



# 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

## CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON –

This year's Christmas Luncheon will be on Sunday 4 December at the Mandarin Club Sydney. We will have a special theme to celebrate 30 years since PNG Independence. Look in the September issue of *Una Voce* for details...you will need to book early!

\* \* \*

## VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS

The annual spring visit to the Blue Mountains will be on Thursday 13 October, 2005. Last year we were again welcomed at the spacious home of George and Edna Oakes at Woodford for another warm and friendly gathering. Fortunately Edna and George will be our hosts again this year. Full details in September issue.

\* \* \*

**CPI:** The CPI for our superannuation rose 1.4% for the six months to March 2005 and will be paid at the end of June.

\*\*\*don't forget to have a look at our

website: [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)

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**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](mailto: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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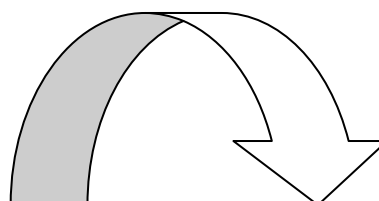
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Please note the following **Corrections to March *Una Voce*:**

Page 5 – top – should read 'At Vanimo in 1953...'

Page 13 – Field Marshal Slim incorrectly had a VC after his name.

Page 28 – Correct email address for Owen Genty-Nott is: [owengn@xtra.co.nz](mailto:owengn@xtra.co.nz)



## Email Addresses:

Members with email addresses should ensure they notify the Membership Officer, **Ross Johnson** at: [admin@pngaa.net](mailto:admin@pngaa.net), with either their email address (if not previously notified) or any changes which are made to their email addresses. This will ensure you get timely notice of any breaking "news" Also, those of you who have a "limit" on your mail box, it would help if you would please clear it at regular intervals.

\* \* \*

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## IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – NEW POSTINGS

**My wife and I were returning from our biennial leave in early 1972** and I had been posted to the subdistrict of Wapenamanda in the Enga District. Not uncommonly in PNG, there had been a hitch in communication and our arrival was unexpected when we flew into Mt. Hagen and reported to District HQ. This turned out to be a bonus for us, as we were allowed to stay for a few days in the DC's guest house in very attractive and comfortable surroundings. But that could not last forever of course, so we fronted up at Mt. Hagen airport with our luggage, and a very large bottle or tank of LPG which we had been told we would need to fuel our cooker and water heater. Unfortunately, the pilot of the 4-seater said it was too dangerous and he could not fit it into the plane anyway.

After a lengthy and at times somewhat heated discussion between the pilot, his supervisor, the district office and ourselves, the pilot finally agreed to take us with our luggage and the gas tank. However, to do so he removed the two rear seats and we had to sit on the floor with the gas tank along one side of us. We were then treated to an interesting flight through the mountains and over the River Lai Gorge into the Wapenamanda Valley, then a sharp 180 degree turn to land safely at the SubDistrict Office. We were greeted by the ADC who said 'Why on earth did you bring that gas tank, you could have bought one at the mission store at the other end of the airstrip'!

Brian Hartley

### **First Night In Tari**

With the ASOPA Long Course behind me I arrived in Tari on 10<sup>th</sup> January, 1963. The previous day in Mendi I had bought, begged and borrowed basics, including a raincoat, to survive until my cargo, stored in Tapini since October, 1961, arrived.

Neil Desailly, ADO, introduced me to CPOs Bob Foreman and Brian Darby who already occupied the PO's two-bedroom *haus kunai*. They showed me my bedsleeve erected on the veranda, the latter enclosed by a waist-high *pitpit* wall and 'window-lite' sheeting to the ceiling. The 'window-lite', rusted and shedding its plastic coating, hardly served as flywire!

Waking around 3am, cold and damp, my torch illuminated drizzle blowing over my bed – the raincoat became my top blanket! Pulling rank I suggested to the CPOs over breakfast that they share a bedroom – unless **they** tossed for the veranda!

Chris Warrillow

## THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE – PNG INDEPENDENCE

Deadline for entries 4 August 2005

Write/Phone/Fax/Email

Please put pen to paper as we would all like to share your stories

### *Did you know?*

In September this year it will be 30 years since PNG Independence!



## **WALK INTO PARADISE**

### **FILM SCREENING - SUNDAY 28 AUGUST 2005**

The 16<sup>th</sup> September, 2005, marks the 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Papua New Guinea attaining its Independence. To help celebrate this event, PNGAA will be screening *Walk Into Paradise* along with a screening of the video footage of 'Rhonda Grogan: Behind the Scenes Location footage: *Walk Into Paradise*' at **Film Australia, 101 Eton Road, Lindfield** on **Sunday 28 August from 2-5pm**.

Arrangements have been made to hire the new print of **Walk Into Paradise** from the **Kodak/Atlab Cinema Collection at Screensound Australia**, the National Screen and Sound Archive. Permission to show these on a non-profit basis has been obtained from both Penn Robinson, son of Director Lee Robinson and Rhonda Grogan. Any surplus from ticket sales, after meeting all costs, will be donated to the Childrens' Ward at Angau Memorial Hospital in Lae, PNG.

This is a new, high quality, release print of the original film produced in 1955 (fifty years ago!) and released the following year. The new prints are colour re-graded, soundtracks remastered to digital, and any scratches and flaws removed.

The film was shot on location at Goroka, Madang and along the Sepik River. It is about a patrol led by Patrol Officer Chips Rafferty, to confirm an oil strike in the Highlands. Female lead was French actress Francoise Christophe and our own Fred Kaad had a featured part. The film has an uncomplicated adventurous storyline with a romantic interest; it also showcases some spectacular highlands scenery and authentic traditional dress and would be suitable for general viewing.

Pre-payment is essential and seating will be on a first-in basis at the theatre. If demand is greater than our seating capacity, we will consider a second showing at a later date.

Please (1) be specific with request for number of tickets (2) include name and address for ticket return (3) send cheque/money order for correct amount to:

The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 452, Roseville, NSW 2069 or phone Ross Johnson on 02-9876 6178.

**Cost: \$20 Adults, \$15 Children (under sixteen).**

**Light refreshments with tea/coffee/glass of wine included**

*For transport information/assistance please phone Harry West on 02-9418 8793*

.....

**PLEASE NOTE:** All tickets will be mailed out in late July.

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### **Fundraising for a PNG Cultural Centre in Brisbane**

The new PNG Consul General in Brisbane, Paul Nerau, is doing a magnificent job in promoting PNG around the place, and is very serious about PNG-Australian cooperation. The Consul-General is fundraising for a cultural centre to be established in Brisbane. As part of the fundraising efforts, the following items are on sale:

- ▶ Official PNG ties embroidered with the crest - \$35
- ▶ PNG tie bars in a magnificent presentation case with the PNG crest - \$29
- ▶ PNG pens in a handsome presentation case - \$34

Members who would like to order these items should contact the Consul-General direct. Their email is [pngcgc@kundubne.org](mailto:pngcgc@kundubne.org) I thoroughly recommend members' support.

**Donald Daniels**

## NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY

From **Jim Toner**

Mrs. Serena STAINES, born in Rabaul in 1959, is a mother of three and a financial counsellor for a NT community charity service. She is the eldest child of the late Doug BELL who was a dental technician with PHD. Her mother Luc was a nurse at Nonga Hospital and the family joke is that she slipped and fell crossing Mango Avenue in the rain where she was “picked up” by her father. Serena had four siblings all born in Rabaul and when the family moved to Misima their correspondence lessons arrived on a weekly plane and their supplies on a bi-monthly boat. After that moving to Sydney in 1971 came as something of a shock and to Darwin in 1975, just after Cyclone Tracy, where Doug joined the Commonwealth Health Department, even more so. Serena went off to Queensland with her new husband in 1980 but was back in the Top End by 1996 where she has fond memories of growing up in New Britain and Milne Bay.

Unlike many bands Darwin-based “Drum Drum” has turned out to be no ‘here today, forgotten tomorrow’ ensemble. Led by Airi, son of John INGRAM AM, formerly of the PNG Education Department and Paia from Kapa Kapa, Central District, it has over the past ten years performed in fifteen countries. Its medley of PNG and Pacific songs and dances backed by *kundus*, etc. has been well received until their current tour of schools in USA. The “Manus dance” apparently includes one of the dancers sporting a mock penis and in Philadelphia a Principal felt it necessary to ascend the stage afterwards and apologise to her student audience for the “inappropriateness”. If “Drum Drum” inserted a phallocrypt in their show which is not a genuine part of the culture of Manus islanders that would be correct, in fact deception. However, the good lady Principal might be surprised to learn that in certain backwaters of Papua New Guinea not wearing a *kambang bilong kok* could be considered indecent exposure.

You don’t hear a lot of praise for Australia’s efforts to educate Papua-Niuginians to run their own country but one of the recipients was a young Tolai whose story might be titled “The Rise and Rise of John KAPUTIN”. He was selected to be sent to Rockhampton Boys Grammar School and supported in his later study at the University of Hawaii. In the interim he came to popular notice by penetrating a hitherto all-European Rugby League starring as a winger plus a marriage to a European woman equally novel at that time. Then followed 30 years as Member for Rabaul in the House of Assembly many as a Minister, and a knighthood. Today the PNG chancery in Brussels is named ‘Sir John Kaputin House’. Not that this is recognition for a distinguished retiree since Sir John, aged 63, has just commenced a 5 years term as Secretary-General of the Asia-Caribbean-Pacific bloc of the United Nations. This incorporates 78 countries and must rank as the sternest test that an educated Papua-Niuginian has faced.

Another Niugini knight, Sir Barry Holloway, former kiap, keeps busy as Deputy Chair of the PNG Gun Control Committee. It has been moving about the country seeking a solution to a problem fortunately absent during the ‘colonial era’. There has been some success (according to Rick NEHMY in the last *Una Voce*) at the Moresby Golf Club where Sepik security guards have reverted to carrying bows and arrows.... Of course this is not really a subject for humour in view of the disruption being caused by gun proliferation.

Rabaul cannot be considered a ghost town now that it has 3685 adult residents all required to pay Council Head Tax of 20 kina. However many are unhappy about their

new Post Office being named – thus changing their personal postal address – New Rabaul! The rationale is that there exists a functioning post office at Kokopo set up specifically to serve Old Rabaul customers whose boxes were destroyed in the 1994 Eruption.

Few readers will have heard of Yandera let alone wandered through that village at the back of Bundi on the Madang side of the Bismarck Range. It was where I found my wife showering publicly, albeit sarong-clad, under a bamboo pipe running from a hill stream. But those who are investors will be aware of the lengthy gestation period for mining projects. 48 years is a good effort for it was in 1957 that Yandera was identified as sitting on huge copper deposits. Kennecott Exploration spent US\$20 millions there during the 1960/70s. Marengo Mining has just announced a start on excavating copper and gold. Getting it down to the coast will be a good trick.

The cricketers of PNG are going to Ireland in July. They are to be congratulated on having fought their way through the qualifying rounds in Malaysia during February enabling them to compete for the International Cricket Conference Trophy, effectively a world cup for the minor nations. Over eight days they will face Holland (the holders), Namibia, Scotland, Oman and Canada. The Trophy winner then gets a trip to the real World Cup to be held in the West Indies in 2007 to face the big boys, Australia, India, etc. One doesn't know whether to wish the 14 Kumuls luck or not.

Wantoks will recall the pressure to cease referring to the people of PNG as natives and instead use the term indigenes. Autochthons was another term dragged from the dictionary in the cause of political correctness but that one was clearly too much for a number of our fellow expats who already had trouble pronouncing 'indy-jines'. I was reminded of this by news that the British police have been told to stop talking about Blacks and Asians and instead call them Visible Minority Ethnicns. As Eric Morecambe, very much a Briton, used to splutter "There's no answer to that". ■

\* \* \* \* \*

### **NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA - John Kleinig**

The 6<sup>th</sup> **ADELAIDE PNGAA REUNION LUNCH** has been scheduled for Sunday 30 October 2005. Wheaton House at Pulteney Grammar School will again be the venue. Invitations will be sent out in mid September.

Crossing the Pacific Highway at St Leonards can be tricky at the best of times. At lunchtime it's perilous. **David BLOOMFIELD** threw caution to the wind and used his walking stick to ward off motorists desperately trying to catch the green light. 'He's always been a risk taker' explained his wife, 'That's why he's still alive.' The day before he had marched under the Lark Force banner along George Street on Anzac Day and had pulled out at King Street, I suspect much to the relief of his wife and daughters. The week before he had suffered a minor stroke.

At age 17 he was aboard the Neptuna steaming for Rabaul in 1941 having just left Scots at Bellevue Hill. They were part of the forward deployment strategy to protect Australia from a possible Japanese invasion. He was one of seventy who manned the heavy anti aircraft guns on Frisby Ridge where the Rabaul Vulcanologist Station now stands. In the early hours of 23 January 1942 he was dug in at Raluana Beach attempting to resist the Japanese onslaught. The Australian War Memorial has a picture of this moment and David can identify himself. It is the sort of experience that would give you nightmares for ever.

No provision was made by the authorities for any retreat but out of ammunition and over-run by the Japanese there was no other option. For the next three months David and others battled to survive as they moved along the south coast of New Britain. He doesn't forget coming across a friend still barely alive after the massacre at Tol Plantation, brushing past the Japanese officer on a narrow track and each pretending not to notice the other as well as the debilitating fight against starvation and disease in the most hostile of environments.

