEF.

John, a highly respected Adelaide anaesthetist, first went to PNG from 1966 to 1975. He returned in 1995 to Telefomin where he remained until December 2001. John hopes to be able to join us. The afternoon will be coordinated by former kiap and then ABC stalwart, **Graham TAYLOR**.

Notices providing all the details of the lunch will be sent out by mid September.

NEWS FROM PNG-Sir Peter **BARTER**, owner of the Madang Resort Hotel and the luxury tourist vessel MTS *Discoverer*, has won the Madang Regional seat with 27,000 votes more than his nearest rival - a resounding win (in a first-past-the-post election)!

Colleen NEVILLE flew to Alotau in late May to see three of her granddaughters make their first Holy Communion. She said her son Peter is chairman of the Alotau hospital board and that they are striving for better health care for the people but are always looking for extra funds for medicines etc. She added,

'Peter and his wife Vicky have started an eco-tourism company and hope to develop a war museum ... a beautiful eco-tourism lodge called *Napatana Lodge*, which is a traditionally built pole house made from tropical timbers, overlooks the bay and has an open-air bar and restaurant. It has bungalows and back-packer accommodation at very reasonable prices. The day I was leaving Peter took me into the jungle cleared that morning, to show me some American barges and tanks which had been left at the end of WWII. There were piles of bottles and other treasures. An old couple in a nearby village knew Ron (Colleen's late husband) when he was in the area in 1948.

Colleen said that son **Tim NEVILLE** has won the regional seat of Milne Bay and son **Peter NEVILLE** has been elected to the Alotau Council. She added, 'Hopefully they will be able to improve services for the people. PNG is such a beautiful country desperately in need of guidance.'

THE 2002 ELECTIONS - 2875 candidates contested 109 seats; six seats are still to be declared after the mayhem in some Highlands electorates (about 30 people died in election-related attacks). Apart from the Highlands, the election seems to have been properly conducted. **Sir Michael SOMARE** is back at the helm for the third time. He was Chief Minister and Prime Minister from 1972-80, and Prime Minister from 1982-85. He will be facing an enormous challenge on all fronts ie. law and order, the failing economy, the decay of infrastructure and so on. In his first speech as Prime Minister, Sir Michael said, 'I do not profess to be an economist, lawyer or accountant. My role is to facilitate, encourage, and use the best expertise on the floor of this Parliament to bring PNG forward'. Sir Michael has chosen **Bill Skate**, a former PM, to be Speaker - a move one commentator described as 'astute'. Other appointments are:

Rabbie Namaliu - Foreign Minister; **Moi Avei** - Minister for Petroleum and Energy;

Carol Kidu - Minister for Welfare and Social Development;

Allan Marat - Deputy Prime Minister; **Bart Philemon** - Treasurer.

Sir Mekere MORAUTA has much to be proud of in his three years as PM. As a result of his reforms, the election in 2007 will move to the preferential voting system which is expected to go a long way to eliminating the corruption and virtual warfare that accompanied this election. He brought in a law preventing a Prime Minister from facing a no-confidence motion during his first 18 months in office. Another reform forces MPs

to serve their respective parties rather than change mid-term to the highest bidder. He legislated to increase the independence of the central bank (from being pressured by the government of the day). Legislation to establish an independent commission against corruption was introduced just before the election and is expected to come before the new House soon. During his term the Bougainville crisis has come close to resolution.

(From *SMH, Australian & Financial Review* articles sent by Jeff Baldwin)

DAME RACHEL CLELAND BURSARY

Members will have seen a flyer in the June edition of *Una Voce* seeking donations to this recently established Bursary. The flyer was necessarily short as the edition was already in publication. This article will give a little more background.

The Dame Rachel Cleland Bursary has been established by the Board of Management of International House, the University of Queensland, to recognise the role played by Dame Rachel during her years in PNG. A strong, caring, independent person, Dame Rachel either assisted in, or formulated positive developments in aspects of society in PNG while she and Sir Donald Cleland occupied Government House.

International House enjoys close ties with PNG through those nationals who are its alumni, some of whom have been, or still are, prominent in the governance of their nation. Other alumni include officers of the Australian Administration; several, including Robert Cleland, the elder son of Dame Rachel and Sir Donald, have since served as Board members. Two former Administration officers currently serve on the Board.

International House is a non-denominational, non-profit residential college for undergraduate male and female students from many countries, but mainly those in the Pacific and South-East Asia areas. The Bursary will provide nationals of PNG studying at the University of Queensland some modest financial assistance (eg. the purchase of text books). The amount of assistance will depend on the size of the Bursary.

Donors to the Bursary may choose to regard their contribution as an acknowledgment of their happy and successful years in PNG, as well as marking Dame Rachel's unique impact on that country.

Cheques made out to 'Dame Rachel Cleland Bursary' should be sent to:

The Director, International House, 1/5 Rock Street, St Lucia Qld 4072

ROAPNG donates to the Dame Rachel Cleland Bursary

The Committee of ROAPNG decided to give \$500 to the Bursary Fund. We received a reply from Denis Brosnan, A/Director of International House, part of which reads, 'I would like to convey the heartfelt thanks of International House for your generosity. Your cheque for the Dame Rachel Cleland Memorial Bursary is very much appreciated.'

(The Bursary Fund has received a donation from P.R.E. Searle - this was much appreciated but as no address was given, International House could not send a receipt.)

HELPWANTED: Dr Andrew Lattas is an anthropologist working on cargo cult activities in the Pomio area of East New Britain and Bali Island in West New Britain. He said he would like to contact kiaps or colonial officials who worked in those areas from 1960 onwards. He is at: Dept of Sociology and Anthropology, School of Social Sciences, Callaghan, NSW 2308, Ph (home) 02 9985 8067, (work) 02 4921 5878, email dralattas@ozemail.com.au

8-DAY TOUR OF PNG A SUCCESS

by Terry Turner

In July, Seniors Holiday Travel of Brisbane in conjunction with Air Niugini, conducted an 8-day tour of PNG - a first for the company, and a resounding success.

The tour guide was Sharon Forbes who had lived in PNG for a number of years and had worked in Talair's travel section. She was an excellent choice to lead the group.

Twenty people took part in the tour including a number of ex-PNG residents. These were **Terry and Jenny TURNER**, ex-Treasury and Public Health and daughter Cate, **Alan and Lyle HOOPER** and Lyle's daughter Dale (Alan had served in the original Pacific Islands Battalion during the war and Lyle is the widow of Alroy Hansen of the Dept of Labour), **Alan and Trish WILLIS** formerly of Carpenters and Education, Rabaul, **Barry BEAMAN** of DCA Port Moresby and **Marion BOOKER** aged 87, formerly of Manus Island (who coped like a teenager).

The itinerary was two days Port Moresby staying at the Gateway hotel, two days in Madang at the Jais Aben resort, two days at the Kaivuna hotel, Rabaul, and two days at Poroman Lodge in Mount Hagen. Jenny and I did not accompany the group to Mount Hagen but diverted to Goroka where we were the guests of Brian Greathead.

Everywhere we went we were made to feel welcome, and the kindness and gentleness of the PNG people was wonderful. We knew of their problems both civil and economic but these did not impinge on the enjoyment of the tour. After 27 years away, certain things were very noticeable. In particular, the confidence and sophistication of the young men and women in the workforce was evident to us all.

Our bus driver in Port Moresby, Jack (from Kerema), was excellent and was always there if help was needed - we all remember him with affection. Some of the places we visited were the Iarowari High School at Sogeri, Bomana War Cemetery, Parliament House (well worth a visit), the Royal Papua Yacht Club (stunning!).

Highlights for the Turner family were - Madang where we were invited into the house we had lived in in 1960-61 when our daughter Cate was born - amazingly we found that Lyle Hooper and daughter Dale had lived in the same house some years before. Both Dale and Cate were born in Madang and we celebrated Cate's birthday at the resort the night before leaving. Very memorable. Rabaul - walking through the devastation of that once-beautiful town and staying at the *Kaivuna* which stands in a plain of pumice, talking to the Governor-General, Sir Silas **ATOPARE**, also staying at the *Kaivuna*.

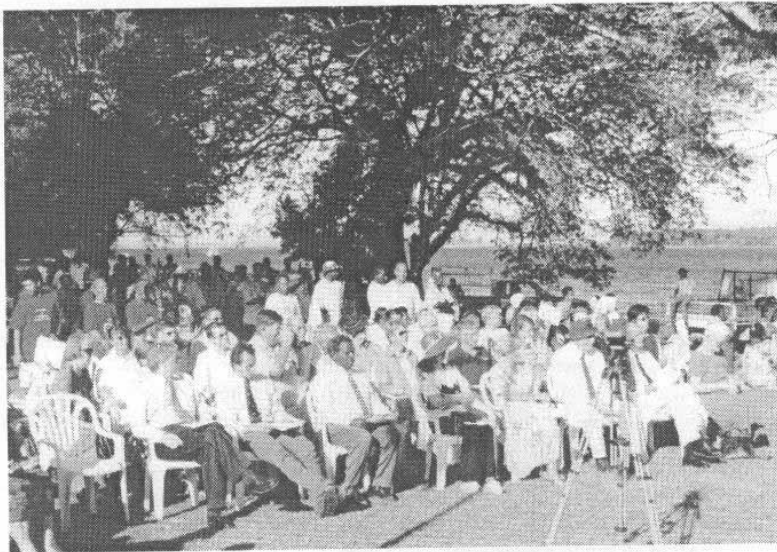
Goroka - that town of our fondest memories - talking to **Yerima TAYLOR**, widow of Jim Taylor and mother of Daisy and Dame Meg, visiting St Mary's Catholic Church where we were married in 1958 and where our late son Paul was christened, visiting the excellent little museum in West Goroka and seeing the wonderful collection of photographs of the pre-independence residents and events (some of which I took myself when the DC Ian Downs made me photographer for the day of the coronation in 1953).

I also presented to **Kevin MURPHY**, the co-ordinator of Rugby League fixtures in the Highlands area, a framed photograph of the first Goroka Rugby League competitive team which won the Kieran-Sheargold Cup in 1953 and in which Danny Leahy and Les Gillies played. Unfortunately both Sir Dan and Les were absent from Goroka during our visit, although I did have a very quick conversation with Les (now 85) when he got off the plane we left Goroka in.

All in all it was a wonderful return after 27 years to a country which holds such affectionate memories of our earlier working life.

Seniors Holiday Travel intend to conduct more tours of PNG and I can thoroughly recommend the firm. I would be happy to provide more information if anyone is interested. (Ph. 07 5477 6118)

Photos taken at the Memorial Service, Kavieng, 4 July 2002



Top photo - Jim and Max Lightbody are in the foreground (Photos: Rod Miller)

MEMORIAL AT KAVIENG

A Memorial Service was held at Kavieng on 4 July 2002 to pay homage to people of all races who lost their lives on New Ireland as a result of the Japanese occupation, and to those lost on the *Montevideo Maru* 60 years ago that month. Japanese troops landed at Kavieng on 23 January 1942 and the occupation ended on 19 September 1945. Most of those who died have no known grave.

Flowers were placed on a memorial plaque on which was inscribed the names of all known civilians from the region who died during the war years. There were almost 100 names on the plaque and below their names was the following: 'Many New Irelanders, New Guineans and other members of the Chinese and Mixed Race Communities whose names are not recorded also suffered and died in New Ireland during the war. Indigenous New Guineans were particularly devastated. Rest in Peace'.

On returning to Kavieng for the Memorial Service

by Eric Pizer, daughter of Stan and Emily Ashby

After much thought I decided to take my son Christopher, daughter-in-law Carol, daughter Sue, and grandchildren Emily, Michael, Kate, Luke and Dimmity to share with me, after 60 years and 6 months, my first trip back to Kavieng for the laying of a memorial plaque. It was a great experience and one never to be forgotten by all - the wonderful memories, the pidgin English we spoke, all came flooding back.

We can never thank enough Jim Ridges, the Red Cross (for doing the flowers so beautifully), John McLeod at Malagan Beach Resort (which was wonderful) and many local people who did so much to make the Memorial Service such a great success, with so much meaning and respect. At long last we have some form of recognition for our fathers and the people of New Ireland. Christopher recalled how his grandmother Emily was always so sad and could not speak of our father without tears coming to her eyes. She never forgot him and when in hospital told us to let her go to Stan. She died a week later. The doctor could not understand why she didn't recover. We of course did. That was 35 years after our evacuation.

It was wonderful meeting people I have spoken with over the phone these last twelve months, especially as we all had the same reason for being in Kavieng. It was with mixed feelings that we left Kavieng and travelled 60 miles down the Boluminski Highway to find *Maramakas* plantation where we lived and which my father managed for Alf Lussick before his own property was in production. We were able to find where the house stood and remains of concrete where the water tank was. Unfortunately all the magnificent coconut trees were gone and in their place were stumpy palm oil trees. The beach with miles of stretching sand was still the same except of course for the very tall cliffs which had yellow snakes with a green circle around their eyes. Somehow or other the cliffs had shrunk to about 7 ft and the snakes had turned into lizards - funny how things change from the eyes of a child.

We then went to visit *Logagon* plantation which was owned by the Lussicks and which has now all reverted to jungle. Very sad to see. Our trip took us on to beautiful Dalom where we stayed overnight - the local children laughing so much at us because we could not walk with bare feet on the stony beach or the river bed.

Sue remarked to me, 'Mum, I now understand why you choose such different plants to grow in your garden'. I hope my family understands me a little better now. I often remind them how lucky they are to have both parents and a stable life.

I will definitely go back to Kavieng next year, but this time I will stay longer.

PHEBE AND RICHARD PARKINSON - A GRAVE DISCOVERED

by Alfred Uechtritz



Phebe Parkinson

ill treatment and starvation in a prison camp at Bo near Namatanai. She died there, and her grandson Rudi Diercke was with her and buried her there. In later years we were never able to find her grave and transfer her remains to the *matmat* (cemetery) at Kuradui Plantation, New Britain, where her husband and some sons lie and where her headstone was already awaiting her, next to her husband. This situation now seems to have dramatically changed.

A brief outline of Phebe's life

Phebe's life spanned much New Guinea history starting before the days of German rule. She came to New Guinea from Samoa with her Danish/German surveyor husband Richard who was also an anthropologist, botanist, planter and later writer, so they could both work alongside her sister 'Queen Emma' (a Samoan-American princess, adventurer and businesswoman who at one stage had almost a trading 'empire' in New Guinea). This was in 1881 - German Rule commenced in 1884. In 1882 Richard established the first commercial coconut plantations at Ralum and Kuradui, the latter becoming their home

My son Gordon and I were members of the group who went to Kavieng recently to take part in a memorial service honouring the many civilians who died in New Ireland under the Japanese. A plaque, with names recorded, was unveiled. Some of us had particular memories of the lost ones, and all were aware of the many sad and shocking stories surrounding their imprisonments and deaths. Thus we were very much united in spirit.

Gordon and I went to honour the memory of a dear and most admirable grandmother Phebe Parkinson. I remember her well, but of course Gordon had only heard of her. Phebe was not actually murdered, however her end was hastened and her final years made miserable by

until it was expropriated. Richard died from complications of hip surgery which followed a buggy accident. He died in 1909 (not 1907 as wrongly recorded in some publications). This of course was still during German days - Phebe lived on, eventually under Australian rule and of course, briefly, Japanese.

