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Una Voce

JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC
(formerly the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc)

Patrons: His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)
Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia
Mrs Roma Bates; Mr Fred Kaad OBE

MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL
& BEST WISHES FOR 2005
FROM THE PRESIDENT
AND COMMITTEE

The **CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON**
Will be held on
Sunday 5 December
At the Mandarin Club
Jot the date in your diary now and organise family and friends to come along
Full details plus booking slip are on the separate yellow sheet.

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The AGM and LUNCHEON will be on Sunday 1 May 2005

* * * don't forget to have a look at our website
www.pngaa.net

In This Issue

'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC
Please send all correspondence to: **The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069.** Items for *Una Voce* are welcome and should be marked 'For Attention: The Editor' or emailed to: editor@pngaa.net By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet unless you advise us to the contrary.

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Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription - $15. The membership year corresponds to the calendar year and an application form is available from the Secretary at the above address or you can download one from our website.

In selecting articles and stories for *Una Voce* we aim to publish a wide range of topics from different times and places. Unfortunately for postage we do have a page restriction and we therefore encourage both short articles (200-500 words approximately) as well as longer ones from 500-1500 words (approximately), in addition to an installment series.
Whilst we like to acknowledge contributions, we thank you for your understanding that it may take a little time.

Wondering what to give someone for Christmas? Our book:

Tales of Papua New Guinea

might solve your problem…..write to The Publisher PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069
Cost to PNGAA members is $25 plus p&p $7 within Aust, $12 Intl. Cost to non-members is $30 plus p&p.
Australian Bankcard, Mastercard and Visa accepted. Cheques and money orders payable to PNGAA. For info contact:
Pam Foley Phone: (02) 9967 2818 or
Ross Johnson at email: admin@pngaa.net

Nance Johnston sent in the following from Bill Johnston's Memoirs

One day, as I was getting close to the end of the circuit that would eventually bring me back to the Patrol Post at Sehulea, I decided to walk into the next village spic and span and not covered in mud or soaked in water or sweat, the condition I usually reached by a day's end. I had a spare set of clothing with me so, when I was informed the village was a short distance ahead, which could be anything from fifteen minutes to two hours walk, I changed into my clean dry clothes and then I was carefully carried across the creeks, a practice I did not like because of feeling embarrassed and vulnerable. We came to a creek where a log-jam had occurred, blocking the flow of water. I looked and thought I could easily walk up on to those logs and jump from the top one down on to the bank on the other side. So up I went and put my foot on the last high log and was about to jump to the bank when, without warning, the whole structure collapsed. The last high log was the lynch pin and the slightest pressure on its end exerted extreme leverage against the base on which the logs were stacked. Logs went every which way. I went down into the deep water on the landside of the dam, the dam collapsed and the water raced out to sea. I emerged from the turmoil a wet and bedraggled Patrol Officer, there was not a trace of a smile on the faces of the village officials accompanying me but I bet they spent many nights laughing their heads off at the memory. Instead of walking into the village immaculate and clean, I was worse than I had ever been. Never again did I try to arrive anywhere looking as if I had just finished a leisurely stroll down a garden path!

THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE – SINGSINGS
Deadline for entries **16 February 2005**
Write/Phone/Fax/Email

If members have any particular subjects they would like to see as future themes for 'In 100 Words or Less' please send them to: The Editor PNGAA PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069.

Have you heard?
A box of New Guinea artifacts at an August 1 auction held by John Williams in his rooms was estimated to fetch $60-$90. It made $20,250.
Info from Aust Fin Rev 12Aug2004

John Howard from Madang writes that further to **Jim Toner's** item 'GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN?' (Sep 2004 *Una Voce*) in Madang, as well as **Ron Albert Oval**, we have: **Sir Donald Cleland Park, Bates Oval** and **Clifton-Bassett Police Barracks**. ▪

Dr John Bain was prompted to write in as a follow up to **Dr Radford's** article in the last issue of *Una Voce* on EMA's. Dr Bain recalls that after attending the 'University of Gemo' in 1944 as a member of the 2nd AIF on entry to ANGAU, he went on to study Medicine at Sydney with **Dr Ross Hayter** who had also been at Gemo with him. A later graduate was the late **Dr Richard Tinsley**. Dr Bain comments that the skills and experience gained by all EMAs would have ensured that most would have graduated had they all continued on to study medicine.

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A Spring Day in the Mountains with the Oakes By Nance Johnston

Thursday 7 October was a perfect day for our annual springtime visit to the Blue Mountains; our hosts again were the hospitable and friendly Edna and George Oakes at their lovely home at Woodford with its beautiful gardens, bushland surroundings and views to the mountains.

As promised Edna made two varieties of delicious soup, with bread rolls and other bits and pieces, and provided an unlimited supply of tea and coffee. Guests brought 'a plate' providing an abundance of both savoury and sweet finger food. Edna, still recuperating from knee surgery had 'hostessing' help from her daughter and family members; we extend our appreciation to them for looking after us as they did.

The majority of guests traveled by car, although several traveled by train to Woodford. A phone call solved the mystery of the missing Pam Foley; the door of the train did not open at Woodford and she was forced to travel on to Hazelbrook. George drove there and met Pam arriving back in time to join us for a relaxed lunch enjoyed outside in the sun – reminiscing about days gone by. During a 'getting to know you' conversation about the Gulf District with **Ralph Sawyer**, and having known the people we were talking about, I mentioned the story of DANNY (*Una Voce* No. 3/2002) that had amused me greatly, not knowing I was speaking to the author of this story. Such conversations break the ice and let you get to know people you may have heard of but not previously met.

George and Edna intend inviting the PNGAA members to visit again next spring. For those who have not experienced their hospitality, we hope some of you will join us then. For those of us with crook backs, hips and knees, who travel by train, there is a flight of steps at the station but George drives us from the station to his home where there are no steps and it is wheelchair friendly. We thank Edna and George and their family for the friendly hospitality extended to us.

George Bottriell writes – I recently joined PNGAA and was pleased to receive back copies of your magazine and turning to page 29 of Dec 03 copy found a picture of the football team that played in Cairns and Innisfail in September 1956. I am the player third row listed as 'Name unknown' so I thought I might let you know to complete the listing. I am still in possession of the programme and reports of the trip and the games played. We had a marvellous weekend and a wonderful trip over to Cairns on a Catalina flying boat and back. It was nice to read the article which brought back such memories.

Next year in October I am going across to Adelaide for a naval re-union and would hope to catch up with Dave Tarrant who wrote the article.

Besides my three years in Port Moresby '53-'56 I spent nine months in Madang in 1945 and the fascination of New Guinea prompted me to return those few years later. The island life certainly gets into your blood as my wife and I spent 13 years on Norfolk Island from '85-'98 which we enjoyed immensely.

Many thanks for the magazines and the very interesting articles.

Ray Whitehouse *sent the following email to the editor. Ray is reminiscing on the wonderful years he spent in PNG and is also seeking information on various items. Ray's contact details are set out below, if you can help in any way.*

My wife and I lived in Moresby from 1962 - 1975. I was employed by Admin. and followed John Chiverall as Chief Accountant, Department of Education, in the late '60's. Olwin worked with Ashwell Drew at the newspaper office in Lawes Road, and

then later, with the Admin. vulcanologists. We were also heavily involved with The Salvation Army at Koki, and ended our time in PNG as missionaries.

I love reading Una Voce, and some names still seem familiar. Henry Bodman is one. He was an E-Course teacher of the best kind. Another name I've seen a few times is Ross Taylor. We had a Ross Taylor who was a Guidance Officer in the Education Department. Is it the same Ross Taylor? Brian Costello, who could always get me on a plane in an emergency. Other names are well known, if not the persons.

Thank-you for the good work you do in reminding us of the very best days of our lives. PNG offered me opportunities that I could never have experienced in any other part of the world, in any part of my lifetime. (eg with Port Moresby Community Development Group/Teaching English to Policemen at the Badili Compound/work experience/and so many, many other opportunities only we who served there could ever know). My wife and I owe PNG and Papua New Guineans untold memories, experiences and friendships (Dr Solo Tongia the first European trained doctor, Dr Andrew Vele the Fijian trained Dentist, and Raka Vele his brother, and 5000 metre Gold Medallist at the South Pacific Games 1969, and others). Les Johnson (newly appointed Director of Education) fast-tracked my career in Education because I didn't understand Admin purchasing procedure and managed somehow to by-pass Dick Prentice (Stores Purchasing Officer) to buy Les's new secretary a Typists chair on castors; an electric typewriter; and 24 only "Thunderboxes" from Steamies at Lawes Road for Hohola PTS, in what Les thought was incredible time. Even after Les became Deputy Administrator, he would still advise departmental purchasing officers to speak with me because I knew how to circumvent the waiting game. Of course, by then I knew too much, and as an internal auditor, was somewhat bound to live by the system. I recall too, often heading off for Treasury and passing Sir Donald on his way to the office. He was a great character, and always said, "Morning, Lad!" The place is just precious in our memories, and we are so grateful for all the opportunities offered, and readily accepted.

It was my pleasure (as a good Apexian, in the days of Bill Carter, Claude Clarke etc) to participate in several of the Goroka Apex Club "Gumi Races". Do you remember anything of these? My memory of them is very scant, but I'd really appreciate any stories you might have about them.

It was my delight to walk the Kokoda Trail over one or two Easter long weekends. As I recall, we used to fly to Popondetta on Thursday, via charter flights, then get a truck out to Kokoda, and start off early on Good Friday, on the long haul to Sogeri. Someone is bound to remember the villages we used to pass through - I can hardly remember even one. Right at the bottom of the climb to Sogeri, there was a "flying fox" over the river. Can you help me with any of this? Any pictures please?

And a last request. Between 1962 and 1970 I conducted many Education Department audits all over the Territory. In Rabaul, I think I used to stay at, was it the "Cosmopolitan"? Sometimes I stayed with George Harrington (firstly Headmaster at the Tech. College, than later District Inspector of Schools), and I was always fascinated by the instructions on the back of all the doors as to what rations to have packed, and where to meet, in the event of an eruption. As I recall, these instructions were printed in both English and Pidgin. Is it possible that you have any of these instructions? Or that you may know someone who still has them, and would be willing

to send copies to me? I remember climbing down a ships rope into the crater opposite Matupit Village, I think?

My email address is: raywhitehouse@swiftdsl.com.au, and my mailing address is PO Box 801 Taree NSW 2430. Any assistance you can provide would be greatly appreciated. ▪

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY: Jim Toner writes -

In September the 29th anniversary of PNG Independence was celebrated in Darwin at the Italian Club by nearly 300 people who were entertained by young children in traditional island costume, always a delight.

By the time this is being read **Duncan DEAN**, former kiap and now president of the Darwin branch of the Australian Democrats, will know whether he has been elected to Federal Parliament. If so and he backed himself at the going odds of 300-1 he will have pocketed a motza.

Another ex-kiap, **Manfred BEHR**, made an appearance on the Letters page of *The Australian* last month. Fred was of the 1960 vintage and now lives in Lower Towamba (for the geographically challenged that is up a dirt track 15 kms west of Eden, NSW). He joins one of our members, **Clive TROY**, who became well known in Treasury and who expresses his views on that page from time to time.

In our last issue **George OAKES** described the installation of a memorial to **Golpak**, the paramount luluai who saved several WW2 airmen after their planes crashed around Pomio on New Britain. At least one airman was similarly rescued by local people on the Nakanai side of the island. During July **Fred HARGESHEIMER**, who was a Lieutenant in the US Air Force when shot down in 1943, revisited Bialla the village where he was sheltered. In 1960 he had returned and decided to show his appreciation by raising funds for what is now called the Airmen's Memorial School. His current visit, his 12th, was to celebrate the school's 40th birthday but it will be his last for the grateful American is now 88.

Talking of New Britain, in a previous *Una Voce* we were reminded that in February 1940 sixty volunteers for the AIF assembled in a camp at Malaguna on the fringe of Rabaul. When they marched to the wharf to sail away amongst them was a Private **R.R. COLE**. When, the Lord willing, he awakens on 4 November Bob Cole MC, former District and Police Commissioner, will be celebrating his 91st birthday. It's been a long march, Sir.

On the subject of elderly wantoks I was delighted to see that **Ben Moide** had a place of honour at the Remembrance Day ceremony in the Sir John Guise Stadium, Moresby in July. Ben, now 81, served in the Papuan Infantry Battalion during the War, worked for **Dr. Gunther** when he was Assistant Administrator, and was a notable cricketer in the 1950s-60s. His son, **John Ben-Moide** is coach of Hawks in the Moresby Rugby League while his grandsons **Arua** and **Nene** are players.

The late **Barney MADDEN** who, when District Education Officer Southern Highlands, indignantly informed **Des CLANCY** that he had not come to Mendi merely to produce clerks and policemen for the convenience of the District Office would have been delighted with the prowess of **Rachel Kaltia**. The fourth child from a family of seven in a Mendi village she was awarded an AusAid scholarship for pilot training in Sydney in 1999 and until July this year was First Officer on a Twin Otter. Sadly her plane - piloted by an Australian - crashed in the Goilala. A working mum with an 18 months old son she was therefore a model of modern womanhood and an example of what education for girls - initiated in 'the colonial era' - can achieve.

Any reader taken aback that a *Mendi meri* could ever pilot a plane is likely to choke on the fact that Moresby now offers a choice of no less than 40 nightclubs..... How times change.

I'm not sure that introduction of weightlifting for women is any great advance for Society but it has become an Olympic event and of the four PNG athletes sent to Athens for the Games one was **Dika Toua**, a 20 years old weightlifter, all of 5 feet tall. Despite which she was selected to carry her country's flag into the arena at the Opening Ceremony and finished up 6th in the world in her class.

Eustina and **Eustochia** - not names once seen easily forgotten - are apparently healthy 8 year old girls attending school in Bougainville. Rotarians can give themselves a pat on the back for this because in 1996 those sisters were Siamese twins before the Club raised funds to send them to Australia for separation.

Others, like myself, may have been disturbed to see that the Australian Technical Advisory Group on Immunisation now recommends vaccination against Japanese Encephalitis for persons staying more than one month in rural areas of PNG or for six months in urban areas. This entails a course of three injections - ouch! ▪

Our District Medical Officer (DMO) and his Lovely Lady

By **Ken Brown**

'A good doctor is one who can diagnose an illness where the person does not drink, smoke and who is not overweight.'

In August 1952, Jack Baker and I were on patrol in the Aramia River Delta country in the Gulf of Papua. It was Kamula country.

It is a flooded, featureless swampland and during the wet season blessed with incessant rain. In this case it had rained for two weeks in a near constant downpour, our tent flies were sodden and leaked continually even in between rain squalls; our clothes dank and mildewed and the current camp site was 12" (about 30cms) under water. It was Jack Baker's birthday.

In these extreme conditions I had gone to great lengths to make a special treat for his birthday. I had sacrificed the last couple of pounds (about 1kg) of our weevily flour and mildewed yeast to make some bread in an improvised oven made from the empty flour drum. The mixture miraculously rose, baked on a mud mound and heated with water soaked wood, which was encouraged with some precious kerosene from our pressure lamp. The result was a disappointingly small square of very good bread encased in an 8" oval of hard charcoal. To cap it all off our tinned foods had lost all

their labels in the wet damp conditions and I called a halt after opening six tins of carrots in a fruitless search for some peaches. Jack ate the burnt offering and carrots with all the humility that a man might say grace before eating crow.

In my field diary entry on the 27th August, a day or so later, I noted that I had not joined in the usual activities that day as I had stomach cramps. I used my Officer-in-Charge prerogative, the weather and my condition to call a halt to a very fruitless patrol and we headed in somewhat undue haste for the comfort of Daru Island.

During this period of time I must confess to having a phobia about appendicitis although Jack subsequently asserted that my acerbity was due to the burnt bread and surfeit of tinned carrots. It is possible the constant immersion in sago swamp water had curdled my tummy full of carrots and caused pain from non-escaping wind. Be that as it may, Jack would admit, the Kamula environment at that particular time was not the best place to dwell on such a phobia.

Our DMO and resident Doctor at Daru at that time, was one of the many European medico's recruited by the Director of the PNG Health Department. The first intake, including our doctor, undertook an orientation course at the Australian School of Pacific Administration at Mosman where I was likewise engaged on the No. 9 Short Course with 10 other cadet patrol officers between March and August 1948.

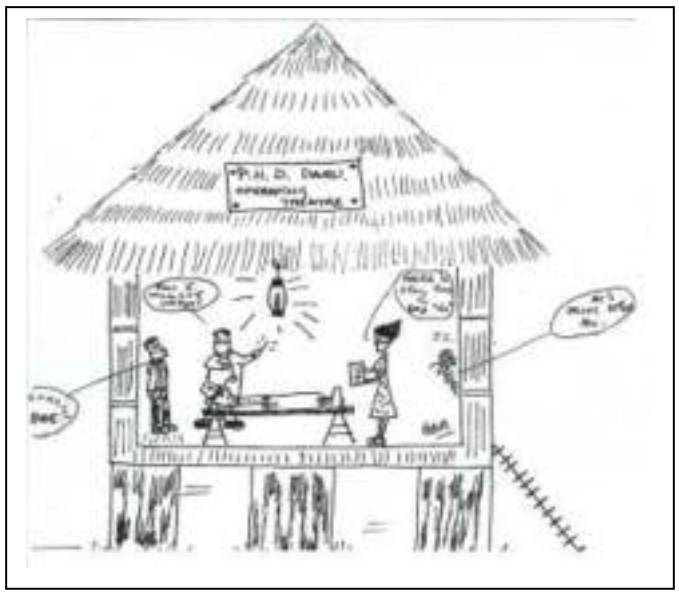
I remember the future Daru DMO to be, wandering around the school grounds when the sun was out in the briefest of Riviera style 'g' string swimming costumes. This was at a time when the girls on Sydney beaches were being arrested for wearing modest two piece costumes. The doctor was probably streets ahead of his contemporaries in that sort of freedom. The consensus of the 'old hand' conservatives on the course at the time assessed Julian as a '*bikhet'* (bighead) – despite envy of his physique.

European by birth, our DMO brought to Daru his wife who was a startlingly attractive fellow national, of some 20 years his junior. He was about 40. It is doubtful if the DMO's shares had jumped many points when his impeccable choice of a mate became known on the Island. One thing is sure, he was widely envied. His young wife was in the last few weeks of pregnancy when I first met her. Even so, the descriptions that I had been given that she was a 'stunner' seemed very inadequate.