Standing at the front of a hut on Palmalmal Plantation a pinnacle was sighted out to sea and they thought the Japanese had found them. 'I thought my luck had run out,' he explained. There were five of us and three were in a bad way suffering from malaria. 'There was really no way we could get away.' But his luck hadn't run out and four days later they had gathered a group of about a hundred and sailed on the Laurabada to Moresby and eventually to Sydney in probably one of the most dramatic rescues of our time.

David tells the story as though it had happened yesterday but it is devoid of emotion. I ask him why? He pauses and then explains, 'I just wanted to tell the story as it happened. Too many stories about this time were just b...s...' I resisted the temptation to suggest that I could recall some stories today that suffer from that malady.

When the circumstances of the fall of Rabaul became known there were calls for a full public enquiry in 1942. This was officially denied but some years ago clear evidence was uncovered confirming a decision by the Australian authorities to abandon the Rabaul garrison. This was decided some time prior to the invasion.

When he showed me the communiqué I didn't have the heart to ask David Bloomfield what he was thinking. Out of the 70 men in his unit, seven escaped. He is now the sole survivor.

The launch of PNGAA member, **Philip Fitzpatrick's** book, 'Bamahuta: Leaving Papua' organised by ANU's Pandanus Books attracted an audience of more than sixty people. Dr **Barry Craig** in launching the book talked about his work in PNG over 43 years and mentioned conversations over the years with Prime Minister Somare. He concluded on a positive note suggesting that Papua New Guineans are up against the biggest challenge they have ever faced, but they have managed to survive some 2000 generations and they didn't look like people who were about to toss in the towel.

As part of the occasion a special collection of kiap memorabilia was organised and I understand this is to become a permanent display in the Pacific Gallery of the SA Museum. ■

\* \* \* \* \*

### **PNG.....IN THE NEWS**

► 160 Australian Assisting Police, part of the Enhanced Co-operation Program between Australia and PNG, were recently flown back to Australia, a court ruling having removed their immunity from prosecution in PNG. Renegotiation of the aid package could take up to a year and will almost certainly involve a constitutional change. Info from Post Courier 17 May 2005

► Papua New Guinea's 1<sup>st</sup> National Arts and Crafts Exhibition will be held at the Sir John Guise Stadium, Pt Moresby from June 7-12 2005.

► PNG's 2<sup>nd</sup> International Orchid Fair will be held in Pt Moresby June 4-6 2005.

## **PNG.....IN THE NEWS (Cont)**

► PricewaterhouseCoopers, after 40 years in PNG, is set to strengthen its presence there in the belief that the economy will improve and investment will increase in the country. Whilst there is strong demand for traditional services, particularly assurance and tax, there are opportunities for growth in areas such as risk management and this outlook is being addressed in PricewaterhouseCoopers three to five year plan.

Deloitte say they are also there for the long term. In recent years their main growth areas had been associated with various aid programs and an increased interest in areas related to corporate governance issues. Deloitte has begun to rely less on expatriates and more on local staff as a major investment in training over the past years has started to reap benefits with improved retention levels.

Info from Aust. Fin. Review 01 April 2005 and 15 April 2005

► Great Australian Resources' 50% owned subsidiary Equatorial Resources has signed a memorandum of understanding with Canadian miner Madison Minerals to acquire an interest in Madison's subsidiary Madison Enterprises (PNG), which holds PNGs Mt Kare property.

Info from Aust. Fin. Review 07 April 2005

► The PNG Advisory Support Facility, Phase II (PNGASFII) were recently seeking a Financial Investigations Adviser for a 12 month contract in the PNG Dept of Treasury with a salary package of AU\$220,000 to \$263,000pa.

Info from Aust. Fin. Review 22 April 2005

► Steady returns on the economic front:

The PNG Stock Exchange hit a record high in March. It rose 13% last year.

Locally-owned Bank of South Pacific, after purchasing PNG Banking Corporation in 2002, reported a 117% after-tax profit surge for 2004.

The central bank, Bank of PNG, announced that inflation fell to 2.4% in 2004, the lowest since 1989.

ANZ have said it has forged a strategic alliance with Post PNG, enabling the bank to establish branches and agencies within post offices within PNG.

Info from Aust. Fin. Review 19 March 2005

► New York based collectors Marcia and John Friede have acquired a collection of Massim art, put together by eminent scholar and academic Harry Beran. Massim art is often referred to as the art of the Trobriand Islands. The use of ebony enabled very fine carving. This collection will dovetail neatly into a collection of NG art that is being donated by the Friedes to the de Young Museum in San Francisco. A new earthquake-proofed gallery is being built in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park to house the collection. The Beran collection contains hundreds of objects ranging from canoe art and fishing nets to betel-chewing equipment, of which a highlight is an extremely well-provenanced and well-licked lime spatula, collected in NG in 1895 by Australian sugar industry pioneer, Henry Tryon. Dipping the spatula into a lime-based mixture as part of the betel-nut chewing process has meant that saliva has built up over the years, ceasing when it leaves aristocratic hands and then beginning again when it returns to the people who are permitted to lick it. As there are several layers of saliva built up on the spatula, this indicates its great age and mixed ownership. John Friede recently presented a slide talk on his collection of NG art at the Australian Museum in Sydney to wide-eyed members of the Oceanic Arts Society.

Info from Aust. Fin. Review 21/04/2005 and 22-25/04/2005



## **Rick Nehmy reports on life as he sees it from Airvos Apartments, Port Moresby.**

Well, here at Airvos Apartments we now have only one empty apartment in our block, and have even more South Australians here – including several families, so it's great to come home to the sound of kids mucking around in the pool, squealing tyres on the wet driveway, smoke and intruder detectors going off, loud '60s Rock, even louder Nintendos and X-boxes – just like the old days.

After we had a short break in February, we quickly settled back in to our daily routine. Two nights before our return, a stolen new 4WD crashed through our driveway fence, demolishing it, and landed in the two-metre space between the wall and the apartment beneath us. Two of the raskols were caught, and were uninjured before they were apprehended by our guards, and handed to the police. A third sought refuge across the road by climbing through razor wire. The only way the 4WD could be removed was by pulling it apart, attaching ropes to the shell and having a couple of labour lines physically pull it up over the two-storey high wall. All the repairs, plus new concrete safety bollards, were completed in a few days – but it was quite disconcerting watching the fence repairers stringing barbed wire with their bare hands. While the fence was down we had two extra security guards permanently guarding the gap.

We have been through the “we are charging you and putting you in the cells” routine for an alleged traffic infringement, then having the charge downgraded to an unreceipted “on the spot” fine. But we were lucky that our situation was benign – it was 10.30am on a Saturday, and as soon as I radioed in to our security provider the two policemen conferred in Motu as to their next move. At this point I responded in Motu, advising that I was extremely sorry if I had transgressed, and so on. The incident ended with just a warning being administered and smiles and handshakes all round, but some of our friends haven't been as lucky. Even a Deputy Secretary in the Prime Minister's Department, a PNG national, recently missed a meeting with my department because he spent three hours in the cells due to a faulty tail-light. We are also very conscious that most people, both national and expatriate, don't have access to that instant security backup that is available to us, and for whom an “on the spot fine” is often the only option.

One of the joys of breakfast is reading the local papers. However, our paper-seller was held up recently and, even though the police arrested his assailants before they got away, his day's takings were not recovered. The papers are worth it - after the Djakarta Embassy bombing one headline read, “No Australians Killed. Howard Disappointed.” A story about the re-emergence of avian flu was headed, “Thailand confirms infection of cocks.” However, it's the classified ads that remind us of the heady days of political incorrectness. Just after Christmas the Bundy Bear Black Bus was advertising a “Sunday Pub Crawl”, with the final item of the itinerary being “back around 8pm, toilet, vomit, bed!” Another regular advertiser is an accommodation establishment in Boroko that describes itself as “Quiet, Secure, Discreet”, with Transit Rooms for K35 per hour.

Another delight here is FM radio. We are well served, and listen to Radio Australia and the BBC World Service, and both the Motu station and a “hits and memories” station which play old '60s and '70s stuff. If you are of my vintage, you may agree that that music died around 1975. The Chinese restaurant near where I work has a stack of '60s background loops...in one half hour session we heard “Tell Tommy I Love Him”, Chubby Checker doing “The Twist”, and the Rubettes “Sugar Baby Love”. Bliss! And we recently went to a function with a really great three-piece band

doing all '60s and '70s stuff, only to eventually realise that one of the members was actually Buruka Tau, ex Yothu Yindi. Great!

Now that the football season is with us we are overwhelmed by options, especially with the free-to-air channels coming from all over Australia, in different time zones. It's great, especially watching Carlton win (or Collingwood lose) three times in three hours.

The Moresby Arts Theatre has had a couple of good productions recently - A Mid Summer Night's Dream and then the Mrs Richards episode from Faulty Towers. It is also showing "chick flicks" (their description) on Tuesday mornings and is introducing Thursday night movies for a while, as well as two Saturday matinees. But we missed the Director's Cut of "Apocalypse Now".....

Last time I wrote I mentioned that, despite security warnings, we used the mini street market near us (at the bottom of Lawes Road) for fresh fruit and greens. Well, shortly after that, we stopped there and a very courtly and elderly Papuan gentleman approached us and said, "It's not safe to stop here. I will walk around with you while you shop, and then take you back to your car, but please don't stop here again." So we haven't. In this same area recently at about 10pm an armed gang attempted to hold up a family on their way home. The wife accelerated away while her husband attempted to look after the kids, but luckily no weapons appear to have been discharged. We have also recently had a police/gang shootout outside the *The Post Courier*, with a raskol shot dead – apparently the same group that hi-jacked the Moresby top cop's car the day before. He was quite angry at the lack of respect shown to senior officials, especially as he was in uniform.

In mid-April, after some already wild weather, we had a very wild afternoon storm – locals said they hadn't seen anything like it. Our street was temporarily blocked at both ends by fallen trees, but they were quickly cleared away. The next morning a clean-up crew were clearing fallen trees from our block – and I watched a worker in bare feet, no helmet (or shirt) using his chainsaw while standing on a thin branch and straddling the razor wire....brought tears to my eyes.

\* \* \*

*Jim Toner's article on 'Tsunami' in March Una Voce prompted the following –*

### **Was This a Minor Tsunami? By Denis Compston**

It must have been about the same time Rabaul had its minor tsunami in May 1960. My mother, sister, myself and our native *cook-boi* recall a similar event at Potsdam Plantation. Potsdam is about half way between Madang and Wewak with Manum Island eight miles away. We were having lunch on the verandah of our house which was a few yards from the beach over-looking the harbour. Within seconds Potsdam Harbour, which is large, totally receded. Our *cook-boi* could see this from the kitchen and came to tell us to leave and go to higher ground. By the time he finished telling us, the harbour was back to normal again. Having lived for four years near Manam Island, which is a very active volcano, we were used to thermal activities. We just thought 'Manam is up to her old tricks'.

However this could have been an unfortunate event as our faithful *cook-boi* related some history told to him by his grandfather. Before WWII the whole of Potsdam Plantation and the area was flooded by the sea and many people were killed. The then plantation house was built on a hill and survived with hopefully the owner and his family. Was this a tsunami? ■

**Pat Murray writes –**

I read with interest the item from Jim Toner on page 19 of the March 2005 *Una Voce* – Tsunami. I agree that he was quite right in attributing the unusual tidal activity he experienced in 1960. I had forgotten the exact date, but it is undoubtedly the episode I and my family remember clearly.

We lived on the East Coast of New Ireland, on the southern side of Cape Sass, overlooking Fangalawa Bay. One morning, it must have been in 1960, my two elder children, Anne, then eight years old, and Alastair aged six, had run down to the beach (about 50 yards in front of our house) as they often did in the morning before breakfast. They reported excitedly that the sea had washed into the shore about 15 or 20 yards past the usual high tide mark. There was only a narrow strip of beach, with a low ridge like a miniature coral cliff, about three feet high, between the sea and the grass and palms which then extended up a gentle slope to the house.

The children brought up a handful of sea things found in the grass – a few stranded small fish, dead by then, cuttlefish and other oddments, and signs of sea foam. It was obvious that an unusual wave, or possibly waves, had occurred, though without any great noise. We had all slept through it.

Having heard on the radio news of the earthquake in Chile some few days before, Peter and I immediately believed this had been the cause of the disturbance – a tsunami that had crossed the Pacific. It certainly still had ‘some kick in it’ when it reached the shore of Baia Plantation.

As my children were Correspondence School pupils and I their teacher, we read up about ‘tidal waves’ in the Childrens’ Encyclopaedia – a more than usually interesting geography lesson!

My youngest child, Eve, then eleven years old, was being discharged from Vunapope Hospital after a severe illness, when the big *guria* in 1971 caused the wave that caused considerable damage in Rabaul. At first, at the Hospital, we had been given a warning that ‘a tidal wave 60 feet high’ would reach us there within about a half hour!! Just when a very hasty evacuation to the highest available ground was on its way, an apology and ‘we meant six feet’ was received!! In the end it didn’t hit Kokopo at all!

\* \* \*

## **More About Tsunami And Earthquakes**

**By John Brady**

The two articles in the last issue of *Una Voce* by Jim Toner and Owen Genty-Nott regarding tsunami and earthquakes triggered some memories almost forgotten.

Jim’s wonderings about the effects of the 1960 Chilean earthquake were probably pretty spot on. Although I did not arrive in New Ireland until 1963 I recall stories of a tidal wave that hit the east coast a couple of years earlier that caused considerable wash outs to bridges along the East Coast Road. No doubt there are numerous members who actually witnessed this event and could tell us more.