During all these years she loved and worked closely with the New Guinea people and learnt their language. She became a legend in the Gazelle particularly among the Tolai people around Kokopo and Raluana. She held court and settled arguments amongst them, looked after their health and welfare, and was dearly loved and respected. When her husband was writing his now-famous book, 'Thirty Years in the South Seas' (recently translated from the German), Phebe helped him in this work and would translate from the local language when he interviewed local people. Richard, with Phebe's help, collected many artifacts and sent them to museums all over the world.

Until the Kavieng ceremony there was no mention or acknowledgment in PNG of the work of these two great pioneers - their contribution was enormous and in Phebe's case especially, spanned many many years. As her grandson, it was an indescribable feeling to see her name finally on a memorial - albeit for a tragic reason.

The discovery of Phebe's grave, 60 years on!

As mentioned before, Grandmother's headstone was already erected in the family *matmat* at Kuradui. She had had a double headstone made when Richard died, as she wanted to be buried beside him.

In 1970-71 my eldest son Peter was managing Mageh plantation and had met Dick Landsarotti - Dick was a young boy in the prison camp at Bo. I have since learnt that he was the *manki masta* to the Japanese commander. Dick used to steal food from the Japs and give it to Gran and Rudi. Dick told Peter he helped bury Gran and could take him to the site. However that area was by then covered with secondary growth and they were unable to find Gran's remains.

Now we jump to 2002 - and the Kavieng Memorial gathering period. We had a good friend in Kavieng, Mr Julius Violaris, who owns Nawae Constructions. My son Gordon asked Julius if he knew anyone who might know the Namatanai area, and Julius gave Gordon the name of three *bois*. On arriving at Namatanai, the first of the named *bois* (very *lapun* of course) whom they met said, 'Mi save, mi halpim Masta Rudi planim Misis' (I know, I helped Rudi bury the Missus') and led them to the grave site. This man owns the ground where Gran is buried and had cleared it to plant cacao. When clearing the land he had his kids place stones around the grave and he also planted a *tanget* bush, the leaves of which are used to ward off evil spirits and make *tambu* etc. When Gordon asked him about the *tanget* this man said that the Missus' spirit was very unhappy and added, 'Mipela save harim krai krai, i laik go bek long ples bilong em' (I heard it cry and cry, it wants to go back to its own place).

Now of course, we want to access and transfer the remains to the family *matmat* at Kuradui and place her next to Grandpa. I have written to the Australian High Commissioner and also the the Vunapope Mission to find out who now owns the piece of land the Parkinson *matmat* is on, so that I can obtain his/her permission to re-bury Gran there. Gordon and I are returning to Namatanai shortly for a follow up visit and will also visit Vunapope.

Postscript: Alf and Gordon have re-visited Namatanai and arrangements to move Phebe's remains to the family matmat are under way. Mary Lou, Alf's wife said, 'We hope it is soon resolved and the lady finally laid to rest where she wanted and deserved to be. Probably many of the family will go up to New Guinea for this'.

WITU ISLAND

By Dick Doyle (on Witu Island)

I have been reading with interest, some of the stories which have been published in *Una Voce* over the last few years. Most of these stories are reminiscences, or relate to revisits by former expats who left PNG more than 20 years ago. I thought it might be of interest to describe what life is like for a current expat, living in a remote part of PNG today. Actually, I am technically not an expat any more, because I am a naturalised PNG Citizen.

I live on Witu Island, in the Bismarck Sea. Witu is north of the main island of New Britain. My house is 100 metres from the sea, and 80 miles by sea from the main centre of Kimbe on New Britain. I have lived here since 1965, and when the time comes I will cheerfully die, here on Witu Island.

Kimbe today has quite a few expats, probably about 300. Of these, about 150 would be Europeans, and the others a mixture of Chinese, Malaysians, Filipinos and other Asians. Many of these expats are connected in one way or another with the palm oil industry on New Britain. The main enterprise is New Britain Palm Oil Ltd, but Kimbe has many other business houses, including Ela Motors, Kimbe Bay Shipping Agency Ltd, several hardware stores, three lodges and three hotels. There is a supermarket in Kimbe, and many stores, all well stocked. Expats live quite comfortably here, and their children attend the International Primary School which has several expat teachers. There is the usual spectrum of missionary activity here, which has actually increased since the days before independence. Included amongst the missions are the Assemblies of God Church, and the Summer Institute of Linguistics, which has several translator families living close to Kimbe. In addition to the Christian churches, and as a sign of the changing times, Kimbe also has a Mosque. However, as far as I am aware, no Papua New Guineans have yet converted to Islam.

Here on Witu Island we live safely. We need to keep a presence around the house, and we lock up tools and other attractive items, but since the day I arrived here, the house remains without locks. My wife is from Witu, and we have three daughters and four grandchildren, all living at Kimbe. My relationship with the local Witu people is mostly harmonious, but the plantations can't operate here because of the costs. This is probably one reason why relationships are harmonious – less jealousy. I am pruning a few 16 year old cocoa trees back to induce new-growth cocoa pod bearing wood, as cocoa has gone from K110 to K350 per bag (dry).

We used to operate 180,000 cocoa trees here on Witu Island, but not any more. The coconut palms are rent free to the locals during low price times as now, with a small rental attached during periods of high copra price. It works, because there is still excellent goodwill in this country, if you meet people half way.

I only work about 50% of the time, and I provide 'local colour' for the two regular live aboard dive boats, which are based at Waundi, near Kimbe. These dive boats visit Witu regularly. For these visiting boats I also supply liaison with the local people.

In this capacity I recently did a week near Pomio, on TSMV *Febrina* for a cave exploring expedition, as Pidgin interpreter. Then we sailed up to Kavieng and to the Southern New Hanover Islands. I also recently did 14 days on TSMV *Stardancer*, to liaise with the Lolobau Island people and also the East Nakanai people, in whose area we explored new dive sites.

While on these expeditions, I also collect orchids, and bring them back to my garden on Witu. I have just started serious collecting, and I currently have a small orchid collection with more than 25 different varieties. I hope to have more than 100 different varieties in the future.

Witu Island might seem isolated, but I meet a lot of overseas tourists amongst the diving visitors, mostly from USA. One was Paul Allen the co-founder, with Bill Gates, of Microsoft, and Peter Gabriel the musician was with him. They spent three hours on our verandah in 1994, and I sent Paul Allen a Christmas Card in 1997, reminding him that he promised me two seats at a major US sporting event. He sent me the tickets, and in 1998 a friend and I enjoyed a visit to USA and to the San Diego Superbowl. It was like nothing else on earth. Well, at least nothing like life on Witu Island.

Christmas card which Dick sent to Paul Allen in 1997 and which Dick describes as 'a template for those who wish to get past the minders of MULTI BILLIONAIRES', adding that Paul sat on the run-down porch (as depicted) putting away the pink champagne (his)



THE EMPIRE OF RICHARD DOYLE, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF DICK'S BEANERY & LANGU PLTH - GAROVE ISLAND (WITU), WEST NEW-BRITAIN P.N.G.

I could have stayed there, but I didn't. I came back to Witu Island. This is my home, close to my friends and family, my orchids, my old house and my books, and the lifestyle I have enjoyed here for 37 years. I am happy here, and although things have changed elsewhere in PNG and elsewhere in the world today, life goes on much like it always did, here on Witu Island in the Bismarck Sea.

HELP WANTED: Peter GRIMSHAW is researching material for a history of the PNG police to be entitled *Policing in Paradise*. He said he had located details of two death sentences carried out by hanging in the 1950s. One was the hanging described by Graham Hardy in 'Aro of Lupamanda' (June 2002 issue) which took place at Lae on 14 November 1957, and the other was in respect of Usamando, a native of the village of Moep, who was hanged in Lae on 16 December 1954. He wrote, 'As far as I am aware, I share Graham Hardy's understanding that the Aro hanging was the last carried out in PNG prior to Independence in September 1975. However, I would welcome ... any information which either confirms my understanding or provides details of any other hanging that occurred subsequent to 14 November 1957.' Peter is at 153 Hawkesbury Crescent, Farrer ACT 2607, Ph/Fax 02 6286 3342

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POLITICS AND THE MILITARY - unhappy bedfellows in 1942

by W.J. (Bill) Edgar *

A full appreciation of the Kokoda and Gona campaigns in New Guinea in 1942 is not possible without attaching to those dramatic events an examination of certain crucial aspects of the political situation at the time.

The fact is that Australian forces would probably never have found themselves in the precarious positions in which they were placed in 1942 had it not been for the colossal strategic blunders and misinterpretations of the Allied commander-in-chief, General Douglas MacArthur, a man who had both an enormous personal ego and an equally considerable political agenda, both of which blurred his vision and heavily compromised Australian forces fighting in New Guinea in 1942.

MacArthur left Corregidor in the Philippines on 1 March 1942 and made his way by torpedo boat and B17 aircraft to Australia. He left to their fate over seventy thousand of his American and Filipino soldiers. Many were to suffer horribly and die in Japanese prison camps in the months and years that followed.

MacArthur, however, was feted for his 'heroic' escape. Via the energetic conduit of his own personal publicity machine a MacArthur craze had broken out in the United States. The press labelled him 'the Napoleon of Luzon'. He became the first American hero of the war and was subsequently awarded the Congressional Medal of Honour for his defence of the Philippines.

Behind the scenes there were those who knew better. It was a defence that Franklin Roosevelt described as '... criminal ... not heroic at all' (1). But it was '... MacArthur's dramatic flair for self-publicity (which) quickly erased any memory of his initial command failure as he became a magazine-cover icon, the personification of an embattled American hero ... (it) made it politically impossible to call him to account ...' (2)

He arrived in Australia vowing, 'I will return!' Laudable sentiments considering the fate of his men, but again, his ambitions almost certainly spread far beyond the confines of the South-West Pacific region.

Douglas MacArthur, an avowed political and personal enemy of Franklin D. Roosevelt, was an aspirant to the most powerful position on earth - the Presidency of the United States. He knew that his success in the run-up to the 1944 election would be very much dependent on public image and perception. To be seen as the man who returned to the triumphant rescue of his beleaguered troops in the Philippines would no doubt do his electoral destiny a power of good.

As soon as he set foot on Australian soil, Douglas MacArthur began planning the grand strategy which would enable him to fulfill his destiny - capture of the major Japanese base at Rabaul and then on back to the Philippines - and then, finally, to the

throne in Washington. And if he were to make the newspapers before the 1942 prime-time Yuletide season, so much more to his advantage.

And so, scanning the horizon toward Manila and beyond in the second quarter of 1942, he neglected the storm gathering in the backyard. Immediately to the north of Australia experienced enemy troops, the men who had conquered China, Singapore and the Philippines, began planning the capture of the Port Moresby airfields from where they would be in easy bombing range of the Australian mainland and the strangulation of the Allied lines of supply through the South-West Pacific region.

On 8 March the Japanese landed at Lae and Salamaua in Northern New Guinea but the movement on Moresby was delayed by the failure to take the port by sea in early May, checked by the Allied navies at the Battle of the Coral Sea.

To Douglas MacArthur's way of thinking the region was secured and he ignored his own intelligence reports which indicated the Japanese had not been put off in their intentions and would now concentrate on land actions centering on Milne Bay and the primitive track that wended its tortuous way from Northern Papua, through the Owen Stanley Ranges to Port Moresby. The Coral Sea and the Midway sea engagements had been a setback, not a deterrent to the Japanese strategists.

The American general kept his experienced troops back in Australia ready for the assault on New Britain and the drive to Rabaul. Only companies of raw troops, many of them eighteen year old boys who had never fired a rifle, were sent into the jungles as forward defence units in Northern Papua. The general, imperiously, regarded them as being sufficient for any unlikely eventuality. Unfortunately, a redoubtable enemy had other ideas. General Sydney Rowell, the subordinate Australian New Guinea Force commander, recalled later that the decision not to send seasoned troops into New Guinea at a suitably early opportunity made his headquarters weep.

On the 21st and 22nd July 1942 elements of Major-General Tomitaro Horii's *Nankai Shitai South Seas Force* came ashore at Gona and Buna and began the build up of over ten thousand combat troops. Forward elements rampaged inland, brushing aside opposition from elements of the Australian 39th Militia Battalion and moved on to Kokoda Village just below the foothills of the Owen Stanley Ranges, the hostile, brooding, malevolent spine which separates the northern shores from the plain on which Port Moresby is placed in the south.

At last the Commander-in-Chief was moved to lower his lofty, Caesar-like gaze and acknowledge the ominous menace at his doorstep. In consequence the experienced Australian 21st Brigade was rushed from Australia and pushed up the Kokoda Track and into the Owen Stanley Ranges with the order to recapture the village of Kokoda from the enemy.

Under-supplied, under-manned and under-prepared (still dressed in the desert khaki of the Middle Eastern theatre) the two battalion force of a little over one thousand men agonised their way through the precipitous jungle track until they joined up with the remnant youngsters of the 39th Battalion at Isurava late in August.

What followed was a feat of Homeric proportions, arguably redolent of the defence of the pass at Thermopylae against Xerxes' invading Persians by Leonidas and his Spartans in 480 BC. Outnumbered by around five to one and outgunned by heavier weapons, the men of the 21st Brigade fought the Japanese back along the Kokoda Track over the next three weeks. For every yard of ground gained the attacking force paid a heavy price in blood, disease and precious time. General Horii knew that he had to reach Port Moresby in around eight days or the jungle, the enemy and his lengthening line of supply would compromise his force to the point of exhaustion, even extinction.

Washington, thoroughly alarmed, demanded to know what was going on. Why

were Allied troops going backwards? General MacArthur knew his own fate was hanging in the balance too. There were those in Washington who would willingly stab him in the back and cheerfully have him removed. Many had contested his appointment as the Commander-in-Chief of the South-West Pacific region, recognising that Roosevelt had given in to editorial and public opinion against his better judgment. (3) Any excuse to have the MacArthur head on a military block would serve the purpose. And so, like many in trouble, he merely shifted the blame. 'The Australians won't fight', he responded. In Australia he urged the Prime Minister, John Curtin, vacillating and uncertain, to put a figurative bomb under the Australian commander of Allied land forces.

General Sir Thomas Blamey, the sword hanging over his own head in turn, responded by sacking his New Guinea Force commander, Lieutenant-General Sidney Rowell and the man who had brilliantly organised and inspired the troops on the Kokoda Track, Brigadier Arnold Potts. It was the independent-minded Potts who had disobeyed orders and dared to go backwards to fight another day. For that piece of initiative and daring he was subsequently, ignominiously, removed.

Potts and Rowell were later described by some, as the men who had saved Australia. But scapegoats were needed. General Blamey addressed the valiant remnants of Potts' 21st Brigade at Koitaki on the 2nd November and, inexplicably, callously, accused them of running like rabbits. A day of infamy in Australian history. Many have subsequently been bemused by Blamey's inexplicable behaviour but it was very probable that he had one eye looking over his shoulder towards his political masters in Canberra and his military superior back at High Command headquarters in Brisbane, General MacArthur.

Rowell and Potts were removed from their commands and sent into relative obscurity, Rowell back to the Middle East with a reduction in rank and Potts to a command south of Darwin. It could be argued that their heads were sacrificed on the anvil of MacArthur's and Blamey's rampant ambitions and ruthless determination to survive.

The urgency with which MacArthur then forced the offensive at Gona, Buna and Sanananda in November and December is equally sobering.