Apart from self-proclaimed medical attributes, the DMO was an accomplished chef, tailor and handyman – and of course – sportsman. He made all the curtains for their house and I believe – from fairly reliable sources – that he regularly designed and made many of the creations that his wife wore. He lost a lot of male points over this rumour. It was difficult then, to imagine any chore or task that his bride was expected to perform, that he would not be able to say 'anything you can do I can do better, I can do anything better than you'. I understand, however, that his wife did breast feed the child!

The only breakthrough that I made to better the DMO in any activity in our association was at tennis. A few days after he removed my appendix he suggested a game of tennis would loosen my stomach muscles. He narrowly won and then recommended that I take it easy for some time. Just before I said 'au revoir' to Daru to go to Manus I tried to arrange a match to right the wrong. The DMO it seemed had taken an interest in dawn to dusk patrols over on the mainland. However I have jumped ahead in my tale.

It goes without saying that the DMO did not encourage his young bride to appear in public without an approved escort – namely himself. This I will concede was not altogether unwise as a mere glance of her, or from her, was enough to leave any young cadet unsettled and homesick for weeks. Enough to say that she attracted admirers as the *tuba* (alcohol made from coconuts) did the Kiwais.



Invitations to the DMO household were usually restricted to married couples who could play bridge. Later, after I had resisted the temptation to retreat to Port Moresby when the doctor had excitedly exclaimed 'I vill cut', and had allowed him to prove his competence with the scalpel, I became one of the few exceptions to this rule. The elderly District Clerk was the only other one I knew of and I believe this was because he was also a good bridge player. The Hungarian concoctions from the kitchen, compliments of the DMO, were an additional bonus and a tasty change from the massacred tinned fare which Butch, my local *haus kuk* (domestic) managed to produce.

There were other important players in the Daru saga of 1952. The Senior Medical Assistant, a corpulent, red complexioned, occasionally aggressive man with a heart of gold, was the right hand man for the DMO. He was competent and not greatly overjoyed at having to play second fiddle to a new Australian, qualified doctor or not. His good wife was also a very kindly person who was well and truly rooster pecked. She rarely got a word in edgeways when the Medast was present but when he was not present she assumed his role and made up for it in spades! Never the less they were good people and although the two families, on the surface, appeared as compatible as Lennie Luff (long time resident trader) and officialdom (the District Officer) – there were likenesses.

As an aside, the Medast and I were golfers and had the distinction of starting the first golf course on the Island as far as I know. It comprised three fairways between station houses and trees. The idea was to try and get the ball inside a large circle around the flags – take measurements and the one who got the closest took a one putt and the other, two.

The Medast was the first one to start me worrying about letting the doctor perform the simple operation. He was perhaps dubious of the doctor's ability. When I insisted on going ahead he assured me that he would be standing by – just in case. He went to great lengths to ensure the venue for the operation – a small bush material and tar paper hut in the Native Hospital was spic 'n span. His wife gave the spare room in their house a spring clean, as it was here that her husband was sure that they would have to nurse me through a long and difficult recuperation.

Another important person….no….very important person in all this drama was none other than the wife of our District commissioner. She had made a considerable sacrifice to work alongside the DMO as his Theatre Sister. She did not like our

medico very much at this stage as she considered that he did not give her the respect that she felt was her due as the No. 1's beloved. Only the weekend before the operation, at the tennis games that the DMO, who had elected himself as Kourt Kapitan, had called out after the men's doubles: 'OK, you females can play now'. To which the No. 1's wife quickly responded 'Doctor, I would like you to know most of us are ladies not females' and stomped off to discuss the incident with the DC.

It seems that the DC was also concerned re the impending operation for he pleaded with his wife to make every endeavour to help me through the operation as I was one of only three patrol officers on his staff with three unmanned outstations. At least I should be kept effective until a replacement could be found!!

Anyhow the big day soon loomed and the Doctor called me in for a pre operation examination and a needle to give me courage. Almost over keenly he assured me that I was as fit as a fiddle except for my contaminated appendix and that he proclaimed would soon be expertly excised by himself. I countered by informing him that I was a bleeder. He thanked me for the additional information and jabbed me with another needle exclaiming 'It's good to know you have plenty to spare'.

I was given a local anaesthetic and so was able to keep an eye on those about me. The task only occupied about 20 minutes and the three of them worked together as if they had been at it for years. There was not the slightest hint of rancour.

After the removal he dangled a piece of offal about two inches from my eyes while informing me that there was not much wrong with it. He assured me it would not give me any future trouble!! I was happy.

My peace of mind on future patrols was my big win and I was thankful that the doctor's persistence had negated my phobia. However it was difficult for me to admit later that Jack might have been right about the carrots but I would never give in about the bread!

Fate decreed that not very long after my episode Jack had to be airlifted off the Fly River by a small seaplane when he was flown to Lake Murray. There, a Catalina waited to take him to Port Moresby to have a badly infected appendix removed just in time to prevent peritonitis.

What can I say – first the irrepressible doctor and then my comrade-at-arms – 'Anything you can do I can do better, I can do anything better than you'. ▪

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Greetings from Port Moresby By **Rick Nehmy** *(a former Patrol Officer who is now part of the Australian Government's Enhanced Co-operation Programme[ECP]. Rick will be giving us periodic updates of the ECP in future issues of Una Voce)*

I was one of a batch of 10 ECP staff who arrived in Port Moresby in mid-August, on the same flight as the Chief (Prime Minister Somare). My luggage (all 64Kg) was through before I was, and when asked by Customs if I was ECP, was waved straight through.

Our first weekend was spent settling in, attending briefings, getting our security radios and our mobile phones and a quick shopping trip. Our cars have an immobiliser system that lets the carjackers get away before the engine shuts down.

Moresby is almost unrecognisable – no top pub, no bottom pub, no Papuan Theatre, but lots of roundabouts (just like home in Canberra) and the new Poreporenas Freeway, linking Konedobu to Gordons and Waigani – which partly traverses the old Spring Garden Road.

I went to the Ela Beach craft markets one Saturday morning and kept bumping into people I know…..just like being in Belconnen Mall.

As I work in Morauta house, where the PM also has his office, we have security screening stuff – but when I kept setting it off I was told to walk around to the side. Fridays have recently been designated as "tuana" day, a cross between dress down and national dress Friday. So on our first Friday I wore a Hawaiian shirt, shorts and sandals, while my colleague Paul wore the lairiest Mambo shirt you have ever seen – and of course none of our colleagues turned up in anything out of the norm. I have threatened that, if no one dresses up (or down), come in a laplap and bare chested, smothered in coconut oil. That should get some action from our colleagues.

In my first week I was taken to lunch in Parliament house by the Governor of the Eastern Highlands Province, Malcolm Smith Kela. Sadly, that's been it for my hobnobbing. I recently ran in a Charity Fun Run – 5km along Ela Beach Road, up and down Lawes Road and Port Road. It was great – over 1200 registered entries, and instead of using a gun the starter popped a balloon (quite understandable in this environment). There was an error on the typed list so at the finish the recorder had to rewrite my name by hand – it came out as Rick NE Harry – the joke being that our dog is named Harry.

As I mentioned at the Canberra Reunion, every vehicle has to undergo a safety inspection every six months, and there are regular police roadblocks to ensure that all vehicles have valid safety stickers (which are very large and to be prominently displayed). Clearly, there are a lot of vehicles that are obviously unroadworthy on the roads. A recent letter to the editor criticised the area responsible for enforcement, and the next day in the paper the boss of the area said that his job was to serve the public, and, as most of the unroadworthy vehicles were PMVs (the PNG equivalent of Public Transport), if he took them off the road people would not be able to get to work, school, etc, and so he was serving the public by not defecting the PMVs so that the public could continue to travel.

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Kuk Story by GS Hoy

Two recent mentions of swamp-draining in the Western Highlands of PNG drew my attention because of the Department of Agriculture Stock and Fisheries' involvement in the major one at Kuk, near Mt Hagen, for the establishment of a Tea Research Station in the 1970s.

This project started an avalanche of anthropological speculation and archaeological supposition which is still reverberating today through the world of science because it turned orthodoxies on their heads and spurred studies of man's migrations, the start of farming and more complex development into new, interesting and mostly unthought-of of directions.

Findings at Kuk seemed to indicate that large populations there maintained vast plantations of staples to sustain themselves in a manner of sophistication and over long

periods of time, well before tentative small-scale efforts at agriculture were thought to have started between the Tigris and the Euphrates, the so-called cradle of both western and eastern civilizations. This was challenging because it assumed proto-civilizations elsewhere, some 12000 years BC, off which the Mesopotamians had perhaps fed, as well as the existence of a staple crop where none was thought to have been developed at that stage. And what had everybody pretty well bedevilled too was the truly confounding fact that all this had happened so far off the beaten track of the accepted highway-map of man's climb into civilized behaviours. In PNG of all places.

It was not until Stephen Oppenheimer started to put the strands together that the riddle is coming closer to being resolved in favour of a quite new birthplace in what he calls the Sunda Shelf, now the shallow sea-bed roughly between SE Asia and Australasia (the area of the Philippines and Indonesia) but then a fertile lowland sub-continent.

When we - John Morgan, Alan McGregor and I - were digging our deep drains at Kuk, Prof Jack Golson of the ANU only had his archaeological skills at his behest, but aided by pollen-daters, carbon-dating of bits dug up, and informed hunches, he at least managed to put some respectable dates on the early efforts of our highlanders.

It was not until later that the staple crops involved were identified as Taro and Bananas (Eumusa) and linguistics started to put some acceptable dates (Dr Simon Haberle, ANU, and Dr Kath Neumann, pre-historian) on the spreading and foods of PNG peoples from the coast into the far mountain valleys. But now, with a whole host of scientific tools at hand, Oppenheimer tries to make a bit more sense out of all the questions which have baffled us for so long. He uses his own field of medicine/health first, with research in blood groups, anaemia sickle cells, endemic diseases and DNA studies to underpin his other interests such as the spread of myths and legends of origins and floods, as well as wider anthropological and oceanographic research; he also uses such things as the change and spread of languages to further bolster his hypothesis of a proto-civilization on the Sunda Shelf, which he puts forward as having been of vast benefit to further development in the East, the West and the Pacific as well as Australasia.

More of his recent studies in climatology and oceanography have put his positioning of the great flood, the most common myth next to that of origin, in a much more logical framework – both in time and place – than was hitherto possible. And thence he has moved to explaining the origins and spread of that more 'modern man', ourselves in fact, in a well argued perspective.

These are not the meanderings of the one-track mind of a geo-philosopher but those of a polymath who has studied widely and wisely. And for us who were at one stage part of the great adventure of meeting our 'stone-age selves', this is heady stuff.

The Sunda Shelf proto-history theory makes a lot of sense when one looks at the flood myths situated there, rather than Noah's Ark (although this inundation also occurred – albeit much earlier and much more confined to the coastal plains than the biblical record has it); this was a large fertile continental lowland mass where cultures blossomed after prehistoric man had made his home there on his push east via the underbelly of the Indian sub-continent. Boats with sails were launched here, agriculture started, domestication of animals was initiated, the wheel was most likely invented here, perhaps even the rudiments of written language originated here together with some sort of early urban settlement.

And the spread to all points of the compass from there makes sense too and must have already commenced before the great exodus when the last ice age's melts submerged whole continental coastal plains; an area like this, almost a subcontinent by itself fell easy victim to these further floods, where a rise of a few metres would have quite effectively topped most of its landmass relatively quickly. The survivors, taking to the higher ground, would have lost not only their homes but many of their crops, animals, skills and a lot of their 'civilization-package'. They would have had to start the long trek into Asia and thence Europe, the Americas, and into the Pacific, superseding or mixing with existing pre-historic populations in Melanesia and Australasia in their latest migrations, disseminating their know-how along the way.

Little did we know then of the deep and varied history of the places where we lived and worked. I find it most exhilarating, now in my dotage, being offered new opportunities to find out more about the changes we come to find in that history; and as always with hotly debated revisions of history, these changing views tell us as much about the here and now of our own culture as about what happened then. ▪

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Help Wanted

Janice (nee **Beaumont**) and **Jan Steinfurth** would love to hear from anyone who might have known her father, **John Patrick (Jack) Beaumont**. Jack worked at Mandres timber mill owned by WR Carpenter (New Britain Timber) from approximately 1937. In April 1941 he married Clare Annie Manning in Rabaul who was evacuated with other women in December 1941. Janice and Jan are also interested in knowing the specific location of Mandres on the north of New Britain and its current activity. Please contact Janice and Jan at: 85 Gloucester Road, Hurstville 2220 Phone 02 9579 1839

* * *

Would anyone have any information on Mrs **Elma Good** or Mr **Percy Good**, Coast-watcher of **Kessa Plantation** in Buka, Bougainville? Even the smallest detail would be helpful on anyone who may have known or known them, worked for or with them, Kessa itself, or plantation life at Kessa or in Buka, before during and after the war. **Kirsten Holmes** is researching Mrs Elma Good's life and would appreciate any assistance. She can be contacted on: Phone (02) 9252 8355 (work) or (02) 9590 3292 (ah) or email kirsten99@optusnet.com.au.

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"WALK INTO PARADISE" - Walk back to the 1950s By Bob Cleland

One hundred and sixty-something ex-PNG residents and interested people developed a solid wall of the happy sounds of recognition, reminiscence and reunion in the Schonell Cinema at UQ in Brisbane on Sunday 22 August 2004, while eagerly devouring a feast of pizzas, canapes and sandwiches washed down with the odd glass.

It was hard to count, but there were about 15 there who were in the Goroka area (or glints in the eyes of their future parents) at the time the film was shot. We were fortunate in having the entire foyer area to ourselves which added to the buzzing and excited atmosphere. The film surprised most people at just how good it was – well, to most who'd seen it back then, it was better than remembered. Speaking as an ex-kiap, it's portrayal of a patrol was plausible although there were as many 'patrol incidents' as most of us experienced in a whole career. Still, that's movie making.

The actors? Apart from Fred Kaad (playing himself like a professional), Sgt Major Somu, the Koreipa Tultul (the village chieftan) who was a stalwart building Daulo Pass with me, and other assorted locals, there was Chips Rafferty (the kiap), and two French actors who supplied the love interest. The crowd scenes in trampling grass for the airstrip surpassed the Mt Hagen Show.

After the film, we enjoyed more chat and coffee and tried to outdo each other as movie critics, then dispersed into the night a very happy bunch of wantoks. For anyone who has ideas of organising a similar function in other centres (and I strongly recommend that), first get in touch with the very helpful and friendly people at ScreenSound Australia – the Australian Film Archive. The film print (newly restored) is part of the Kodak/Atlab collection at ScreenSound. Browse through their website at www.screensound.gov.au then click through Collection > Kodak/Atlab Collection > The films > Walk into Paradise to see details, then contact them at enquiries@screensound.gov.au. I will be glad to help also at bobcle83@bigpond.net.au . ▪

Help Wanted (Cont)

Don Daniels that intrepid pedagogue who established Port Moresby Grammar School in the early 90s is compiling material for a book on the school. Pom Grammar is built on the site of **the old RSL club in Boroko** and before that, the **old Port Moresby Golf Club**. The bowling greens are now underneath the classrooms but the tennis courts still remain. And the old tree which was well watered by patrons of the club is, alas no more. Don would like any reminiscences from members about either the RSL or the Golf Club, when they were established, and what was there before either. Any material and photos would be acknowledged and returned promptly. Don is at donalddaniels@hotmail.com or PO Box 10612 Adelaide St Brisbane 4000

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Anthony Yeates is a PhD candidate in history at the University of Queensland. He would like to hear from former field officers about their **experiences returning home to Australia from Papua New Guinea**. Was it difficult finding suitable employment? Were your skills and experiences recognised by employers? Did you find other Australians interested in your experiences and well informed about Australia's role in the Territory? Even some brief observations would be greatly appreciated. Anthony would also like to hear from anyone who had met cooperative officer Brian Cooper during the period 1958-1961. Please contact Anthony at s4057833@student.uq.edu.au or 6/17 Armadale Street St Lucia 4067.

Things aren't always what they seem:
Anthropologists and other searchers for truth.

By **Dr. Anthony Radford**

Surely in no other country of the world except PNG can anthropologists register as a percentage of the expatriate population - they were everywhere, they still are. It must always be of equal interest or dismay to the 'locals' as it is to the social scientists. Who is observing who? The anthropologists write their observations down and publish them, the locals store them in their oral tradition – which one is recording 'truth'?

When conducting medical patrols in the hinterland of the Papua New Guinea in decades past, I used to seek out an elder of the village where we camped each evening, and by way of helping to establish relationships sought stories of *long tai bipo long ol tumbuna* as we squatted around the camp fire.

During one such patrol in the late 1960s I was camped in the north Kamano country between Kainantu and Okapa, both then subdistricts of the Eastern Highlands. We were talking about various 'boombooms' who had passed through – from those who shot their way south (perhaps more another time about that!) to those who spent many weeks or months observing them (and vice versa) and collecting their 'stories'. One of these was the late Ronald Berndt, who later became the doyen of Australian anthropology. The villagers laughed as they reminisced about his interest in their lives, and especially in their sexual practices. The more graphic the stories became, they said, the more interest and enthusiasm he showed, and so the 'better' the stories 'became'. No wonder his thesis was entitled "*Excess and Restraint*"!

About a decade ago I was reviewing one of AusAID's health programmes in PNG and one evening came upon a PhD student, fresh out of his field work in the Ioma area of the, now, Oro Province. He was full of his information about the people of 'his' village having stories of elephants! I did not recall for him how in 1966 a young *doktor* from Saiho had stayed overnight in that same village accompanied by his father-in-law on a patrol from Ioma to Saiho. The father-in-law had frightened the doctor a day or two earlier when as they arrived at the top of Mt Green he had declared how relieved he was to have got to the top without problems. Why, I had asked, should he have had any? He was a very fit fellow and it wasn't a particularly arduous climb. "Well", he went on, "Two weeks ago, I had this pain in my chest"! I had images of carrying his dead body back to his daughter and wife.

That evening, as usual, we sat down around the dying embers with some lapuns and sought stories of the origin of taro, the river, fire and sundry other features of life. After an hour or two, one of the elders turned to my father-in-law and said, "Now old man, tell us some of the stories of your people." He was a little perplexed for a few minutes and then started off with a number of Rudyard Kipling's *Just So Stories,* including *How the elephant got its trunk.* With crocodiles in the rivers all around it all seemed very reasonable! ▪

Honour Among Thieves By **Chips Mackellar**

I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you. Exodus: 12: 13

Remember the outstation *kalabus* line? They cut the grass, and unloaded the aircraft and the work boats, they maintained the station gardens and the station roads, disposed of the rubbish, pumped the water, doubled as builder's labourers, and they were the basis of our outstation works maintenance system.