The 1971 Rabaul tsunami mentioned by Owen was triggered by earthquake activity which continued for several weeks and we were told most of the epicentres were based around Southern New Ireland and perhaps the biggest were around the remote Cape St George area.

We were at Rabaul airport early one afternoon when a severe tremor struck and I witnessed a rare land wave move up the Rabaul runaway. When we arrived back in

Namatanai we were told how the harbour had drained and then quickly refilled flooding the lower areas of the township just as in Rabaul. As the tremors/shocks continued intermittently day and night for weeks it was a fairly stressful time sometimes evacuating houses in the middle of the night with little kids in tow (at the same time we had a fairly confrontational Mataungan situation on the West coast to deal with).

All of this was nothing compared to the Cape St George area where a tidal wave that must have been in the order of thirty feet ensued. By coincidence the government workboat MV *Bakan* was in the passage between Lambom Island and the mainland when it hit. The local skipper recounted that as he approached the island suddenly he was some 30 feet below the reef and then within minutes he was sailing abeam the top of the coconuts along the beach. This was too much for him so he took off.

A few weeks later I was on patrol in the area. The scene at Metlik plantation was similar to ACHEH. The house, copra sheds etc were all located on a sandy isthmus that joined Cape Metlik to the rocky coastline. There was nothing left here, just a few concrete stumps and a few sad coconut trees. The manager had escaped with only the clothes on his back by quickly getting to high ground on Cape Metlik.

Around Cape St George at Lambom Island fortunately the people had the good sense to take refuge on the high ground directly behind the village. Doug Fyfe was the teacher there at the time. Doug's house had temporarily floated and resettled on the large packing crates under the house with a high point in the middle of the house. Our new wharf was wrecked and Luluai Tondaves pride and joy; his permanent material house, was relocated about 100 metres up the beach. Lamassa Island some 3 hours by canoe up the West Coast actually sunk about 2-3 ft as all the village houses along the foreshore were now looking very much like Hanuabada. Dogs and chooks had quickly adapted to swimming between the houses. The very high main mountain range (higher than Kosciusko) on that part of New Ireland had massive landslide scars upon it.

Fortunately to the best of our knowledge these tsunamis resulted in no loss of life as the villages had high ground to retreat to. ■

**Ossie Dent** notes – ‘Apropos of Jim Toner's Tsunami notes in the March issue I can report that in respect of the Chilean earthquake tidal surges were observed in Wewak Harbour. At the time I was determining the mean high water mark. I had set up a tide gauge in the water visible from the office window of Public Works where Eileen Barnard would read the gauges hourly for me. This day she rang my wife Betty in District Office and said "the tide is playing silly buggers". Some 100 metres or so of shoreline was exposed and surges continued throughout the day.’

**Robin McKay** writes how he remembers ‘our little tsunami in 1960 in Kieta Harbour. It was in the form of a rise and fall of water levels, not as tidal waves. I had my two children on the jetty and decided to get out quick. I lowered one over the side and down to the boatscrew, turned around and lifted the other one up with the water over the jetty decking. We then cleared the harbour quick smart.

The rise and fall exposed large tracts of seabed and then the surge would come over the foreshore and up to the base of the hills. Apart from Wong Kim Wah being morooned on the roof of his truck, the only real damage was to a newly constructed bridge over the lagoon to Rigu Boys School. This had been built by an elderly gentleman called Long John Cox, a 6ft 4in ex Irish Guardsman, who had loudly proclaimed that it would be a monument to him when he was dead and gone.

However, it floated off its foundations much to John's disgust. He, by the way, had been given instructions by the MO to limit his intake of rum to two a day. So he would rise at 4am, pour himself a drink and 'contemplate the infinite' until daylight. At night he would shower, change into pyjamas and have his second drink of the day as the sun went down. Then get a new bottle out ready for the next morning. There was also a similar tidal occurrence in Rabaul around the early fifties. Fred Archer and I had bought a left hand drive Chev from Hong Kong to use on our occasional visits to Rabaul. Keith Cummings had it in a shed near the beach and the rise in tides covered it completely so Keith hosed it down, dried it out and sold it quick!'

\* \* \* \* \*



**Kokopo Cricket Team – period late 20s/early 30s?**

Ken Jones has sent in the above photo - would you be able to identify any of the players? Ken and Joan think they can recognise the following people:

Back Row, 4<sup>th</sup> from left: Mick Thomas and 5<sup>th</sup> from left: Vic Pennefather

Kneeling: Left: Jack Allen Centre: ? Right: Tay Rudnagel

Reclining: ?

Perhaps Ted Bishton is in the group as he was at Bitapaka about this time.

\* \* \*

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*We welcome journalism students from the Divine Word University(DWU) at Madang who will be contributing articles to Una Voce from time to time.*

### **DONATION OF TIMBER TO MANAM ISLANDERS By Henry Yamo**

Two Madang companies have donated ten bundles of sawn hardwood to Manam Islanders living in care centres at Bogia.

Niugini Electrical Company joined Tropic Timbers Ltd to supply the large quantity of timber to the care centres. The timber is to be used for building temporary classrooms for the children at the Potsdam, Asarumba and Mangem care centres. Manager for Niugini Electrical company in Madang, Mr Gus Tibong, said there were no classrooms in the care centres and all school age children were missing out on an education. Construction of timber classrooms would enable the centres to set up school facilities. A senior employee of Tropic Timbers in Madang Mr Joe Nande said the two companies came together to donate the timber as a way of giving something back to the community.

He also appealed to other companies in Madang to assist the people at the care centres in whatever way they could. ■

### **MADANG HONOURS WAR DEAD By Henry Yamo**

A combined Remembrance and ANZAC Day dawn service was held in Madang for the first time to commemorate those who fought and died during the First and Second World Wars. The Papua New Guinea, Australia and New Zealand flags were raised together after the opening prayer by Pastor Loa Bugulau to signify the merging of the ANZAC and Remembrance days that will be observed together.

Remembrance Day, which was observed on July 23, has been moved forward to coincide with ANZAC Day.

More than 600 people gathered as early as 5 am at the base of the Coast Watchers Memorial Light House at Kalibobo for the service. In attendance were ex-service men, government officials, and members of the Australian, British and New Zealand communities living in Madang, church choir groups, police officers, Correctional Services personnel and students from the PNG Maritime College. A spokesman read a speech written by Inter government Relations Minister Sir Peter Barter who was away in Australia at the time of the ceremony.

'We can join hands with other nations who regard today as an occasion for commemorating those who have served in our common defence,' the address said. Sir Peter's speech reminded everyone that the purpose of the day was to remember fallen heroes. 'Remembering those who fought and suffered in war is a duty for those of us who have benefited from their sacrifices,' he said. 'It is appropriate that we remember them and others who worked to restore or maintain peace in their communities, with their neighbours and between countries.

On behalf of the Australian government Commander David Harnett said that of the 60,000 Australians who fought at Gallipoli nearly 8,000 were killed and a further 19,000 wounded, adding that the youngest soldier was only 14. Commander Harnett said participants gathered in the dawn light to remember the men and women who went to war and those who never returned to their homes and loved ones. 'We remember the fallen of all the world wars. We remember the brave warriors of PNG, without whose help the outcome of the war would have been considerably altered.

The 'Last Post' was played by Brother Hugo Andrey SVD from Divine Word University. The Master of Ceremonies recited the poem 'The Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels' to a completely silent crowd. ■

## **EDUCATIONAL LEADERSHIP By Henry Yamo**

SEVENTEEN students achieving Masters in Educational Leadership were among the approximately 500 students who graduated from Divine Word University (DWU) at the university's graduation ceremony on February 22, 2005. The seventeen were enrolled through the distance learning mode from DWU's Faculty of Flexible Learning.

These pioneering students were among more than 960 students from the DWU main campus, Modilon, St Benedict's Wewak and other affiliated institutions who were awarded their certificates, diplomas and degrees at the university's 23rd graduation ceremony.

President of DWU, Fr Jan Czuba, said: 'As a national university, Divine Word has a vital role to play in providing quality education in PNG that ensures responsible citizenship.'

He also thanked Associate Professor Denis McLaughlin, from the Australian Catholic University on behalf of the DWU Council for his great commitment to the development of academic standards, which resulted in the historic graduation of the Masters Degree program students.

Fr Czuba also signed a two-part Memorandum of Cooperation (MOC), as the head of DWU and Chairman of the Modilon hospital board, with James Cook University in Australia and DWU to establish academic partnership and collaborative research at the Modilon hospital in Madang.

Fr Czuba said he hopes leaders in the country will consider PNG's higher education sector as an essential part of the infrastructure of modern development. Higher education, he added, needs to be seen as a long-term investment by which the country can promote development, economic growth and democratic participation in social life.

Minister for Higher Education, Research, Science and Technology, Mr Brian Pulayasi challenged the graduates to consider community service as an ideal way of contributing to the nation. He told the graduating students to be models of positive development, using their skills and knowledge for the good of the country. Acting Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs and Immigration, Sir Rabbie Namaliu praised the university's innovative approach to education and commended its fast growth. ■

\* \* \*

## **MARITIME COLLEGE ACQUIRES STOREHOUSES By Gabriel Bego**

The abandoned government stores in Madang will be taken over by PNG Maritime College to extend its facilities.

Maritime College Richard Coleman said the College had completed negotiations with the National Government to take over the land and buildings, but they were still waiting to sign a contract with the Independent Public Business Corporation (IPBC), which is responsible for the site. He said that once the contract is signed, they will move in and renovate the deteriorating buildings.

Mr Coleman said that the College, the only major maritime training institution in the Pacific region, needed to expand and develop its facilities to cater for the many students who wish to train as seamen and women. ■

**KIAPHAT OF PORONPOSOM**  
**Colonial Rebel & Cannibal Chief**  
by **Jim Ridges** ©

*Ken Humphrey's excellent article THE COX INCIDENT in the March 2005 issue of Una Voce mentions the involvement of the Belgian Charles Wienand. He remained on his plantation Matandeduk near Namatanai until the mid 1930's. The following story has a brief mention of Wienand, back in Namatanai only six weeks after his corporal punishment in Rabaul covered in Ken's story.*

As a direct result of the unlawful execution of Kiaphat on the hillside near the government office at Namatanai, New Ireland on 9<sup>th</sup> January 1915, the new Military Government of New Guinea in Rabaul issued the following Administration Order No. 32. The Administrator, Col. S.A.Pethebridge C.M.G, signed it on 1<sup>st</sup> February 1915: -

'Notwithstanding any instructions or regulations to the contrary, it is to be clearly understood by all Officers and others in the service of the Administration, that before carrying into effect a death sentence, the Administrator's written confirmation must be obtained.'

The 'court' that had tried, sentenced and supervised the execution, by a firing squad of five native Police supervised by an Australian Army sergeant, was of the 'kangaroo' variety. It caused the Administrator in his report No. A.4 of 30<sup>th</sup> January 1915 to the Australian Minister of State for Defense in Melbourne to refer to it as a 'regrettable occurrence'.

To understand Kiaphat's crime it is necessary to go back to 1913 when the Germans were the colonial power in New Guinea before their replacement by the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force at the outbreak of war in Europe. The Australians arrived at Rabaul on 11<sup>th</sup> September 1914 and in Namatanai on 12<sup>th</sup> November, only 2 months before Kiaphat's trial and death.

It was only in 1904 that German authority and administration had started at Namatanai. During mid 1913 two patrols had crossed the mountains coast to coast south of Namatanai successfully meeting with the almost nomadic mountain forest dwellers, sometimes referred to as the '*butam*', and explaining that the government wanted them organised, and to appoint *luluais* and *tultuls*. In response to the question, they were also told that at present no taxes would be levied, as was happening near Namatanai, and that another patrol would visit them.

A senior forestry official Deininger, who had recently been working in East Africa, had been sent by the German government to assess commercial stands of timber in the Solomons, New Guinea and the Bismarck Archipelago. He was doing this from July 1913 to March 1914, sometimes alone and often with the colony's own forest assessor Emil Kempf. Arriving at Kāwieng they spoke to officials, but interestingly not to the sawmiller Frederick Smith of the Tsoi islands. They then proceeded on the small steamship *Sumatra* that collected copra from plantations down the east coast, talking to the planters, until disembarking at Namatanai where they obtained 11 Police as escort and protection for a cross island trip.

On the second day, 13<sup>th</sup> December 1913, inland from Hilalon on the coast, at Poronsuan, they were attacked. One account says the party had split into two, one of which was resting with rifles stacked and preparing food, when they were set upon.



Deiningner received a head wound and five Police, and four carriers from Claus Rinck's Hilalon plantation, were killed. Their bodies were removed and eaten 'by the rebels'; nine rifles and expedition equipment was stolen. On hearing of the attack, a Chinese plantation at Kamdaru on the west coast was also raided and looted but there were no casualties.

A punitive expedition was quickly organised by Station leader Otto Brückner with the 30 Police remaining at Namatanai, and next day three rifles were recovered with much of the stolen equipment. Some rebels were captured and the Police killed eight with no losses.

Responsibility was then given to the Colony's punitive expeditionary troop of Police, maintained at Herbertshöhe (Kokopo) for this purpose, under Lieut. Albert Prey. They chased the rebels through the mountains for three months. The inland area involved was in the north, approximately a line between Suralil and Tekedan, and in the south from the Kamdaru River to the Danfu. Many mountain dwellers died and it was hoped Kiaphat with them.