Across the way at Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands group, however, the marines were also battling against the Japanese to retain control of the vital airfield there. In all, 600 marines were killed out of a total casualty list of 5,845 from the total of 60,000 men committed. (4) Guadalcanal has gone down in the history of the fighting in the South-West Pacific as one of the most heroically bloody of all the campaigns against the Japanese during that crucial period of World War II. James Jones's famous book, *The Thin Red Line*, followed by the 1990s film of the same name, have helped to promulgate the legend. It is now indelibly imprinted in the mythology of the United States of America.

And yet the attrition at Guadalcanal pales against the 3,095 killed and 8,546 casualties suffered at the Gona, Buna, Sanananda beachhead in Northern Papua at the same time - not to mention the enormous drop-out rate from malaria and scrub typhus which kept most of the troops involved in a precarious state of health most of the time. It was one of the costliest campaigns of the Pacific War. All that had been accomplished in six months of bloody fighting was to eject the Japanese who had been permitted to land at Buna in the first place because GHQ disbelieved the codebreakers.

There are some strange anomalies surrounding the struggle for the Northern Papuan beachheads. Earlier, battle-experienced senior Australian soldiers had recommended that the area might be isolated and the defending garrisons left to wither from starvation and disease. Inexplicably, General MacArthur, later famed for his policy of bypassing enemy strong points, would have none of it. He insisted that all-out attacks

take place and the opposition be annihilated.

One possible answer lay in the fact that his information was faulty and over confident. Charles Willoughby, MacArthur's chief of intelligence, estimated that there were only 1500 to 2000 Japanese defenders along the ten mile length of the beachhead. He was to be proven very wrong.

Another factor very probably lay in the great man's distance from the battlefield. He had no real idea what he was asking of the men under his command; no perception of the mud and slime and the swamps and the open kunai flats through which the troops had to pass in order to come to grips with the very capable and experienced Japanese defenders. General Douglas MacArthur never visited the Gona, Buna, Sanananda battlefields. He conducted the campaign from his government house headquarters in Port Moresby over three hundred kilometres away, dry-footed, well fed, working and sleeping in reclusive comfort. He had little idea but, in reality, these factors are probably not the primary ones. Another more urgent ingredient drove him to unfeelingly and vigorously push the failing men under his command into the living hell of that awful Northern Papua killing field.

And when finally it was all over with the fall of Sanananda early in 1943, he declared to the press that the victory had been one of the best planned, most unhurried and least expensive in human attrition of most military campaigns in history. All quite hum-drum. Which might explain why Gona and Buna and Sanananda, even to this day, barely rate a mention in the histories and the lexicons of great deeds of the Second World War. MacArthur hid the facts.

For him the battle was a side-show, but a thorn that had to be excised as expeditiously as possible from the body of his grand personal strategy. A glorious fate and the world were waiting for him. He had, like a Caesar or Bonaparte before [and Saddam Hussein since] a crusade to fulfill - a mission not driven from patriotism or heroism or the well-being of his fellow man, but rather by an unremitting surge from the well-spring of insatiable, manic, inner hunger.

Perhaps the best epitaph comes from an ordinary Australian soldier who was wounded at Gona. Corporal Jack Scott saw many of his mates, with whom he had fought in the Middle East and on the Kokoda Track, die unnecessarily as they attacked over open ground against well-prepared positions - something that the Great War had shown should never occur again. Many years after those tragic weeks he said quietly, 'I joined the army in 1940 to fight a madman (Hitler); I ended up in 1942 serving under one!'

(1) Schaller M, *Douglas MacArthur, The Far Eastern General*, Oxford 1989, p 64

(2) Costello J, *Days of Infamy*, Pocket Books, Sydney, 1994, p 7

(3) Schaller, p 63

(4) Gallaway J, *The Odd Couple, Blamey and MacArthur at War*, University of Queensland Press, St Lucia, 2000, p 151

Footnote: Jack Scott [WX 5607], 2/16th Australian Infantry Battalion, was badly wounded in Syria in 1941, was wounded again at Ioribaiva on the Kokoda Track in September 1942, was wounded again at Gona and then, as Lieutenant Scott won a Military Cross at Shaggy Ridge in the Ramu Valley campaign in October 1943. Once again he was wounded but this time it was decided that he should be 'put out to stud' and he served on headquarters staff as Transport Officer until the end of the war. The tall, athletic, but 'much punctured' Scott, the epitome of the tough Australian 'digger', returned to take up farming in the Great Southern region of Western Australia after the war. The unnecessary attrition at Gona still remains a painful memory.

* Bill Edgar, historian of 2/16th Aust. Infantry Battalion Assoc. and author of *Warrior of Kokoda* (a biography of Brigadier Arnold Potts) and *Veldt to Vietnam*, is a master at Hale School in WA.

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ASOPA, 2002 by John Kleinig

Some people actually enjoyed the time they spent at the Australian School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA) on Middle Head in Sydney. I wasn't one of them, and like many others found the social life far more interesting. But then we had inherited the reputation earned in the late forties when ASOPA was known as The School of Terrific Affairs.

In the mid sixties, apart from the short courses for patrol officers and others, there were junior secondary and primary courses of two years duration for prospective teachers in both TPNG and the Northern Territory. I was in the TPNG category.

One of the few things I remembered at ASOPA was that one of the lecturers stressed the point that the library had one of the best collections of Pacific Islands material. My level of motivation at the time was such that I didn't really bother to test out the claim. However just recently, some 35 years later, I thought the library might be a useful source for some material I needed about Rabaul.

The drive down the hill to HMAS Penguin hadn't changed but I did notice that all the warnings about entering defence land and proceeding no further, which everyone used to ignore, were no longer there.

When I reached ASOPA I recalled that the name had been changed quite a few years ago to the Centre for Pacific Development and Training and was now a part of the Australian Agency for International Development.

I wasn't surprised that the gates to the smaller car park were padlocked. It was mid January and I just assumed everyone was still on holidays. However when I looked further, I must admit I was surprised by what I saw.

The place was completely deserted and totally derelict. It reminded me of a ghost town. The paint had peeled off the outside walls, the green corrugated iron on the roof had faded to a sickening yellow, doors swung freely and the grass was uncut. The flagpole next to the road was badly rusted and bits had fallen off. There were signs everywhere warning that this was Commonwealth land and trespassers would be prosecuted under some Commonwealth Crimes Act 1914-1975.

I worked out what I thought was the library and seeing I had left it so many years to step foot inside the place, I calculated that this was my last chance before it literally fell down. I didn't get very far before a security guard appeared from nowhere and warned, 'You are on Commonwealth land and will be prosecuted if you go any further'. I was struck by the irony of the situation. In the mid sixties after missing numerous lectures I was warned that attendance was imperative - but not now.

The security guard, now obviously feeling more relaxed, claimed to have all the answers. The Centre for Pacific Development and Training was closed down about four

years ago and he thought it had moved to Canberra. He didn't know anything about the library but thought he had seen a photograph of it! The old ASOPA site and the adjoining former military intelligence area, which is owned by the military but not used, is now restricted Commonwealth land and its future use is under review. You could almost hear the bulldozers warming up. It was all quite nostalgic and even a little sad.

SCOUTS VISIT AUSTRALIA - TO SEE THE QUEEN - 1954

by Ron Storer

In 1953 Port Moresby Scoutmaster Ben Heape decided that it would be great if scouts from the Port Moresby area could make the trip to Australia 'to see the Queen'. His idea received little support from the Scout Association and even less from the Administration but he decided to go ahead. Ben first considered the costs and set about pursuing ways to reduce them. He had letters sent to scout organisations in NSW, ACT and Queensland and arranged accommodation in scout camps and scout halls. He approached Steamies and obtained permission for the scouts to travel steerage on either the *Sinkiang* or *Soochow*. It was arranged that they could travel in the most basic accommodation in the hold, providing their own food and sleeping gear, at £5 per head.

Then Ben set about raising the money. He could be seen every afternoon in Jeep and trailer, with a few scouts aboard, travelling to clubs and residences collecting beer bottles for delivery to the Steamies' lollywater factory where he received sixpence per dozen for clean bottles. So successful was he that Steamies became oversupplied and decided to reduce the payment to threepence. Ben retaliated by stockpiling in his front garden at Konedobu where Mount Heape arose above the shrubs and flowers. Eventually Steamies had to capitulate and I believe paid a premium for future deliveries. Incredibly, enough money was raised in this manner, and worthy scouts from Hanuabada, Tatana, Porebada, Tupuseleia and other villages were chosen. Medical checks sadly resulted in some worthy recruits being rejected.

Ben flew (on his leave break) with his wife Marion to Sydney to confirm arrangements down south and to meet us in Sydney. The party leaving Port Moresby by ship consisted of three expatriate scout leaders, three national scouters (one of whom was the late Mea Vai who gave a lifetime of service to scouting and was knighted for his efforts) and about 15 scouts. The journey down was superb, the weather was perfect, we were escorted by dolphins on many days and on balmy evenings the scouts enjoyed traditional scout songs to the accompaniment of guitars. The early morning arrival through the heads to Circular Quay was mind blowing especially to the Papuan scouts, none of whom had been out of Papua New Guinea before. Customs requirements were met and we proceeded to walk to Wynyard station with all our gear to catch the train to the scout camp at Pennant Hills.

In Port Moresby we had had sessions with the scouts on what to expect and how to behave in Australia. What we forgot to tell them was that traffic lights helped to control traffic there. (Port Moresby had no traffic lights then.) We made our way as far as George Street where we had to wait for the lights. When they turned green we began to lead the scouts across the road but we had not told them that the multiple lanes of traffic speeding towards them would stop on the red light. What ensued was a scene worthy of the best Keystone cops movie, with bodies and backpacks flying in all directions. I still chuckle every time I think of it. Eventually we reassembled with all our gear and made our way by train to the Pennant Hills scout camp which was to be our home for a few days.

We did all the tourist things in Sydney and on the harbour, and the scouts lapped

up the attention they were getting. Next to Canberra where we camped at one of the scout halls. Now to see the Queen. We lined the roadway just outside Government House gates where the Pacific Islands Regiment happened to be on guard duty that day. Did we see the Queen? Yes! She sped past and I am sure she waved at us. The tour then included Newcastle and the Hunter Valley with accommodation and activities arranged by local scout groups. On to Brisbane and the scout hall at Indooroopilly. In Brisbane we had an official invitation to join others at the Jubilee Oval to see the Queen. We did. Mission completed.

The scouts over this four or five weeks of travelling were having a ball and gaining confidence in their contacts with Australians socially. The *Sinkiang* docked, we went aboard and the scouts were brought back to reality with the welcome, 'As you come up from the hold you will not proceed forward beyond that white line'. Welcome home.

Even on our return there was no recognition given to the scouts' adventure. Ben Heape, the Scouter who organised this trip practically single-handed, continued in scouting but this contribution to the scout movement was never recognised.

TOK PISIN AS SPOKEN IN PNG TODAY

by Laurie Le Fevre

Tok Pisin is still the people's language, but it appears to have taken on a new character and a new role. Some of the vocabulary has changed from that which I knew in earlier days, although the grammar remains unquestionably Melanesian. Hearing technical discussions about computing, networks, and software packages in Tok Pisin gainsays those who have argued that it is not a real language.

But there seems to be no rationale for the words that have gone and those that remain. Gone from conversations I hear are *ananas*, *lombo*, and *kavavar* for example, although the meanings clearly are still known. I had a chance landing at Kagamuga airport recently, and commented in Tok Pisin on the handsome arrays of chillies and ginger growing there. 'We just call them chillies and ginger today mate.'

On the other hand I still hear in conversations references to *karuka*, *marita*, and *kulau*. *Barat* seems to have been washed away in the tide of change, and is now a gutter or creek, *galip* has been roasted and now peanuts are eaten instead, and *abus* has been replaced on the dinner table by meat, or more specifically, beef, pork or lamb.

However, Tok Pisin is still the people's language, and Australians who were proficient in 'old' pidgin are equally comfortable with the 'new' pidgin.

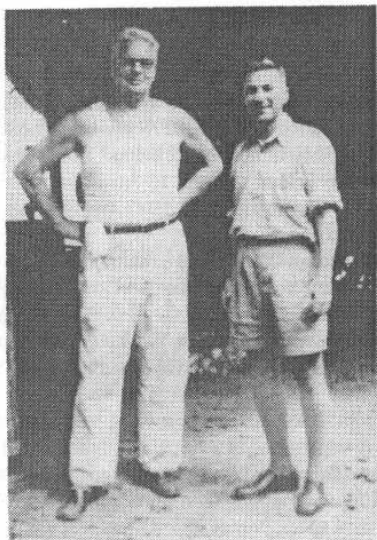
Not that there is a great need, unless it is the desire to participate in the peoples' patois. The old greeting of *apinun* largely has been replaced with *g'day mate*, or 'owyergoin'. The sentiment, and the excuse to stop for a natter, remain.

But all languages change, adapt, and reshape themselves. Even the French have been unsuccessful in resisting such change. English has changed. Who would have imagined twenty years ago the impact the Simpsons might have had on our language, or the appearance of new words like *doh* and *innit* in English today. Or the trans-Pacific migration of the use of 'impact' as a verb.

On another tack, I wonder if Tok Pisin is becoming creolised, that is, adopted as the first language of the second generation. But on the other hand I think I am wrong, as I don't know that it has occurred in the same way as may have happened with Bahasa or Swahili. Perhaps someone with a technical knowledge of these matters might be able to offer a view.

In any event, I feel there has been a realisation of Father Frank Mihalic's vision of a universal vernacular, although there is probably an irony buried there too.

SEBULUGOMWA



Mr E.W. Harrison (left) and Rev. R.V. Grant
Sebulugomwa, Fergusson Island, 1930-40
(Photo from Rosemary Brown, nee Grant)

In our June 2002 issue, Bob Piper of Higgins ACT sought information about a pewter mug, inscribed 'Sebulugomwa', which was left behind on a Catalina which evacuated people from Samarai to Moresby in early 1942. Bob reported that at least eight people phoned or wrote to him, and that subsequently it became a *Canberra Times* story. He learnt that Sebulugomwa is a small plantation on an isthmus on the eastern side of Fergusson Island in the Milne Bay area. Before WWII the plantation was run by an Englishman, E.W. Harrison, and the mug probably belonged to him. Michael Young, a visiting anthropologist at the ANU told Jim that one of his students who did fieldwork on Dobu Island (opposite Sebulugomwa plantation) said that, according to a Dobu dictionary by Dixon, the word *sebulu* is the name for a pandanus palm, and *gomwa* means bay, so Sebulugomwa means Pandanus Bay (mainly coconuts grow there now).

CHRISTMAS PARTY, LAE CLUB

We go back to 1961 in the Lae Club, and the members' Christmas party for the kids. A well known Lae identity was to do the Santa Claus honours and prepared himself for the task by demolishing a substantial quantity of the bar liquid stock. He donned the familiar garb and went on duty. Names were called, and the children received their gifts. A little girl named Gena evidently did not appreciate Santa's efforts, and kicked him in the shins. The dispenser of presents said to her, 'Don't do that little girl, only horses kick'. Gena repeated the dose. Santa roared in pain, grabbed her and proceeded to tie her leg to one of the billiard table supports, calling out 'When horses kick, you tie their leg to a post!' The bar flies looked on in silence. Gena's mother then appeared and slated Santa. He called to Gena, 'You cannot help being a bitch because your mother is one!' Enter Gena's father and he and Santa commenced an activity which would have been better staged in West Melbourne stadium. Then the boys in blue arrived, namely Bruce Inch and Fearless Fred Mercer, and bore both contestants off to the station. A substitute dispenser of the presents took over, and the party went on, minus the Christmas uniform which was still on our well known local identity. The bar flies continued what they were doing. What a dull life we have nowadays. □ Bill Guest

HELP WANTED: Tony Fisk would like to contact anyone who knew his late mother, Dawn FISK, as he is writing the story of her life - between 1945 and mid-60s Dawn was with the Justice Dept and Office of the Administrator. Tony is at:
PO Box 1570, Palmerston NT 0830 or phone 08 8988 6555 or mobile 0414 918 684

CHRISTMAS, EAST CAPE, PAPUA, CIRCA 1947

by Valerie Allan (Grant)

I have just been sitting during my 'quiet time', remembering.