Prisoners serving time in these small outstation jails were never far from their families. In fact it was a common sight to see prisoners' wives and children on daily visits from nearby villages, sitting patiently under the station trees watching the prisoners cut the grass or do other routine station work. And although the families were never allowed to interfere with the work the prisoners did, there was always the chance for a prisoner to cuddle the children, have a few words with the wife, or a short catch up with village news before being locked away in the station jail for the night.

This outstation prison system had existed since the days of Sir William Macgregor, and it served a useful purpose in maintaining the outstations, while at the same time providing a correctional service which was gentle, humane, open and friendly. Or so we thought. But by the 1970's, ANU type academics were pointing out to us that our outstation prison system was unprofessional, debilitating, and inhumane, and that it reeked of forced labour, and public humiliation. Far better that prisoners be collected into central Corrective Institutions, there to be detained behind high walls by professional warders skilled in penology and criminal psychology.

Thus the small outstation jails were relegated to the status of police lockups and short term holding facilities while the Corrective Institutions which had previously accommodated prisoners sentenced by courts in the main centres of PNG, were expanded to accommodate all long term prisoners sentenced from any court anywhere. These institutions were big, unfriendly, hateful, and soleless and the traditional social connections which outstation prisoners had had with their local village environments were lost and gone forever.

Bomana Corrective Institution was one such facility, and it was to there that prisoners sentenced in Ela Beach District Court were sent. Ela Beach was basically a Traffic Court, and traffic courts normally impose traffic fines, suspensions and disqualifications of licences. But certain traffic offences did attract prison sentences. These included driving while under the influence, driving whilst disqualified, and unlawful use of motor vehicles.

In the 1970's and 80's Port Moresby was in the grip of a crime wave. The reason then, and probably still is now, is the typical third world poverty cycle. With high unemployment and no unemployment benefits, unemployed people often had no choice but to steal in order to eat. Unemployed vagrants in the squatter settlements overlooking or adjacent to the high covenant suburbs of Port Moresby found the contents of these well established households irresistible. Private companies often went to extraordinary lengths to secure the homes of their expat staff with high wire mesh fences and window bars, but in the average Government house the only security was wire mesh over louvred windows. This was only a minor deterrent to a determined burglar. In some streets over a period of several years, every house had been burgled. Some homes were repeatedly burgled, although it must be mentioned, that quite often all that was taken was yesterday's half stale loaf of bread, or some food from the refrigerator.

But then there were the professional criminals: The Rascals. Encouraged by the general breakdown in law and order, the overburdened courts and the overworked police, they burgled with a vengeance, and on some occasions they were known to completely strip a house of all its contents including furniture. They were the ugly face of Port Moresby, literally, since they often disfigured their faces with tattoos and scars. This disfigurement was their badge of honour and different tattoos and scars served as a signal of their particular rascal gang affiliation.

The police were quite good at catching these rascals, but when it came to prosecuting them, the legal system failed. Burglary was an indictable offence which could only be tried in the National Court after a lengthy committal in the District Court. The whole process from beginning to end often took years, and there was a very high drop out rate along the way. Some defendants escaped from custody or skipped bail and disappeared, and sometimes expat victims who were the prime witnesses, simply left PNG when their contracts expired, and in the long lead time to the National Court, physical evidence was often lost, mislaid, or thrown out by mistake. As a result, there was often not enough evidence on which to proceed, so the case was dropped. The police however soon found a short cut around the shortcomings of the system. Most burglaries of any consequence usually involved the use of a motor vehicle. The rascals were not silly enough to use their own vehicles, so they stole one before each burglary, and afterwards abandoned it somewhere. Police were often able to recover the vehicle, and identify who had driven it, and working on the assumption that any jail sentence was better than none at all, they would prosecute the burglary as a traffic offence. Unlawfully using a motor vehicle was an offence against Section 14 of the Motor Traffic Act, with a penalty on summary conviction of up to six months in jail. The police could prosecute these cases quickly, usually within one or two days of the burglary.

During one such hearing, one of my court clerks was sitting at the back of the court-room. If their own work was up to date I encouraged them to do this so that they would have a better understanding of the court process. So on this particular occasion I took no notice of her sitting there. But after I had sentenced the defendant to three months' imprisonment and the police were taking him away, my clerk burst into tears. I called her up to the bench and asked her what the problem was. 'He's my brother,' she wailed, and she left the court room sobbing.

How I ever got to recruit this rascal's sister into my court staff is another story which need not concern us here. But now that I knew about the relationship I was momentarily tempted to get rid of her. However, she was a good clerk and had shown no signs of any criminal propensity herself, so I decided to keep her. This turned out to be a wise decision because it was through her that I got to know a good deal about the rascal gangs in Port Moresby. She never ever told me which rascal did which burglary, but she did give me a glimpse of how the gangs operated and who their leaders were.

A few weeks after this court room incident the rascal's sister told me her family was worried about the rascal's welfare now that he was in Bomana. It was a situation which never would have arisen in relation to a prisoner in an outstation jail, since his family could have seen for themselves, and watched him working around the station.

But here in Port Moresby it was different. I suggested they visit the rascal during Bomana visiting hours but they were too frightened. 'It's such a horrible place' the girl said, and then she asked me if I could visit her brother for them, adding, with an audacious Mona Lisa smile, 'after all, you did put him there.' *(Cont. over page*)

The thought of visiting my own defendants in jail at Bomana had never occurred to me before. But then, if this rascal had been a prisoner in one of my outstation jails, I would have seen him every day. There was a certain amount of logic in what the girl was suggesting, so I agreed. I simply telephoned the Bomana Superintendent and asked him if I could visit my defendant as a follow up on the sentence I had given him. The Superintendent agreed and it seemed to be such a good idea that I asked if I could visit all my defendants in the future. He agreed to that also. And so began a pattern of visits, once a month, to any prisoner I had sent to Bomana.

These visits were amazing. The prisoners showed no animosity towards me for putting them in jail. They were more interested in what was happening outside, at home. They would ask me all kinds of questions about their families which never would have been asked by prisoners in an outstation jail in familiar and friendly surroundings. But here in Bomana prisoners were cut off from their Melanesian family environment, and marooned inside an alien prison system. So I got to be the outside messenger boy for the prisoners. It wasn't as tedious as it sounds as there were missionaries and other welfare agencies whose help I could draw on. So a few phone calls from me and a few visits from them often solved the prisoners' immediate problems, and kept them in touch, indirectly, with their homes.

But one such visit to Bomana had the most extraordinary consequences.

The police had had a major coup in their fight against crime. They had arrested the leader of one of the rascal gangs, and they were able to pin multiple charges against him for unlawfully using many different motor vehicles during the course of a string of different burglaries. Cumulative prison sentences in respect of these offences saw him facing more than two years in jail. He was older than the average rascal, with a string of previous convictions, including two years jail for manslaughter. As he was being loaded into the prison van I was standing in the office watching, and the clerk whose brother was also a rascal came and stood next to me. 'He has killed four men.' she whispered in my ear, 'they were other rascals who disobeyed him. He is a very dangerous man.' Then she added, 'He is the King of the Rascals.'

In fact, he was such a hardened criminal that I thought any visit by me to him in Bomana would serve him no good purpose. But as I had visited all the other prisoners I had sent there, I decided it would be unfair to exclude him. So I visited him also.

The first visit was frightening. He was led into the interview room by two guards, one each side to restrain him. Two other guards stood one each side of me on my side of the table to protect me. He was the ugliest rascal I had ever seen, and his face disfigured with scars and tattoos glared at me across the table. I explained the purpose of my visit, but I got no response. Since I had half an hour to go for my visit, I kept on talking. I talked about the court house, and the reason why I visited all the people I had put in Bomana, But it was like talking to a brick wall. He did not say a single word. Finally, when my half hour was up, I thanked him for listening to me, and the guards led him away to the cells, and I went back to the Court House.

Although I could not get him to talk to me during that first visit, he did talk during my second visit. But that was the last time he ever spoke to me. He said he had a problem at home. His daughter had dropped out of high school.

He said his daughter's name was Dina, and she was running wild with a bunch of rascals. He said he didn't want her to end up like him, and he asked me if I could help. I took a few more details from him and told him I would do what I could.

Next day back at the court house when there was a lull in the proceedings I called Dina's high School principal and asked what the situation was with her. He said she was a good kid but her academic record wasn't very good, and he was not surprised she had dropped out. He said it's the same for all kids who live in squatter settlements around Port Moresby: No electricity, no place to study; overcrowded living conditions; and for her it's worse because her father is in jail. He said her enrolment was still current and she would have a few weeks of catching up to do, but she was welcome to return to the school.

As we had an open plan office, everyone there could hear my side of this telephone call, and when I had finished, the rascal's sister, who also doubled as the official office stickybeak, came over to my desk and said 'I know where Dina lives, would you like me to ask her to come in here?' I said 'Yes, thankyou', and next morning when I came into the court house office, Dina was there, sitting with the rascal's sister.

As soon as I sat down, Dina walked over to my desk, and without introduction, she said 'You sent for me?' She was 17 years old; slim, trim, and neatly dressed, with her hair teased up in the big bouffant style then favoured by pretty Papuan girls, and I wondered how such an ugly rascal could have such a beautiful daughter. 'Yes,' I said, 'your father is worried because you dropped out of high school.'

'Why would you care about him?' she asked defiantly, 'you put him in jail.' I said I didn't care about him, but that he cared about her and I had promised him I would help if I could. I added that her school principal was happy for her to return to school.

'What's the point?' she said helplessly, 'I can't keep up with the studies.' I agreed that she might not be able to study very well in a squatter settlement, but that she could catch up with the others, and graduate at the end of this year if she had somewhere better to study. 'Like where?' she asked idly.

'Like here.' I said, indicating our office. 'You mean here, in this court house? She asked in disbelief. By this time, everyone else in the open plan office was listening. 'Why not,' I replied, 'you finish school at three. You could be here by three thirty. We're supposed to finish at four, but some of us are usually here till five. If you have a free afternoon at school, or any school holiday you could come here earlier.' Dina looked around the room and asked 'where would I sit?' There was a table which we used for sorting the depositions. It was next to the desk where the rascal's sister sat. 'You could sit there.' I said.

'Yes,' the rascal's sister piped up, 'sit here, and if you have any problem with your studies, I will help you.' And suddenly, every one else in the office was also offering to help and it did not take Dina long to agree to resume her studies. Later, I took her over to the Ela Beach library which occupied an adjoining building, and I arranged for her to study there during weekends. The librarian even offered Dina inter-library loans for any other books she might need.

One month later, on my routine visit to Bomana, I was happy to tell Dina's father that she was back at school, and that she was studying in the court house after school, on school days, and in the library during weekends, and every month thereafter I gave him a progress report. On each occasion, he listened in silence, and said nothing.

My last visit to Dina's father was just after I had received the results of her final exams. That last visit was like the others; four guards, one each side of him and one each side of me, on my side of the table. I gazed across the table to that ugly disfigured face and I said 'Your daughter passed her final exams in all subjects and

will graduate from high school.' The ugly face stared back at me without emotion. Then I added 'I found her a job at the hospital and she will start working there next week. It is in administration, and it doesn't pay much, but it is a start. She said she will move into nursing at the next recruitment. The ugly face continued to stare at me, and then suddenly, the King of the Rascals put his hands to his face and wept.

The wracking sobs reverberated around the small interview room while the guards and I looked on in astonishment. The sobs continued until the guards took him away, and that was the last time I saw him, because some days later he broke out of Bomana along with 30 other prisoners, and he was never found again.

But, now and again when her nursing roster permitted, Dina would drop into the court house just to say hello. One day, she brought her new boyfriend in to meet us; a young Australian doctor she had met at the hospital. She introduced him to everyone in the office and showed him the table where she had studied. She was still as beautiful as the day I had first seen her, and she was now very much part of Port Moresby's rising young urban elite. And as I watched from my desk I marvelled at the transformation she had made from rascal girl to doctor's companion, and I thought to myself, goodness me, did I mould her into this chic new image? Well I guess my staff had helped, and so had she and I wondered what her father thought of her now.

Then one day the police warned me that over the previous six months, every house in the street where I lived had been burgled, except mine. They said that because I was putting rascals in jail, I should consider myself to be a prime target for the burglars and that I should take extra precautions. Then the rascal's sister who had a habit of chiming in on other peoples' conversations said from across the room, 'No. Your house will never be burgled.' She said it with such conviction that I wondered if she had some inside information which she wasn't sharing with us. After all, her brother was a rascal, and her friend Dina, was the daughter of a rascal gang leader.

But she was right. In all the years I lived in Port Moresby, my car was never stolen, and my house was never burgled, and at first I did not understand why. Then one night when I returned home late from a Committee meeting of the Royal Papua Yacht Club, I saw two figures lurking furtively beside the road near my house. They were partly obscured by road side bushes, but as I turned the car into my driveway, the headlights shone directly into the ugly faces of two rascals. It looked like my turn to be burgled had come at last. So, moving as slowly as I dared, I parked the car, went into the house, and lifted the phone to call the police. But before they could answer, I put the phone back in its cradle. I remembered that there had been other occasions, late at night, when I had seen shadowy figures lurking on the road near my house, but they had done me no harm. And suddenly I knew what the rascal's sister had meant when she said my house would never be burgled. These rascals were not there to burgle me. They had been sent there to protect me against rival gangs or anyone else with a grudge against me. I now understood that because I had rescued Dina from a life of crime, and because I had helped her start a new life in Port Moresby, her father had returned the favour by protecting me from the ravages of crime.

And with the plague of burglary all around me, I had the strangest feeling that the King of the Rascals had sent me the same message which God had given to Moses: *I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you.* You see, in those days, even in Port Moresby, there was still honour among thieves. ▪

Book News and Reviews

BUILDING A NATION IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA: Views of the Post-independence Generation. ISBN 1 74076 028X Edited by **David Kavanamur, Charles Yala and Quinton Clements** 2003. Avbl from Pandanus Books, Research School of Pacific & Asian Studies, Australian National University, Canberra ACT. 373 pp, Cost: $55 incl. p&p

This book has the look and feel of those thick volumes of collected papers that appeared months after the conclusion of each of the annual Waigani Seminars of the 1960s – those fascinating week-long Port Moresby gabfests, in which any academic or local politician with an opinion on what was wrong with PNG or the rest of the emerging South Pacific, and thought he (it was always a he) knew how to fix it, took to the rostrum and argued his point.

We in the audience were exposed to some hot air, took part in lots of challenging debate, and carried away countless useful facts, figures and insights into what might be happening, or what some people thought might be happening, in our region of the world. Among the various sponsors of those seminars were the fledgling University of PNG, the Australian National University and the long defunct Council of New Guinea Affairs.

Building a Nation in Papua New Guinea is likewise a series of papers, described here as essays, the idea for which seems to have originated at an academic workshop involving the ANU, then developed into a book as a showcase of current PNG opinion and aimed at stimulating general discussion. It is published in association with the State, Society and Governance in Melanesia Project.

The significant difference in this volume from the old Waigani papers is that virtually all these essays are presented by Papua New Guineans, and they hold a multitude of academic degrees and honours that would have astonished the participants of the Waigani seminars – for *they* virtually were all white expatriates – and graduate Papua New Guineans had yet to emerge. Most of the contributors to this volume are graduates of the University of Papua New Guinea and/or are teaching there.

The book is divided into sections: Aspects of Good Governance; Economic Development – Progress and Challenges; Social Development – Problems and Prospects. If today's writers are not like the old, some of the old questions are still around, such as Efficient Management of Forestry Resources; Education and Development; The Future of Foreign Aid; and The PNG Defence Force.

But, almost 30 years after independence, there are new issues being examined by these academics most of whom hadn't been born in Waigani Seminar days. Such issues as Bureaucratic Corruption in PNG – Causes, Consequences and Remedies; The Development of Industrial Relations; Civil Society and Nation Building; The Health Problems of the 21st Century; and The Alternative Approach to Violence.

It all amounts to a useful and worthwhile compendium of fact and opinion on today's Papua New Guinea, although perhaps a little too substantial to tempt a general reader.

Stuart Inder

NOT ALWAYS WISE, By Kingsley Jackson, 2004. ISBN 1 876 67481 4.
Soft cover, 334 pp. $33 (incl postage within Aust), Avbl from the author, 85 Coolibah Rd, Jimboomba, Qld 4280.

After wartime service in the AIF, Kingsley Jackson, at 21, was commissioned lieutenant in ANGAU in 1945 and posted to Aitape, in the Sepik. He was, he said, "the greenest thing in New Guinea". But it turned out that he so liked the country that he spent the next 30 years in it.

This is his autobiography, self-published, and a wondrous read, for Kingsley lets it all hang out. He records his fears, his joys, his successes – and his stuff-ups – as he joins the Administration in 1946 and moves up and down through his many postings from PO to DC, a pawn "in the giant lottery" that takes him from one end of the country to the other, and back again. As well as living in some of the main centres, he and his wife Judy and family spent a large quota of their life in the outstations in Bougainville, the Gulf and Milne Bay.

"You'd arrive at a new station and start a slow ascent all over again, learning about a district and its people," Kingsley writes. "But like my colleagues, I did my best and I have no regrets. My sympathies go out to those fine officers who were moved sideways through no fault of their own and never got another break."

The confessional aspects of Kingsley's book are a large part of its fascination, because when he is unsure of his decisions, which is fairly often, or he believes he has done the wrong thing or at least "should have done better", he doesn't hesitate to share it with us. And that includes the occasions when higher authority tells him he should have done better, and we're told just what they said. Kingsley is almost embarrassingly honest.

If he frequently hijacks his life-story to go off on conversational gambits about thoughts that have just occurred to him, usually of a literary kind, so that his book sometimes reads like a work in progress, he does carry you along on a leisurely ride. Not Always Wise has got plenty of names, incidents and insights for old New Guinea hands, and because of his length of time there, his story reveals much of interest about a kiap's problems during the early postwar growth of the service when everyone was feeling the way ahead, with help and hindrance from Canberra and ignorant inattention from the UN.

The Buka end of Bougainville, where he and Judy found themselves in those days, was, he says, "the end of the line, the loneliest place in PNG. Aitape had been remote but it was positively lively compared with Bougainville. It took two months or more to get a letter back from Port Moresby; meanwhile everything waited, and stagnated. A view we all held was that the Missions had more influence than the Government; the people accepted them and barely tolerated us."