In a report published at the time, it was stated that after a clash with the rebels, three of whom were killed, including Kanireng, *Tultul* of Poronsuan, some others were captured. The captives said that a body dragged off into the bush by the rebels, and not recovered by the Germans, was the corpse of Kiaphat. The area was one in which he was known to hide, and clashes then became less frequent. The report concluded, 'even though it is not confirmed that Kiaphat, the principal leader of the rebellion, was killed, the mountain tribes of southern Neu Mecklenburg received hard punishment that will be a good lesson for them in the future'.

Afterwards it was found that the idea of being organised into administrative units, as had already happened to the coastal people south of Namatanai, was not acceptable to the mountain people and that the 'uprising' was planned and the attack on the forest patrol well organised. The powerful bigmen, who until then had had little contact with white men, believed their traditional influence would be reduced and that by destroying the forestry patrol it would persuade the Europeans not to enter the mountains again.

The 1913/14 draft annual report said 'after a campaign lasting several months and made very much more difficult by the trackless terrain and the onset of heavy monsoon rains, the expeditionary troop succeeded in suppressing the uprising'.

Suppressed maybe, but not all the leaders were dead. Clearly the European residents of Namatanai must have made sure the new occupying Australian military force, replacing the German administration, knew what had happened in the mountains less than 12 months before.

Captain Twynam was one of the officers occupying Namatanai on 12<sup>th</sup> November 1914. Before leaving for Australia he was heard instructing Sergeant Maurice Lawton, who in December was to be Policemaster and in charge at Namatanai in the absence of an officer, that Kiaphat had escaped three times from the Germans, that he had taken part in killing and eating the Police and that he must be shot. He was an outlaw and the lives of the settlers could be in real danger and a fresh uprising might occur. This order was not in writing.

In Namatanai Lawton called a meeting of the *luluais* on 4th January 1915, having first asked Father Karl Neuhaus and Charles Wienand of Matandeduk plantation about the crimes of Kiaphat and Wasch, another 'cannibal chief'. The *luluais* were instructed that

if they did not capture or hand Kiaphat over, then the 'kiap' would personally make a thorough search and investigation throughout the area. This would of course have caused great disruption to the normal lives of all the people, and especially the *luluais*.

One *lululai* especially, Paula from a southern area where Kiaphat had once lived, was promised severe punishment if Kiaphat wasn't brought in 'dead or alive'. Paula was also offered a reward of 20 marks, 12 pounds of meat and the same of biscuits, a very substantial amount in those days. It was also suggested that Paula trick Kiaphat by telling him that the 'English *masta*' was offering him a hat, stick and laplap i.e. that he was to be appointed a government *luluai*. Kiaphat's past actions must have either been unknown by the Australians, or he was forgiven for attacking the German patrol.

On 8<sup>th</sup> January at 3pm Paula, with Kiaphat, presented themselves to Sergeant Lawton at Namatanai. Next day the following persons sat at the 'trial' and were convinced of Kiaphat's guilt; Maurice Lawton, Policemaster; Charles Wienand, Planter of Matandeduk [who only six weeks earlier was ordered to be flogged for his role in the attack on Missionary W.H.Cox]; Rowland Watson, Orderly Room Clerk; Alfred Renwick, a/Corp. in charge of Hospital; and Father Karl Neuhaus who 'thoroughly understood' the prisoner.

Leading questions asked resulted in Kiaphat stating he had killed five Police, ate some and sold the rest. That he killed three kanakas (carriers) in December 1913 and cooked and ate one small carrier and sold the other two in pieces. When the pierced skull of police sergeant F. Kasais was produced he agreed that he killed him with a tomahawk, spear and club. The verdict was guilty, the penalty death. Kiaphat, the leader of the uprising against the Germans, was immediately shot at the Rifle Range on the hillside at Namatanai on the 9th January 1915 at 10 am. Ironically by Australians who had themselves only just risen up against the same Germans, and would be at war for four years during which time millions would be killed.

Kiaphat was of the Sahwon clan (people from the mist) originating in the mountainous bush area of Idur. He and his fierce fight leader clan brother Sianmarit moved away from Poronposom, Kiaphat to Poronsuan and Sianmarit to Sekmen, the latter area now owned by Ismael Penias of Tekedan, born 1948, his maternal descendent of the same clan.

Recently Ismael was able to confirm from boyhood stories that when the Germans had retaliated, Kiaphat, who was the overall leader of the fighters, had called on Sianmarit for assistance in the fight, and also that the Germans were misled and told that Kiaphat had been killed. Both of them were told to go to Namatanai when Kiaphat was offered the hat and stick by the Australians. Sianmarit was wary and resisted fiercely and was shot at Salpunuk creek at Hilalon plantation. Ismael does not know where either are buried, but the childhood story was that Kiaphat was ordered to dig his grave, on the Namatanai hillside between the market and the kiap's house, prior to his execution, so that he would fall into the hole. From about that time the mountain people gradually moved to the coast to live.

After the Administrator's order of 1<sup>st</sup> February was issued, but before it was received in Kāwieng, Capt. Grant Thorold had sentenced to death, and executed, a Policeman on leave from Namatanai who had killed a 'malay' plantation overseer. This second incident also caused much regret by the Administrator when explaining to the government in Melbourne. ■

## COX AND THE WENZELS by Neville Threlfall

Ken Humphreys has given a very full and interesting account of the attack on the Methodist missionary Rev. W.H. Cox, in *THE COX INCIDENT* (*Una Voce*, March 2005.) But one name in the story needs to be altered: the Methodist missionary stationed at Namatanai in 1914 was not Paul Wenzel but Karl Albert Wenzel. Rev. Paul Wenzel, after eight years' service at Kabakada and at Rabaul on New Britain, returned to Germany shortly before the outbreak of World War 1. Rev. Karl Albert Wenzel (no relation to Paul) was a younger man, who had been stationed at Namatanai since his arrival from Germany in 1911. He was single until early 1914, when his fiancée Gertrud arrived from Germany and they were married. Gertrud Wenzel was pregnant in October 1914, when the party of German nationals burst into the mission house, seized Cox in front of her, and in spite of her protests dragged him into the yard where the caning took place.

As Ken Humphreys writes, 'After the assault Cox made his way home to Ulu on the mission schooner *Litia*'. But the *Litia* was not at Namatanai. Cox had left her on the west coast of New Ireland and journeyed overland to Namatanai. After the attack on Cox, when Karl Wenzel returned to the mission house there was a hasty discussion between Cox and the Wenzels. The Wenzels said that Cox must leave at once: if he remained there, the attackers might return and even, in their drunken state, murder him. It was essential for Karl Wenzel to escort Cox to the west coast, both to guide him and to support him in his weakened state. But Gertrud could not be left alone at Namatanai, at the mercy of Cox's attackers; there were also signs that the local villagers were unsettled and restless at the story that German rule was ending. So both the Wenzels went with Cox; leaving in the night, they made their way on foot by bush tracks through the hills, until they reached the coast and found the *Litia*.

Fifty-two years later Frau Gertrud Wenzel (now a widow) returned to Papua New Guinea and told me the story from her point of view. She still recalled the nightmarish quality of the experience: the invasion of her home, the violent attack upon Cox, and then the journey across New Ireland, pregnant, stumbling over rough tracks in the dark, and afraid that Cox's attackers might even yet pursue them and attempt further violence. Her account adds a further dimension to the story of 'the Cox incident'. ■

\* \* \* \* \*



Joe Shaw sent in a copy of the Post Card of the Public Flogging that occurred at Rabaul on Nov 30th 1914. This may assist in locating where Proclamation Square was as asked by Ken Humphreys in March *Una Voce* (pg 27)

## **THE SOUTH PACIFIC GAMES** By Phil Head

The 1969 South Pacific Games were held in Port Moresby, and an Olympic standard pool was built which enabled swimmers to train properly. Several clubs were formed and we were able to have inter-club, and inter-town competitions, as well as national titles. My involvement with the YMCA swimming led me to become the president and coach of the 'Y' swimming club. All our children became good swimmers.

In 1971 when the South Pacific Games were held in Tahiti I was appointed manager of the swimming team. This was probably the biggest team we had taken to a South Pacific Games. From a training squad of 21 swimmers we selected 12 to represent Papua New Guinea. Needless to say this was preceded by much fund raising, with swimathons etc.

1971 was also the first time that PNG had marched under its own flag. A national competition had been held not long before this and the present flag, designed by a school girl from the Gulf, was chosen. Prior to this PNG had been represented by the Australian flag, so having their own flag was a tremendous morale booster, and helped the cohesiveness of the team.

Tahiti was a real eye-opener. Not considered a colonial outpost of France, it was part of France, and many of the Tahitian swimmers had trained in France. Their female swimmers were exceptionally good.

For most of our athletes this was their first experience of another country, and another culture. A chartered plane took the whole team, and we stopped at New Caledonia to re-fuel. They had to cope with French francs, another language, and French food. We were housed in school buildings, and food was served in a central canteen. This often meant long queues at meal times. Food was mostly French style, and from what I remember good, though some found it a bit spicy. Tahiti had a large population, chaotic traffic conditions, motor scooters everywhere, and the whole place had a very friendly atmosphere.

The main athletic competitions took place in a marvellous stadium, dominated by a huge mountain. This stadium, which held 11,000 people, was the scene of the opening and closing ceremonies. The band of the French Foreign Legion - flown especially from France – played, and the atmosphere was wonderful. 14 countries, including French Polynesia, Samoa, American Samoa, Cook Islands, Gilbert & Ellice Islands, New Hebrides, Niue, New Caledonia, Guam, Fiji, Nauru, Tonga, British Solomon Islands, took part. There were 17 categories, athletics, table tennis, swimming, weight lifting, soccer, basketball, volleyball, boxing, rugby, softball, judo, golf archery, cycling, yachting and undersea fishing.

As well as looking after our swimmers, organising training sessions, accompanying them to events, making sure that they were in the right place at the right time, etc., I was an official, acting as time-keeper and finishing judge.

The swimming programme, run mostly by the French, was well run. The pool was on the beach, right alongside the ocean. All swimming events took place during the day,

as nights were too cold, in contrast to PNG, where club meetings were held at nights, because the days were too hot. It was highly competitive, but we acquitted ourselves well. Our men won the gold medal in all ten men's events and broke records in nine of them. Our girl's were not so fortunate, the French girls proving too good for us.

As the swimming events were among the first competitions we were able to do some sight-seeing afterwards. It was a lovely place; tropical islands and beaches, mixed with a very cosmopolitan atmosphere. Mixing with other athletes and seeing different places was a real eye-opener, and a great benefit to all those fortunate to participate.

When the team returned to Port Moresby they were welcomed by Mrs L Johnson, wife of the Administrator of Papua New Guinea, and a band played the song "Papua New Guinea" which had become the national anthem for the team at the games.

In 1974 the South Pacific Games were held in Guam. By this time I was treasurer of the Sports Association, and so I was wearing two hats for these games. The team left in two planes, and fortunately I was on the first. As Guam was an American territory we arrived expecting everything to be well organised. Nothing was further from the truth. Venues had not been marked, opening ceremonies had not been planned and draws for events had yet to take place, the local people knew almost nothing about them, and there seemed little enthusiasm or expertise.

I made a phone call to Marjorie in Port Moresby and asked her to find timekeepers and a supply of betel nut for the team. Betel nut was chewed in most places in the South Pacific, but not in Guam. It has a narcotic effect, is disgusting, but the people loved it, and could not do without it. She got hold of the clerk of the House of Assembly, a member of the Sports Association, and he went to Koki market to purchase a quantity. As well she rounded up enough qualified people to act as time-keepers, organised passports and visas etc, all in 24 hours, and these people flew out on the second plane; the American Embassy were very helpful in this.

The PNG officials drew up the swimming programme for these games, as we did for many other sports. Despite the disorganisation the facilities were good, having been installed by the Americans. I acted as chief judge of the swimming for these events.

Guam was totally different to Tahiti having lost much of its culture and being very Americanised, due to the large presence of the American army, navy and air force. At that stage it was chiefly a holiday venue for Japanese tourists, especially honeymooners, with many couples getting married on the plane on their way to Guam.

With all this expertise under my belt I decided to teach swimming full-time when we came to Australia. I obtained my level one coaching certificate and we bought a swimming complex in Rockhampton. We taught all levels from babies to adult, had a swimming club, water aerobics, and specialised in warm water therapy for handicapped people. I had some gratifying successes with people suffering from road accident trauma, strokes, etc. I found teaching swimming very satisfying and a great way to end my working life.

## WANPELA MO BLADI ROT NA PINIS OLGERA

© Garry McKellar-James

The last road I built was a well-suited swansong. Road building was an occupational disease; a recurring health hazard; all Kiaps did it because all District Commissioners and ADCs loved comfortable day-drives along new symbols of economic progress. We all of us built roads in trackless jungles, around mountains and through swamps. There is an awful lot of limestone in Papua New Guinea, and we kiaps found most of it. There's a lot of very sloping land there, too, and we dug into most of that, mostly with hand-labour; but nothing like this one.