My life in Papua began as a baby at Bwaruada in 1937. My parents had first arrived there in 1930 as their initial posting to Papua for the then Methodist Overseas Mission. With the imminent arrival of the Japanese during WWII, my mother and my two sisters Rosemary and Pamela and myself were loaded on board the *Neptuna* via the ship's cargo nets in mid-stream in Samarai 'harbour'. My father stayed behind and eventually made his way via a small launch to Thursday Island then on to Australia where he rejoined the family. My parents returned to Papua in early 1947 whilst my sister Rosemary and I were left behind at MLC Burwood, Sydney.

For the first few years we only saw Mum and Dad when we returned home to East Cape for the Christmas break. Our travel to and from Australia was by Burns Philp vessels such as the *Malaita* and *Bulolo* with other children such as Bob Rich, Margaret Gavin and the Cowley children. These were fun voyages particularly when we were going home for Christmas. Poor Captain (Coconut Bill) Wilding, however did he put up with all these rampaging children!!

This story is about a Christmas Eve and Day spent at East Cape in an era which has long gone and will never be repeated. We were the only Europeans on the Station, but this did not matter at all as we made our own fun and had many Papuan girl friends to go swimming and walking with as well as talking and giggling with. As I cast my mind back I realise now that those Christmases were very special times in my life, for it was a time to leave the strictures and at times loneliness of boarding school and have time as a family, even if only for a few weeks. It was a very happy time, simple in that we had to make our own fun, play together, talk together, go for a swim together and every afternoon go for a walk with Mum and a couple of the Station girls.

We would invariably sit on the 'beach' (if one could call the foreshore composed of coral a beach), or wander round to the point (the most easterly point of Milne Bay) looking for shells, whistle hermit crabs to come out from hiding in their shells, gather little red berry type seeds, touch a sensitive plant and watch it close up, or watch a native canoe glide past. Such simple pleasures but oh, so wonderful! There were no outside influences to spoil the peace and tranquillity - just us, magical.

The days before Christmas were exciting ... the house had to be decorated with coloured streamers comprising, in the main, of yards and yards of paper daisy chains and big paper bells that opened up. We all believed, or said we did, in Santa Claus - never mind that we looked in every cupboard to try and find presents! Late afternoon on Christmas Eve saw us hang up our pillow cases at the end of our beds. I recall trying hard to stay awake to see Santa ... a couple of times I did see 'him' but in a funny way I still believed - I guess I didn't want to break the spell.

Late Christmas Eve the student boys and girls would stand on the coral path and serenade us with Christmas carols until Mum would call out, 'That's enough, thank you'. A few hours sleep interrupted by the occasional feel of the pillow case to see what Santa had left for me ... sometimes being told it was too early and to go back to sleep.

Morning would eventually arrive and after an initial inspection of the contents of my pillow case, we would all take our goodies to show Mum and Dad what Santa had brought us. Beautiful moments and memories. Every year the bottom of the pillow case would have a two shilling piece, some nuts, dried fruit and best of all a block of chocolate. Other goodies included slate pencils, a torch and clothes (mostly ones Mum

had made for us to take back to school). Most times the clothes fitted - how she knew what our sizes would be when we returned home after eleven months at boarding school was always a mystery to me.

Following the initial excitement the next event was to get dressed in our good clothes and go to Church. Cane chairs that Dad had made would be carried from the house to the big oval-shaped church constructed of native materials. Mats would be placed on the crushed coral floor and the native men and boys would sit on one side of the church and the women and children on the other. The men and boys mainly wore lap laps, the Station girls crisp white dresses that they had made themselves. Mum had taught them how to use patterns and how to sew which they did sitting on the floor using a hand-operated sewing machine. The village women and girls wore beautiful grass skirts that swished as they walked.

We sat at the front of the congregation on the cane chairs while Dad preached the 'good word' in the local dialect. During the service, Isobel, our head kitchen girl would disappear in order to check on the progress of our Christmas lunch, which was always a roast. I used to wonder how Mum provided such wonderful meals, as one could not always rely on the delivery of supplies from Samarai.

A Christmas pudding was the order of the day - how DID all those threepenny pieces get into the pudding! A jug of freshly picked and squeezed mango or orange juice always graced the table. The ice cream, made from Sunshine Powdered Milk, was always a special treat, but even better was the tin of condensed milk that had been boiled until it turned into caramel ... Yum!

Very early in the morning the Station girls decorated the house, downstairs, beautifully - big branches of what we called Christmas Tree were tied to the concrete pillars. Beautiful sprays of orchids and frangipani were threaded on dry ribs of coconut fronds, along with hibiscus. It was a happy day. Presents, wrapped in newspaper and tied with string, were given to the student girls, boys and their teachers. The presents included such items as cakes of soap, laces, cottons, ribbons, pencils, exercise books, a dress or a lap lap length of material. Our job was to help wrap all these parcels and then hand them out to everyone. I loved doing this.

Once the excitement of the morning, Church and Christmas dinner was over it was time for the customary midday siesta, followed by 'shower time'. The bucket shower was almost over before you knew it had begun. One had to be undressed and ready under the shower before turning the rose on, as a bucketful did not go very far. Hot water was supplied from the big black cast iron cauldron that was a permanent fixture on top of the wood stove, along with large kettles and pots - this was our hot water system.

Afternoon tea was served sitting at the table - beautiful home-made cakes, biscuits, etc. Mum, a very good cook, provided almost instant meals for scheduled and unscheduled callers who stopped off at East Cape. Afternoon tea over, we were given some boiled lollies from a big tin in the pantry supplied by Hobart Spiller from Baniara. Christmas night would see us sitting around the dining table listening to Christmas music coming from our battery operated Philips radio. Lighting came from a Tilly pressure lamp suspended above the dining table.

Upstairs the mosquito nets had been drawn over the beds, the water jugs filled, the personal hurricane lanterns lit and most importantly, the chamber pots placed under the beds (necessary as it was a long walk down to the toilets constructed out over the sea).

I hope that those who read this and who grew up in Papua in the pre-war and early postwar days will reflect on how they spent their Christmas Days and, as I have, enjoy many happy memories.

DO YOU RECOGNISE ANYONE HERE?

This photo belongs to **Norma WRIGHT** (nee **SCHULER**). It was taken at the Fancy Dress Ball held in the Arts Institute in Port Moresby around 1931. **Ian CHESTER** is the swaggie with the dog, **Tessa WASHINGTON** is the bride, and Norma (Schuler) is the pensive balloon girl in the front. (Marie Colbron Conroy sent us the photo.)



DANNY

by Ralph Sawyer

Danny wasn't a bad dog, it was just that he hated natives. Danny was definitely 'unreconstructed' and did not appreciate the softer term of 'indigenes'.

Danny was brought from South to Epo rubber plantation near Kerema in the Gulf. He was a gift for Bertha whose husband Ray Flahaven managed the plantation. It was Danny's job to look after Bertha. Nearly one hundred Chimbus worked the plantation. Ray Flahaven ruled with a light hand and the Chimbus had the run of the place - up to the top step of the manager's house. One step further and Danny had them for lunch.

Even as a pup, the Chimbus showed a healthy respect for him. They whispered and pointed at Danny as he followed Bertha around. Bertha was bemused by this sly interest in Danny and questioned Ray about it. 'Probably reckon he'd make good kai kai.'

'They better not!' snorted Bertha.

Then Ray learned the real reason.

'It's his name "Danny". They've heard of old Danny Leahy from Hagen and they reckon this is him down here to watch them. The Chimbus are tickled by the idea but they're a bit worried about him too.'

Danny didn't disappoint them. He bit his first Chimbu at six months; he soon basked in the mystique of the original Danny.

Danny was the enforcer of Epo for eight long years. He was due for honourable retirement in 1964 when his world fell apart. Ray and Bertha were to go on long leave with the prospect of 'going finish' as an option. Ray decided to shoot Danny as he was too old to farm out.

Pat Moloney from Ihu Sub-District heard about Danny's impending demise. Being a dog lover, she wired Ray, 'Send dog over'.

It was just in time as Ray had the hole dug. Danny found himself instead in a wired-up fruit crate. He was shipped by K boat (workboat) via Kerema and arrived confused two days later.

Danny took to Pat Moloney straight away. Before long he had marked out the garden with his own dog sign which read, 'NATIVES KEEP OUT!'

Then life got very confusing for Danny (and a few others as well). The first House of Assembly elections of 1964 meant a sudden somersault for many Europeans. In the not too distant future indigenes would become their masters so it was now politic to cultivate or at least tolerate indigenous government officers.

This subtle but sudden shift in attitude did not filter down to Danny. J.J. Murphy, the District Commissioner, was escorting three 'accelerated senior officers' around the District in the M.V. *Magila*. Vincent Eri from Moveave was one of them. He had a real spring in his step at the promotional vista opening before him. That was before he made the fatal step up Pat Moloney's garden path.

One week later the following letter was on Peter Moloney's desk:

'Dear Peter,

I regret to inform you that I have had a "rocket" from the Assistant Administrator about that regrettable dog incident.

Ron Galloway points out that the new political climate makes it imperative that we demonstrate our good faith in promoting the "Accelerated Senior Officer Training Programme". Your dog of course would not be aware of this new policy, but nevertheless being savaged by an expatriate officer's cattle dog does not augur well or help to build confidence in these indigenous senior officers.

Accordingly, I would urge you for both our sakes to quietly and humanely dispose of your dog before further damage is done to our reputations.

Cheers, J.J. Murphy, Dist. Comm.

P.S. Vincent Eri flew out in the Catalina on Wednesday. He convalesced in the Visitors' Wing. I arranged a reception here for him and he appears mollified. However, the bush telegraph preceded the plane to Moresby and I imagine they're having a quiet laugh at our expense.'

So that was it. Exit Danny. Pat Moloney was at first defiant, 'Serves him bloody right arriving unannounced - of course Danny will bite him.'

All to no avail. Danny had to go. Peter asked the police to shoot him but they didn't like the idea of shooting Pat's pet. So Peter went down to the trade store to see Bert Counsel about mixing up some knock-out drops. They rejected Rat Sack and Snail Killer. Bert Counsel was an old Territorian and was extremely practical.

'Does he like milk Peter? He does? Well I've got the very thing for him. They once gave me phenobarb sedatives. I've still got a bottle of them. Leave Danny to me.'

That night the executioner slunk up to Moloney's place with a beer bottle mixture. Bert had dissolved twelve phenobarbs in a pint of milk. 'Enough to kill an elephant,' he told Peter as they led Danny up to the garden shed. Without ceremony, they left Danny lapping up the deadly cocktail and retreated down to the house for a few lagers.

'Give him some time,' said Bert. 'I'll come up tomorrow after lunch and bury him. Just tell Pat I put him to sleep.'

The following day, Bert strolled up behind Moloneys' place with a spade. Pat was watering the flowers with a watering can; Bert disguised the spade beside him and waved with the free hand.

'Thanks for putting Danny to sleep Bert; don't tell me any details.'

'Don't worry about it Pat, Danny just went off to sleep and slipped away. If only we could go like that.'

Finished with the pleasantries, Bert slipped behind the garden shed where he quickly dug a hole in the river loam - Danny's second hole.

As Bert opened the shed door, a different Danny emerged. He staggered out backwards with his stiff legs propping like a spooked horse. Danny collapsed in a heap but bravely gathered himself together to prance past Pat Moloney in the garden. Pat sort of threw her apron over her head and ran inside. Danny ignored everyone as he staggered down to the river for a long drink.

They couldn't kill Danny after that. Bert couldn't believe the empty milk tray - 'Struth, three of those tablets knocked me out for twelve hours.'

The resurrection seemed to change Danny. He seemed to get the message; he began to see some good in all humans and mellowed into old age.

It was somehow ironic that an indigenous agricultural officer dug Danny's third hole and gently shovelled him into his resting place. Sadly they are all gone now - Ray and Bertha, Pat and Peter, J.J. Murphy and Bert Counsel, Vincent Eri.

Danny is still there under the pink frangipani tree. It's probably just as well that the son of an 'Accelerated Senior Officer' doesn't know who is buried in his garden.

Rest in peace Danny.

Ralph Sawyer wrote, 'I worked at Kerema and Ihu in the Gulf District during the early 60s. Vincent Eri taught with me at Kerema Junior High and J.J. Murphy was our DC. Peter Moloney was the ADO at Ihu when I was there and Bert Counsel (later MHA) was the local trade store owner... Our family have had two 'Dannys' since, so the old boy still lives on.'

REPORT BACK OF REUNION of 1962-63 INTAKE of CADET EDUCATION OFFICERS

Port Macquarie, 3-4 August.

Henry Bodman wrote, 'This was a hugely successful reunion. Of the 57 who completed the course, every one was traced by Col and Wendy Booth who searched the white pages of Australia to fill the gaps left by the Electoral Roll. Their efforts were rewarded with a 100% result. Of the 57 qualifiers, two have died and a number are overseas in occupations ranging from that of 'academic' to a 'spook' gathering information for a US 'information service'. Forty qualifiers attended along with 20 others - including partners, a kiap, liklik doctor and a couple of EOs of earlier vintage.

Colin Booth, a Port Macquarie resident, organised a very hectic weekend of activities which opened with a few (dozen) Friday night 'stings' at the reunion base accommodation. Considering that most had been teenagers when they last met, it was interesting to see who could be recognised with 40 years added. Predictably, health ranged from mediocre to bracing. The most startling fact for some was the ease with which the group, without exception, re-established those relationships which had been nurtured in the nursery of ASOPA 1962.

Saturday morning saw participants assembled at a couple of Port's better known hostelrys as these elderly people relived their youth. This was followed by a 'Grudge 500' game (card game), launched to put to rest who was the best 500 combination at ASOPA '62-63. The evening 'formal' saw more versions of 'the monumental and minuscule stories of yore'. Sunday started with a hearty and unhealthy breakfast followed by a cruise on the river for a couple of hours. The afternoon was spent on a bus tour of Paradise and concluded with a 'wind-down' Chinese meal.

Why did the event work so well? Added to Wendy's persistent search and Col's marvellously smooth organisation on the ground was a weekly eight-page issue called 'Vintage' - produced and circulated by Keith Jackson of Jackson Wells Communications. This production disrupted everybody's Fridays for 26 weeks and contained news, views and memories from ASOPA-days through the PNG years to the present. A selection of the anecdotes was put between covers under the title 'The ASOPA Files' and is now lodged with the National Library - as is 'ASOPA People' which is a summary of biographies of the qualifiers ... both intriguing volumes.

Attendees warn future reunion attendees to prepare for serious withdrawal symptoms when the event is over.'