Later, of the Bougainville rebellion of the '90s he writes: "The ingredients for an uprising were all there years before CRA Ltd ever contemplated a copper mine: an insular people resentful of interference; passionate young missionaries who'd cast the seed of freedom, and a government without the resources, influence or direction to counter a deteriorating situation."

One suspects that on those occasions that Kingsley did attract official criticism of his field work, it was because of the philosophy, which he says he still holds, "that one

shouldn't intervene unless confident it will be beneficial." He explains: "In other words, I've long been a disciple of laissez–faire – let people get on with their lives, let them interact and find their own levels – unless there is that manifest need to intervene." He concludes with typical Kingsley rhetoric, "But I've been far from scientific in my espousal of this doctrine! Instead of checking the flaws I've admired its virtues and built a castle of rationalising arguments that hides the fact that it rests rather precariously on a belief in the innate goodness of people."

Many readers will feel that belief in the innate goodness of people is not a bad philosophy to espouse, that the difficulty is to know when there is a need to intervene, that there are horses for courses and Kingsley indeed did his best – and a great mass of people were surely the better for it. - **Stuart Inder**

BRIEF LIVES By **Peter Ryan** ISBN 0 9751 1921 40 Paperback 185pp Cost: $22 (incl p&p within Aust) Published by Duffy and Snellgrove, cheques to Duffy and Snellgrove PO Box 177 Potts Point NSW 1335 Ph: 02-9386 0280

15 biographical glimpses of people as diverse as former prime minister Ben Chifley, poet Alex Hope, Nobel laureate Macfarlane Burnet and former governor-general Paul Hasluck, a Victorian bush firewood cutter, an old-time New Guinean village headman, and a doorman at a famous Melbourne restaurant.

The Pariet Project Tribal night By **MR Hayes**

Friends of the Pariet Tribe, conducted a fund raising evening in Melbourne on Friday 10 September 2004. The villages of the Pariet Tribe are located about three days walk south east from Wau in the direction of and about two days walk from Garaina, in the Morobe Province. The name of the tribe derives from the first ancestor who arrived in the area, and consists of approximately 4700 people and over 4 language groups.

The project was initiated in 1997 by the Pariet Landowners Association Inc, a group of highly motivated individuals with a view to economic, social and cultural transformation of the tribe geared towards sustainable development through self help projects. The villages are situated very remote from all government services and receive no assistance from the PNG Government or the Waria Local Level Government Council. The area is served only by a walking track unsuitable for vehicles as the road built in 1993 has not been maintained.

The purpose of the Pariet Project is to mobilize the villagers comprising the tribal area and to unite persons from different villages and clans within the area collectively to focus on customary land issues and sustainable rural development projects. Since the project commenced a small airstrip has been built with no assistance from government bodies, at nearby Sim village. Shortly afterwards other services including the Koruma Community School have been developed, and there is widespread interest in cultivating vanilla as an income producing crop.

With this in mind, Naup Waup and his wife Lisa, organised the Tribal night. Attended by more than a hundred interested persons, there was an exhibition of PNG cultural dancing, a short seminar on the project, a raffle, an exhibition of photographs of the area, a sale of many artworks by Naup including lino cut prints, an auction of several

museum quality artefacts, including a very rare sorcerers leather bag, followed by a traditional PNG meal. Around $3,000 was raised for the project which is the brainchild of Naup, a former art lecturer at University of Papua New Guinea who has been resident in Melbourne for a couple of years. Together with his wife, Lisa, he will be returning to his area towards the end of this year to continue development of the projects already underway. ▪

WHAT'S NEW ON OUR WEB SITE

Recent additions to our web site (www.pngaa.net) include –

1. A representation of the 1876 Queensland Government Gazette – Annexation of New Guinea. This document is a refusal by the Crown to support Queensland in its quest for annexation of Papua New Guinea. It is a reflection of interests and attitudes of the time from Downing Street. From an original print owned by John Mcgregor – it makes very interesting reading.
2. Selection of photos from Peter Steele (Kieta 1965) and from Mike Slough (Northern and Morobe Districts 1966-1970).
3. Photos taken by E A (Ted) Hawnt (1910-76), a professional photographer who lived in Rabaul before WW2. Photos of Rabaul, Lae, Morobe Goldfields and some miscellaneous. Permission to reproduce given by Ted Hawnt's niece, Janet Dykgraff (nee Ross).

The web site is attracting many visitors and the number of visits is increasing each month. September 2004, for example, recorded 1,253 unique (separate) visitors who viewed a total of 11,043 pages – an average of 6.23 pages per visit. Since its inception in June 2003, 45 members have joined the Association using the web based membership application form and many existing members have used this facility to renew their membership.

An unexpected by-product is the increasing number of requests from all over the world to locate or obtain information on ex PNG residents. The web site has reunited several ex PNG families with long lost or previously unknown relatives and friends. ▪

60th Anniversary of D-Day, Normandy By Iain Mitchell

Our thoughts were with Iain Mitchell who 'celebrated' his 80th birthday in Normandy this year where he was taking part in the D-Day Anniversary. Such an important pilgrimage deserved some acknowledgement and so I have cajoled a reluctant Iain to share some of his valuable story with us……Andrea

It was my privilege to join a number of veterans returning to France for the 60th Anniversary of the D-Day landings in Normandy on the 6th June 1944. I travelled with the British Legion (Earl Haig Poppy Fame)

Having been born and brought up in Glasgow, I joined the Royal navy in 1942.

It was January 1944 and I was an Able Seaman serving as a member of a twin 4.7 inch guns crew on board HMS Arethusa which was a 6 inch light cruiser of the Arethusa Class; together with the Arethusa there were three other ships, Penelope, Aurora and Galatea in this class. We were a development of the similar but heavier Leander Class cruiser. I had joined the Arethusa in Chatham Naval Dockyard where she had just undergone an extensive refit, having been torpedoed in the Mediterranean in 1942.

We were a fresh young crew who had to be put through our paces; telegraph boys, postmen, clerks, butcher and baker's apprentices from all walks of life; to be turned into efficient reliable sailors in the shortest possible time. The more intelligent among us realised this training was not simply to keep us out of mischief, but that there was a serious purpose afoot.

Gunnery exercises were carried out almost daily from late January through the northern spring of 1944. During this period army personnel joined the ship; they were known as FOB's (Forward Observation Bombardment). These men would be put ashore on the island and, by radio, would direct our fire on to specific targets. These military personnel were to be parachuted into France before the invasion got properly under way. Sadly their casualties were very heavy and most of them were lost early on D-Day (either killed or taken prisoner). The concept was not as successful as had been anticipated and hoped for. But I am getting ahead of myself.

Our army friends had left the ship and it was now a lovely sunny Sunday morning in the first few days of June (4th). The Firth of Clyde was displaying its unsurpassed beauty in all its glory. As we cleared the boom between the Cloch Light and Dunoon (a place I knew so well) I was chatting away to my 'oppo' (Navy slang for mate) both of us leaning over the Starboard torpedo Tubes, sure in the knowledge of another days exercises.

‘Load, load, load,’ ‘Interceptor closed’, ‘Stand clear of the vent in rear’ ‘Up ladder, shoot’ ‘FIRE’ ‘check, check , check, ‘ Stop firing’ - all very exciting and great fun for teenagers. Suddenly, quite suddenly, over the ship's ‘Tannoy’ system a voice rang out. ‘Attention please, attention please, this is your Captain speaking. The day we have been waiting for has arrived. I am now permitted to tell you we are about to embark on the real thing and we will be attacking the coast of France at 0500 on Monday morning’.

Bill Simpson and I looked at each other but neither spoke, a strange feeling of apprehension fell over us both. ‘Well, this is it then.’

HMS Arethusa steamed out of the Clyde but rather than turning to starboard around the Mull of Kintyre, continued on down through the Northern Channel where two large American battleships, the *USS Augusta* and the *USS Texas* were emerging from Belfast Lough, with a flotilla of destroyers as escort. As we approached the mouth of the River Mersey a veritable armada of ships was coming out of the Port of Liverpool. We then proceeded through the St Georges Channel where the weather was quickly deteriorating. There was by now quite a slop running. The meteorologists had forecast foul weather, and as we all know now, operation ‘Overlord’ was postponed for 24 hours. That night we lay off Lundy Isle in the Bristol Channel. On Monday 5th June in company with *HMS Danae* and *HMS Mauritius* we crossed over in a swept channel to take up our billet in the early hours of 6th June at the most easterly flank of the Bay of Seine where the river Orne and the Caen Canal enter the ocean.

Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay who was in command of Operation Neptune (the naval side of the affair) had clearly stated: ‘the functions of the Navy are to provide for the safe and timely arrival of the assault forces at the beaches; the cover of the landings and subsequently the support and maintenance and rapid build up of our forces ashore.’

Facing the British and Canadian sectors of the beaches were six immense coastal batteries, plus two 'guns in casements'; these were interspersed with machine gun nests. The Overlord Plan was to drop 22 airborne divisions inland of the beaches shortly before the assault from the sea. The landings of five infantry divisions plus commandos were to be in the area between Ouistreham (Sword Beach) and Varreville (Utah Beach), a stretch of 40 odd miles along the Bay of Seine.

As we in the *Arethusa* were crossing the channel, bombers of the Royal Air Force were flying above us at masthead height and the drone of their engines was ear-splitting. Their task was to bomb block houses and fortifications on the beachfront and also the hinterland behind the actual assault landing areas. Fighter squadrons were having a field day straffing whatever moved on the roads leading to the beaches. The bombers stopped and the airborne divisions dropped in; glider troops and men of the parachute brigades. It was still dark and the wind continued to blow much stronger than would have been wished for. As a result of this, the paratroopers were having a rough time. Their task that morning was to capture five bridges over the River Dives and the River Orne, before the Germans would have time to blow them up. In the dark it was easy to mistake one river for the other, while hundreds of paratroopers were blown miles from the designated DZ (drop zone).

The gliders flew in V formation low over us, casting off their tow wires silently gliding down while their Dakotas banked away to return to Southern English airfields. The airborne glider troops had preceded the paratroopers and their exploits are now legendary. The very first casualty of D-Day was an officer of the airborne division, killed at what is now called Pegasus Bridge over the River Orne. It was their task to hold the bridge until reinforced by troops from the assault force.

It was vital that the coastal batteries be silenced and rendered inactive before 'H' hour, as the fire from these guns could enfilade both Sword and Juno beaches to wreak havoc on the soldiers wading ashore from their landing craft.

This was where the bombarding ships including the *Arethusa* took up the fight. 0500, 'Open Fire' the crescendo was absolutely deafening. All around us battleships (*Warspite* and *Ramilles*), monitors, cruisers, rocket assault craft fired continuous broadsides. History records that it was the heaviest rain of shells ever to be poured on land targets from the sea. The German High Command acknowledged that there was no answer to the seaborne artillery.

My job was as a range setter on the for'ard starboard twin 4 inch gun. I received range settings through a set of headphones which were transferred to the fuses of the fixed ammunition. Our targets included gun emplacements and the houses along the shore that had been turned into fortresses by the Germans. It was rumoured that in some of the houses were non-combatant Germans who had brought their French girlfriends down to the coast for a quiet week-end! The weather was still windy giving the landing craft a hard time but it was welcomed on the gundeck as the wind cleared away the smoke from the gunshield allowing us to see what we were firing at.

It was 0730 when the first of the assault craft carrying the troops grounded on the coarse sand of Sword Beach. The enemy fire was heavy and consistent and it was taking a determined effort to dislodge them. Our fire continued to support this initial landing until such time as a toe-hold had been secured and they were able to move inland off the beach. It was mid afternoon when assistance was called for by infantry who were in danger of being over run by a German counter attack.

As dusk fell a landing craft came alongside bringing the early casualties off the beach. We rapidly embarked them and hastily sped across the channel to Portsmouth. As we were disembarking the wounded over the starboard gangways we were re-ammunitioning over the port side from a lighter. Just as soon as it was completed we were back at our billet off Sword Beach by first light June 7th, D-Day+1.

130,000 men had been put ashore on hostile territory, but by now Sword Beach was littered with all sorts of debris. Stalled and broken down tanks, wrecked landing craft, armoured cars, jeeps, all kinds of flotsam was scattered on the sand. *Arethusa* received a signal that a working party would be required immediately to shift the obstructions that would be hampering the landing of thousands more troops arriving that morning. sixty Royal Marines and sixty Seamen that formed the ship's platoons were detailed and, being a member of this, 0700 saw me over the side and down the scrambling net into a LCIS, Landing Craft Infantry Small.

We started for the shore but when the landing craft closed the beach the land was still 150 yards off with a stretch of water between. We were on a sandbank; down went the ramps and the first dozen or so off dropped into water over their heads. Almost immediately the LCIS was straddled by desultry fire which was continuing from across the River Orne. The sub-lieutenant or midshipman in command of the LCIS halted the rush of men down the ramps, put her engines astern and took her off the sandbank. It was considered too dangerous to continue with the clearing of the beach and we therefore returned to the ship. Those who had left the LCIS were later returned to the *Arethusa* and happily none was lost in the exercise. This was a special day for me, as it was my 20th birthday.

On the 12th June, Hitler launched his V1 rocket attack and was quite visible as the first doodle-bug raced across the channel low on the horizon; the unmistakeable putt putt of its engine could be clearly heard. Hitler was pinning his hopes on the V1 and V2 rockets. Of the 10 that were sent off that day only one reached London. Three days later, however, 244 were launched and by the end of the war two and a half thousand had been despatched killing some 6,000 Londoners.

On the 16th we left our station to cross over to Portsmouth and in the early hours of the morning came alongside the wharf. There was His Majesty the King (George V1), his equerry Lord Lascelles, the First Sea Lord AV Alexander, Air Marshall Sir Charles Portall, Admiral Cunningham, Brigadier Gen Laycock and others. The *Arethusa* took this party over to Juno Beach where a DWUK took them ashore to meet General Eisenhower, General Bernard Montgomery, General Omar Bradley and other senior officers. Late in the afternoon the party returned on board and we proceeded back to Portsmouth where the King spliced the mainbrace (an extra tot of rum for the ship's company).

It was our custom at night to move over to Gold Beach and moor off the Mulberry Harbour there. On the night of the 24th a very brave Luftwaffe pilot flew his bomber over the anchorage seeding the area with oyster mines. These were a relatively new type of mine, different from the conventional mine, magnetic or accoustic mine. The mine is operated by pressure. One of them fell under the stern of the Arethusa and literally blew her out of the water. Severe damage was inflicted thus we were of no further fighting use. At daylight an ocean going tug got a line across to us towing us off the beach. Damage control parties managed to shore up the bulkhead damage allowing us to be towed to a dry dock on the Clyde. I was home again.

To receive the appreciation of the people of Normandy 60 years later was indeed touching considering the dreadful losses suffered by them during the invasion and the eventual break out from Normandy. It was the beginning of the end of a tyrannical regime terrorising Europe. It was a miniscule part I played in that great event, but unforgettable.

‘Believe me Lang, the first 24 hours of the invasion will be decisive...the fate of Germany depends on the outcome....for the Allies as well as for Germany, it will be the longest day.’ - Field Marshal Erwin Rommel April 1944.

Superannuation – Indexation

For the information of the superannuated members of our Association the following is an extract of a letter we sent to the Prime Minister on 3 September 2004 requesting that our pensions be adjusted on a wage based indexation system rather than on the CPI. A reply is awaited.

> "Nearly 30 years after PNG's Independence, at 30 June 2003, the PNG Superannuation Scheme serviced 371 members, of whom 159 are former officers and 212 the widows of other former officers. Few are under the age of 80.
>
> On retirement, members were granted pensions based on the service they had given and the monetary contributions they had made, supposedly indexed appropriately to maintain purchasing power at the date the pensions started. As it has turned out, due to the indexation that has been applied, pensions have gradually eroded from the outset and the expectation that members had of maintaining their initial standards of living have not been realized.
>
> Life in PNG for many was not without hardship and the expectation of relatively early retirement with appropriately indexed superannuation was an important consideration in recruiting and retaining the workforce needed by successive Australian governments to meet international obligations to PNG.
>
> We believe that the service of members of the PNG scheme to the Commonwealth was meritorious, and that along with other public servants and Defence Force personnel they contributed to the foundation of the productivity improvements and prosperity that form the basis of current average adult wage movements and are entitled to share in and enjoy these outcomes. From a whole of budget perspective, the extra cost of moving to a wage based indexation system is marginal. Such a change has the added benefit of removing the existing anomaly of having differing systems of indexation for the age and service related payment schemes for which the Commonwealth is responsible.
>
> Accordingly we would urge your reconsideration of this issue in the context of the forthcoming election and commit a future Coalition Government to implementing the changes to public sector pension indexation we are advocating." ▪

The Last Salamaua Scout By **Rob Manning**

In the late afternoon on the 4 March 2004, a man, part of an unrecognized and heroic group of men of World War II quietly slipped from of this world. He was the last Salamaua Scout. Who were these Salamaua Scouts and what should they be famous for?

L-R**:** Jim Cavanaugh, Geoff Archer and Jim McAdam**.**
Salamaua Forward Post, New Guinea, August 1942.
Photo: from the Cavanaugh family album, his mother received the photo *'from your loving son, Jim'*.

Sixty-two years ago, in the early morning hours of 29th June 1942, seventy-seven men from the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (NGVR) and the 2/5th Independent Company raided Japanese occupied Salamaua, New Guinea. The Japanese had landed and occupied Salamaua earlier in March – the first place to be taken by the Japanese in New Guinea.

The New Guinea men of the NGVR were all residents of Mandated New Guinea, former German territory – they had a vested interest in protecting their properties and the infrastructure that employed them. B Company NGVR had the task of patrolling the Salamaua area inland to Wau and Bulolo, the location of one of the richest gold mining operations the world had seen.

B Company was made up of a diverse group of resourceful men, hardened to the jungle conditions – mostly good at walking long hours up and down mountains. In April 1942, the idea for a raid was proposed long before the 2/5 Independent Company arrived in New Guinea. The raid's conception would probably have had its genesis a couple of years before when the NGVR was formed.

The Officer Commanding at the time was interested in these territory men forming guerilla units. To this end a group known as McAdam's Scouts was formed in 1942 after the Japanese occupation of Salamaua. These men would be instrumental in gathering information on the enemy – often camped within earshot of the Japanese perimeter where they also had an observation post. Salamaua was renowned for its idyllic beauty and existed primarily as a trading post for the inland mining operations where the only way in was by walking or by plane.