Not we personally; the ship's Captain doesn't swab decks. What we did was pore over maps and plough through jungle to find and fix a possible and sometimes almost-impossible route; convince, then co-ordinate the hundreds, thousands of villagers who stood to benefit in some way from road transport; and account for the picks, shovels and crow-bars. Many if not most of these people were traditional enemies so we established rules of conduct – road crews and families moved under Police escort and carried no arms – arranged truces to allow Clan A to work with Clan B while keeping C and D well apart – and so on and on and on, trying to anticipate every twist of local politics. We arranged food and if necessary accommodation for everyone – Instant Hiltons just sprang up. The hollow mid-evening boom as day-burned limestone cooled and cracked in the high-altitude chill; the clink-clink-clink of hand-drills and the rippling roar as the Roadmaster made the contacts; the swelling roar of an avalanche and the shrill victory-whoops. '*Kiap, em gutpela gutpela rot bilong mipela*'. They were already planting coffee, learning how to ferment it, and planning their new money-economy; the coffee-buyers kept tabs, alliances were made and sundered, arguments and rip-offs galore – another day balancing the safety-valve on that great iron lid we dropped onto those rambunctious cultures.

It is very significant that of all that manual labour on rocks and moraines, men, women and kids moving all those tonnes of soil, building all those bridges – I can't recall a single major injury. If the modern Safety Police wouldn't have arrested me for the conditions I was sometimes forced to live and work in, they'd have hung me for some of the work-practices. These people just seemed accident-proof: no matter how heavy the bridge-beam nor high the lashed-together scaffolding there was no major grief. Considering those roads and the way those PMVs (taxi-trucks) were used it's a wonder more cars-full of people didn't fall off the road: it was a long roll to the bottom.

Every tree is owned, every bush debated for value, every one of the multitude of land-boundaries reasserted and debated – sometimes hotly. If you think you've met some ear-bashers, sit through a meeting in the Highlands. You can hear an orator from a hundred metres, but if he has been given the floor he may not be interrupted. When you have recovered from that flood of rhetoric, do a land purchase.

Some of the roads were drivable only in the dry, that red clay often defying wheel-chains. Some roads were cut to fit – when the Admin bought Land Cruisers some Land-Rover-sized undercuts had to be opened.

My swansong road was another of Max Denehey's all-time ball-tearers, but not in the usual sweaty, PNG way. I wasn't a kiap at this time but the aura was almost visible: a couple of retired Cops saluted me.

I needed to get vehicles across from the Popondetta air-strip to the main coast road a couple of miles away. After consulting the Big Man in the village near our

destination we surveyed with a Mini-Moke until the *kunai* lifted her nose. That was just before the drive-shafts started to bind up with blades of that tough sword-grass. Nobody loves *kunai*-country. With enough prisoners on the ‘*big-lain*’ you could defeat it with continual slashing, which allowed productive grass to come through and strangle the new corms. But it is work that only prisoners or machines would attempt, and only if the soil could get moisture; only if the spiv fund could afford it could Queensland Pastoral Products send a very good slasher, COD. The *kunai* plains of Popondetta were water-free in that season.

We cleaned up, and came back with a Land Rover and a big lump of rope. Standing on the roof we marked out a straightish route avoiding some scraggly scrub; my guide couldn’t read a map very well, but recognised tall trees near his village. Then we nosed into that grey-green wall.

My pilot stood on the roof away from the slashing, two-metre blades, guyed with three-way reins and setting my course by tapping his toes on the aluminium. I ground along in Low-Low, and apart from a couple of creeks which caused my pilot to need his reins we reached open scrub a hundred metres from the creek. We walked through, and decided that a few trees and several roots had to go: a seismic crew uses a lot of dynamite (in this case, gelignite), so that was no trouble. On the way back we took a fresh track, because we’d crashed through some dry scrub and must avoid the thousands of ‘panji’ (hidden, nasty sharp wooden or bamboo things) pointing at us. This straightened the line a bit more, and we were back in time for dinner.

The next day we climbed up with the driver of a big road-grader. He followed my outward track taking about an inch of that thin, dry, tired, washed-out topsoil with all the root and corm-structure, rolling it to the left. The result was a smooth asphalt-like surface gleaming in the sun, and there was nothing to stop us making an even straighter line. At the other end we enjoyed the shade, and went back the other way still pushing to the left, making a slight camber in the new road. I handed over a cheque, and that was that. It would take a few years to grow over, but that track across the dry, cruel grass expanse was a local asset.

Bright and early the next day I took some of the lads and gave them a short lesson on how to, and how not to, handle gelignite: we standardised on Pidgin for the lesson although I was speaking Motu and Indonesian as the crew required. One electric-detonator demonstration was enough; and the first man to wipe his forehead was extremely grateful that the creek was right there. Why did we start at the creek end? Even the slightest trace of that sticky goo will cause a violent headache or strong and worrisome tachycardia. Quite early in their blasting careers all neophytes will experience an urgent need for lots of water; I learned swear words from a couple more languages that day.

Several non-economic trees decided to lie down and stumps to jump up; we hand-filled the holes until the instrument guys could get close enough to the creek. “And the rest of the stick, Taubada?” A decent hole just upstream and expanding fish-bait equal several good-sized bush-baskets of fresh dinner.

The ride home was very pleasant, our creek-wet clothes drying quickly as we yodelled at 100kmh along that perfect new surface; the hard landing on one of the small sharp creek beds didn’t interrupt our fun. Someone spotted some empty oil drums as signposts, and we were home in time to cook a luscious dinner.

I’d built my last road in PNG. ■

## **AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT IN PNG By Mike Bourke**

*Mike was our guest speaker at the association's AGM and lunch in early May. He is based at the Australian National University in Canberra and has been continuously involved in research and development of PNG agriculture for 35 years*

Recently a family member asked if Australia was about to send a RAMSI-type force to PNG, as the country was collapsing. His understanding that things are bad in PNG is not unusual amongst the Australian public. Even those who take a closer interest in PNG matters could be forgiven for thinking that everything has fallen to bits in PNG in recent years. Friends and colleagues in PNG, both nationals and expatriates, know that there are many positive developments in the nation as well as the well-publicised negative things. A workshop held at the Divine Word University in Madang last November focused on some of the positive developments in PNG. It was titled: the 'Good News Workshop'. A series of papers from that workshop that focus on some of the things that are going well in PNG has just been published in the journal *Development Bulletin*. (Number 67; available for \$25 from Development Studies Network, Research School of Social Sciences, The Australian National University, ACT 0200. E-mail: [devnetwork@anu.edu.au](mailto:devnetwork@anu.edu.au)).

Here I want to focus on what is happening in agricultural development, looking at the positive changes, but not ignoring the challenges that still exist. We can conveniently consider agricultural production in PNG in two broad categories – production for the domestic market and that for export. Most production for the domestic market is food, but non-food items are also produced and sold. Subsistence agriculture remains the most important component of agriculture in PNG, both crops and animals. As well, there is now a significant amount of fresh food sold locally, in nearby urban centres and in distant urban centres. Other products sold on the domestic market include chickens (raised near the towns), pigs, cattle, fish, other marine foods, sugar cane (from an estate in the Ramu Valley and associated out-growers), and non-food items, including firewood, betel nut, tobacco and other narcotics. The main export products are palm oil, coffee (mostly Arabica), cocoa, copra, copra oil, vanilla, rubber, tea, fish, crocodiles, other marine products and some minor items, including cardamom, chilli and pyrethrum.

Subsistence food production is going strong, as is food sold on the domestic market. Those of you who remember small town markets would be agreeably surprised by both the size and volume of produce of the town markets nowadays. There are multiple food markets in all larger urban areas in PNG now, as well as many rural food markets. The PNG currency has dropped in value over the past decade, especially since 1997, and this has given a boost to locally grown food. The price of imported food, including rice and wheat-based products, has risen threefold over the past seven years, and consumers have turned more to locally grown foods. Hence the booming domestic food sector. Imports of rice and wheat, having risen during the 1960s, 1970s and 1980s, are now static or falling and consumption per person has fallen over the past seven years. Betel nut is another product where both demand and production has increased greatly over the past 20 years. Highlanders are consuming it more and more and it is being transported long distances from the lowlands to satisfy the demand. There are about two million highlanders and more than 600,000 urban dwellers in PNG – they cannot grow betel nut, but a high proportion consume it, which has led to vigorous trade. Villagers who specialise in growing betel nut, for example in the Bereina area, in coastal Gulf Province and in some coastal locations in Morobe and



Madang provinces, often have relatively high cash incomes which allows them to pay for school fees and other necessities, such as transport to medical help.

Amongst the export tree crops, oil palm has been the standout success of the past 30 years. Production has expanded at 10 per cent per annum for the past 20 years, a higher rate than the global average or that of Malaysia, the largest producer (both 7 per cent per year for the period 1980–2000). About two-thirds of oil palm production takes place in West New Britain, with the rest in Oro, Milne Bay and New Ireland provinces. New Britain Palm Oil produces high quality planting material and PNG is one of only three nations that export oil palm planting material.

Vanilla is another export crop that has done exceptionally well over the past six years. It is grown in all lowland provinces, but about two-thirds of the PNG vanilla crop is grown by villagers in East Sepik Province. There was very little commercial production until the late 1990s, when world prices increased rapidly in response to supply problems in Madagascar and increased demand associated with the global release of “vanilla coke”. For example, in 1998 PNG exported only one tonne of vanilla. By 2003, PNG production had exploded to 200 tonnes per year, which represents about 10 per cent of global production. PNG is now the third largest producer, after Madagascar (which produces about 75% of the world’s natural vanilla) and Indonesia. There are problems with the quality of much of the PNG product, which the industry is attempting to address, but it is likely that PNG will remain a significant vanilla exporter.

The boom period for the other major tree crops of coffee and cocoa was the 1960s and 1970s, but production of both crops continues to expand at about two per cent a year. Copra is the only major export crop where production has been static over the past 20 years, although production of copra oil has expanded at a modest rate. The plantation sector is in decline for coffee, cocoa, copra and rubber, but village production is expanding and the overall outcome is modest growth for all the export tree crop industries. Other minor crops including cardamom, chilli and pyrethrum are making small comebacks after some years of declining production.

What about the professionals working in agriculture? As always, it is a mixed bag, but I can say that the professional PNG agriculturalists with whom I interact regularly are doing a great job. Most of my PNG colleagues have postgraduate university qualifications, generally from Australia, New Zealand or Britain. They are often working in institutions that are not functioning terribly well – conditions are difficult, and there is erratic supply of electricity to power computers, for example. But they are a great group of people and a delight to work closely with.

So the overall scene for agriculture is positive. The standout successes in recent decades have been oil palm, domestically marketed fresh food and vanilla. Village agricultural production both feeds the nation and provides cash income that enables people to live more fulfilling lives. There are many challenges for agriculture in PNG, including inadequate quality of some products, transport constraints imposed by poorly maintained roads, limited access to credit for middlemen and traders, marketing inefficiencies and poor security for both people and produce at times. But Papua New Guineans are not sitting still waiting for “the government” or big brother Australia to sort out their problems. In many aspects of their lives, not just in agriculture, they are getting on with things, despite the frustrations and problems that they face. And that is the best hope for the future of PNG.

## **KOKODA TRACK AUTHORITY By Warren Bartlett**

With the 2005 trekking season for the Kokoda Track commencing, I am stretched to the limit with a hard working management committee attending to much of the community liaison and political matters. The Authority has achieved much since its swearing in on 9 December, 2004 and considerable effort has commenced on community infrastructure development, starting from the Kokoda end. Kokoda Airstrip is being upgraded to its former condition and hopefully before the end of March 2005 will be open for 36 seat Dash 8 aircraft as well as the presently utilized 16-19 seat Twin Otter. With over 200 trekkers plus porters expected at the Isurava Memorial on the Kokoda Track for a dawn service on Anzac Day, the upgraded airstrip will be necessary to assist with the logistics of getting them to and from Kokoda as well as the 2000 plus trekkers expected during the 2005 season.

The K200 trekking fee levied by KTA for international trekkers and K100 for PNG resident trekkers (half price for students and children) is being used to achieve community infrastructure developments from Kokoda to Depo Village at Sogeri in consultation with the Kokoda and Koiari Local-level Governments. Drum ovens are being supplied for the women folk to bake scones and bread for their families and for sale to the trekkers, as well as the establishment of chicken projects, supply of lawnmowers for specific purposes, coffee pulpers, education and health supplies, high school and tertiary scholarships in conjunction with the Kokoda Track Foundation, basic track clearing and maintenance, provision and maintenance of the village VHF radio transceiver network, which trek operators also utilize, training of trek guides in First Aid and guiding, improvements to village water supplies, upgrading of village airstrips at Kagi, Menari and Efogi to comply with CAA requirements and facilitate easier movement of villagers, trekkers, village supplies and produce to markets in Port Moresby, etc. The task is immense with challenges every day. The employment of a small administrative staff in April will assist greatly, including three rangers to liaise with communities and trekkers and report any problems to KTA management at Sogeri and Kokoda. They will also ensure that all trekkers have paid their KTA Trek Permit otherwise, under the Kokoda Track Trek Permit Laws of both Local Level Governments, they can be stopped in their tracks, fined and their tour operator requested (by radio and telephone) to apply and pay for Trek Permits for their trekkers before they proceed.

Apart from donor agency funding for specific larger projects, most community developments are funded from Trek Permit fees, hence the need to enforce. Rotary International from Australia has considerable input with the construction of classrooms and aid posts and now liaises with the Authority on new projects. Recently the payment of High School scholarships for some 50 students from the Kokoda Track villages was finalised. These were funded by the Sydney based Kokoda Track Foundation and also subsidized by Kokoda Track Authority from Trek Permit fees. These students are attending Popondetta and Iarowari High Schools and Sogeri National High School, totalling some K50, 000, plus two tertiary scholarships at the University of PNG and University of Goroka (Goroka Teachers College).