Those who might be interested in more can make the necessary contacts as below:

Colin and Wendy Booth cswbooth@hotmail.com

Keith Jackson benelong@bigpond.net.au Henry Bodman hmacdb@ozemail.com.au

A COMMOTION IN THE CHOOK PEN from Geoff Melrose

At Aitape Mum kept a few chooks in a pen that was partly under the house. At one stage the egg supply dried up at the height of the laying season. For a while the locals were under suspicion. My father dispelled that idea, indicating that eggs were not a normal part of a native diet and that the only example he had come across was of a boy who ate one whole, spitting out the shell fragments with a good deal of distaste. So the mystery continued until one night after dark a great commotion in the chook pen brought Mum at the run, shootlamp (torch) in one hand and spade in the other as a defensive weapon. Culprit exposed - a green python in the act of swallowing an egg. An irate mother, upset at the loss of this delicacy, charged in and severed the python's head from its body. Anger assuaged. Shortly Nacob, her self-appointed minder whenever Dad was on patrol, appeared. 'Misis iorait?' (Are you alright missus) he asked. Incoherent, my mother could only nod. 'Yu kros tumas. Lukim' (You're very cross. Look), he said, holding up the severed piece and extracting the egg, still intact. Equilibrium restored. (A pre-WWII tale)

REUNIONS

SOGERI REUNION - at The Garden City Motel in Narrabunda, ACT **September 27-29, 2002**. On the Saturday afternoon, September 28, Lance Taylor's book on the first 50 years of the History of Sogeri School will be launched at the PNG High Commission. For registrations for the reunion and bookings for the launch function, or for other enquiries, please contact: Marjorie Walker on 03 9803 9071 or Robyn Warnock on 02 6295 3191

EX-KIAP REUNION, Victoria, Sunday 3 November 2002 (the Sunday before Cup Day). Venue - Sandown Greyhounds Tabaret Restaurant in Springvale, 12 noon. Cost - around \$15 per head for Family Buffet Luncheon. So far, 64 have said they will attend, from as far away as N.Z. and Perth. For more information contact Peter Edwards, 59 Burgess Drive, Langwarrin, Vic. 3910, Ph. 03 9775 8814, email orr@netspace.net.au

A WEDDING OF THE TIMES

by Judith Blogg

It takes just a word, a tune, a smell, to bring back memories long forgotten. Seeing a photo of Gibbes' pilot John Downie was more than enough to get David Montgomery of NSW thinking. He wrote about it in *Una Voce* (June 2002) referring briefly to the 1956 Mount Hagen wedding of Jim Kingston and Mary Camps. In its turn, this prompted memories on my part.

That wedding - how could I have forgotten it for a moment? Most of the handful of residents living in Minj at that time were invited to attend and I was one of them. Transport in the town was limited and almost everyone owned a motorbike or one of those three-wheeled compromises with a little tray, pronounced 'arpay', though I never saw it written and don't know how it's spelt. The administration officers had the use of a Land Rover and some of the planters out of town had a jeep.

We had a Triumph and, being unemployed, Doreen Booth and I were encouraged to do the trip a day early on our bike leaving a couple of spare seats, in whatever transport could be found, for the menfolk who couldn't leave until the Saturday. That sounded like fun to us and so it was arranged; we packed up our party clothes ready to be taken by planter Dave Bennett (we thought) to Hagen.

Organising our suitcases took up a fair amount of time on the morning of our departure and Doreen and I didn't get away as early as we'd have liked. Eventually we set off along the old South Road in the expectation of getting to Hagen in good time for lunch, me driving and Doreen riding pillion. We were full of confidence having ridden together quite a bit and learnt how to handle the bike without getting the wobbles. But this trip turned out to be rather more exacting than larking around the Minj station and across the Wahgi bridge where we used to buy vegetables from Turkey Johnson. For a start, I had never heard of anyone in Minj getting a puncture on a motorbike but we got one. Needless to say, we had nothing with us to fix it and there was not a skerrick of passing traffic. Fortunately this happened not far short of Kudgip and we had little choice but to start pushing. In one way we were lucky, since it could have happened miles from help. A few *meris* along the route acknowledged, with much characteristic wrist-shaking and calls of *gut moning*, the curious sight of two women pushing a motorbike instead of riding it.

We got it to Knox's place, people we didn't know well, and they weren't able to help. So we sent a *pas* to Arthur Corby who had a plantation nearby. Happily, he was at home and, in due course, the puncture was fixed. After a *muli* drink, we were on our way,

the sun now high in the sky. There were rivers to ford on that road in those days. I nearly stalled at the first one and at the second, which was swifter and deeper, I suggested Doreen wade across. I stalled anyway and we were pretty well drenched when we finally got the machine to the other side. Thankfully, it started without too much hassle.

We stopped for a couple of breaks and the road seemed much longer than I remembered. By now, lunchtime was well past and we were getting peckish. There was no one at the roadside offering bananas or sugarcane or anything else. All we had was half a block of squashed chocolate which had found its way into the saddlebags which carried jackets and what we needed for that night. We stopped to eat it at a spring where a section of bamboo set into the bank gave us a refreshing drink of clear, fresh water.

The road just kept on going and eventually the sun began taking a downward trend ahead of us. Before night had time to think about falling, stormy rain clouds built up and the sky turned black as night anyway. We donned the rain gear and were instantly wet outside as well as inside. By now we had reached a fairly formidable cutting and the road, already in a poor state, became horribly greasy. I struggled to keep the front wheel on track and Doreen hung on grimly, casting anxious glances in the direction of where we thought Hagen should be. I had long since been pondering the absurdity of giving up comfortable jeep seats to a couple of men.

By now, there was not a soul to be seen and despite the impossibility, I was convinced we must somehow be on the wrong road. Desperation was mounting when finally the outskirts of Hagen swam into view through the thick, watery gloom, although it wasn't yet five o'clock. No tiny outpost was ever so beautiful as Hagen on 9 November 1956. It was with much relief that we headed towards the Harvey Booths' place for warmth and a rum.

I then rode around to the office in search of Barry, would-be planter and friend from Melbourne days who, although I didn't know it at the time, four years later was to become my husband. I found him at the *haus kamda* where he and another aspiring planter, Bill Lane, lived while working as carpenters for the government. The relief of being inside their cosy little pitpit and kunai house was enormous. Later we met up with the Booths, and several rums and a meal later, were in fine fettle. But the coming wedding called for some discretion and, on my part at least, sleep. We all found a bed and I crashed off the minute my head hit the pillow.

The next day was fine and sunny as befitted what must have been the first expatriate wedding in the town of Mt Hagen. It was certainly a very important occasion and we were not the only expatriates who started celebrating early. While Doreen and I potted between various houses looking for Dave with our wedding gear, Barry spent most of the time trying to get his motorbike started.

But Dave never appeared and Doreen's and my bags weren't to be found. So, with only our mud-clogged gear from yesterday and our pyjamas, Doreen and I never made the wedding service. This cast a depressed note on the celebratory mood of our little party - except for Barry. The service was held out of town at Ogelbeng and, of course, Barry now had a spare bike that I didn't need. I could have wept at missing the biggest social event of the year, especially after the trouble we'd had getting there. Barry's cheerful appropriation of the bike was the last straw.

But the day was not lost. Within the hour, Jim and Shirley Smith from Sibil, in Minj, turned up with our baggage in their jeep, so we were able to don our glad rags in time for the reception. Soon all our woes were forgotten as we ate, drank and danced the night away.

Sunday dawned pretty late for everyone and there was a certain amount of cleaning

up at the Club to be done. But nearly the entire expatriate population of the Wahgi Valley was in town and it was all very convivial. It wasn't until the end of the day that I started giving thought to the return trip. Doreen must have had an agonised word or two to her husband, Allan, because he and Harvey were definitely advising us against returning on the bike. Allan was to drive a Land Rover back to Minj and it was arranged that we should go with him. I can't say I was sorry.

Over time I have been to many weddings, but there was none so memorable as that of Jim Kingston and Mary Camps.

POPONDETTA - THE MYSTERY OF THE NAKED AIRMAN

by David Wetherell

It may have been a Mitchell, or a Kittyhawk or a Flying Fortress - I forget which, for the incident happened 30 years ago. The then-small Papuan and European community at Popondetta was set abuzz in the late 1960s by the return of a party of walkers from the site of a wartime American plane. The walkers had taken photographs of the plane's fuselage from a distance of 15 metres. When the prints were developed, they showed the figure of a near-naked man crouching on a wing.

Nothing extraordinary about that, perhaps, but the prints gave rise to superstitious talk in the town. Who was the mysterious figure, and why did the figure, in profile and full front, appear in several prints? There had been no man on the plane at the time of the walkers' visit.

On a return visit, the walkers were told by villagers about the aftermath of the aircraft crash. They were told that the plane had turned over and the pilot had been found draped over the upturned wing. Evidently he had died after crawling out with a badly injured back. The remains had been buried.

The deputy headmaster of Popondetta High School at the time was Byron Masters from Florida. Masters was a wartime US pilot in the Pacific. He said the heat in the cockpits was often so intense that pilots stripped off most of their clothes and flew in their underpants.

Looking up from the photographs at Byron Masters was the figure of a man on the aircraft wing, bare chested and with stooped back, wearing underpants.

Ghost or printing image? I remained unconvinced by the ghost story. Let us be on the side of a 'rational', scientific explanation, I argued. Blots on the prints are the most likely reason for the images, not ghosts.

Nevertheless I seem to trip over these malevolent creatures rather often. My uncle lived in a moated English farmhouse, 'Thonglands' of medieval origin, said to be the most haunted house in Shropshire, where a choir of monks' voices was said to sing at night. Before the Reformation there had been a kind of priory there, which may have explained the voices. Second, my university in Armidale NSW was built around the homestead of Booloominbah, a haunted place with a great staircase, down which the ghost of a woman was said to slide. And in Melbourne, the owner of a 'haunted' house at South Yarra harassed by a poltergeist once asked my father, an Anglican priest, to conduct a service of exorcism to rid him of the spirit. My father's exorcism was a success but I don't think he claimed a fee. So the Popondetta incident was only one of several in my life - all doubtless explicable by scientific reasoning.

The pilot may have been near naked, but, people wondered, was he wearing a dog tag? That small gleaming smudge on his chest may have been a metal tag. Had the skeleton been exhumed, his identity could perhaps have been checked at such a place as

the Arlington National Archives, but the idea was not followed through. Maybe our pilot had indeed returned as a ghost. Then the town's believers in ghosts would have been more than vindicated.

In an earlier issue of *Una Voce* (December 2000) there appeared an article on 'Samarai, Island of Ghosts'. Let all ghost-oriented former residents take note - Samarai was not the only haunted government station in PNG.

MEETING THE MOKOLKOLS

by Jim Toner

Obligated to report annually to the United Nations on its Trusteeship of the Territory of New Guinea, Australia in 1951 mentioned *inter alia* that 'For more than a quarter of a century, the Mokolkols have been known to the Administration as a small band of primitive nomads living in the country at the foot of the Gazelle Peninsula. They have enjoyed a notoriety disproportionate to their slight numerical importance through their long-standing habit of raiding outlying hamlets, wantonly butchering men, women and children, and disappearing without trace'.

Heaven knows what tut-tutting this caused in the big building on Manhattan island but in fact remedial action had already been taken. David Fienberg of the Department of District Services & Native Affairs led two patrols to the Mokolkol homeland and at the Waigani Seminar of 1968 he presented a paper detailing his experiences. By that time he had, in what Jim Sinclair described (in his book *Kiap*) as a most uncharacteristic action, changed his name to Fenbury. Whatever the nomenclature his estimable command of the written word would normally deter me from tampering with his text. However the Mokolkol story is overlong for *Una Voce* and I therefore attempt a summary.

In 1938 raids by this small group of axe-lovers took the lives of 20 people resulting in the establishment of a police post at Pomio. In 1940-41 26 people, mostly women and children, were butchered by the Mokolkols. The war intervened and it was not until July 1950 that notification was received by the Administration that the predatory group still existed. This was contained in a signal from Pomio stating that the Mokolkols had raided an outlying hamlet killing nine inhabitants.

Subsequently Fenbury took a respite from organising Local Government for the relatively sophisticated Tolai and in November mounted a patrol consisting of 10 constabulary, Cadet Patrol Officer Normoyle, and Bill Heather of Forestry Department. The trawler trip to a spot on Open Bay was no problem. After that there was a 500 square miles tract of mountainous virgin bush shunned by natives and expatriates alike. Carriers were engaged, also an aged luluai from the Nakanai who had served on Mokolkol expeditions prewar, which brought the patrol's strength to 54.

Then follows what I suppose could be called a layman's guide to PNG 'patrolmanship'. Much detail as to preparations, equipment and arduous movement towards the notional camp of the subject group is provided. Fenbury reveals that the cadet had brought an Owen sub-machine gun with him against the remote contingency that stranded Japanese soldiers might be encountered in the rain forest.

On the sixth day the tiny village was found and two men, one woman and four children were captured. After examining the 10 huts on site, Fenbury estimated a total population of less than 30. However he counted 42 axes. Many were worn out but others were highly polished, razor sharp and mounted on black limbom-palm handles some four to five feet in length. These were the unique tools with which the Mokolkol had hacked out their legend.

Of the men, a huge bearded fellow when winkled out of his hut made signs for the patrol to kill him there and then. Spared, and then quartered at Nonga outside Rabaul for six months, his eyes never lost their baleful stare. Both he and the older man, Malil, were initially as suspicious as newly caged animals and inclined to mope, but the latter adapted and Fenbury says that he had a sense of humour and some histrionic ability. He says, 'On the Mokolkol's first visit to the crowded Rabaul market, Malil had quickly detected the element of awe in the intense interest shown by the Tolais.' (Recalling for me the audible silence of the crowd surrounding - but standing well back from - a handful of Kukukukus brought to a Hagen Show.)

Fenbury goes on: 'Surrounded by a respectful throng and excited by the noise and sight of the fabulous wealth in food displayed, Malil had suddenly embarked on an impromptu little song and dance act whose culminating point was a liberal sampling of whatever took his fancy. The owners declined to press for payment and he finally staggered off with a huge load of fruit and vegetables.'

The woman, the brightest of the adults, learned some Pidgin but suffered tragedy when her youngest boy was admitted to hospital for dysentery. Fenbury says, 'His condition was not considered serious but he suddenly took a turn for the worse and died. It was then discovered that his mother, stubbornly fearful that he would starve to death on a liquid diet, had filled him with chunks of half-cooked taro which she had smuggled into the ward. She wept bitterly for two days and then with the stoicism of her kind appeared to forget the child completely.'

In May 1951 Fenbury and Normoyle repatriated the Mokolkols to Open Bay and while holding the woman and three remaining children at the beach released the two men (issued with axes without which they would have felt much as you or I walking naked down Pitt Street). Their instructions were to bring the rest of the group 'in from the cold'. A week later they returned with six other men to engage in what was probably the first amicable intercourse the Mokolkols had ever conducted with stranger.

Fenbury again: 'The ice was broken when I presented the woman's husband, Mulau, an impressively rugged fellow, with a new three-quarter axe with a hickory handle. His reunion with his wife and family had amounted to one or two casual grunts but the axe proved too much for Mokolkol reserve. The wild men patted it lovingly, laughing gaily and chattering at frantic speed in their high-pitched unpleasantly nasal dialect. Mulau tested the blade by taking some tremendous swings at a tree. After a few others had done likewise they sat down and we conversed painfully of many things. But the axe was infinitely more attractive than any official discourse. At intervals, as though succumbing to sheer rapture, one of the Mokolkol would leap up, seize the tool, and try a few more strokes.'