Sgt Jim McAdam and Rifleman Jim Cavanaugh, both Foresters, were attached to B Company for special duties – mainly for scouting. These two men would hand pick the others that would join them – Geoff Archer, Bob Day (later replaced by Bill O'Neill), Gordon Kinsey and Jim Currie. Jim Cavanaugh and Geoff Archer would become good friends and with McAdam, the trio would be often together on patrols.

When the now famous wartime photographer, Damian Parer visited these men in the forward areas near Salamaua in August 1942, he would photograph the trio. One photo appears in Peter Brune's book 'A Bastard of a Place – The Australians in Papua'. The other photograph shown here is possibly Parer's most exquisite and enduring of any on the war in New Guinea. When War Correspondent, Osmar White [who travelled with Parer on this occasion] arrived at the forward area near Salamaua,

he said *'The scouts existed like wild animals and spent their days and nights in clinging mud, yellow water and drenched undergrowth. There was a dreadful nervous tension in their every movement. Their voices were hushed, the jungle, the heat, the ever-present menace of surprise and death brooded over them. They slept with hand grenades in their pockets, lightly and as still as cats. Living there was hell.'*

McAdam's scouts led the Independent Company men into the allotted positions for the raid. Jim Cavanaugh led two of the seven raiding parties to their positions for the raid and was lucky only to have had his rifle broken in two by shrapnel during the attack. Three others were wounded during the attack. None were killed. Japanese casualties were very high – suggested to be around twenty-five per cent of the Japanese garrison. This was Australia's first successful offensive action of the New Guinea campaign, which preceded those of Kokoda and Milne Bay. This well-executed raid and its history has been over-shadowed by the extensive writings about Kokoda – even Parer's film footage from inland Salamaua is often used to illustrate Kokoda documentaries, such is the hold that Kokoda has on Australian history that gets evoked through constant annual press exposure.

Events at Salamaua in 1942 also caused some military controversy, currently being explored; and a history of Salamaua, which as a township was wiped off the face of the earth by the Allied Air force in 1943, is being written.

Jim Cavanaugh, at age 86 years, was the last of McAdam's Salamaua Scouts.

Rob (Jim's son-in-law) is interested in hearing from the family of Geoff Archer, Jim Currie, Bob Day and Gordon Kinsey and from anyone who has photos of Salamaua, Wau or Bulolo from the period 1927-1943. His contact is ph 08 9434 2628 or email: Solution@aceonline.com.au.

Ian Fairley Graham Downs, OBE

Many warm tributes were paid to the life and career of Ian Downs following his death on the Gold Coast on August 24, aged 89. Old kiaps and other long time friends spoke at his funeral at Southport, and there were further eulogies at a packed commemorative church service arranged in Mosman, Sydney, later for those unable to get to the Gold Coast. A lengthy obituary appeared in *The Sydney Morning Herald* on 1 September.

Ian was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on 6 June 1915, and after his peripatetic family migrated to Victoria, received some of his early education at Brighton and at Geelong Grammar. But in 1929 at the age of 13 he won a place as a cadet at the Royal Australian Naval College, Jervis Bay, and completed the four-year course only to be told that no naval appointment could be offered him because of the navy's tight budget in those Depression years.

He found work writing for Melbourne trade journals and newspapers until 1935 when he was offered a cadetship with the New Guinea administration. He arrived in Rabaul in January 1936 when there were fewer than 100 patrol officers in the whole of the mandated territory, but was immediately stimulated by his work and his colleagues under the direction of District Services and Native Affairs head E.W.P. Chinnery.

By 1938 he was in charge of the Chimbu sub-district, then the largest in the territory, and that year had a supporting role with the Hagen-Sepik patrol, but with the outbreak of war in Europe he was contacted by the navy, and answered the call to arms. He mostly commanded RAN smallships in the South Pacific, but for a period in 1942 he was on loan as a coastwatcher behind Japanese-occupied Lae, and had to shoot his way out of one tight spot.

At war's end in 1945 he rejoined the administration, having in the meantime, in 1941, married Judith Eskell. In 1949 he was appointed DO New Ireland; in January 1951 he was stipendiary magistrate Rabaul; in May 1951 DC Madang; in 1951-52 Assistant Director of Native Affairs, Port Moresby; and from 1952-56 DC Eastern Highlands, resigning that last year to take up coffee planting but with an eye on politics.

He was as effective a planter and politician as a kiap. From 1957 he was, variously, the elected member for the New Guinea Mainland in the PNG Legislative Council, member of the Administrator's Council and the Eastern Highlands District Advisory Council, president and a founder of the multi-racial Highlands Farmers and Settlers Association, foundation chairman of the PNG Coffee Marketing Board, and an elected member of the first PNG House of Assembly (1964-68). He was appointed OBE in 1963.

Ian went south in 1971, mainly because of Judith's failing health, and took up farming in northern NSW. Judith died of cancer in 1974, and Ian remarried. The marriage was later dissolved.

From early in his career Ian showed himself to be a talented writer, at times writing fiction under a pen-name, but in 1971 he published under his own name *The Stolen Land*, a New Guinea-based novel, in 1980 an official history, *Australian Trusteeship: Papua New Guinea 1945-75*, in 1986 an autobiography, *The Last Mountain,* and in 1999 a military history, *The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, 1939-1943*. Deakin University conferred on him an honorary Doctor of Letters.

Among those who spoke at one or other of the Southport and Sydney services were Ian's sons, Graham and Michael, step-daughter Amanda and her mother – Ian's second wife – Robin Ellis, Norm Mullins, John Colman, Harry West, Fred Kaad and Ian's god-daughter, Amanda Kaad.

Robin Ellis said that although they were divorced they kept in touch. Ian was "contrary, challenging and stimulating". His outstanding quality was his ability to convince people they could do the impossible.

Michael Downs said his father was 61 when he was born, and in his 70s when Ian taught him how to surf. Ian had a great ability to problem solve, believed in getting on with life and that everything was a history lesson, yet in himself he was humble and modest, a wonderful father.

Norm Mullins, Harry West and Fred Kaad all paid tribute to Ian's capacity as a DC, especially his road-building initiatives that opened up the Highlands.

"He was," said Harry West, "inspirational, a good planner and had a vision for rapid development in the Highlands. He really drove all sections of the community and kept everyone in line, especially when it came to giving the locals a fair go… Fortunately for the Highlands as a whole, while Ian was going hammer and tongs at Goroka, like-minded people such as Bob Cole, Ian Skinner and later Tom Ellis were doing the same thing in the Southern and Western Highlands."

Norm Mullins, who gave especially warm support to Ian during his Gold Coast years, told how Ian had invited him to transfer from Kavieng to Goroka in 1952 to manage the Highlands Labour Scheme with the immediate aim of getting the local people and the labour recruits to be supplied from local foodstuffs instead of imported rice. Norm said that it was in Goroka he realised that the author Graham Fairley, who had been writing impressive, true-to-life adventure stories about New Guinea in *Man* magazine for years, was in fact Ian Fairley Graham Downs!

Fred Kaad said Ian Downs "inspired us all" through the drive that made people work hard for him. Where had he got that drive from? Fred said he thought the clue was in Ian's early years in Scotland, where his parents hadn't paid too much attention to him and he developed a passion for reading adventure literature, and his devastation at not being offered a navy post despite having graduated. Forty years after the naval college incident Ian had written in his autobiography, "I think I have been running a little hard ever since." ▪

One Way Flight By Bob Piper

While the Australian troops and airmen at Port Moresby watched in disbelief the lone Japanese 'Nell' bomber came out of a cloud, one wing broke off with an audible crack and the plane plummeted to the ground. As dense black smoke drifted upwards from the impact site the severed wing continued to drift slowly down.

It was one of the most bewildering incidents in aviation history during the Pacific War. Not a shot had been fired and not a single allied aircraft had attacked the enemy aircraft.

The story becomes even more astounding when it was recently revealed, from Japanese records, that the crew of the Navy bomber had earlier been captured in the Philippines. Then, when liberated by their own invading forces, they had been sent on a one way mission to 'self destruct' against Port Moresby defences.

Was this then the first kamikaze mission of World War II, but using a full crew and aircraft? Perhaps it was just a prelude of things to come. Later, hundreds of young Japanese pilots would be asked to hurtle down, with devastating results, on American and Australian ships as the allies edged closer to Japan.

Japanese records, obtained by American historian Henry Sakaida and recently shared with the writer, now not only tell the full story of that fateful day but reveal for the first time the names of the men on board. In addition, the incident is recorded not only in the diaries of 32 and 75 Squadron (RAAF) but also in a report by Flight Lieutenant SH Collie, a Melbourne barrister and airforce intelligence officer based at Port Moresby in 1942.

In late March 1942 Japan ruled the skies over New Guinea. Australia had only a token squadron of Kittyhawk fighters as well as some Hudson bombers and long range Catalinas to attempt to stem the tide. Meanwhile enemy fighters and bombers, in ever increasing numbers, continued with their regular raids from Lae and Rabaul against Port Moresby and Horn Island.

First report of the mystery aircraft was a few minutes before one o'clock on 31 March 1942. Some thought it was a lone reconnaissance aircraft as it hummed serenely along at 10000 feet, in and out of fair weather cumulus cloud, in the vicinity of Seven Mile Strip and some sixteen kilometers inland from Port Moresby town.

Australian P-40 Kittyhawk fighters were ordered off to intercept but did not depart. Not a single army anti-aircraft gun fired. The 'Nell' (Nell was the allied code name for the Mitsubishi Type 96 bomber with two engines and twin tail) had approached from the north west, hesitated and turned south west, then resumed its course from the north west.

Another unusual account of the bomber's last moments was later given by a 75 Squadron fighter pilot, Jack Pettett. Pettett was off duty and with fellow pilot Peter Turnbull (killed in action at Milne Bay in August 1942) viewed the whole action. He later recounted that Turnbull, who was a country boy with a sense of humour, performed an Aboriginal dance and pretended to 'point the bone' (cast a spell) at the

incoming bomber. As the wing broke off and it came spinning down Turnbull is remembered as turning to the others around him and exclaiming …'got the bugger'.

The Japanese crew of the bomber had earlier been involved in an attack on Clark Field, in the Philippines, on 12 December 1941. Their left engine was hit by anti-aircraft fire and the aircraft forced to alight on the north west side of Mount Arayat. Subsequently the entire crew of eight was captured.

Meanwhile, back at base, as the men had failed to return they were listed as missing in action and according to naval custom given a one rank promotion. As Japanese ground forces overran the Philippines the men were discovered and released. This is when and where things then began to become increasingly embarrassing. Officially the men were dead, but here they were back like a proverbial bad penny with their promoted rank. Not the best example, so early in the war, to the rest of the Japanese services who were under the instruction of no surrender.

Segregated from other aircrew, for morale purposes, this crew was continually placed in the most vulnerable position of bomber formations sent against Australian targets. But despite the fury and danger of the battles in which they were embroiled, they just kept coming back. Fate continued to keep dealing them an extraordinary lucky hand.

Finally, when the matter could no longer be tolerated, Admiral Takajiro Onishi issued an instruction that the bomber crew were to fly over Port Moresby, with no escort, and a last order: "Do not return". It is said that the crew shared a cigarette and drink before setting out from Lae on the morning of 31 March 1942.

At 12:45 (local time Moresby) a message was received from the bomber back at Rabaul. 'Finished bombing. All bombs hit mark'. Fifteen minutes later another message came on the radio. 'We will go in. All around is clear. Thank you for your kindnesses during our lifetime. Banzai for the Emperor (Tenno keika).'

It now appears that even though the aircraft was armed those bombs, reported as released at 12:45, in fact were never dropped on Australian positions. Or were they in fact harmlessly salvoed, unarmed, when the aircraft deviated slightly over the swamps before entering Moresby airspace?

Meanwhile it is reported, that Japanese airmen and ground staff back at Rabaul and Lae were silently furious that the men were given the one way flight. What a waste of men, training and equipment was the overall feeling. The Japanese fighter ace Saburo Sakai confirms this in his book. The subject is also briefly depicted in the 1976 Japanese movie on Sakai's life story, though no names are given nor mention made of the wing braking off before their mission could be completed.

To this day the Japanese believe that the bomber crew really did complete their suicide mission. At the same time the Australians think it was just another lightly built Mitsubishi bomber which, they recorded, fell apart because it was 'Made in Japan'. It has taken sixty two years for the full story to be told.

Nobody, even today, knows why the wing suddenly cracked and fell off. It was certainly not caused by mild atmospheric conditions on the day or enemy fire. Was it sabotage? Were vital wing bolts removed or the mainspar partly sawn through, under orders, before the bomber departed? It would seem an engineering flaw with odds beyond comprehension that the wing in fact did break off just moments before the aircraft was due to self destruct. Perhaps that part of the mystery will never be solved.

There has also been some mention in Japanese records that the crew in fact were not actually captured by the Americans but lived with Filipino village people before the area was taken by incoming Japanese forces. When this point was raised with their high command, however, it was apparently dismissed as being not relevant. If this was so then it was even more of a tragedy to those concerned.

All eight Japanese airmen, who carried out their instructions to the last, are believed to be buried somewhere beside the wreckage of their bomber in the Waigani area, outside Port Moresby. May they rest in peace, now that their full story has finally been fully told and is available to both countries.

* The writer, Bob Piper, has been a World War II air historian, writer, pilot and author for thirty years. He previously lived at Port Moresby.
** With acknowledgement to the invaluable interest and assistance in this story by Henry Sakaida in the United States and Harumi Sakaguchi, Port Moresby, as well as Professor Ikuhiko Hata in Tokyo. ▪

* * * * *

Canberra Reunion – Sunday 3 October 2004

Mike Cockburn

One hundred and ten attended the function and it went off well. Because of the demise of many of our friends and the inability of others to attend it was decided to have a toast to absent and departed friends. A further toast was proposed, this time to Papua New Guinea, given by Tim Terrell after Rick Nehmy gave a talk on how he found Papua New Guinea today. Rick, a former Kiap, is having a busy time there as part of the Australian Government's Enhanced Cooperation programme (see News from Port Moresby)

Visitors included Margaret Kelly from Qld and the McCabe's, Howards, Maroney's , Edward's, Fairhall's from Victoria and numerous others from all points in-between. Originally the reunion was for ex-kiaps however it was realised early on that not many ex-kiaps would (or could) make the trip to Canberra. The invitation was then extended to friends and guests including representatives from Gibbes Sepik Airways, Customs, Didimen, Teachers, Librarians, Doctors' wives and B'4s. etc. All in all, a most successful reunion.

Rabaul Prisoners of War Heading for Australia in 1942?? By MR Hayes

For some time, like others, I have been interested in the fate of Australian soldiers, civilians, missionaries and police POW captured in and around Rabaul by Japanese forces which landed there on 23.1.1942. and read, with interest the question posed by Neville Threlfall (UV, September 2004), "If the older prisoners were not on the Montevideo Maru, on what ship did they embark?"

For many years I have been researching the overseas police officers of PNG between 1884 and 1988, and in the course of so doing, have come across material relating to PNG national police who have served in the various forces. Nelson TOKIEL was born at Dadaung Village about 8 miles from Kokopo on 28.6.1926. He joined the New Guinea Police Force at age of 12½ years on 25.1.1938, having been seen by the NGPF Bandmaster, W.O.2. David CRAWLEY who believed that TOKIEL would make a good bandsman. He was taught wind instruments and enjoyed a career in the band as well as regular police duties of drill and discipline. Post WW2 he rejoined the police force and at the time of his entry to the Police College for the 4 year course was a Sergeant Major 1st class. He became one of the first 10 PNG national police to graduate with the Commissioned Officer rank of Sub Inspector from the Police College in August 1964. In the course of the next years he worked under me in Rabaul and Lae and I regarded him as a fine loyal officer of considerable integrity. He retired at the rank of Inspector (First Class) from the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary on the 33rd anniversary of his joining the NGPF, having been awarded the Queen's Police Good Conduct and Long Service Medal in 1966, and the Queen's Police Medal (for distinguished service) in 1968, as well as several war service medals. He is now deceased as is Henry TOHIAN.

In an extensive article in the Post-Courier dated 29.1.1971, he detailed events of his years in the police but it is the events of 1942 which are significant. Just prior to the Japanese invasion, CRAWLEY instructed the band to bury their instruments and this was done at Toliap, just outside Rabaul. On Thursday 22nd January, with CRAWLEY and W.O.2. Alexander Morrison (Sandy) SINCLAIR, a Buka policeman Henry TOHIAN, and other police assembled at Tomaringa Hill where police uniforms and weapons were buried. A few days later, they set out for the Bainings and later to Tol Plantation and on being told by the Colonel of the 2/22nd Battalion to return to their villages, parted company from CRAWLEY and SINCLAIR. With TOKIEL's father, he and TOHIAN spent about 2 months hiding from the Japanese in the bush, but were captured and sent to the Catholic Mission as labourers, escaped and were recaptured and taken to Rabaul. In Rabaul, he and TOHIAN learned of Harold PAGE (the secretary to the Administrator and at that time the Acting Administrator) and about 20 other Europeans imprisoned in a tunnel under heavy guard. One night, the European group was loaded on a Japanese vessel and TOKIEL and other labourers loaded on a ship in a convoy of 7 warships and 7 cargo boats. He lost contact with TOHIAN in the departure of the convoy. The convoy sailed for Salamaua but landed at Buna where the leading vessel carrying PAGE and the other Europeans was bombed.

TOKIEL and others were put to work by the Japanese in preparation for their advance on Kokoda and was forced to work for about 8 months. As the Japanese withdrew from Kokoda, TOKIEL and a former policeman from that area, BALITA, escaped

with others. Near the Waria River he met up with Australian forces, and spent the rest of the war as an interpreter.

It seems that TOKIEL's reference to Harold PAGE (whom he would certainly then have been able to identify) has been completely overlooked following the newspaper article. This revelation about PAGE was completely unsolicited in the article and simply part of his story of being held by the Japanese. He had no reason then, almost 30 years after the 1942 events, to fabricate a story about Harold PAGE and other Europeans being on a vessel which was bombed. For some time, Albert SPEER and I have been of the opinion that the older Australians held at Rabaul were being repatriated to Australia. It was even possible that the Japanese, who then had plans for invading Australia, might have found PAGE and the other Europeans helpful to them on the mainland of New Guinea. It is known that the Japanese airdropped sacks of letters from Rabaul POW over Port Moresby in April and May 1942.