Hopefully this provides some insight into the Kokoda Track Authority, which perhaps can then be used as a model for other areas of sustainable tourism in PNG, involving the local communities and their local-level governments. Further information can be gained from a visit to our Web Pages on the PNG Tourism Promotion Authority website [www.pngtourism.org.pg](http://www.pngtourism.org.pg) then Adventures / Kokoda Trail. ■

## REUNIONS

### KIAP REUNION - 13 November 2005

#### Kawana Waters Hotel, Nicklin Way, Buddina, Queensland

The Kawana Waters Hotel is located on Nicklin Way, near Kawana Waters Shopping Centre, on the main road between Mooloolaba and Caloundra. A large parking area is available at the hotel.

The outlook is over water to an extensive marina and has a covered outdoor deck area linked to an indoor bar/lounge with adequate dining and seating facilities available for our use. There is a good restaurant/bistro adjoining our area where as with previous reunions you will be able to order your own meals. The restaurant will be open from 11.30 am to 9.00 pm. Drinks will be available at bar prices from the Lounge Bar and Public Bars and these bars will be open from 11.30 am to 10.00 pm.

The Kawana Waters Hotel has thirteen motel style rooms available which we have tentatively booked. If you require a booking please phone the hotel on 07. 54446699 and mention that you are part of the "Kiap Reunion" group to secure a unit before the end of August. Other accommodation in close proximity

Please ring, mail or email confirming your intention to attend the reunion:

**Denys/Helen Faithful**, 46 Tawarri Cr, Mooloolaba. 4557 PH: 07 54444484

[faith@flexinet.com.au](mailto:faith@flexinet.com.au) or **Bob/Heather Fayle**, 31 Moondarra Cr, Mooloolaba Q 4557  
Ph: 07 54447446 [bobheatherfayle@yahoo.com.au](mailto:bobheatherfayle@yahoo.com.au)

\* \* \*

The **MALTECH REUNION DINNER 2005** will be held at the Kaleen Sports Club, Canberra on Saturday evening, 1 October 2005. The event will be hosted by **Stan Pike** who served as teacher, Headmaster and Principal from January 1963 to May 1974. Former staff and supporters can contact Stan at 43 Kootingal Street, Giralang ACT 2617, or telephone 02 6241 5543 if they are able to attend.

\* \* \*

Brenton Clark has forwarded in a copy of NIUS BILONG YUMI, a newsletter for former students and staff of **Lae International High School** and the senior campus of The International School of Lae. If you are interested in AlumniLIHS please contact Brenton as follows: Postal Address: GPO Box 1003, Canberra ACT 2601, Australia.

E-mail Address: [alumnihihs@yahoo.com.au](mailto:alumnihihs@yahoo.com.au) Telephone: (02) 6288 0550 (within Australia); +61 2 6288 0550 (from overseas) ■

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**The South Tweed electrical goods retailer, The Good Guys**, in partnership with the **Rotary Club of South Tweed**, is proposing to send unwanted personal computers to small schools in PNG under the Rotary International's humanitarian aid project, Donations In Kind. Customers will be offered a \$50 discount voucher when buying a new computer if they donate their old one to the scheme. The old computer must be in working order and meet the minimum benchmarks of a Pentium 2 processor or equivalent, with 32 meg RAM and a 2 gig hard drive. After being purged by IT experts these computers will be reinstalled with new software before being handed on.

Info from the Tweed Daily News 4/03/2005

## **PNGAA Wishes to Thank Dr Peter Cahill and the Fryer Library**

Our Association is deeply indebted to member Dr Peter Cahill for the outstanding and sustained work he has done over a number of years to interest the Fryer Library, University of Queensland in accepting, and preserving for posterity, historical material provided by our members. Equally we greatly appreciate the interest and efforts of the Library staff in making the project possible.

Doug Parrish recognised some years ago the urgent need to preserve private collections of documents (diaries, patrol reports, letters, maps, posters, sketches) and photographs of Papua New Guinea that risked being destroyed when their owners moved on. Although of little – if any – commercial value, they are a unique social record of Australia's pre- and post- World War Two administration of Papua New Guinea (the territories were amalgamated in 1945), and therefore of enormous interest to researchers, authors and thesis writers. The items donated record how (mainly) Australian men and women – public servants, missionaries, business employees and private individuals – lived and worked up to Independence in 1975. The way in which they did this was acknowledged by Sir John Guise, the first Governor-General of Papua New Guinea, in his Independence Day comment that the Australian flag was being lowered, not torn down.

Arrangements were made with the Fryer Library – the Special Collections Library within the University of Queensland Library – to house the items originally known as the ROAPNG Collections, and subsequently as the PNGAA Collection. Items sent to Doug Parrish, Marie Clifton-Bassett and Andrea Williams were passed to Peter Cahill for identification if needed, and then lodged with the Fryer Library where they complemented PNG material held there. It is hoped that items will continue to be donated for the Collection.

The Fryer Library has been extraordinarily helpful in processing items and is keenly interested in the Collection as the catalogue record on the University Library's website clearly shows. The Executive of the PNGAA appreciates the work that has gone into this excellent website and urges all members with internet access to browse it.

It has already attracted national and international interest and is a fitting reminder of a frequently overlooked period of Australian Colonial history.

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### **Help Wanted**

The people of PNG had a stone-age culture until comparatively recently, but more and more evidence is surfacing about worked granite. Whilst working axes were made from river stones, ceremonial axes were brittle ie slate or a species of non-gem jade; and arrow heads were cassowary toe-nails, hardwood or bamboo - **has anyone seen other examples of worked stones?** Please contact **Garry McKellar-James**, email: [egmj@bigblue.net.au](mailto:egmj@bigblue.net.au) or write to PO Box 752, Ringwood Vic 3134

\* \* \*

**Jim Eames** is wondering if anyone can recall details concerning a **dedication to the Kassam Pass occurring near Kainantu in either late 1965 or early 1966**. It is possible that this happened after the Highway was upgraded. Jim recalls that the then Administrator, David Hay, was included in an official party which flew into Kainantu and went out from there. If anybody has any information please contact Jim at phone/fax: 02 42340873 or 6 Craig Pl, Gerringong NSW 2534 or email: [emus@aapt.net.au](mailto:emus@aapt.net.au)

\* \* \*

Correct email address for **Owen Genty-Nott** (March 2005 Help Wanted) who is seeking digitised photos on the Rabaul 1971 tsunami is: [owengn@xtra.co.nz](mailto:owengn@xtra.co.nz)

## PNGAA COLLECTION - FRYER LIBRARY THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

By Dr Peter Cahill

There is now a catalogue record of some, **not all**, material donated to the PNGAA and deposited in the Fryer Library. It is not comprehensive – some material needs checking/cataloguing – and entry has to wait its turn in Fryer duties. Everything donated has been acknowledged.

### Here's how to use the catalogue:

- . go to the Library website – <http://www@library.uq.edu.au>
- . click on *Author*
- . type in Papua New Guinea Association
- . click on the *second* record
- . this takes you to the catalogue record
- . the *Collection number* is UQFL387

From the catalogue you can go to a detailed listing of the contents of the Collection by:

- . clicking on *Online Access* for a full description of the Collection.

Most donors have been listed in the catalogue. A search under family/place name/s will bring up the record.

The Collection may be consulted any time during Library opening hours. Check the listing to identify which box/es you want to look at, then ask for these at the desk in the Fryer Library, or ring beforehand on (Brisbane) PH: 3365.6276.

Because the Collection is now part of The University of Queensland general Library collection none of it may be taken out of the Library and you will be charged for any photocopying you want.

Please let me know (PH: 07.3371.4794 OR email [p.cahill@uqconnect.net](mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.net)) if any entries are wrong, or any family/place names mis-spelled. Any supplementary information you can give for an entry will be very valuable.

And a reminder that not all donations have been entered. Some await processing.     ▪

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### Help Wanted (Cont)

Bernard Oberleuter is seeking information on his father, **Joe Oberleuter**, who was a builder with PWD and worked in Lae and many of the Morobe district outstations, particularly in the early 1970s. If you can assist Bernard, please contact him at PO Box 2002, Ascot QLD 4007 Ph: (07) 32686985 or Fax: (07) 32686238

**Marion Hebblethwaite is researching George Cross recipients** for a series of small books. We had two George Cross winners in PNG and Marion is very interested in contacting people who could help her with information about the background and lives of both **Jack Emanuel** and **Tony Taylor**. Information on the George Cross can be found on the website: [www.gc-database.co.uk](http://www.gc-database.co.uk) If you can help Marion please contact her at: The Quarry House, East End, Witney, OX29 6QA, United Kingdom. Tel: (UK) 01993 880223 Fax (UK) 01993 880236 Email: [info@gc-database.co.uk](mailto:info@gc-database.co.uk)



## BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

**HE'S NOT COMING HOME** A story of love, loss and discovery in Rabaul during World War 2 by **Gillian Nikakis** (2005), ISBN 0 734408145 256pp Cost: \$29.95 (p&p not included) 256pp, 39 illustrations, soft cover. Published by Lothian Books, South Melbourne. Please purchase through Macmillan Distribution Ph: 1300 135 113 or your local retailer

Essentially this is the personal story of a family caught up in the events of World War 2 and their lives until recent times. The book provides insight through letters into life, attitudes and events of living in a tropical outpost from the 1930's.

The author, in seeking to find out more about the father she never knew (believed lost on the Montevideo Maru), focuses on her mother as central to this quest. The story relating to her mother is a positive one, highlighting strength of character and achievement.

Questioning and reflecting on her own feelings as a child growing up, the author accessed archival records, interviewed significant persons and referred to a comprehensive bibliography on the general subject. For example, the loss of the Montevideo Maru, the lives of the Missionaries at Vunapope/Ramale and the survival of POW Coastwatcher John Murphy. Some damning correspondence highlighting the un-preparedness of the Government is reproduced. Receiving support from people who were involved in these times and beyond, as well as returning to Rabaul for the 50 years commemoration of the invasion in 1992 was cathartic.

Overall, the strength of this book lies in the numerous letters reproduced. The resolving of childhood grief in adulthood may provide comfort to those in similar circumstances.

**Pat Johnson**

**Development Bulletin No. 67 April 2005** Effective Development in Papua New Guinea. ISSN 1035-1132 Cost \$25 (incl p&p within Aust) or \$35(incl air postage overseas) 35 papers and case studies providing personal stories on successful development. Available from: Development Studies Network, Research School of Social Sciences, The Australian National University, ACT 0200. E-mail: [devnetwork@anu.edu.au](mailto:devnetwork@anu.edu.au).

**Bamahuta: Leaving Papua** by Philip Fitzpatrick (reviewed in March 2005 Una Voce) As there has been some confusion over the classification of this work ie if it is fiction or non-fiction, we thought it might be helpful to anyone reading the book to know that in the Pandanus catalogue Bamahuta: Leaving Papua is categorically listed as 'fiction'. This has been further confirmed by correspondence with the author. Any further correspondence regarding the work can be directed to the author care of Pandanus Books, ANU, Canberra.

## BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS (Cont)

**The Unseen City: Anthropological Perspectives on Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea** by Michael Goddard. (2005) ISBN 1 74076 1340. Soft Cover, 225pp. Cost \$34.96 (including postage in Australia). Published by Pandanus Books, Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies, Australian National University, Canberra Act 0200. Orders also through their website: [www.pandanusbooks.com.au](http://www.pandanusbooks.com.au) or telephone 02 61253269.

When I was last in the Highlands I worked with a *Melpa* man who had been rendered virtually landless by the expansion of the township of Mount Hagen. He was working as a driver for an oil company and lived in a squatter settlement outside the town on someone else's land and paid rent for the privilege.

Similar settlements developed around Port Moresby much earlier in Papua New Guinea's history. It is interesting to read in Michael Goddard's book how many of these settlements have been integrated into the city. It is also interesting to see him debunk many of the myths, past and current, about these places.

Goddard's exploration of the motives of the *raskols* is fascinating. He traces their activities to tradition, describing how the prestige derived from their largesse is similar to that enjoyed by traditional *bik men*. Very few *raskols* accumulate wealth in the mafia style. To do so would make them prime targets for the police. Instead, their plunder is quickly distributed to other people, most notably in the form of large amounts of rapidly consumed booze.

A large amount of Goddard's field data was collected by observing the operations of the Village Courts, a system set up in 1973, ostensibly to recognise and preserve rural traditional culture, including the means of dispute resolution. The system has since been adopted by urban settlements around the larger towns but has lost some of its informality in favour of legalistic procedure – a sort of reversal of the normal Melanesian process of modifying colonial structures to suit its own cultural needs.

Goddard's observations have enormous relevance for the problems of law and order in Papua New Guinea. He makes it plain that heavy-handed measures are not the way to go. He also makes it clear that trying to force Papua New Guineans to use westernised economic practise is fraught with danger. The book has immediate relevance for Australia's aid program to Papua New Guinea. Our preoccupation with good governance based on western style economic models may be seriously flawed because of our poor understanding of how Melanesian society works.

The book is derived from a collection of seminar papers and monographs presented or published generally within academic circles. For this reason it tends to be repetitive; maybe it should have been more closely edited. Otherwise, the anthropological jargon is thankfully kept to a minimum (keep the dictionary handy however).