The outcome was that the Mokolkols said, 'We won't raid anymore ... now we know where the axes come from.' And seemingly they did not. By 1968 the group had moved to live alongside Bainings people at Matanakunai, had gained some wealth through sale of timber rights, and occasionally visited Rabaul in outboard-powered canoes! Their 1950 practice of killing women in raids instead of stealing them - though short of breeding females themselves - did not bode well for the future. Intermingling with Bainings would obviously alter their culture but it would still be interesting to learn their current status a half-century after David Fenbury's expedition tracked them down.

HELP WANTED: Peter Evans of North Turramurra seeks information about the origin of the name of the RAN Naval Base at Milne Bay, known as *HMAS Ladava*. Peter is at: 40 Leura Crescent, North Turramurra NSW 2074 (02) 9449 1199.

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

THE DEVIL AND JAMES McAULEY by Cassandra Pybus; Univ. of Qld Press 1999
ISBN 0 7022 3111 8hbk

Reviewed by Graham Taylor (ASOPA 1948, 1954/55)

This incisive and compelling biography must surely be compulsory reading for those of us who studied under the McAuley spell at ASOPA and for others with a consuming interest in this highly controversial and mercurial Australian scholar.

The book chronicles McAuley's life from his early childhood, his secondary schooling and his tempestuous and at times quite bizarre experiences as an undergraduate at Sydney University. It goes on to describe his subsequent intellectual development as a scholar and as a poet and devotes considerable space to his involvement in the Australian School of Civil Affairs, its successor ASOPA and his learning curve in colonial administration.

The book is studded with household names for those who studied at ASOPA eg. the first three school principals, Kerr, Conlon and Rowley and academic staff Wedgwood, Hogben, Wootten, Andrews, Fienberg, Leeson, Robson etc. Pybus traces McAuley's life and times after he left ASOPA in 1961 and provides an intriguing insight into his religious beliefs, his political idealism and his influence in his later role as a Professor of English culminating in his premature death from bowel cancer at the age of 59 in 1976.

One of the more fascinating impressions generated by this exhaustive account of McAuley's life relates to his role in the conflicts waged by many of those around him, conflicts which in turn clearly moulded his own personality and thinking. These highly controversial struggles reflect some of the less-than-admirable frailties of human nature - ego, the quest for power, the single-minded pursuit of personal ambitions, political intrigues, dubious morality and passionately held socio-cultural ideals many of which greatly influenced the establishment and subsequent well-being of ASOPA. These were struggles in which many prominent politicians, academics, bureaucrats, writers, fellow poets and the clergy played starring and at times questionable roles.

I confess to being one of McAuley's earnest disciples. Of all my teachers at ASOPA after forty years or so he remains for me the most vividly influential. This story of his life and times prompts me to reflect much more deeply on his role and to re-evaluate his impact on my own intellectual development. It is a 'must read' for all ex-kiaps.

MODAWA: PAPUA NEW GUINEA AND ME, 1946-2002

by **Bishop David Hand KBE**

Within PNG: K25 + K10 P&P; within Aust: \$25 + \$7 P&P; within UK £14.99 incl. P&P

Bishop David Hand has lived and worked in PNG since 1946. The book comprises historical fact, personal experiences, and events Bishop Hand has observed or taken part in. He offers his reflections on all these and how they have shaped the people and country he proudly calls home. He wrote, '*Modawa* is... an attempt to identify what my adopted country and I have done and been for each other for over half a century. It contains reflections on the part that the Christian Missions have played, are playing, can perhaps play - together with, or vis-à-vis Government - in the development of our new Nation.'

The word *modawa* is the Wedauan name for the PNG rosewood tree. The first Anglican missionaries to arrive in PNG used posts cut from a modawa tree to erect their first temporary chapel at Dogura in 1891. A year later it was found that one of these posts had taken root. This modawa tree still stands and Anglicans regard the spread of its

branches as symbolic of the spread of the Anglican Church of PNG.

Send Orders to: PNG - Mr G J Lay, C/- PO Box 21 Port Moresby 121 NCD, PNG - Please make cheques payable to: White Young & Williams Trust Account

Australia - Mrs Margaret Bride, 79 Evans St., Port Melbourne Vic 3207 - Please make cheques payable to: Margaret Bride Modawa

United Kingdom: The Manager, Faith House Bookshop, 7 Tufton St., London, SW1P 3QN, enquiries@faithhousebookshop.co.uk

More information from: Email: pncepluxton@aol.com (PNG Church Partnership)

'WHAT PRICE BUSHIDO?' by Alf 'Blackie' Baker. Revised & enlarged edition, soft cover, 240pp, 40 photos & drawings ISBN 1 871330 43 2

This book tells the true story of 600 artillerymen captured by the Japanese at the fall of Singapore. The author writes, 'Recently, as a result of further research, eg. on the plight of the 517 men lost on "Ballali" Island, I have enlarged and revised the original publication... all but 13 of the original 600 men who were interned at Rabaul, New Britain, are now named.' The book can be purchased from

Mr A.T.J. Baker, 'The Anchorage', 111 Trelawney Road, Peverell, Plymouth PL3 4 JZ, United Kingdom. Cost - £12.50 plus P&P to Australia of £2.85 surface mail (6-8 weeks), or £6.47 airmail (8 days). P&P within UK is £2.25. Please send sterling only.

THE NEW GUINEA CLUB by Peter L. Lyons

Third printing \$15-95 (includes GST and P&P)

ROAPNG member Peter Lyons draws on his experiences as a patrol officer from 1961 to 1970, first on Bougainville and then at Kainantu in the Eastern Highlands. In this novel he tells the tale of a group of ex-admin. officers who band together to do something about corruption, evil and incompetence. The flyer states, 'Their methods may be unusual, their tactics brutally direct, but they act with all the exuberance of their earlier lives in the service of their country.' Please make cheques payable to: Australian Management (SA) and send to 36 Colorado Drive, Glenalta SA 5052.

John WATTS, a teacher in PNG from 1971-76 sent the following -

YU GO PINIS LONG TAIM BIPO, NA YU TINK TINK YU NO KEN HELPIM SAMPELA PIKININI BILONG PNG LONG NAU? NOGAT, YU KEN HELPIM YET!!

Apologies for the Pidgin (it's been a while), but hopefully it was an attention getter. I'd like to promote the work of Christian Children's Fund as I have discovered that this organisation includes PNG as country in need. I have just become a sponsor for a little girl in Gulf Province and am thrilled that I can continue in some small way to have a positive effect on the country long after my return to OZ.

CCF brochures will provide plenty of details concerning areas of need in PNG where your sponsorship would assist not only in changing the life of a child but also of the community in which he or she lives for as little as \$360 per year.

If you would like to find out more about CCF you can telephone toll free 1800 023 600 or email to: sponsorship@ccfa.org.au or visit the website at www.ccfa.org.au. Please mention that you are a member of ROAPNG.

**COMMISSIONER FOR SUPERANNUATION 2000-2001 - ANNUAL REPORT
THE PNG SCHEMES**

The *Superannuation (Papua New Guinea) Ordinance 1951* provided retirement benefits for employees of the administration of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea through the establishment of the Papua and New Guinea Superannuation Fund. Since 1 July 1976, the Papua New Guinea Superannuation Scheme has been administered by the Commissioner for Superannuation in accordance with section 20 of the Papua New Guinea (Staffing Assistance) Act 1973. **Contributions** - All benefits are paid from the Consolidated Revenue Fund. All pensions have been fully purchased and no contributions were paid during 2000-2001.

Pensions - During the year, seven new pensions commenced and 25 pensions ceased, leaving 409 pensions in force at 30 June 2001. Seventeen of the pensions ceased because of death of the pensioners. Following is a breakdown of pensions in force at 30 June 2001:

	Pensions at 1 July 2000	Commencements	Cessations	Pensions at 30 June 2001
Males				
Early retirement	61	0	4	57
Maximum age	79	0	9	70
Invalidity	40	0	4	36
Females				
Early retirement	7	0	0	7
Maximum age	13	0	0	13
Invalidity	4	0	0	4
Widows	223	7	8	222
Total	427	7	25	409

Expenditure on pensions during 2000-2001 totalled \$13,940, 882.

Papua & New Guinea Schemes - The Commissioner for Superannuation is also responsible for the payment of pensions under the *Superannuation Ordinance 1917* of the Territory of Papua and the *Superannuation Ordinance 1928* of the Territory of New Guinea. The funds that were established under these ordinances have not existed for many years and the full cost of these pensions is met from Consolidated Revenue. (12 widows only)

EXPLOSIVES IN RABAUL by Maxwell R. Hayes

Jim Toner's piece on bombs in Rabaul ('Have You Heard???' June 2001) reminded me of some experiences I had there when a police officer from 1959-67.

One day when I was on duty at the police station, there was a report of a Tolai opening a bomb in a village on the Kerevat Road. I was instructed to attend with a couple of native police. The site was in tall kunai grass, and as we approached we could hear 'clunk', then a pause, 'clunk', then a pause and 'clunk'. As we parted the kunai we saw a Tolai squatting on the ground using a hammer and cold chisel to try and separate the 500lb. bomb around the weld - at each 'clunk' he was repositioning the chisel against another spot in the weld. He desisted on our arrival and was charged with some offence relating to explosives. The bomb contained picric acid explosive which was much sought after by Tolais. Placed in a tin can with a fuse, it could stun fish - this was the easiest method of catching them. Often the fuse was too short and there seemed to be several one-armed Tolais around Rabaul.

On another occasion I had to investigate the death of a Tolai in a village near Nonga Hospital. The deceased was seen by witnesses to remove the filler plug on a bomb lying on the ground, insert a firecracker and light it. The fin of the bomb then blew off

and crushed the Tolai quite horribly, killing him instantly. The larger part of the bomb took off, rather like a balloon deflating when released, and zigzagged around the village knocking over a small house, killing a pig and scattering children before it expended itself some hundreds of yards away. It did not blow up, but the explosive picric acid acted as a propellant causing the bomb to act in the manner described. A close examination of that village revealed that many houses were built using bombs as the four corner-posts. The bombs, with fin attached, were buried about two feet into the ground and the height of the fin meant that the house bearers were about three feet above ground. We had to call on the Army bomb disposal corporal to remove about 60 such house foundation posts. The Tolais were not happy. No one ever did find out why the deceased acted as he did.

Whenever we had a quantity of explosives (either handed in, or seized and stored) at the police barracks, the Army bomb disposal corporal would collect them in a police utility. I went with him on one occasion to the race track at Vulcan. The procedure was to back the utility up to the edge of a large crater (the result of many bomb detonations over the years) and push the bombs, grenades etc. into the crater. Then detonators were affixed, and about 500 yds of electrical lead were rolled out. Those present then retreated to the grandstand, blew the obligatory warning whistle, waited a minute, then someone pushed the plunger on the generator. After the flash came the blast, and finally the falling of shrapnel, some coming through the grandstand roof and, being red hot, burning its way through to ground level. A great day out.

Rabaul teemed with explosives and with the Fire Officer, Ken Bonnett, we crawled/climbed into many caves where bombs and torpedoes were to be seen. Let's hope they have been removed in the intervening years.

SORTING THE MAIL AT OLSOBIP, Western District

by Philip Fitzpatrick

One of the most enjoyable things about returning from patrol was the accumulated mail that would be waiting to be read. In 1970 Olsobip was a one-man patrol post and the patrol areas generally took about a month to cover on foot. Consequently there was usually quite a lot of accumulated mail when we got back. And it wasn't just the personal mail I enjoyed. While I was away Simik, the station clerk, opened the dark blue nylon mailbags as they arrived and did a rough sort. Any personal mail for station staff he handed out. The rest he sorted into my personal mail and the office stuff. The former he took up to my house and left on the kitchen table, no doubt checking the refrigerator at the same time. The latter he placed in a pile in the middle of my desk.

Anything that looked like a circular, a gazette, or other official junk mail he opened and read. This he placed in a separate heap on the desk. Sometimes he made mistakes and corrected them by putting the letters back in their envelopes and pasting the flaps shut again. I never knew if a letter had been tampered with before it reached the patrol post or after unless I asked Simik outright. His answers were often cagey, depending upon the content of the letter; if he thought there was no harm in reading it he readily owned up, otherwise he denied opening it. Sometimes he made mistakes with my personal mail. For a while I subscribed to a couple of photographic magazines that usually boasted the odd nude. These were often re-pasted back into their envelopes. They came in plain brown envelopes and I guess he could have mistakenly opened the first one but the recurring 'mistakes' amused me.

I had a ritual with both my personal mail and the official stuff. With the personal mail I did a rough sort by date and type, as far as the latter was discernible from the

outside of the envelope. Packages I broke open straight away, these were usually things I had ordered, like books and records, and I knew what they were anyway. The other mail I opened in sequence, usually a couple a day until the novelty wore off, then I'd open the rest in one hit and read them in one sitting. Once read the letters were re-sorted and I would tackle the pleasurable task of replying to each one. For this purpose I used a small Olivetti 'Dora', a handy little portable typewriter that I'd had tropic-proofed so the keys wouldn't stick. After a long patrol this process could fill up my evenings for a week or more.

With the official mail I would clear the top of my desk, which consisted of a big sheet of stained and varnished plywood on a frame of bush timber, and sort the letters into their different categories. At the side of the desk I strategically positioned three grey, Government Issue, metal bins. These provided a receptacle for the usual government fluff, out of date correspondence, letters on subjects beyond redemption and the out-and-out silly stuff. The letters sorted by category and kept on my desk were then further divided into two groups labelled 'must be done if you want to keep the station running', and 'file this stuff, it could be useful later'.

Invariably the three grey bins received the greatest share of the official mail. This material was not wasted however. I took great pains to resist screwing up even the silliest letter - there's nothing worse than trying to roll a cigarette with kinky paper. Simik dutifully carried the bins away when I had finished, stacked the sheets of paper in neat piles and took them over to the Government store for issue, half a page at a time, with the labourers' tobacco ration.

When I had finished sorting the official mail I restored my various 'in', 'out' and 'pending' trays to the top of my desk, along with my jam jar of pens, stapler, rulers and other bits and pieces. The various piles were then assigned to the 'in' tray in order of priority. Once that was done I quietly left the room and went looking for something practical to do elsewhere on the station. For the next few days I would circle the doorway in the mornings and then hastily head off to the airstrip or somewhere else to supervise the gravelling, pit sawing or house building.

After a week or so the telegrams would begin to arrive - 'require staff situation report asap' etc. This would make me circle the office door maybe twice a day instead of the usual quick squiz in the morning. By the end of the week the ADC from Kiunga would be on the radio demanding responses. I knew by then that the DDC in Daru was on his back and time had run out. At that stage I took a deep breath and headed into my office.

The funny thing about all this equivocating was that once I'd gotten into it I enjoyed dealing with the bureaucratic side of running the patrol post. I liked to order things, supply statistics, fill in forms and write reports. I particularly liked writing patrol reports and answering letters. For the patrol reports I had developed a special style teetering just on the edge of colourful, I liked to turn a phrase here and there and slip in a touch of irreverence. When I started reading Hemingway I wrote short, neat and succinct reports, when I stumbled upon Faulkner I wrote long rambling things that I hoped some one would understand.

The letters were different again. Here I preferred bureaucratese. Some people love this stuff. Toss in a half dozen acronyms, spice it up with the current public service buzz words (and be sure to throw in one no one would be likely to have heard of and watch it turn up in the letters coming back to you), tack it all together in fractured public service grammar and make sure the 'to', 'from', 'subject', 'date' at the top is out of synch with the accepted norm. Lovely stuff!