It is known that the Rabaul Garrison officers and the nurses were transported to Japan on the "Naruto Maru" which sailed from Rabaul on 5.7.1942, and survived the war as POW. With these facts known, it seems highly likely that the younger POW were being returned to Japan or Hainan, on a returning otherwise empty vessel as a force of young labourers. There were other Japanese vessels in Rabaul in those early days, and one is known to be the "Buenos Aires Maru". In an unrelated report in Australian Archives, Lieut C.G. KILNER, Officer Commanding, Rabaul Detachment, New Guinea Volunteer Rifles in January 1942, stated that he and two fellow POW officers reached Manila on 14.9.1942. This raises the probability of yet another ship with POW sailing ex Rabaul.

The mystery of the "Montevideo Maru" will, it seems, never be put to rest, but it seems certain that the remains of Harold PAGE and about 20 other Europeans rest in water off Buna. ▪

What happened to the Civilians? By Albert Speer MBE

I wish to record my appreciation for Reverend Neville Threlfall's well written article on the Montevideo Maru in the Sep04 issue of *Una Voce* which raised valuable questions on the Montevideo Maru for those persons interested. Further research is still being undertaken by James Oglethorpe and Rod Miller concerning Sado Island. (refer Sep04 *Una Voce*) with some doubt existing over Captain Godwin's evidence.

Professor Hank Nelson has a recorded statement of Peter Brown (Supply Officer for 2/22nd Battalion and POW on *Naruto Maru*) outlining the method employed by the Japanese Naval authorities in removing the prisoners and civilians from the Malaguna Road concentration camp to their transportation points. From this it is evident there are at least two points where ships were employed around the 22nd June.

A summary of the circumstantial evidence follows:

1. Reverend Pui Pui of the Methodist Mission recounts the loading of the troops and young civilians from the gang way to a tied up ship.
2. The native carpenter (Methodist Mission) Devis described to Mr Beasley the loading of personnel per small boat to a moored ship. This man's description links to Peter Brown's statement.

3. Comments by PNG Police Officer Nelson Tokiel as given by Max Hayes (refer previous article) and the PNG Post Courier 29 Jan 1971 explain how a convoy of ships sailed for Salamaua and landed at Buna. The lead ship, carrying the European civilian POW's, was bombed.
4. The story told to Mr Alf Uechtritz by his two carpenters regarding a ship leaving Rabaul on the same date as the Montevideo Maru, bearing Australians and civilians on it. This ship returned four to five days later and only disembarked the Japanese guard unit. Was this the Buenos Aires Maru?
5. A recorded secret statement taken by the Prisoner of War Contact and Enquiry Unit dated 19 September 1945 with Captain Nottage SG (an Australian Army officer) registers that native evidence stated POW and civilians embarked on one or possibly two ships.
6. Mr G Thomas records rumours circulated in Rabaul by their Japanese captors in early 1942 that all civilian internees over the age of 40yrs would be repatriated to Australia. This gives credence to the remarks of the Japanese seaman survivor of the Montevideo Maru in which he states that none of the prisoners on board were above the age of 40. Geoff Melrose worked on the statement given by the Japanese seaman and it is apparent that 205 names of the civilian prisoners did not board the ill fated Montevideo Maru and are thus not accounted for.

7. In the valuable work, 'Masked Eden', the author has raised many questions which deserve answers. After making enquiries it appears that no official investigation was ever requested of the Civilian Administration to ask native or Chinese residents what they saw.

I am, as a result of past research, now making further enquiries in the current Japanese Press to see if we can find possible surviving crew members who may have been on board the Buenos Aires Maru when the prisoners and civilians were removed from Rabaul in June 1942.

As some readers will also be interested in recent past efforts to obtain a search of the Montevideo Maru, in order to attempt to resolve this mystery, I should like to inform the result of communications with the Prime Minister of Australia and the Minister of Defence, Senator Robert Hill. On behalf of the Government, Senator Hill has stated 'I regret I must again advise that the ADF is not in a position to undertake a search such as you propose for the Montevideo Maru'. ▪

NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA - John Kleinig

It is very easy to become disorientated these days after a fortnight or so in PNG. The country has always been a land of spectacular contrasts and nearly thirty years after independence the contrasts appear even more spectacular.

The expatriate population is understandably only a fraction of what it was pre independence. In all the centres including Moresby, lack of maintenance is a major problem. Provincial offices, schools, hospitals and roads are generally in need of major upgrades. In most cases it would be cheaper to rebuild rather than repair. Kavieng bears little resemblance to a once sleepy but welcoming town. The airport has recently suffered the loss of 530 metres of its six foot high security fence whilst at the same time somebody vandalised 27 of the landing lights. But out of town is the most magnificent fisheries training centre funded by the European Union where local people are taught new and inventive ways to fish.

A few minutes from Kavieng by banana boat is Nusa Island Resort built and operated by the three adult children of **Rob** and **Libby KEENE.** Originally from Adelaide, Rob and Libby managed plantations throughout PNG in the 1960's and 1970's. The popularity of the resort is based on the easy access to surfing, diving and canoeing and the opportunity to live in a village style environment. Shaun, Nick and Shannon have been active in helping the locals to gain funding for malaria control, the updating of fresh water supplies and a school on the island.

Pam CHRISTIE is the owner and guide of Papua New Guinea Trekking Adventures whom we met in Alotau in Milne Bay Province where she was exploring new trekking opportunities. One afternoon she appeared at the end of the day after walking for 9 hours in the nearby Stirling Range looking for the remains of wartime aircraft. She was clearly tired but not exhausted and you had to admire her capacity to so successfully endure these difficulties. She also leads walks along the Kokoda Trail, up Mt Wilhelm (4500m) and the notorious Black Cat Trail from Wau to Salamaua which they say makes Kokoda look like "a Sunday afternoon stroll in the park".

Rabaul is now slowly making one of its familiar comebacks after the devastation of the 1994 eruptions. Tavurvur (Matupit) stopped erupting in February and now only the occasional puff of gas can be seen. Trees and grass are starting to grow again and the frangipani blooms are everywhere. The town is now regaining much of its original beauty and the new road from Kokopo to Rabaul funded by Ausaid and built by Queensland contractors is truly magnificent. There is a section behind Vulcan that remains unsealed because of disputes but that is but a hiccup compared with the condition of the road two years ago. Most other roads on the Gazelle Peninsula are barely driveable but the Chinese Government has provided funds to rebuild the Kokopo to Bainings road.

If there was an award to be given for enthusiasm, enterprise and sheer determination in the midst of adversity, then the winner would clearly be **Susie ALEXANDER,** a daughter of Gerry and Joyce McGrade, who along with her husband **Bruce** have the Hamamas Hotel on the corner of Mango Avenue and Malaguna Road. The accommodation is amongst the best in PNG and is complimented by one of those Chinese restaurants which are often so hard to find.

Whilst visiting **John MOXON** at LAES, Keravat, an expatriate from the Rabaul vulcanologist station was kidnapped nearby by escapees from the gaol. When we saw **David LOH**, formerly from LAES and now Executive Director of the PNG Growers Association in his Kokopo office, he was coordinating attempts to assist the local police. Fuel for provincial vehicles is always in short supply. This problem was eventually solved and the kidnappers were found, one was killed and the others were being hotly pursued without their weapons, which they had left in an isolated hut in the bush. Apparently this was a rare victory for the police. **Hal GALLASH** from Hahndorf in the Adelaide Hills was in the general area at the time but is an old hand at keeping out of trouble.

The war cemetery at Bitapaka is in pristine condition and has never looked better thanks to a new management system and a young Australian horticulturist who has the contract to manage the war cemeteries at Bomana, Lae and Bitapaka.

Despite the stories of massive corruption and the endless problems, it is still a country where many of the people remember the contributions of the Australians. As you leave the country you feel that things will get better. ▪

SNAPSHOTS – from **Paul J Quinlivan**

No. 63 Pat Hopper and the Children's Court

It was thrilling to read my Children's Court colleague Pat Hopper's report on page 12 of the March issue. I cannot answer her question about the current situation but, apart from Town Councils, where things could apparently get a bit heated at times, the Children's' Court was one of the few non-private occasions when people in private enterprise and Administration Officers could work together. And, in Rabaul, we had a wonderful team. Don Clarke, who owned the Rabaul Pharmacy, should also be remembered, and the fact that, if the cause of the child's delinquency was that he had *grilli, (sipoma* on the Papua side), Don would provide a free course of expensive treatment and everyone's problems would be solved. We are liable to forget that, amongst the normally skin-perfect Tolais, a person with skin disease was made to feel 'unclean'! We were also helped by the fact that the Tolais traditionally had a complicated system under which a delinquent child from, say Navuneram, in the mountains above Rabaul, could be sent to live with his 'other mother' in, say, the Duke of York Islands. In most cases such a temporary removal from his previous environment allowed him, painlessly, to reform. If he was not a Tolai, the married warders at the Kerevat Corrective Institution – or the married Sergeants at one of the various Police Stations in the area – were quite used to the idea that it was part of their duty to take him in and treat him as a member of their own family. Rabaul was an area where everything worked extremely well. When I was moved to Moresby I missed it tremendously because the Court, there, had not been sitting regularly because (it was said) Lay Members were difficult to find. Special tribute must be made, in additional to the Salvation Army, to the people at Veimauri Childrens' Village and to Brother Williams of the Cheshire Homes, who overcame that problem.

No. 64 Coroners – Part Two – Canberra's Attempt to 'get' Carl Jacobsen

Paul Hasluck made his name by publishing, in 1942, a book entitled 'Black Australians' and whether or not he was pursuing a hobby-horse there, my knowledge of people running plantations and Government Stations in TPNG makes me hope (as I said in No. 62) that future generations will have something more to rely on than his 'A Time for Building' when they are writing about the contribution which people in Private Enterprise made when Australia was 'administering' Papua New Guinea. Paragraph 4 of the letter I am about to quote is the contribution I was referring to but, before we look at the letter – a lengthy one written to the Secretary for Law on September 27, 1956 so that he could take it to the Assistant Administrator to rectify a problem which was beginning to worry us – there are a few explanations I must give. The first is about how, nearly 50 years later, I am able to quote from my letter. The fact is that, at various times, I was asked to give talks about the Coroner's Ordinance and, since I had had to analyse what it said so that I could write that particular letter, I carried a copy of it around with me to save having to do the same research time after time after time. I never dreamt that Paul Hasluck would ever write (as he does at page 184 of his 'A Time to Remember'): 'Another subject that attracted my attention….was the casualness about the holding of inquests into the death of any native', or that I would write in the paragraph 4 I have referred to:

> "4. I feel that strong exception should be taken to the eighth paragraph of the memorandum of the Assistant Administrator which, to my mind, is a gratuitous

> insult to all who perform their functions as Coroner and, to my knowledge, it is not based on fact. As I wrote once before, more care is taken, particularly in this Office, in regard to coroners' enquiries into the deaths of Natives that is taken in regard to enquiries into the deaths of Europeans, for the simple reason that there are others who can look after the interests of Europeans whereas the statutory duty devolves on the Administration to look after the interests of Natives."

The second background fact is that, in the second half of 1956, a particular problem was worrying many people. So much so that it caused the President of the Public Service Association and other members of the Executive to ask me to put a series of certificates on the front of the Report described in Nos 53 and 61. For this reason the opening words: 'the prevailing system has broken down…..the practice has been for this office, exclusively, to deal with all coronial matters' were for the eyes of the Assistant Administrator, who had newly arrived from Canberra, and not for the Secretary for Law because, obviously, the Secretary for Law was perfectly aware of what the prevailing system was!

The third concerns the persons involved. Carl Jacobsen was a highly respected member of the Lae community. He had been there for several decades and his plantation, some distance from the town, is featured several times in volume 5 of 'Australia in the War of 1929-1945 – South West Pacific Area – First year – Kokoda to Wau' by Dudley McCarthy. I should mention that, although I had often heard of him, I had never met him when I wrote that, if what the Assistant Administrator was ordering were to happen:

> "It is difficult to imagine that …(it) will not be regarded in the nature of a charge that Jacobsen….hastened the death (ie killed) the old man and, after the Coroner, the Police, the District Commissioner and the Director of Public Health have all had their own investigations, to finally investigate Jacobsen could, in my opinion, possibly create a very interesting action in defamation."

The Assistant Administrator was Rupert Wilson, a Canberra careerist who knew absolutely nothing about the Territory. He arrived in the Territory just over a year earlier and he left a year later.

The fourth is that, as is the case in most countries, whenever there was a death, there was often an inquiry by the Police, irrespective of whether there were suspicious circumstances or not. It all depended on a number of factors. The reason for the long catalogue of inquiries in this particular case – and the reason for my statement about a possible defamation action – was that the Canberra careerist had, for reasons known only to himself, decided to 'get' Carl Jacobsen. In the process, he had, somehow, got access to material which, by law, should have come to the Crown Law Office. His interference was, in fact an 'interference with the course of justice'. And, because it was an 'interference with the course of justice' the normal defence which protects the Police and other law enforcement authorities when they inadvertently damage someone's reputation by publicly investigating them, would not apply. I am happy to say that, once this inherent danger was pointed out to the new Assistant Administrator, he 'saw the light' and changed his ways!

Finally, we come to the facts themselves. The 'old man' referred to was IANGOBENG the very ill 60 year old father of an indentured labourer working on Carl Jacobsen's plantation and, although there is a question of whether Jacobsen had

had him flown in from some other district or whether he had come in by truck from the Highlands, the facts about his death were very simple. There was no doubt that, for his own reasons, IANGOBENG came in from a remote village and stayed with his son in the labourers' quarters and then, after some weeks of 'free board and lodging', he decided to go back home. Just before he left he thanked Jacobsen for his kindness whereupon Jacobsen told him that he had a truck going in to town in a few minutes and, if he wanted to, he could have a free lift on it. IANGOBENG got on the back of the truck but he forgot to ask how to stop the truck when he wanted to get off! It was rather like what Archbishop Arkfeld told me happened when he first learnt to fly and was approaching Madang on his first flight. He discovered that he was not quite sure how to land and he had to fly round and round – and the car-owners of Madang had to surround the airstrip to light it up with their car headlights – to burn up all the benzine he had. In IANGOBENG's case it was much simpler. When the truck got to the turn-off he wanted to go up, he just jumped off! The driver was not aware of what had happened until he reached his destination. There, he went to the District Office and reported to a 'Mr Roberts' that his passenger was missing. Mr Roberts sent a vehicle back to search for the missing man and they found IANGOBENG's body lying near the cross-roads. A post-mortem revealed that he died from the injuries he had sustained when he jumped off, coupled with the fact that he was a very ill man before he came to visit his son.

Because of these simple facts the new Assistant Administrator ordered an incredible number of 'official inquiries' and I collected all of the relevant papers held by the Police, the District Office, the Lae Hospital and the Lae Coroner and attached them to my letter, together with the Assistant Administrator's lengthy letter which, although he was an agriculturalist, contained a number of statements as to both. 'The Law' which should be applied, and as to the assumptions which should be drawn from the facts. For instance, he alleged that Carl Jacobsen had caused Iangobeng's death by failing to explain to him how to stop the truck! Neither had he diagnosed the fact that Iangobeng was dying, from natural illness, before he put him in the hazardous position of riding on the back of a truck. He also expressed the expert opinion that Kiap Roberts had also caused the death by failing to send an ambulance from Lae to the remote spot where Iangobeng jumped off! And, not content with all that, he claimed that the Coroner (who had been in the Territory since long before the war) had failed to realize that he had absolutely no choice but to hold a public inquest. His stated reason being that, since Iangobeng had lived in a remote village during the twelve month period before he came to Lae, it must be presumed that he had not been attended by a doctor during that period, so an inquest was absolutely mandatory! He overlooked the fact that, if an inquest was held as a result of his 'order' (and if his diagnosis was correct), the whole of Lae would hear the Coroner condemn both Jacobsen and Roberts as murderers – which, as I have said, could create a very interesting action in defamation.

My letter is far too long to be repeated here but, shortly stated, it is as follows.

"1. This memo (from the Assistant Administrator)…indicates that the prevailing system has broken down in that the Assistant Administrator has received papers in re a Coroner's Certificate about which we know nothing. Since …. (the abolition of the Office of) Government Secretary, and particularly since the consolidated Coroners

Ordinance has been brought into force, the practice has been for this office, exclusively, to deal with all coronial matters and not the (Assistant) Administrator.

2. From the Commissioner of Police I have seen …(and the letter recounts that I have collected all relevant papers and they are attached. Then paragraph 3 goes on:) I feel that, because the papers have been scattered, the unfortunate aspects of the affair have been extended, particularly the involvement of Mr Jacobsen who appears to have acted as a 'Good Samaritan' to a visitor, the ancient (60 years of age) father of one of his employees and into whose … (conduct) an investigation has been ordered (by the Assistant Administrator). It is difficult to imagine that such an investigation will not be regarded in the nature of a charge that Jacobsen…hastened the death (ie killed) the old man and, after the Coroner, the Police, the District Commissioner and the Director of Public Health have all had their own investigations, to finally investigate Jacobsen could, in my opinion, possibly create a very interesting action in defamation.

…

4. I feel that strong exception should be taken (and the rest of this paragraph has been given above. My letter then went on, paragraph by paragraph, to contrast the actual 'lawyers' law' regarding coroners with what Mr Wilson had said it was. I then ended).

"19. I recommend that you suggest to the Assistant Administrator that he defer his ordering an inquest pending a further statement of the Coroner's reasons for deciding that an inquest was unnecessary."

And, as I have said, I am happy to report that, as soon as the Secretary for Law (Wally Watkins) showed my letter to the new Assistant Administrator, the practice which this case proved stopped immediately.

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THE DIARIES OF EDWARD (TED) BISHTON

PNGAA wishes to thank Ted's daughter, Margaret Carrick, for permission to publish this edited version of the story of one man's life in New Guinea. Copyright to this series of articles is retained by Margaret Carrick.

In the last issue (September 2004) we followed Ted's experiences as a wireless operator in Manus. In this instalment Ted was instructed to set up a wireless station in the Goldfields and we now follow him on his arduous trek from Salamaua to Edie Creek.

(The two photographs in this instalment were extracted from Idriess, Ion L, 1948, Gold-Dust and Ashes, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, p 71.)