**Philip Fitzpatrick**

## **The Lost Garrison of Rabaul By Jo Howarth**

Two years ago we walked through Emerald lanes  
Down Malaguna Road towards the sea  
And if a whisper reached our dreaming ears  
Of this strange islands scarlet destiny  
We heeded not. The day was full of gold  
And laughing natives lingered in the heat  
Wearing perfumed garlands for their hair  
Or chanting to the lazy kundus beat.  
We knew of war but it was far away  
And even soldiers in this flowery town  
Seemed out charming comrades for a swim  
Or dancing partners when the sun went down.  
We laughed with them and knew them all by sight  
Remember the 6 foot lad with wheat blonde hair?  
Remember the nights by palm fringed Kokopo  
And the swift drive back through moonlight magic air,  
They were so young.....so very few.  
But when the war drums throbbed across the bay  
They fought and killed their number 10 time o'er  
Before the sun set that bloody day.  
Two years ago and now the emerald lanes  
Are stripped of every leaf and bud.  
And 'Vengeance' goes a whisper down the hills  
'Vengeance' for each drop of heroes blood.

\* \* \*

*Does anyone know who **Jo Howarth** is, please?*

Please let George Farrow know at: Unit 168 Hibiscus Retirement Resort, 183 Karawatha Dr, Buderim Meadows, Qld 4556 or ph (07) 54446731 or email: [dogsbody@flexinet.com.au](mailto:dogsbody@flexinet.com.au)

George Farrow sent this in. It came from Senior Supt Colwyn Parry of New Guinea Constabulary (Retd)....found amongst his Mothers (Barbara) papers. His Father was Arthur Reginald Parry. Senior Medical Assistant, O/c Kokopo Native Hospital at Commencement of Hostilities, Rabaul, 1942. He was likely lost with the Montevideo Maru.

During WW1 Arthur Parry served in the 1<sup>st</sup> AIF Medical Corps and his Army Records show that he was an X-Ray operator at No 2 Australian Casualty Clearance Station in England. X-ray must have been in its very infancy then. ■



## THE SHIMMERING COCKTAIL DRESS

By **Chips Mackellar**

The Ela Beach Court House in Port Moresby was basically a very busy Traffic Court and we were required to hear and determine up to 100 traffic cases per day, in order to keep above the ordinary daily case load.

But now and again, we were also required to hear other cases, because of an overload in the other Court Houses in Port Moresby, or because other magistrates were disqualified from hearing cases in which they had close relationships with the litigants, or because a case was so sensitive that it required 'special treatment'.

One such 'special treatment' case involved the shimmering cocktail dress.

One day when I arrived at the Court House I was surprised to see Riot Squad vehicles in the car park, with police deployed nearby, and when I went inside my clerk Selina told me that there was a 'special' case for my attention. The charge was assault, and both the Informant and the Defendant were high profile Papuan New Guinean young ladies. I had seen this all before. 'Don't tell me they were fighting over the same boyfriend,' I said. 'It's a lot worse than that,' Selina said.

Taking the Information with me, I walked into the Court Room and as I sat down at the bench I suddenly realised what was so 'special' about this case. Half the public gallery was occupied by Tolais, mostly men, and the other half by Papuans, mostly Motuans, men and women.

Dispossessed of their places at the bar table, the ordinary police prosecutors were sitting in the public gallery. The bar table was occupied by four Australian lawyers, two for the prosecution and the other two for the defence. I had never seen anything like this before at Ela Beach. The girls were sitting beside their respective Counsel; a pretty Tolai girl in a very smart tropical business suit and an equally pretty Papuan girl in a very fetching low cut short cotton dress. She was showing bare arms and long legs but her dress was so chic that it was all very tasteful. Both girls were well groomed, beautifully made up, and wearing high heeled shoes. They both lived in the same hostel. Both were graduates of the University of Papua New Guinea, both occupied high profile middle management positions in Port Moresby, and both were very much part of Port Moresby's rising young urban elite.

The Information stated that the Papuan girl had assaulted the Tolai girl in their hostel, by pouring boiling water over her head. Briefly the prosecutor outlined his case, which was that the Tolai girl had been sent to Lae for a few weeks to fix up an accounting problem there and while she was away, her boyfriend had strayed into the arms of the Papuan girl and in the process, contracted from her a dose of gonorrhoea which he later passed on to the Tolai girl on her return from Lae. As soon as the Tolai girl realised what had happened, she confronted the Papuan girl in their hostel and a vicious cat fight ensued, with clothes torn, hair pulled, and faces scratched, until the fight was finally broken up by other girls.

The matter might have ended there except that a few weeks later on her return to the hostel from work, the Papuan girl overheard the Tolai girl talking on the telephone to her boyfriend, telling him how she had beaten up the Papuan girl for passing on the gonorrhoea.

*Cont...*

Enraged, the Papuan girl went into the pantry where girls could make coffee and snacks between meals and boiled an electric jug full of water, then walked up to the Tolai girl who was still talking on the phone, and poured the boiling water all over her. Because of the extensive burns inflicted, other girls at the hostel called an ambulance and also the police, and that is how the matter ended up in court. The incident had divided the hostel residents into two opposing groups of Papua girls on the one hand, and New Guinea girls on the other. Worse still, it had spilled over into the wider Port Moresby community. And this is what had made this case so 'special'. An insensitive decision could spark an ethnic riot. Hence the presence of the Riot Squad outside.

But dragging this matter through the court with a string of witnesses and reams of depositions, with accusations and recriminations reverberating around the court room for days on end would in my view, simply exacerbate the problem. Here at Ela Beach, we could do a lot better than that. So I announced, 'I think this matter might be better determined in the Local Court, so I order it transferred to the Ela Beach Local Court'. Since I was a magistrate in both jurisdictions, I could do this, and continue in the Local Court jurisdiction, without even moving from my chair. I then announced 'I now transfer the matter into the Civil Jurisdiction of the Local Court and into its Mediation Mode', I continued, 'and I propose to settle this matter by applying native custom'. The Australian lawyers looked at each other in bewilderment. 'Will the Complainant and Defendant approach the bench please' I said.

Both girls stood up and walked together to stand in front of me at the bench. The Papuan girl had scratches on her face, and the Tolai girl had had her hair clipped short and her burn wounds, now healing, were covered in ointment. But before I proceeded further, I needed to know if I had to make an order relating to their medical condition. So I asked about the gonorrhoea. 'I'm cured', the Tolai girl said, 'and so is my boyfriend. I took him along to the doctor with me'. Then turning to the Papuan girl, she added, 'I don't know about her'. In response, the Papuan girl sniggered and wriggled her hips at the other girl.

I had made the fundamental error of putting them close together before settlement had been reached and it was all too much. Striking faster than an angry snake, the Tolai girl seized the Papuan girl's dress in both hands at its low cut décolletage and with one powerful tug, she ripped the dress from the girl's body. The force was so powerful that even the bra clips snapped open, and the shoulder straps broke, so that in that one fell swoop the Papuan girl was rendered naked in the court room, except for a pair of bright red bikini panties. The remainder of her clothing was in tatters at her feet.

It had happened so fast that none of us could have stopped it. But quickly, the police prosecutors ran from where they had been sitting behind the lawyers, and seized the Tolai girl before she could continue the attack. And struggling against the police who were holding her, the Tolai girl shouted at the Papuan girl, 'Look at you! Aren't you ashamed?'

'Why?' the Papuan girl answered calmly, still naked except for her red panties and her high heeled shoes, and standing as still as a statue, 'don't you like what you see?'

'No! screamed the Tolai.

'Well, your boy friend does,' the Papuan girl said, and the Tolai went into such a frenzy that the police could only barely control her. Meanwhile the Papuan girl stood still, like a model from *Ebony*. And would you believe it, the people in the public gallery did not seem to see anything strange about this behaviour at all. They had all

seen girls fighting at home, and the sight of bare breasted women in the village was normal.

But the effect on the Australian lawyers was devastating. They were totally flabbergasted. Although they had probably seen topless Australian girls on Bondi beach, they had never seen anything like this in a court room. None of their legal training at Monash, Flinders or Sydney Law School had equipped them for this kind of court room drama. They were literally rendered speechless.

Meanwhile, with the police still holding the Tolai girl, I decided to repair the decorum of the court room. Selina was standing in the doorway to the office. 'Bring a stapler', I said, 'and patch up her dress'. And within minutes with deft fingers and a click click here and a click click there Selina stapled the dress back together again and modesty was restored to the court room.

And weird though all of this drama had been, it had assured me that the mediation process might now succeed, because each girl was now the victim of the other's assault and the Tolai girl had now lost the sympathy of the public gallery. So instead of one victim standing before me, I now had two. The scales of justice were now more even and all I needed now was a settlement.

The Tolai girl had settled down, and I told the police who were still holding her to release her, and both girls agreed that it would be in everyone's best interest to settle this matter at mediation. And would you believe it, the mediation process took less than half an hour to complete. I first asked the Tolai girl what she would like in full settlement. She considered the question momentarily, then she said there was a cocktail dress in the display window of the Moresby franchise of Katies, and it was just her size. Katies was within walking distance nearby, so I asked Selina to phone the manager and tell her if she wanted a quick sale, to bring that dress to the court house immediately, and she did.

There then followed a quick fitting session in the Court House ladies room, and when the Tolai girl walked back into the court room, there was a gasp of admiration. The dress was a beautiful low cut creation, much the same design that the Papuan girl was wearing, except that the material from which it was made was extraordinary. It shimmered blue and green with the movements of the wearer, and it looked like liquid silk. It was just beautiful, and the Tolai girl looked beautiful in it. But when the manager announced the price, another gasp came from the court room; this time one of dismay, because the price was way beyond the budget of the average Papua New Guinean professional. Knowing she could never pay the price, the Papuan girl looked at me in agony, no doubt contemplating the prison sentence which awaited her if mediation failed. Then suddenly someone called from the public gallery 'I'll pay'.

It was her brother. But even he did not have enough money to pay the full price, and as he looked around the court room helplessly seeking inspiration, it seemed as though the mediation would fail after all. Then, as it usually happened in such circumstances, the girl's friends and relatives in the public gallery began to contribute; 2 Kina here, 5 Kina there, 10 Kina from someone else, and so on. Even the Tolai relatives of the other girl began to contribute, anxious to have this matter settled, and within 15 minutes, the full price of the shimmering cocktail dress had been collected. The Papuan girl offered it in full settlement, and the Tolai girl accepted it, and I recorded in the court papers that the matter had been settled by collective contribution and

traditional exchange in accordance with native custom. And that was the end of this court case.

But that is not the end of this story.

About six months after the case of the shimmering cocktail dress, I was invited to the Australian Trade Commissioner's cocktail party at the Travelodge, which was not far from Ela Beach Court House, so I walked up there after work that day.

The cocktail party function room was crowded with a mixture of expats and prominent Papua New Guineans and after the usual pleasantries with some of the guests I knew, I noticed the Tolai girl and the Papuan girl across the room, standing together talking. And the Papuan girl looked particularly ravishing in *that* cocktail dress. I could hardly believe it. The dress was on the wrong girl!

Now in ordinary circumstances, I would never discuss a concluded case out of court with either of the parties involved, but I was so puzzled at what I saw that I walked over to the two girls, and interrupted their *tete-a-tete*. 'Good evening, Ladies', I said.

'Hello' they said together, then burst into giggles simultaneously at my obvious confusion over the cocktail dress. 'Why are you wearing that dress?' I asked the Papuan girl. 'Because it is mine', she pouted, and they both giggled again. And then the Tolai girl told me that after the court case, back at the hostel, the Papuan girl had complained about her ruined stapled dress. So as a gesture of further reconciliation, Melanesian style, and because they were the same dress size, they agreed to share the shimmering cocktail dress between them, taking turns, each wearing it on different occasions. But now, the Tolai girl said, 'I can't wear it any more. See?' And I did see. She was pregnant. 'Congratulations,' I said. 'Thank you', she replied, 'I married my boyfriend one week after that court case, and now I can't wear this dress any more, and because we are such good friends now, I gave it back to her'. And then, excusing herself, she walked off to find her husband who was elsewhere in the crowded room, leaving the Papuan girl with me.

'Do you like my dress?' the girl asked, as she did a little pirouette, making the fabric shimmer green and blue and red and yellow in the muted lighting of the function room as she spun gracefully in front of me. 'It is beautiful,' I said, 'what sort of material is it?' She wiggled slightly to make it shimmer more. 'Oh, a blend of this and that,' she said vaguely, 'want to feel it?'

I was about to touch the material when I realised the dress was a very snug fit. People were standing all around us, but no one else in the crowded room seemed to care or even notice as, aware of my uncertainty, she came closer to me until our bodies touched. Softly, close to my ear she said in mock fealty and in Motu, '*Oi sibomu, Taubada*' which can be interpreted as 'please yourself Sir,' or 'whatever you like, Sir' or 'do what you want, Sir' and in Motu doublespeak, it can also be an invitation. Hesitantly, I touched the fabric. It felt like warm silk, and then she said softly, this time in English, 'thank you for not sending me to jail.'

'You deserved to go to jail,' I said, 'but you would have caused more trouble in than out. And I never intended that you should keep the dress.' 'Never mind,' she said as she walked gracefully away to rejoin her friends and then laughingly in mock deference and in Motu she called '*Laloa lasi, Taubada*' which means 'don't worry about it, Sir'.