Sometimes I misjudged the humour and reactions of my superiors. Occasionally people took my patently obvious tongue-in-cheek responses seriously. The hundreds of extra rounds of .303 bullets and the specially chartered aircraft to carry in the double bed are incidents I would rather forget. Sometimes I didn't realise the importance of a seemingly routine letter. On one occasion the brief note from the ADC attached to a circular advising that the Mining Warden would be visiting the sub-district drifted straight from the 'in' tray to the filing cabinet via a note scribbled on my calendar 'arrange bodies for meeting with mining warden for following week'. Little did I realise what that meeting would portend for the whole population of the Star Mountains, particularly the people of the Ok Tedi area.

(Philip said that the above is factual and the names real - the ADC Kiunga was Barry Creedy. Arthur Marks was at Ningerum and Robin Barclay was at Nomad.)

GERMAN NEW GUINEA'S RED CROSS NURSE

by Neville Threlfall

When talking with Max Hayes recently about the Rabaul European cemetery, and his efforts to compile a list of those buried there, I raised the name of Schwester (Sister) Augusta Hertzner, whose headstone I had seen there in the 1970s. I found that Max already had her name listed, but I thought her story might be of interest to readers.

Early reports of the Neu Guinea Compagnie show constant concern about the health of German residents, imported labourers and the indigenous people of German New Guinea, and the report for 1890/91 welcomes the arrival of four German nurses, sent out by a German women's association for providing health care in the colonies. One of these was Schwester Augusta Hertzner, who had already spent some years in German East Africa and therefore had already gained experience in the treatment of tropical diseases.

Schwester Augusta first spent six years at Friedrich Wilhelmshafen (now Madang), and then was transferred in 1897 to Herbertshohe (now Kokopo), where she spent the rest of her working life. Several sources refer to her as 'the Red Cross Nurse', and this title was included on her tombstone, so it evidently was an official accreditation. She was highly regarded by Albert Hahl, who saw her work both as Imperial Judge at Herbertshohe and later as Governor of German New Guinea. The eminent German physician Robert Koch, who had studied diseases in many lands, came to German New Guinea in 1899/1900 and spent several months on the mainland and at Herbertshohe. His advice on the treatment of tropical diseases, especially of malaria, proved invaluable, and by working alongside him Schwester Augusta became even more capable as a health worker.

When she reached retirement age, several years before the Great War began, she had no desire to return to Germany; she told fellow-Germans that after nearly thirty years in the tropics she could not face the cold of German winters! Governor Hahl therefore gave her a small piece of land at Barovon, on a hill overlooking Raluana Point. A cottage was built for her there, and some coconut palms on the rest of the land provided a small source of cash to supplement her pension.

The Expropriation Board was generally harsh in its treatment of German nationals after the war but, to its credit, it did not disturb Schwester Augusta's tenure of her retirement home. She lived there in peace until her death in the 1930s, highly regarded by her Tolai neighbours and by those expatriates who knew of the great service she had given to the sick in New Guinea.

I derived some of the above information from the Annual reports of German New Guinea and from the memoirs of Governor Albert Hahl; but the rest was given to me

orally by Mrs Gertrud Wenzel of Germany, who was a Methodist missionary in New Guinea from 1914 to 1920 and was a personal friend of Schwester Augusta. During a visit to my home at Raluana in 1967, Gertrud Wenzel went with me to Barovon and with the help of villagers who still remembered the German Sister we found the concrete stumps of her cottage - all that remained to show where she had lived. The piece of land was probably too small for the Administration to bother reclaiming after her death, and the owners of the adjoining land now gather the coconuts from its palms. Given the Sister's abiding love for New Guinea and its people, I am sure she would have wanted it that way.

VALE - *With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends -*
Mr Gordon Joseph (Bluey) GODWIN (16 June 2002, aged 88 years)

Gordon was born in Sydney in 1913 and moved to the Tweed in Northern NSW in 1933. It was there that he married in 1935, and grew bananas and cut cane for the next 16 years. In 1951 he went to PNG with Comworks and was posted to Kairuku and Bereina in the Mekeo. A move to Rouna followed. In 1957 he joined Public Works Dept and was posted to Mount Hagen and later to Kainantu, Goroka and Port Moresby. He was known by the labour lines as 'Masta Bilu'.

Blue was better known in Rugby League circles as the 'Zambuc' who cured all ailments at the old Konedobu Rugby League grounds in the mid fifties. An avid sportsman and competent bowler, Gordon played for several Territory clubs, winning two gold medals in Territory pairs championships. He retired to Hervey Bay in 1972 and enjoyed bowling and fishing, and in later years moved to Taylors Beach and Townsville. He is survived by Mary, his wife of 66½ years, sons Graeme and Kerri, and daughter Valerie.

From Mary Godwin

Mr Leo TUMILTY (6 November 2001, aged 67 years)

Born in Perth, Scotland, Leo served in the RAF and the Civil Aviation Constabulary (London), before migrating to Perth WA in 1962. There he served in the WA Prison Service before joining RPNGC on 19.10.1964 as a Sub Inspector at Rabaul. In July 1966 he was selected to go to the New Zealand Police Service dog training centre where he learned dog handling procedures. On returning to the Police College at Bomana, he set up dog squads which proved successful. He resigned with the rank of Inspector (3rd class) on 11.6.1969, and then went to South Africa where he joined that police force for about five years. He then returned to Perth WA and went into private enterprise. Leo is survived by his wife, Corinne, (whom he met while she worked at Police Headquarters, Kondeobu), and two sons.

From Max Hayes

Mr Rex FRENCH (25 May 2002, aged 74 years)

Rex's first job was as a baker and much of his working life was connected with bakeries. He and Lyla were married in 1948. The family moved to PNG in 1965 when Rex accepted the position of camp manager for Barclay Bros who were building IGAM Army Barracks near Lae. When that was completed Rex worked for the University of Technology for six years as catering administration officer. After a stint back in Australia, Rex was offered a six-year contract as production manager at Arnotts Biscuits factory in Lae. As the only European at the factory, he was required to train the native staff - 200 were employed over the 24-hour day. Rex and family returned to Australia in 1984, and Rex held further positions in biscuit factories. The family then settled in Caloundra where they enjoyed golf and where Rex rediscovered the joy of lawn bowls. He was a very active member of the Caloundra Bowls Club. He took an active interest in community affairs until ill health prevented him from doing so. Rex is survived by his wife Lyla and daughters Kerri, Wendy and Donna and their families.

From Jean Kelly

Mrs Betsy Margaret VEALE (29 June 2002, aged 71 years)

Betsy was the wife of the late Graham Veale who was with the Marine Division of Trade and Industry, and was Harbour Master in Rabaul. No further details available.

Mr Pierre Rene Yan DONALDSON (13 August 2002) Further details in next issue.

Mrs Judy LATCHFORD (28 June 2002, aged 99 years)

Judy lived in Bulolo from 1945 to 1969. She was the widow of Edward James Latchford. She lived at Turramurra NSW for many years, and more recently at Lady Gowrie Village. She is survived by her sister, Athole, and her nieces and nephews and their children. (ROAPNG records)

Mr Peter David RAMM (11 May 2002, aged 70 years)

Peter gained his agricultural degree from the University of WA. He joined the Dept of Agriculture Stock & Fisheries in PNG in mid-1957. Following several months 'initiation' at Taliligap, the District Ag Station up on the rim of the outer harbour of Rabaul, Peter and his wife were transferred to Talasea, New Britain, where they were stationed for the next 3½ years, their first daughter being born in Rabaul in 1960. In mid 1960 Peter became District Ag Officer in Kavieng, New Ireland, and the following year was selected to attend the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture in Trinidad, obtaining his post-graduate Diploma in Tropical Agriculture in October 1962. On returning from Trinidad, Peter was posted to Popondetta where he and his family lived in the DAO's residence with its view of the smoking Mt Lamington volcano.

In mid 1964 Peter, with wife and by then two daughters, was transferred to Port Moresby where they remained until leaving PNG in early 1977. He then enjoyed a life of semi-retirement, enjoying his workshop and life beside the ocean at Trigg Beach in WA. Peter is survived by his wife Verna, daughters Judith and Lynette and four grandchildren. From Syd Saville

Dr Douglas Charles ABBOTT (13 November 2001, aged 75 years)

Douglas Abbott served at HMAS Ladava (Naval Base at Milne Bay) from 1943-44 and at HMAS Madang (Naval Base at Madang) from 1944-45. In the late '60s to early '70s he was stationed at Murray Barracks, HQ of the Papua New Guinea Command (Pacific Islands Regiment). Later he undertook a doctoral thesis entitled 'Anglican Mission Education in PNG', supervised by Dr Hank Nelson. After 1982 he made a number of visits to PNG on the *Fairstar* as guest lecturer/chaplain two or three times a year. From ROAPNG records

Mrs Pat SEARLE (7 July 2002 aged 97 years)

Pat Searle, formerly of Awala plantation, was born in Derby, England in 1904 and raised in Adelaide, South Australia. Pat married Clen Searle in 1933. They moved to Port Moresby where Clen was a radio operator at the AWA wireless station on Ela Beach. In addition to providing communication links with outstations, expeditions, shipping, etc., they were part of the first radio program broadcasts in the South Pacific islands when Station 4PM began in 1935. Pat assisted with the announcing, and live transmissions of Papuan choirs and locally produced plays. In 1940 Pat and Clen took up a lease at Kokoda to grow rubber, but moved to establish Awala (on the road to Popondetta) just before Pearl Harbour was bombed. Pat and the two children were evacuated to Adelaide (via that refugee train), and Clen enlisted with ANGAU. Awala became an Army base and HQ for the then Northern Division's radio spotters. Like others, in the retreat to Kokoda the house and plantation buildings were destroyed, following the first fighting between Australian/Papuan troops and the Japanese near Awala.

After the war work resumed on the plantation, growing rubber, coffee and cocoa, interrupted by the disastrous eruption of Mt. Lamington in 1951. No doubt many will remember Pat's love of gardening, innovative spirit, hospitality and wide range of interests. Pat and Clen retired to Nambour in 1977 where many ex-PNG friends had settled. Clen died from cancer in 1988. Awala became an adjunct of the Anglican Mission's Martyrs' School, but the plantation is now closed. Pat is survived by her daughter Rhonwen, son Peter, and grandchildren: Duncan, Rosanna, Malcolm, and Roy. From Rhonwen Searle

Mr Ronald Edward (Sno) HALPIN (5 June 2002, aged 84 years)

Sno Halpin was a builder with the Department of Civil Aviation. He arrived in PNG in 1945 and left in 1980, having served in Goroka, Madang, Lae and Bulolo. He is survived by his wife Audrey, children Ron and Joy and grandchildren Veronica and Rachael. (ROAPNG records)

Mr John (Robbie or Cob) ROBINSON (12 April 2002, aged 69 years)

John went to PNG in 1952 working at a sawmill at Port Moresby and was then employed by CDW, PWD and Govt Stores. During his 22 years in PNG he worked in Port Moresby, Rabaul, Manus Island, Samarai and Madang. A strong R.A.O.B. G.A.B. member, he also played rugby league for Hawks and ComWorks. He met a nursing sister, Colleen O'Keefe, in Rabaul. They married in 1962 and had three children, Brett, Adele and Belinda. The family moved back to Australia in 1974 and settled in Brisbane where John and Colleen raised the children and where the family still live.

From Allan Neilsen

Mrs Thelma BURSTON (30 March 2002, aged 85 years)

Thelma was born in NSW where she grew up, and moved to PNG postwar with her husband Jack, who died a few years ago. They lived and worked at Matupi Plantation, Madang, until returning to Brisbane in the early 1970s. Thelma also worked for many years at the Madang Hospital and was well known in many spheres of local activity. She is survived by sons Rodney and Donald, and several grandchildren.

From John Moody

Annie Margaret McArthur OLIVER (12 May 2002, aged 82 years)

Margaret McArthur attended Melbourne University in 1939-42, graduating with BSC and MSC degrees. After working for the CSIRO, and completing a post-graduate course in nutrition, she became a member of the New Guinea expedition of the Commonwealth Dept of Health 1947. She then was nutritionist on the Australian-American Scientific Expedition to Arnhem Land in 1948-49, and in 1952 obtained a post-graduate Diploma in Social Anthropology at the University of London. She worked among the Kunimaipa (New Guinea) from 1953-57. After that she held a number of prestigious positions around the globe and finally was Senior Lecturer in Anthropology at the University of Sydney from 1965 until her retirement in 1975. She wrote *The Curbing of Anarchy in Kunimaipa Society*, Oceania Monograph 49. She is survived by her husband Douglas Oliver.

From Lois Johnson in Japan from information supplied to her by Margaret's husband Douglas (they were neighbours in Hawaii).

The numerous notes, photographs, and unpublished writings from Margaret's field researches in Arnhem Land, New Guinea and Malaya have been deposited in the Archives of Sydney (New South Wales) University where she taught for many years, and where the basis of a fund is being established, under administration of the University's Dept of Anthropology, to encourage and assist students and other scholars to utilise them in the composition of publishable writings. (Those wishing to make additional donations to this fund are invited to send them to that Department.)

Mr John SWANSTON (3 May 2002, aged 75 years)

John grew up in Tamworth, and in 1943, when not quite 17, he managed to join the Army. He was posted to New Guinea with ANGAU and served with their marine section at Torokina in Bougainville where he skippered on their 'small ships'. After discharge he worked in New Britain on a copra plantation, then in other enterprises, and then back to various runs in 'small ships'. In 1949 while working in Rabaul in an electrical retailing business, he met and married Anne. John and Anne then went to Mai Mai plantation near Samarai where John was assistant manager; this was followed by stints on plantations in the Western District. Other positions followed, and in 1959 'Weeds & Seeds', the Dept of Agriculture Stock & Fisheries asked John them to join them. He was posted to Vudal where he worked on the further establishment and extension of the Agricultural College.

With the opening of the Papuan Agricultural Training Institute, PATI, at Popondetta in 1961, John was transferred as station manager to establish and lay the foundation for that college. John stayed at PATI until 1975 when he settled in Brisbane and worked in Real Estate. He retired in 1982 and spent time travelling around Australia, enjoying his family, and fishing. He is survived by his wife Anne, his children Deane, John, Lynda and Graham and five grandchildren.

Mr Fred Henry Albert KLECKHAM (11 May 2002, aged 86 years)

Fred was born in London in 1918. His father brought him to Australia when he was four, and told him his entire family had been killed in a bombing raid on London. He did not learn of his relatives in England until he was 63. His father died when he was nine of stomach cancer. At age seven when his father was hospitalised for weeks at a time, Fred was living on a farm outside Brisbane, feeding himself, taking care of the tasks and taking himself to school on his horse, when he could catch it. This upbringing made Fred an able, strong, discreet and independent person. He was fostered into the Marks family in Brisbane who saw him through his schooling which included gaining his Diploma in Agriculture at Gatton College.

Following college, he spent some time fossicking for gold. He married Marjorie Sheldon, a nurse, in 1940 (the marriage lasted 62 years) and then departed for the Middle East as an inflight engineer with the RAAF - he was away five years. After the war he went to PNG as an Agricultural Officer, first in New Britain and then Popondetta where in 1949 he was joined by Marj and their children Fred and Betty. In January 1951 Mt Lamington erupted; for his bravery in rescuing the injured and others Fred was awarded an OBE. Subsequently the family were transferred to Manus island where they stayed five years. His other postings were to Daru and Port Moresby and finally Lae as Regional Controller of Agriculture for the New Guinea mainland.