EDIE CREEK (Part 1)

In the year 1926 there was great excitement in Rabaul. Cecil John Levien had come in from Salamaua with the news that Bill Royal and Dick Glasson had discovered gold in large quantities on Edie Creek, which was about seventy miles inland, behind Salamaua. Levien was urging everyone he met to go to the goldfields. He said Royal and Glasson were getting so much gold they could not store it. They had tied the legs of trousers and filled them with gold and all available empty tins were also filled with gold. The gold fever seemed to grip the whole population in Rabaul. Everyone was forming syndicates and raising enough money to send one member of the syndicate to the goldfield. Dozens of Public Servants resigned to try their luck on the field.

The Administration anticipated a gold rush and were making plans accordingly. The "Franklin" was despatched to Salamaua with Dr Dickson and a few other government officials on board. I was also on board and my instructions were to proceed to Salamaua and await the arrival of a ship from Sydney with wireless gear, then proceed to Edie Creek on the goldfield and erect a wireless station. There were no government officials in Salamaua until the "Franklin" arrived. There was one store, owned by Burleigh Gorman and built of bush timber, with sago leaf roof and sides; it was a two-story affair. The underneath part contained stores belonging to various miners in the field and the upper story was for accommodation, which was very rough to say the least. Burns Philp also had a store, which had just been opened and was more or less waiting on the arrival of the ship from Sydney with stores to start business. The "Franklin" arrived in Salamaua sometime in August 1926. Dr Dickson set up his tent near Burns Philp's store and everyone journeying to the goldfields had to be inoculated. No one was allowed to start for the fields unless he had at least ten carriers. (This number was later found to be inadequate.)

Burleigh Gorman's Store – circa 1926

There would have been about six people waiting to go to the fields and we lived in tents pitched along the beach. Most of the men were waiting on carriers, or waiting the arrival of the Burns Philp ship to get stores. We had two or three weeks to wait before the ship arrived. There was a chap named Harvey, who had been managing Singaua Plantation, a few miles from Lae; he was in partnership with a chap named Jock McLeod. Harvey was waiting for stores from Sydney. He had four kerosene tins full of eggs in isinglass, which we soon found good use for. From the inside of Burleigh Gorman's store, a ladder extended up into the loft, or sleeping compartment. Here we used to congregate daily, telling yarns and drinking. We used to get prospecting dishes, empty a couple of bottles of overproof rum into each, plus about a dozen tins of Ideal Milk, plus about a dozen of Harvey's eggs. We would sit around these dishes with enamel mugs, helping ourselves. The chaps were coming in and out all the time and it was surprising the number who fell down that ladder going down. I don't remember anyone falling down, going up.

I saw a few parties start off for the goldfields on Edie Creek, which was estimated at a distance of eighty to one hundred miles, via what they called the Gadagadu Road. After leaving Salamaua, the road ran for a few miles to the Frisco River, then the real climbing commenced. Some of these parties only got as far as the Frisco River, when most of their carriers would run away and return to Salamaua. Each boy was loaded with a pack of fifty pounds, later reduced to forty pounds, which was quite a good load, considering the nature of the track and the number of streams and rivers to be crossed and the huge mountains to ascend and descend. Some of the mountains were

over 12,000 feet. I remember Jimmy Dowsett starting off. He started off by trying to impress his carriers by carrying a sixty pound pack himself. A few days later, most of his carriers were back in Salamaua and a miner, who had just arrived from the goldfield, told me he saw Jimmy, who had lost most of his fingernails when he was washed down one of the rivers, trying to clutch onto the rocks.

The "S.S.Montoro" eventually arrived from Sydney and on her were a lot of men keen to get to the goldfields to make their fortunes. None of them knew anything about mining, or New Guinea. To make way for this new influx of men, lots of coconut trees were chopped down to make way for tents. The head of the coconut tree was very good for eating; we used to call it 'millionaire salad'. I was walking along the beach one day and it was raining, just as it knows how to rain in Salamaua, when I came across one of the new arrivals named Otto Rossitter. He had about ten coconut fronds (*bom boms*) leaning against a coconut tree and inside he had a small flame, trying to cook this millionaire salad in a billycan. I told him it didn't need cooking and took him along to my tent for a feed and thus made a friend for life. Otto didn't do much good on the goldfields, where he arrived some months later, but became a well known character in later years, both during the war and after.

Stores for the Goldfields - circa 1926

After the "Montoro" arrived, I was very busy unpacking the wireless gear and repacking it into forty or fifty pound loads for the trip into the field. The wireless set was a small lifeboat set and the engine and generator were the heaviest portions of the equipment. As far as I can remember, these portions were about one hundred pounds and were carried on a pole by two carriers. The smaller parts of the set were made up into forty or fifty pound packs and strapped onto a carrier's back. All packs were wrapped in good, heavy canvas to protect them from the weather. My food bill with Burns Philp came to over eighty pounds and this all had to be packed, as well. The wireless set needed seventy-four carriers alone, then carriers were needed to carry the food for them. A couple of weeks after the arrival of the "Montoro", I was ready for the trip into the goldfields. In the meantime, District Officer Major Skeate had arrived in Salamaua and was in charge of the district. He supplied me with four police boys and directed me to go via the Buang track, as dysentry had broken out on the Gadagadu track and the carriers were dying like flies. No one had ever been to the goldfields via the Buang track, so of course I had to find my own way. I was supplied with a map showing the track as far as the village of Mapos; it also showed Kwasang, which was further on, but no European had ever been that far in. Just when I was ready to leave, Archie Whitburn asked if I could take him in with me. I readily agreed to his request and we were ready to go.

Major Skeate supplied a schooner and we got all our gear and stores aboard and set sail for Busama, which is somewhere about ten miles from Salamaua, between Salamaua and Lae. Of course Lae, in those days, was just bush; no Europeans there at

all. When I left Busama I had 187 carriers and our first obstacle was a big river. It was so deep that the carriers had to put their packs on their heads. Fortunately, the river was not a fast flowing one, but I remember standing on the river bank, watching the carriers crossing. All the carriers were following one another and at approximately a yard apart, so the river would be about 200 yards wide, as I had just on 200 carriers. This river was only a few miles after we left Busama and, on the present day map, could be the Bwussi River, but in those days, I could not find out the names of the rivers and creeks. I know before we reached the goldfields we had crossed hundreds of them. The first village we stayed at was Lega. The going, as far as I remember was fairly good to Lega. The next village we stayed at was Bulantim. This part of the trip was very rough; I put in more time sliding on my backside than on my feet. The next village we struck was Mapos. The Luluai of this village was a character named Tol. They had very big gardens here and, to conserve my rice, I bought as much native food along the route as I could. A *bilum* (a string net bag) which could hold about fifty pounds of taro or sweet potato (*kau kau*), cost me a box of matches or a two ounce tobacco tin of salt. We were getting into wild country now and the natives were salt-hungry. Their substitute for salt was the ash out of their fires. By the time we got to Mapos, my potatoes and onions were beginning to grow. The onions were no good, but I showed Tol how to grow potatoes. Over thirty years later, in about 1956, I was staying with friends, Ernie and Florence Britton in Lae and at dinner time I remarked at the nice new potatoes; Ernie informed me that they came from Mapos village and that they practically supplied Lae with potatoes. When we left Mapos, we were getting into real cannibal country and from then on, Archie Whitburn stayed in front of the line of carriers and I brought up the rear. Some of the mountains we crossed were up around the 10,000 feet mark and at that height it was bitterly cold. From the time we left Mapos, from morning to night, the sound of the Garamuts (native drums) never seemed to cease. We would hear them in the valleys and gullies and on the mountain tops.

After leaving Mapos village, we lost all contact with the natives. Every village we entered, we found deserted and some of the villages contained anything up to 400 or 500 huts. Although we were not in contact with the natives, we were never without their company. As soon as we left a village, the garamuts would send out their message to be answered by garamuts from the village ahead. As we toiled from one village to another, we were escorted by hundreds of natives who were on each side of our line of carriers; we could see them darting from tree to tree, or fleeing through the kunai grass, with their bows and arrows and spears held above their heads. The Snake River was on our right, thousands of feet below and there was a huge waterfall, which we kept in sight for days. This waterfall was on the far side of the Snake River and seemed to have a fall of two or three thousand feet.

We generally travelled on the tops of these mountains and some of them were real razorbacks. I remember going along one of these razorbacks - it was so narrow, about eighteen inches to two feet wide. The native carriers were so sure-footed they thought nothing of it, but I handed my rifle to my boy and got down on my hands and knees. I must have travelled for some hours like this, but I was not game to stand up, especially after seeing one of the carriers drop his pack, which careered thousands of feet down below. On another day we seemed to be for hours crawling round a cliff face, which seemed to be only about two feet wide; one false step would have meant a fall of

thousands of feet into the gully below. Some mornings we would start off from a mountain peak and fall, or slide down for five or six thousand feet, then ascend the opposite mountain by climbing and pulling ourselves up on vines. By evening, when we would have reached the top, looking back to where we had started from in the morning seemed only a stone's throw, but that short distance had taken a lot of hard work and exertion. We eventually arrived at a very large village, which we learned later was called Kwasang. There were several hundred houses in this village, but not a native to be seen, although we knew they were in the vicinity and not too far away.

From the time I left Salamaua, I had given strict instructions that my carriers should not invade any of the native gardens and I think this went a long way towards our peaceful trip so far. By this time a lot of the carriers had deserted and had tried to make their way back to the beach; but how many succeeded will never be known. In all the houses I inspected at Kwasang, they all seemed to be well-made and, as far as native huts were concerned, quite good. They each contained a large purakin (wooden basin), which contained some sort of a seed from some tree. This seed was about the size of a walnut, which was pierced by a stick about six inches long, which the natives would twirl in their hands and let it roll round in the wooden bowl, like a top spinning.

I was now getting short of carriers, so I decided to send the carriers on ahead with as many packs as they could carry, then to return to Kwasang and pick up the remainder of the packs. This arrangement took three or four days before we finally left Kwasang. All the time we were there no native showed himself, but they were never far away. The trip from the coast to Kwasang was mostly through bush country, but after leaving Kwasang the country opened out onto large kunai grass plains. It was a delightful change to get out into the sun after being so many weeks under a canopy of trees. Most of the way, we had to cut our way through the high kunai grass. When the wind was propitious, I would set fire to parts of this kunai country, which made the going much easier. After some days we came to a large native garden. We made camp here and constructed makeshift lean-to shelters. These lean-to shelters were made by forcing two poles into the ground about ten feet apart, then fastening a crossbar on top at a height of about eight or ten feet, then placing smaller poles from the crossbar slanting to the ground about twelve inches apart, then criss-crossing these with more poles and covering the whole lot with kunai grass. These lean-tos' made very good shelter from the weather and kept our gear dry.

By this time we had about ten or twelve sick, sore and lame boys, so we decided to remain here with these boys, while the remainder of the carriers went back along the track to where we had hidden the rest of our gear, stores etc. I sent the four police boys back with the carriers, Archie and I staying with the sick, sore and lame. There was a big village perched high up on the cliffs above us and the first day we awakened to the sight of three or four hundred wild looking cannibals, watching us from a knoll about 300 yards away. The name of this village I heard later was Katamani. Each day while we were waiting for the line of carriers to return, these men of Katamani were getting closer to our camp, so Archie and I decided that we would move on as soon as the carriers returned. These men of Katamani were gradually closing in on us; we could see them brandishing their spears and bows and arrows and they were getting close to within range of us. After about five days, the carriers arrived back, so we decided to move off immediately the following morning. By this time we were running short of

food, as we had been over a month on the trip. Up to this time we had not touched the native gardens, but now we had no alternative but to load all available carriers with as much native food as we could carry. We placed a good quantity of salt, matches and other trade goods alongside the garden in payment for the food we had taken, in fact we paid liberally.

The following morning all the wireless gear and all the foodstuffs were loaded on to the carriers and the remainder of our gear we had to leave behind. As we began to move at daylight, the men of Katamani swooped down on our camp and within minutes all our lean-tos' were ablaze. Our carriers were moving out very quickly, while Archie and I and the police boys brought up the rear. Most of the Kanakas were busy looting our camp and those that followed us were soon turned back after they had showered us with a spray of spears and arrows. We fired a few rounds back at them, which steadied them in their tracks. We travelled fast all that day and I think it was late that afternoon that we arrived at the Bulolo River. We looked round for a place to camp and more or less decided on a nice green, grassy patch of land on the river bank. Just then, I remembered reading about the Diamantina River in Queensland, where so many people had been trapped, so we decided to camp on a small knoll just above the river. Although we had no rain during the night, the following morning the Bulolo was a raging torrent and the spot where we had contemplated camping was ten to twelve feet under water. It had rained higher up the river during the night. Just below our camp, we could see where the Watut River joined the Bulolo.

On the way to the Bulolo River, I could look down into the valleys below and the trees were dotted with white cockatoos; they must have been there in millions, as it looked like a cotton field. My cookboy shot some and made a curry out of them; it was the first time I had ever eaten cockatoo and the last. Whether they were too old I can't say, but a rubber shoe would have been easier to get one's teeth into. We stayed here a couple of days to give the carriers a rest and in the meantime, Archie and I did a bit of prospecting.

I had taken out a miner's right in Salamaua before starting on this trip and I pegged out a lease on the Watut River, which I think I called the Thunderbolt. Archie and I decided to do a bit of prospecting on the far side of the Watut River, but the trouble was to cross the river, as it was running pretty fast. We could see a small beach about fifty yards down the river and we reckoned if we went a little higher up the river and dived in, we should be able to make this little beach. So we went a little higher up the river and dived in; Archie made the beach, but I got carried on. I was making remarkable speed, but could see no way of getting out of the river, as the banks on both sides were too high. Eventually things looked desperate and I got scared when, in the distance, I could see where the Bulolo and Watut Rivers met and I realised that if I did not get out of the river before that I would be lost, as the rocks and boulders and the seething mass of water was like the bottom of the Niagara Falls. I tried several times grabbing the side of the bank, but to no avail. At last, in the distance I could see a small branch of a tree overhanging the river and I thought this would be my last chance. I nerved myself as I neared this branch and with a supreme effort, I reached up and grabbed it. The force of the water threw me up into the side of the river bank and I knew I was safe for the moment. The bank of the river was still very high and I wondered whether the branch was strong enough for me to pull myself out of the river;

fortunately it held and I got out. I remember I was pretty shaken up by this ordeal, so much so that I didn't do any prospecting. Archie had gone on to do a bit of prospecting, but I decided to get back to camp. I still had to negotiate the river crossing, but this time I picked out a beach, then went a good way up river before diving in and this time I made the beach without any trouble.

I noticed on the first day we arrived at the camp, that at about 5pm the sun was more or less blacked out by the swarms of flying foxes passing over. They must have been in their millions, as it took at least half an hour for them to pass over. The following day, I decided to go up onto a spur of a hill and have a shot at them. They were flying over in a thick mass and I fired two barrels into them, practically perpendicularly. I saw a number of them twist and turn and expected to see some of them fall, but I was mistaken; I felt what I thought was the shot falling back on me, but soon realised I was wrong and made a hasty retreat to the river and dived in, clothes and all.

We were now getting very close to our goal; we struck camp and proceeded up the Bulolo River. We did not know it was the Bulolo River until a couple of days later, when we came upon old George Arnold's camp. Travelling up the river, we had crossed and crisscrossed it several times and, in places where it was too deep to cross and where it was a raging torrent, we had to cut down pine trees, which were felled across the river. The Bulolo was fringed on both banks with these beautiful Klinkii pines; some that we cut down must have been over a hundred feet long. Sometimes, when we had to cut a big pine, we were held up for four to five hours, until the pine was cut through. When we arrived at George Arnold's camp, Archie Whitburn decided to push on alone, as we had already been on the track five weeks since we had left the coast at Busama. George Arnold was on good gold, but only a few ounces a day. The gold on the Bulolo was practically pure, as the further gold travels along these rivers, the more silver is rubbed off and practically pure gold remains. The gold in the Bulolo was then worth about five pounds an ounce, as compared with two an ounce for Edie Creek gold. George was an old Papuan miner and after staying the night with him we pushed on. Next evening we reached Doris Booth's Cliffside mine. Her husband, Charlie, was away at the time, either recruiting, or procuring stores. We stayed the night there and Doris entertained me with her stories and experiences. She told me that, when digging postholes for her house, she was getting good gold from the holes. Cliffside was very rich and the Booths made a fortune.

We left Cliffside the following morning on the last leg of our trip. We were at the foot of the Kaindi Mountain and it was steady climbing from daylight, until we reached a height of eight thousand feet and arrived at Edie Creek. The higher we climbed Mount Kaindi, the thicker the moss grew on the trees and on the ground and, after a certain height, we were just pushing our way through moss about three feet deep. Naturally, the higher we went, the colder it got, although we had passed over higher mountains. It must have been that we were a bit footsore and weary. We arrived at Edie Creek just five weeks and six days after leaving Salamaua.

In the next instalment (March 2005) we see life on the Goldfields in 1926-27 in Edie Creek – Part 2

VALE – With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends

Robert Leonard PULSFORD (22 July 2004, aged 88 years)
Bob grew up in Sydney, his father a Congregational minister dying when Bob was 7½. Soon after he spent a year in hospital but recovered and after school years, spent three happy years at Hawkesbury Agricultural College. He later worked as a jackaroo on three properties in NSW. He enlisted in the AIF in 1941 and served for a year in PNG at Port Moresby, Buna, Finschhafen and Madang in a Malaria Control Unit. After demobilization he completed a BA at Sydney University graduating with honours in Anthropology. He began his service in PNG in April 1950 with DASF based first at Boram near Wewak, and then at Urip near Dagua, 30 miles west of Wewak, where he managed the Dagua Rural Progress Society producing rice and peanuts as cash crops. He married Mary Upton in April 1953 and their children were born in the Territory, Ian in Wewak and Susan in Lorengau. In 1955 he was transferred to Manus, as District Agricultural Officer, where copra was the main economic crop, and in 1958 to Taliligap in the Gazelle Peninsula where he was in charge of a training centre whose focus was on cocoa production. Following two years in Rabaul as District Agricultural Officer for East New Britain, he changed careers and in 1963 became the first Lecturer in Sociology and Anthropology at the newly formed Papuan Medical College, teaching medical students and nurses, a position he held until his retirement in December 1973 by which time the Medical College had been converted into the Faculty of Medicine of UPNG. During this period he co-authored 'Health in a Developing Country' with Prof John Cawte.
After retirement he was awarded an MA degree from Sydney University for his thesis on 'Changing Attitudes to Illness and Misfortune amongst the Motu – Koita', the result of ten years study in Pari village near Port Moresby.
His retirement interests were varied including seven years in the photography department of the Australian Museum as a volunteer, years as a volunteer in bush regeneration near his home in Northbridge, bee-keeping, bush walking, member of a book discussion group and Probus Club. All his life he was a man of faith, a skilled 'Mr Fixit' and his story-telling gifts enlivened many gatherings. Bob is survived by his wife Mary, his children Ian and Susan and four grandchildren. Mary Pulsford

The **Hon John Greville Smith CBE** (26 August 2004, aged 84 years)
John went to PNG in 1955 as the Crown Prosecutor. He became Public Solicitor, and then Chief Crown Prosecutor before departing PNG in 1974. He returned as Judge National and Supreme Courts from 1978-1981. John had very fond memories of the years he spent in PNG and the many friends made there.