While in PNG Fred and Marj developed a serious interest in shell collecting and orchids, and became well informed general naturalists - they discovered new shells and contributed world wide to the science of conchology and its associations. They never ceased this communication.

In 1975 Fred retired to Seaforth beach in Queensland but shortly after that the couple returned to Popondetta for two years to lead the establishment of the smallholder Oil Palm project based in the Northern District. In 1980 Fred learnt he had direct family alive in the UK, with the discovery of his natural mother and full brother living in Scotland. This resulted in a lot of newfound happiness. In retirement Fred and Marj visited parts of the world they had not seen and maintained their interests in nature throughout life. Fred is survived by his wife Marjorie, sons Fred and Percy and daughter Elizabeth (Betty)

From the Kleckham family

Mrs Hilda WATSON (FERGUSON) (9 April 2002)

Extracts from an Appreciation written by Frank Smith: In early January 1954 I arrived in Madang to work for Modilon Motors. I stepped off the DC3 to be welcomed by Hilda and Wally Ferguson - the beginning of a lasting friendship. Hilda and Wally had arrived in Madang in 1947 - Wally was the Madang-based Qantas engineer, and Hilda commenced work in New Guinea Company's store and did so very competently for 19 years. In 1955 Hilda became the proud owner of a V.W. Beetle - having transport to get to golf was great. Later in the year she was involved in a minor accident. She bumped her head and developed two black eyes, and shrugged off remarks alluding to 'dark eyed beauty' etc. Hilda had a friendly ear for others' problems as well as being hostess to friends and travellers at 'Hilda's Boarding House'. She enjoyed golf and bowls and was not temperamental about either game and a pleasure to play with.

Hilda and Wally returned to Australia in 1966 and lived in Manly NSW. They settled well into suburban life and kept in touch with ex New Guinea friends. Wally passed away in 1971. Hilda remained in Manly and in 1973 married John Watson. In 1985 they moved to Runaway Bay in Qld where they were welcomed by the many ex New Guinea friends. In 1995 Hilda and John returned to Sydney and settled in Dee Why. A few years later, and suffering from osteo-arthritis, Hilda moved into Palm Grove nursing home. She is sadly missed by her many friends.

Mr William Henry WRIGHT (25 July 2002, aged 83 years)

Bill was born in Samarai and was at Gili Gili and Ahioma in Milne Bay before the war. During WWII he flew Spitfires with the RAAF. He was in the European and the New Guinea campaigns. After the war he returned to the Madang area, and worked for Carpenters and at Dylup. He left PNG in 1956 and worked for Legal and General in Sydney and Wright Insurances Agencies P/L., Sydney. His wife Dorothy predeceased him. He is survived by his children Bill and Diana, and five grandchildren.

From ROAPNG records

Mrs Ela Lorraine Catherine BIRRELL (12 July 2002, aged 86 years)

Ela Birrell was born in Port Moresby in 1916, being the daughter of Flora and Harry Gofton, a pioneering family, who had settled in Papua ten years previously. Her father died in France that same year, so she never knew him. Her mother married James Stewart and in 1928 moved to the gold fields in Wau. Ela, upon finishing her education in Sydney, returned to Wau to assist in the management of the hotel built by her parents. In 1941, Ela and her mother and sister travelled by troopship to Sydney.

In 1946 the family returned to Lae. In 1951 Ela married James Birrell and a son, James Moresby, was born in 1952. Ela led a very active community life in PNG and supported many organisations, including Girl Guides, Red Cross, Rotary and the Horticultural Society, and was also a member of the Anglican Church Council. She was appointed Morobe Girl Guide Commissioner in 1958, a position that she held until she and Jim left PNG in 1989. She was instrumental in having the Mary Lalor Training Centre built in Lae. She was awarded the MBE as well as the International Rotary Services Award for her services to the community. The Girl Guide movement in PNG now calls their highest guiding award the "Ela Birrell Award".

Ela joined the Girl Guide Trefoil Guild, Southport, not long after settling in at Helensvale on the Gold Coast. She took a great interest in the movement and added support whenever she could - and was hostess at many luncheons for Trefoil at her home. She kept in touch with many of her indigenous Guiders and friends in PNG.

A memorial service for Ela was held at the All Souls Anglican Church, Lae, on 17 July and was attended by Lae Brownies, friends of the family and members of the Lae community.

Ela is survived by her husband James and son Jimmy, her grandchildren Jessica and Connor, and her sister Flora and family.

Mr Royce Arthur WEBB MBE (9 July 2002, aged 81 years)

Royce was a very successful student and sportsman. In 1940, aged 19, he enlisted in the 2nd AIF and served with the 2/13 Battalion 9th Division in Tobruk and was twice mentioned in dispatches. He was wounded and spent some time in hospital in Alexandria, then returned to fight in PNG in the Owen Stanley campaign, Buna and Gona. In 1944 he married Marjorie and their first son Richard was born in Sydney in 1945.

Royce joined the PNG administration and in early 1947 was posted to Finschhafen with Marjorie and Richard. He attended ASOPA in 1950-51. During this time the couple's second son Derek was born. Royce's next posting was to Saidor in the Madang District.

Subsequent postings were to Goroka, Talasea in New Britain and Wewak. He was promoted to District Officer in 1960 - his duties included investigating illegal border crossings and, in 1961, diplomatic missions to Indonesia. While in Wewak Royce took his turn as president of the local RSL and Wewak Golf Club and made lifelong friends. The family moved to Port Moresby in 1966 when Royce became District Inspector for the new Dept of District Administration. In 1968 problems again occurred on the Sepik border with Indonesian West Irian, involving more diplomatic missions. Over the next few years Royce visited Jayapura, the capital of West Irian, on many occasions resulting in an eventual border agreement being signed in 1973.

Following his promotion into the Dept of Foreign Relations and Trade, Royce retired to the Gold Coast in 1974. He joined Broadbeach Rotary Club and served as President in 1982-83. He initiated the Broadbeach Probus Club which was only the second such club to be formed in Qld. He recently served as its 20th president. He was a great supporter of Legacy, and being great lovers of flowers and gardens, both Royce and Marge were members of the local Garden Club.

In 1993 after a bout of ill health, Royce and Marjorie moved to a semi-retirement complex at Benowa where Royce served as chairman of the Body Corporate. Royce is survived by Marjorie, sons Richard and Derek and grandchildren, Brendan, Lachlan and Laura.

From Marjorie Webb

Mrs Beatrice Grace LARUM (25 June 2002, aged 91 years)

Beatrice Larum was the widow of Isaac George Larum. She retired from Department of Education in early 1967.

No further details available

Mr Wally SIDEBOTTOM (12 July 2002, aged 83 years)

Wallace Keith (Wally) was born at St Kilda in Melbourne and died in hospital after a long illness. It was just after he had first met Beryl Fuller, then about 17 years old and a member of a prominent sporting family at Albury NSW, that he was sent to Malaya with the 2/19th Battalion. There, Wally was struck with a tropical disease which resulted in his being returned to Australia before the fall of Singapore. He was thus able to marry Beryl in 1942.

Some time later he took up an administrative position with the Geelong Cemetery. In 1949 he accepted a position with the War Graves Commission in PNG and was initially located at Bitu Paka Cemetery outside Rabaul. He finally took over the parks and gardens administration at Rabaul, which included the war graves at the cemetery. In 1966 Wally was appointed curator of Parks and Gardens in Lae. Through his work, Wally came into personal contact with many public figures including the Duke of Edinburgh and various Governor-Generals. Ill health forced his retirement to Australia in 1972. The family then settled in Southport Qld. Beryl said that Wally, a lover of trees and shrubs, was greatly affected by the destruction caused by the 1994 Rabaul eruption. Wally's cheerful attitude gained him many friends in his retirement. He is survived by his wife Beryl, son John and daughter Barbara, and their families.

Mr Graham BOYD (early 2002)

Information on Graham was provided in the June 2002 issue. Following is a clarification: Graham succeeded John Farquharson as editor of the *South Pacific Post* (the change of masthead to *Post-Courier* did not come until later). Graham and his wife Gail went to PNG through Melbourne where they had worked for the *Herald and Weekly Times* which published the *Melbourne Herald*, the *Sun-News Pictorial* and, of course, the *South Pacific Post* which they had acquired at the end of 1964. Graham worked with John before taking over, and Gail also worked on the paper as a reporter before going to the Dept of Information and Extension Services.

From John Farquharson

Mrs Bonny Evelyn DUN (8 August 2002, aged 90 years)

Bonny was the wife of the late Gordon Dun of Dept of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries and lived at Keravat on New Britain. She is survived by her daughter Jennifer, grandchildren and great grandchildren. No further details available.

Mr Lionel Rhys HEALEY (7 August 2002, aged 81 years)

Rhys served in PNG from 1943 to 1981. He is survived by his wife Dorothy, children Peter, Sharyn, Syaun and Alastair, 16 grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Full details in next issue.

Mr Tom GARRETT (30 July 2002, aged approx. 78 years)

Tom was born in Rabaul and spent his early years on his family's plantation 'Varzin' in the Kokopo area. He was the grandson of T.W. Garrett, the test cricketer, and the uncle of Peter Garrett, of 'Midnight Oil' and conservation fame, who spoke at his funeral. Tom went straight from school to the RAAF, was training in Canada at 18 and had a distinguished service with a RAF squadron flying Liberators and based in Iceland, Ireland and the North of Scotland.

At war's end he returned to New Britain to rehabilitate 'Varzin', and remained till independence. He lived life to the full and soon became prominent in public, business, sporting and social affairs. Over the years he was president of the Planters Association, the Kokopo Sports Club, the New Britain Show Society, a member of the District Advisory Council, the Copra Stabilisation Board, the Vunapope Hospital Board and many other community organisations. He was an excellent sportsman. Back in Sydney in 1976 he joined the headquarters of Legacy as NSW Pensions Officer and Advocate and served with dedication, competence and compassion until he retired, reluctantly, because of ill health in 1997 at the age of 73.

He is survived by his first wife Ann, their four children Tommy, Simon, Jodie and Katie, and his second wife Heather.

From Harry West

Mrs Jessie Olive (Jess) Carriage, (31 May 2002, aged 93 years)

Jess was the wife of the late Frank Carriage. Jess was an excellent dressmaker, well known in the Boroko/Port Moresby area. No further details available.

Mr Wallace Hunter SPENCER (7 June 2002, aged 82 years)

Wal passed away in a War Veterans Home in Sunnybank Hills Qld. He first went to PNG at age 5 - his father was an accountant for W.R. Carpenter. The family returned to Australia during the depression. Wal joined the RAAF in 1939 and served in many areas of PNG as ground crew. He went back to PNG in 1947 and worked for Vacuum Oil in Madang. Then he had several years on plantations north of Madang and later worked with Buntings Stevedores at Samarai. He then joined Dept of Agriculture Stock & Fisheries as a produce inspector in Rabaul in 1957 and went to Madang, Moresby and Lae in 1963. He married his second wife Dorothy in Lae and later they moved to Kavieng. They moved to Queensland in 1973. He is survived by his wife Dorothy, children David and Sue, and five grandchildren. (From Dorothy Spencer)

Mrs Dawn FISK (aged 77 years)

Dawn was a zestful and enquiring person. In WWII she was in 'Special Operations' while her husband was in 'Z' Force. She saw military service at the age of 19 in Sarawak and subsequently in postwar Japan and Hiroshima. Between 1945 and the mid 60s she worked in PNG for the Justice Department and the Office of the Administrator.

She is survived by her sons Andrew and Tony, and grandchildren. From Tony Fisk

Mrs Betty LARGE (6 December 2001, aged 73 years)

Betty was the wife of Des Large and they lived in Port Moresby from 1947 until 1975, when they retired to Caloundra Qld. Betty began work in Port Moresby at Steamships Trading Company, then spent many years as an insurance broker with Harvey Trinder Ltd. She was a committed Girl Guide for a number of years and held the positions of District Brown Owl and Commissioner. Betty provided much support to Des's interests, including the Port Moresby Rifle Club where Des was captain for many years, the Masonic Lodge in Port Moresby and Caloundra, and the Caloundra RSL. Wherever Des was, Betty was there alongside him helping out. She was also a very talented craftswoman, an energetic lady who would try almost anything. She was devoted to her family and she leaves behind her husband Des, her children Valerie, Shirley and Alan and their spouses, and five grandchildren and their spouses. From Shirley Webb

Mr Chalcott Thomas Gibson HENRY (12 May 2002, aged 87 years)

C.T.G. Henry retired from Dept of Public Works in 1970. No further details available

Browsing through the bulletin of the Royal United Service Inst of Qld, **Ray WATSON** of Margate Qld found an article referring to the days when inspectors came to remote outstations to inspect school teachers. He thought that some of the following remarks might also have flashed through the mind of a senior kiap upon encountering some of the less committed individuals.

- His patrol would follow him anywhere, but only out of curiosity
- This officer is really not so much of a has been, but more of a definitely won't be
- He has carried out each and every one of his duties to his entire satisfaction
- He would be out of his depth in a car parked in a puddle
- This officer reminds me very much of a gyroscope - always spinning around at a frantic pace, but not really going anywhere
- This young officer has delusions of adequacy
- When he joined my staff, this officer was something of a granny; since then he has aged considerably
- This officer sets low personal standards and then fails to achieve them
- He has the wisdom of youth and energy of old age
- Since my last report he has reached rock bottom and has started to dig
- Works well when under constant supervision and cornered like a rat in a trap

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

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Mr.GREGORY ANDERSON	P.O. Box 1239	PORT MORESBY	PNG
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MR. W.J. BRAND	17 GLENCAIRN AVE.	RINGWOOD	VIC 3134
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REV. O. DALE	11 CHURINGA ST.	MINYAMA WATERS	QLD 4575
MR. DUNCAN DEAN	P O BOX 3923	PALMERSTON	N T 0831
MR. BARRY DOWNES	P O BOX 1434	BUNDABERG	QLD 4670
MR. PETER DRYDEN	21 CRAMER ST.	WARRNAMBOOL	VIC 3280
MS. HILARY FARRELL	35/40 IRENE ST.	PANANIA	NSW 2213
MRS. MARY GODWIN	45 WRIGHT ST	WULGURU	QLD 4811
MRS. JOAN GAUCI	5 BARRINE CLOSE	WESTLAKE	QLD 4074
MR. NEVILLE HADLEY	5 ERIN DRIVE	BROWNS PLAINS	QLD 4118
MRS BARBARA JENNINGS	62 BENT ST.	NEUTRAL BAY	NSW 2089
MRS. PATRICIA KELLY	1/80 MOUNT ST.	COOGEE	NSW 2034
MR. PHILLIP LONG	193 JONES RD	WITHCOTT	QLD 4352
MRS. PAMELA MASON	102 ST. PATRICKS GARDEN	ST. PATRICKS RD	SINGAPORE
MRS URSULA McBRIDE	2/334 OCEAN VIEW RD	ETALONG BEACH	NSW 2257
MR. LAWRENCE MEINTJES	P O BOX 4	COORANBONG	NSW 2265
MR R. MOONEY	3 MARTIN AVE.	ULLADULLA	NSW 2539
MR. JAMES MOORE	8 EWELL AVE	WARRADALE	S A 5046
MR CHRISTOPHER PASH	56 AUBIN ST	NEUTRAL BAY	NSW 2089
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MR. THOMAS WHELAN	5/3-5 CHURCHILL AVE.	KIRRAWEE	NSW 2232

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