Joan Smith

Harold Cropp (aged 83 years)
Harold was born in Boscombe, England. When war came he joined the Royal Engineers and became a model maker of various air force targets for the Fleet Air Arm. Harold emigrated to Australia in 1953 and worked on a property in NSW until Burns Philp offered him a position as Junior Manager on Bougainville. He flew to New Guinea in a Qantas flying boat which was an experience he loved to talk about. Marrying in 1963 Harold and Betty lived on Iwi Plantation for six happy years. Later on they lived on Fanning Island, an atoll in the middle of the Pacific. Harold and Betty settled in New Zealand in 1983. Betty Cropp

Robert George Stewart (5 June 2004 aged 81 years)
Bob was born in Sydney and served 4½ years in the 2/6 Australian Armoured Regiment (with seven months in PNG) during WWII. He returned to PNG in the late 1950s with his wife Joy and children Jennifer and Lilla. His first posting was at the Medical Store in Rabaul as a pharmacist where he took great pride in the efficient distribution of supplies to hospitals and aid posts in the area. He was secretary of the Kokopo Rifle Club during this period. Bob was transferred to Mt Hagen to set up a Medical Supply depot for the Highlands region in 1964. In 1966 he transferred to Pt Moresby with the Health Dept until 1975. He was recognised as a true pioneer in his field.
Bob was a champion rifle shooter having been awarded the Champion of Champions at Anzac Range, Sydney, in July 1958. While he was stationed in Mt Hagen, the British Empire and Commonwealth Games were held in Kingston, Jamaica. The PNG Games Committee established a six-person team with Bob as secretary. He won a silver medal in the Rifle Shooting. This was one of the highlights of his life and kept him involved with sporting organizations in PNG until the 10th British Commonwealth Games in 1974 where he proudly once again was a member of the PNG team in Christchurch, NZ. Bob and Joy 'went south' in 1975 although it was hard leaving the jobs they loved and the life-long friends they had made. They purchased a pharmacy in Sydney before retiring to Brisbane. Bob suffered a stroke in 1998 but at all times maintained his dignity and devotion to his family and friends.

This was compiled by the Stewart Family and given to Bert Speer in Sydney at a luncheon with Joy and daughter Lilla and school friend of Bob's, Mr Don Dunn.

Albert Speer MBE

Reginald Williams Collins (13 July 2004, aged 84 years)
Reg was born in Heidelberg, Victoria. He enlisted in the 2/2 Motor Ambulance Convoy and was captured by the Japanese in World War II and became a prisoner in Thailand. He was one of those working on the Thai Burma railroad construction, but Reg was most reluctant to discuss a recall of those dark times. He was a great mixer and liked to do things his way. He was, after the war ended, reluctant to resume the Victoria rural lifestyle and joined the Public Health Services of the Provisional Administration of New Guinea as a Medical Assistant. He was posted to the Sepik district and served at various stations. Whilst at Wewak Hospital he instituted Aid Post Orderly Training. In his capacity as Field Medical Assistant he met in Wewak a Cadet Patrol Officer Neil Grant and the latter states that 'He was always very friendly and congenial and a great host'. Reg established the Aid Post Training School for the New Guinea Mainlands Region at Malahang, Lae, and was assisted by a New Guinean man, Muttu Gware OBE, who was later honoured by his family and friends with the naming of a wing of the Lae General Hospital as the Gware Memorial Wing. Reg advanced in the development of the Health Department Services at Lae; he later went to Port Moresby to head the Administrative Division of Community Health prior to his retirement.

Albert Speer MBE

Terry (Thomas Joseph) Kane (3 June 2004, aged 72 years)
Brother Terry began life as a Marist brother at 14 years of age. In 1962 he joined the Marist community at St Xavier's High School on Kairiru Island, PNG. His innovative teaching methods were inspiring to both his students and his peers and he continued to maintain a keen interest in news from PNG after returning to Australia.

Info from Herald Sun 11 October 2004

David Stanley Collins (10 August 2004, aged 75 years)
After serving in South Australia Police between 1944-1948 and 1951-1954, he joined the RPNGC in 1957. He served at Boroko, Madang, Wewak and finally at Lae, when he left RPNGC in 1963 to take advantage of the development then occurring on Bougainville. There he was a camp manager for Bechtel WKE for some years. With the phasing out of the construction period he moved to Port Moresby, where he was a manager for Wridgeway Removals. There, he met his second wife Ursula and they married in 1973. In 1974, they moved to Adelaide, and later to Darwin where he was security officer for the Darwin Hospitals Group. Deteriorating health eventually caused him to settle in Nambucca Heads. He is survived by his second wife and five children from his first marriage. MR Hayes

Paul Tohian QPM (13 May 2004, aged 54 years)
The son of Henry Tohian who joined the NG Police Force in 1940, Paul himself joined the RPNGC in 1968 as a Cadet Officer, proceeding through Commissioned Officer ranks until he was promoted assistant Commissioner of Police in 1987 responsible for operations in Bougainville before being promoted to Commissioner of Police in 1988. During the following two years he was controller of the state of emergency on Bougainville which was in conflict with the central government. He supported a military solution to this 'war' which was estimated to have cost around 10,000 lives, including many from police and army. Unhappy with the political situation when the central govt signed an agreement with the Bougainville Revolutionary Army in 1990 which required police and army to leave the island, Tohian ordered the Constabulary to assemble outside Parliament House where he ordered the arrest of Prime Minister Rabbie Namaliu and opposition leader Paias Wingti. Tohian was later arrested and charged with treason, ending his police career, but these charges were later dropped. He then entered politics becoming the first Governor of New Ireland Province in 1997 until his defeat in 2002, when he remained in business in Kavieng. Given a full police funeral attended by 5,000, he leaves a wife, Saraim and several children. MR Hayes

Linden George (Jim) Cavanagh (4 March 2004, aged 86 years)
Born at Murwillumbah, Jim worked in a forestry survey gang in the Lands Dept all over Queensland before being recruited to go to East New Britain by the Intelligence for his tracking and bush skills. There he worked for the Lands Dept as a surveyor, a cover for his intelligence work for the Australian Govt looking into the activities of the German missionaries in 1938. When war started, Jim joined the NGVR and was attached to several units. He was a major player in the successful NGVR raid on Salamaua in June 1942. After the war, Jim chose to work in the newly formed Office of Forests in NG rather than in intelligence, managing the government sawmill at Keravat to produce the timber to rebuild the town of Rabaul. He married on Boxing Day 1946 and brought his new bride, Pat (Masters) to Keravat in early 1947 to live in the bush in a 'paper' house. Moving to Bulolo in 1949, their daughters were born in the Wau Hospital. The years in Bulolo saw Jim start the survey of the PNG forestry estate that took him into the bush for months at a time and which would become his legacy to the people of PNG. The family moved to Port Moresby in 1959 where Jim continued surveying the forestry estate and was promoted to Chief of Division Resource Management in the Dept of Forests, Konedobu. When Jim retired from the public service at age 55 in 1972, Pat and Jim took an extended overseas trip. On their return they set up a forestry consultancy for ten successful years. In 1983 they settled on the Gold Coast and continued travelling and enjoying their life together. Jim is survived by his wife, Pat, and daughters Linda and Sally. Linda Manning

Michael (Mick) Richard Gallen (17 August 2004, aged 86 years)
Mick was born at Gympie QLD and joined the Queensland Police in 1940. Whilst stationed at Gordonvale he met and subsequently married his wife Pat and over the years eight children arrived. In 1947 he joined the Royal Papuan Constabulary and New Guinea Police Force as an Assistant Sub Inspector of Police. As a Police Officer he served in Samarai, Lae, Bulolo, Wau, Kokopo and finally in Rabaul from where he resigned in 1965 having attained the rank of Superintendent 1st Class. He was awarded the Police Long Service and Good Conduct Medal in recognition of his long and excellent service to the community. In later years he rejoined the Reserve Constabulary as a police constable, being the only ex 1st Class Superintendent ever to do so. He never worried about rank or status, he just felt that he could best contribute to the community in this way.
Mick resigned to become 'Mine Host' at the Kavieng Hotel in New Ireland. He later added a tavern at Namatanai to his business interests. After retiring and moving back to the Gordonvale area and then to the Atherton Tablelands Mick was actively involved in the community and became well known in the district as being always ready to lend a helping hand.
In PNG Mick was liked and respected by all sections of the community. As a police officer he invariably acted in a humane and commonsense manner, setting an excellent example to younger officers. He had a natural talent for all sports and excelled at rugby, tennis, cricket and later golf. His occupation sometimes attracted undue attention on the rugby field from characters who saw the game as an opportunity to sort out a cop, but during his QLD years Mick had learned to accommodate such individuals when the need arose and never worried about it. He became the Club champion at golf in Kavieng and later at Gordonvale, and had a handicap of 19 when he played his last game in early 2004. Mick will be remembered by those who knew him in PNG and in North Queensland with respect and affection as a kind man without prejudice, possessed of a droll sense of humour. Whilst not being overtly religious he believed in and kept his faith throughout. He is survived by his wife Pat and their four sons, four daughters, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Neil Watt and Max Hayes

Keith Mattingley AO (28 September 2004, aged 80 years)
A senior manager with the Herald and Weekly Times and related companies for more than 30 years, Keith held posts in Melbourne, Perth and Port Moresby. He spent two years as personal assistant to Australia's High Commissioner in London, Sir Thomas White in 1952-53, returning to work in Melbourne with *The Herald* as chief sub-editor, then feature services manager until 1965. Keith was then given the task of developing the industry in PNG. He was the first editor-in-chief of South Pacific Post newspapers, and later managing director, at all times encouraging the emerging indigenous role in newspapers. Whilst he was managing director of West Australian Newspapers for the *HWT* in the early 80s he guided the introduction of computer technology. Whilst in Perth he was also warden of the Anzac memorial in King's Park. Keith Mattingley was awarded the Order of Australia in 1984 and became an officer AO in 1991. He used his profile and wide array of contacts to assist community works. He is survived by his wife Janine, two sons, three daughters and 10 grandchildren. Info from Herald Sun 29 Sep 2004

Jack Brammell (15 October 2004, aged 92 years)
We hope to have further details next issue.

John (Jack) Joseph Hart (1924-2004)
Jack was born in Toowoomba, one of seven children, and became a well-known Rugby League identity in both PNG and Toowoomba.
Jack joined the Australian Air Force in about 1943 and served in PNG and Irian Jaya (then Dutch New Guinea). He survived two air crashes while on overseas service. Jack went to Port Moresby in 1950 as Foreman refrigeration mechanic with the Commonwealth Department of Works (Comworks). He captained the Paga and Papua Representative Rugby league teams throughout his football career in Moresby. Upon retirement as a player in 1954 Jack was elected a Vice President of the Papua Rugby League and appointed a Papua selector. He continued in these roles until his transfer to Brisbane with Comworks in 1967, returning to Moresby many times to attend Rugby League football finals.
In the early 1970s Jack was in a plane crash near Toowoomba, sustaining major burns to his arms and upper body. He and another passenger survived the crash but the pilot died despite Jack's valiant efforts to rescue him from the burning wreckage. For his courageous action he was awarded Queensland's highest bravery award. No stranger to aircraft and vehicle accidents, it is said he survived at least 17 without serious injury. In retirement Jack devoted his time to nurturing his many friendships, particularly football colleagues, fund raising for community projects and travel to China. Jack's funeral in Toowoomba included former members of Paga, Hawks, DCA and Magani football clubs as well as Toowoomba and Australian Rugby League and other sporting identities. Maureen O'Rourke's simple personal eulogy reflected the thoughts of his many PNG friends. His brothers Nial and Brian survive him.

Derek Baldwin

Ian Fairley Graham Downs (24 August 2004, aged 89 years)
See obituary on page 32.

Missing Friends – we have lost touch with the following members. Any assistance you can give to help us locate them would be appreciated.

Mrs P ANDERSEN, CHAPMAN, ACT
Mr G R ANDERSON, PORT MORESBY, PNG
Mrs E BARNARD, NOTTS OGLING, UK
Ms C BARRON, PALMWOODS, QLD
Mr R D BRAKE, WATSON, ACT
Dr F J BROCKHALL, WISHART, QLD
Ms K BROMLEY, ASPLEY, QLD
Mr L BRUCKNER, WOODGATE, QLD
Mr R R BRYANT, MUNDINGBURRA, QLD
Mr C T CAMPBELL, HOLLOWAYS BEACH, QLD
Mrs K CHAMBERS, ELLENBOROUGH, NSW
Mrs M I CLARENCE, WINMALEE, NSW
Mr R M COLE, CARRUM DOWNS, VIC
Mr H J COX, WANGI WANGI, NSW
Mr N R DONALD, MACGREGOR, QLD
Mr H DOORN, PAPHOS, CYPRUS
Mrs G GAFFNEY, VALLEY HEIGHTS, NSW
Mr L GOVAN, RUNAWAY BAY, QLD
Mr N K HADLEY, BROWNS PLAINS, QLD
Mrs A HEALY, TURNER, ACT
Mr W HEATH, BATEMANS BAY, NSW
Mrs S HERBERT, EARLWOOD, NSW
Dr J HOSKIN, ORANGE, NSW
Mr P D HUMPHREYS, KIMBE, PNG
Mrs M J McCUBBERY, ST LUCIA, QLD
Mr D R McENCROE, CESSNOCK, NSW
Mr R B MULHOLLAND, EAST BALLINA, NSW
Pastor K NAGEL, PASADENA, SA
Mrs D F NICHOLS, BUDERIM, QLD
Mrs A PHILLIPS, BALMAIN, NSW
Mr B R PORTER, LUTWYCHE, QLD
Mrs M I REESON, NICHOLLS, ACT
Mr J F REILLY, ALSTONVILLE, NSW
Mrs H SHARP, SYLVANIA, NSW
Mrs V J SHEPPEARD, REDCLIFFE, QLD
Ms M SKELDING, GREENACRES, SA
Mrs R TURNER, RANDWICK, NSW
Mr P WAIGHT, WEETANGERA, ACT
Mrs J WALLENIUS, ONTARIO, CANADA
Mrs B A WASHINGTON, MOSMAN, NSW
Mrs F A WATERS, POINT CLARE, NSW
Mr A R WELSH, ARROWTOWN, NZ

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mr M J ARTHUR	23 Kraatz Avenue, LOGANLEA, QLD, 4131
Mr D BRADNEY	23 Kent Close, MISSION BEACH, QLD, 4852
Mrs W E CLARKE	69 Smith Road, WOODRIDGE, QLD, 4114
Mr F COLEMAN	103 Flinders Crescent, BORONIA HEIGHTS, QLD, 4124
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C & I DUNKERTON	PO Box 962, INNISFAIL, QLD, 4860
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Mr G GRAHAM	PO Box 93, ARTARMON, NSW, 1570
Mrs H A HAY	5B Shark Court, SORRENTO, WA, 6020
Mr J HOUSTON	17 Waite Street, FARRER, ACT, 2607
Mr M D LEICESTER	26 Canonbury Circle, SEABROOK, VIC, 3028
Mr I LEWIS	GPO Box 906, BRISBANE, QLD, 4001
Mr I MILLAR	49 Reids Road, HIGHBURY, SA, 5089
Mrs M F O'ROURKE	Unit 1, 2 Cutler Court, GOLDEN BEACH, QLD, 4551
Mr R F PERRY	7 Kim Street , GLADESVILLE, NSW, 2111
Mr J J PICKERELL	22 Durbin Street , NUNDLE, NSW, 2340
Mrs K PIVA	23 Tracey Street , EAST DONCASTER, VIC, 3109
Mr A J SARIMAN	PO Box 6568 , PORT MORESBY NCD 211, PNG,
Mrs J SMITH	35 Wilkinson Street , FLYNN, ACT, 2615
Mr W D SWAN	19 Ariadne Street , HERVEY BAY, QLD, 4655
Mr B SWANTON	PO Box 1225 , WODEN, ACT, 2606
Mr T R WEBSTER	"Ederveen" 407 The Avenue off Kybeyan Road, NIMMITABEL, NSW, 2631
Mr C D R WILLIAMS	47 Harrington Drive, NARRE WARREN STH, VIC, 3805
Mr D B WILLIAMSON	PO Box 4081, FOREST LAKE, QLD, 4078
Mr D YOUNG	49 Mount Erin Crescent, FRANKSTON SOUTH, VIC, 3199

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	From	***To***
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Mr W M BOCK	15 Roscrea Court	99/2A Railway Avenue , WERRIBEE, VIC, 3030
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Mr O G G DENT	Maroochy South	Unit 87, Immanuel Gardens Retirement Village 10 Magnetic Drive, BUDERIM, QLD, 4556
Dr P S ENDERS	NEUTRAL BAY	348 Ilam Road FENDALTON, CHRISTCHURCH, NZ.
Mr H R GREER	LAE 411, MP	8/56 Cairns Street , CAIRNS, QLD, 4870
Mrs M KLECKHAM		26 Poinciana Avenue , SEAFORTH, QLD, 4741
Ms R MACDONALD	CANADA	2/2 Lovitt Brae Court , BANORA POINT, NSW, 2486
Mr W A McGRATH	BROADBEACH	PO Box 1072 , BURLEIGH HEADS, QLD, 4220
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Mrs J R MULLEY	ROBINA	38 Mornington Terrace, ROBINA, QLD, 4226
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Mr J H OBERDORF		24 Coane Street, HOLDER, ACT, 2611
Mr J PROUD	MT LAWLEY	52 Duke Street, NORTHAM, WA, 6401
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Mr F G VAN KOLCK	105 Fullers Road	PO Box 1524, CHATSWOOD, NSW, 2067
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Mr A L WILLIAMS	SCARBOROUGH	1, Olympia Court, 159 Welsby Parade, BONGAREE, Q 4507

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