But I did worry about it and I have thought about it frequently since then. What if I had followed the normal court procedure and I had sent her to jail? What if she had then lost her job, her friends, her exuberance and her joie de vivre? I could have ruined her life forever, and she might never have continued to tease and taunt and tantalise, nor to have found the amazing opportunities which were then awaiting her, because within four months she met and married a foreign diplomat who whisked her off to Europe.

I never saw her again, but wherever she is, my lasting memory of her will always be the sight of her standing near naked in my court room, and her pirouette that evening in that shimmering cocktail dress. ■

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**AUGUST ENGELHARDT - New Guinea's first white nudist**

**By Karl Baumann and Maxwell Hayes.**

August Engelhardt was born on 27.11.1875 in Nuremberg, Germany, the son of a factory owner manufacturing paints and varnish. After grammar school he expressed no interest in following his father's business and studied physics and chemistry at Erlangen University. By 1899 he had become a vegetarian living in a group founded by Adolf Just in the Harz Mountains, where he preached his theory that life might be sustained only by living totally on coconuts and in a "natural state". This was followed by public lectures in Nuremberg and Leipzig at which he was publicly ridiculed.

Shortly after this, he was called up for military service and served a year in the 14th Infantry Regiment. With the death of his parents, he inherited a substantial sum of money and set sail for German New Guinea, and reached Herbertshohe (later Kokopo), on 15.9.1902 after spending some time in Ceylon.

Shortly after his arrival, he entered into negotiations with Queen Emma's Forsayth Company, and on 2 October 1902, for the sum of 41,000 Marks bought 75 hectares on Kabakon, an island within the Duke of York group a short distance from Herbertshohe then the seat of government of Imperial German New Guinea. The other 50 hectares was a protected native reservation, inhabited by a small group of natives who, as time went by, must have been suspicious of this strange whiteman living amongst them.

On Kabakon, he built a small three room hut, one of which contained about 1,200 books which he had brought with him. Soon after, having lived on native fruits to the exclusion of the coconut, he developed a serious left leg ulcer or yaws, which was to live with him for the rest of his life. At this stage he realised the folly of living on native fruits and devoted almost the rest of his life to being sustained only by coconuts.

He was a frequent correspondent with friends in Germany extolling the virtues of a simple halcyon sun drenched life in the tropics.

He had hoped that some other similarly minded friends from Germany would follow him to New Guinea and was bitterly disappointed when this did not happen. His state of mind was questioned later by the Government Medical officer, Dr Dempwolff who formed the opinion that Engelhardt would be in an asylum in two years. Towards the end of 1903, another vegetarian named Heinrich Aueckens from Heligoland in the North Sea joined him but died a month later. The second convert to his lifestyle was Max Lutzow, a piano and violin player from Berlin who arrived in July 1904, but similarly died seven months later.

In March 1905, a German vegetarian from Australia, Wilhelm Bradtke, arrived at Kabakon, but 2½ months later having decided that the coconut experience was not a suitable lifestyle left and began working for Queen Emma as manager of Ralum Plantation. In June 1905, there was a breakthrough when two leading German exponents of vegetarianism, August Bethmann and Heinrich Conrad joined Engelhardt. The life of existing solely on coconuts was beginning to take a toll on him; he became sicker, unable to walk, and weighing only 39 kgs and covered with tropical ulcers was carried to Herbertshöhe where his life was saved by Dr Wendland.

On recovering he formally founded the "Sonnenorden Kabakon" (a way of life in the sun at Kabakon) but this was denied by the German Governor. Conrad quickly tired of the lifestyle and returned to Germany in October 1905. Another convert, Wilhelm Heine joined the colony in November 1905 but two months later also died. Bethmann and Engelhardt continued to write glowing letters to Europe extolling the virtues of a life of living on coconuts and nudism. They believed that it was unnecessary to take quinine as existing solely on coconuts gave them resistance to all tropical diseases but principally malaria.

For some time, Bethmann had been trying to persuade another vegetarian from Stuttgart, Anna Schwab, to join them, and in mid 1906 she proceeded to Kabakon where she married Bethmann, thus becoming the only bride to join the colony. When Bethmann died of malaria in September 1906, Engelhardt accused her of killing her husband because she made him eat tropical fruit. She returned to Germany two months later and became a public adversary of Engelhardt's lifestyle. As a result of pressure, the Governor ordered a stop to all recruitment for Engelhardt's colony and ordered him to pay any future costs for burial and departure.

At this stage the sun colony was almost extinct, though some minor persons arrived, one of whom was named Robson from Scotland (not R.W. Robson, publisher of Queen Emma) and another Ernst Schweizer from Switzerland who arrived in 1908: but suffered a similar fate as had earlier converts dying a month later.

By the end of 1909, Engelhardt the sole remaining white and in poor health, so sick that he could only crawl, despaired of his dream. His coconut plantation was in tatters with no income. Enter, former convert Wilhelm Bradtke who entered into a partnership with Engelhardt and managed to get the plantation on a profitable course. Bradtke lived in Engelhardt's hut, whilst he lived in a lean-to where he suffered sand flies. Bradtke had a motto, "Better to eat pork and live, than to eat coconuts and die". As Engelhardt's serious state of health became worse he followed Bradtke's ideals and recovered much of his health. He turned to writing and with the help of a German vegetarian published the bimonthly magazine "Für Sonne Tropfen und Kokonuss" (For Sun, Tropics and Coconuts). Between 1909 and 1913 is believed to be the time

of Engelhardt's greatest intellectual writings. A photo taken in 1911 by E.A. Hurry depicts Englehardt as a lean malnourished bearded white with the ever present ulcerated and bandaged leg. At the end of 1913, he was a saddened man falling into deep depression, the magazine publishing had cost a considerable amount of money, and furthermore had brought not a single convert to the colony, largely due to Bradkte imposing an admission fee of 3,000 Marks.

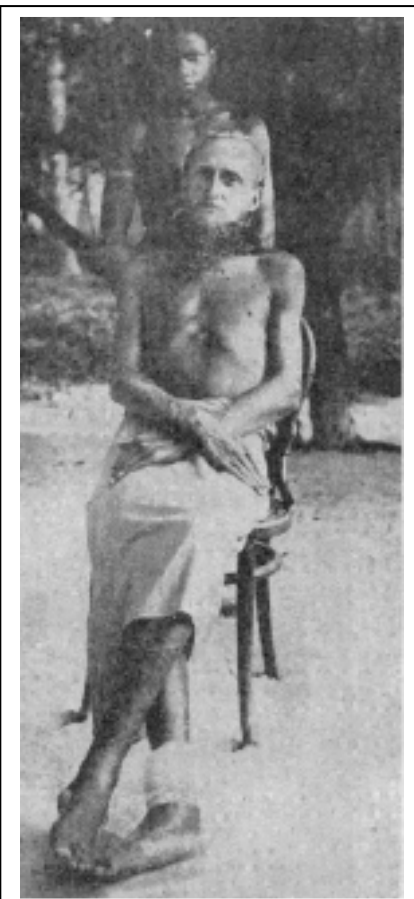
Within a short while Bradkte severed his connection with Engelhardt and thereafter followed a succession of plantation managers and converts all of whom either returned to Germany or died within a short time of arriving. In early 1914 Engelhardt was very surprised to receive a letter from a Mr Lust, leader of an American society of vegetarians. Lust and his wife and followers had long since tired of the ideals of Adolf Just and the Harz Mountains group and envisaged a new way of life, in the tropics which would be embraced by a large number of Americans seeking a similar lifestyle. However, war clouds were looming and this scheme never eventuated.

With the capture of German New Guinea on 11th September 1914, the dream of a large German or American colony of coconut eating nudists collapsed completely leaving Englehardt a shattered man. In early 1915, he was imprisoned for three weeks as a P.O.W. but was dismissed as a "crank" and not sent to P.O.W. camps in Australia along with many other German P.O.W.. Gordon Thomas (later editor of the Rabaul Times) visited Englhardt in 1915 and described him as being a shadow of his former self. When visitors made their way to Kabakon, Engelhardt would don a lap lap.

Engelhardt continued to live his former lifestyle on Kabakon until his death on 6th May 1919 at age 43 years. He was buried in the Inabui Cemetery on Mioko, Duke of Yorks, but there is no evidence of a burial site presumably destroyed during WW2. With the transfer of his plantation to the Expropriation Board in 1920, Engelhardt's plantation was worthless. He bequeathed his notebooks, poems, paintings, correspondence and library to a Dr Berenwenger in Berlin, but despite frequent requests for these documents by 1938 nothing was ever received. Bradkte's grave exists at the German cemetery in Kokopo. Curiously, he died only four days after Engelhardt at the Bitalolo Hospital near Herbertshohe.

Thus ended Engelhardt's dream of a lifestyle founded on nudism and the "Holy Coconut". As any New Guinea "hand" will know, the coconut palm has multiple uses from providing sterile water to building houses, but as a sole source of sustenance, can only sustain life for a short period. More detail on Engelhardt's unusual life may be found in Karl Baumann's "Biographisches Handbuch Deutsch-Neuguinea 1882-1922", 2002, in which are detailed, in German, the biographies of more than 3000 persons who lived in German New Guinea. ■

*This photo of Engelhardt was taken at Kabakon in 1911 by EA Hurry and made available by courtesy of Max Hayes.*



## **Eric Alexander Sutherland Ross By Christopher D.S. Ross**

Eric Ross – also known as Suthie or Ricky Ross was born in Mt Chambers, Qld. He had a sister Elsie who was five years his senior. After WWI Suthie's father moved the family to the Territory of Papua to seek his fortune. Suthie returned to Australia to complete his education. Due to the distance and time involved, he didn't spend much time with his family during his informative school years. It was a lonely time for a young boy.

After completing his school years, Suthie returned to his family and various jobs followed in Papua. He managed a copra plantation near his parents' property at Obu on the Gulf of Papua. He managed a gold mine on Missima Island. He managed a rubber estate in the mountains behind Pt Moresby. He wanted to dig for gold in the Eastern Highlands but found he was too young to hold a miner's right

He did however manage to be associated with the gold rush in the New Guinea Highlands when he was cargo manager for Holden's Air transport at Salamaua. He became experienced at arranging loads for everything from tiny DeHavilland Moths to the large 3 engined Fords. His employment there ended, and he found himself walking the Kokoda Track to return to Port Moresby. Suthie walked it in 14 days with one native companion and no other support, and did it five years before it became a famous battleground between the Australian and Japanese forces.

His most fascinating adventures, to me, were when he was leading expeditions into the interior of the country for the Australasian Petroleum Company. On these trips he was the first European that some Papuan natives had ever seen. I can recall nights after the war in Papua when my parents had dinner parties that included his brother-in-law Ivan Champion (a 'real' explorer) and other old Territorians. I would sneak out from my bedroom and listen to the conversations of 'real' explorers talking about taking expeditions across valleys populated by head hunters, finding unknown rivers, protecting missionaries from cannibals and locating new gold deposits. To think that this was going on in our very house and my father was part of it. Wow! This made all the Biggles and Rudyard Kipling books in my bedroom a bit dull by comparison. I guess I didn't know how unusual this was at the time. He certainly didn't trumpet his experiences though. One day, reading a book on aviation in Papua New Guinea, I came across a story about a person who had the first documented medical evacuation by air in the Territory in 1936. It said that his name was Eric Ross. Needless to say it was my self same parent who had failed to mention that he nearly lost his leg when a machete slipped from his grasp while cutting a track through the jungle on an expedition.

The war in Europe interrupted Suthie's adventuring in New Guinea in 1939 and, as his father before him, he went to enlist with the Army. They took one look at him and asked if he'd ever had malaria. In those days this was a bit like asking if a dog had any fleas. Consequently the Army rejected him, so he returned to New Guinea.

When the war started to get a bit closer to home in 1941, he again paid his way down to Australia and this time tried the RAAF who accepted him and so his military career started. Because he had some ten years experience in New Guinea, had walked over a lot of it and spoke a number of the native languages, as the Japanese advance moved closer, the Royal Australian Air Force felt they could use this invaluable expertise by sending him to England.

On his return from his duties in the UK, he was posted to Darwin where he started his



career in Air Traffic Control with the RAAF. At war's end, he moved to the civil side with the newly formed Dept of Civil Aviation (DCA) and with my Mother's arrival from England and their subsequent marriage, moved back to Pt Moresby.

Farming was still in his blood from pre-war days and he resigned from DCA to go back on the land at a property we leased at 17-mile outside Pt Moresby on the banks of the Laloki River. Attempting to grow canaf (which was a jute substitute), then peanuts, and finally corn, it seemed the fates were all against him (not to mention the local pigs, the local wallabies and the local Dept of Agriculture). Undeterred, he went back to working for DCA, leaving my mother to run the farm on a daily basis. Her plans to 'have a few chooks' got totally out of hand so that by the time we moved back into town, we were producing about 600 eggs per day.

A posting to Wewak as Officer-in-Charge followed, and then it was back to Queensland where he was OIC at both Coolangatta and Rockhampton. Returning to Brisbane in late 1963 my parents put their energies into building a home at The Gap however, shortly after it was finished, Mum died. This hit Dad very hard and he spent the next few years taking temporary transfers back to New Guinea and around Qld.

About two years after Mum's death, Dad's sister Elsie Champion, found herself in the role of matchmaker when she spotted Hilda Petrie on a TV game show. She just happened to invite them both to afternoon tea on the same day. Things developed and they were married a few years later. This marriage lasted until June 1997 when Hilda passed away, leaving Dad a widower for the second time. Not content with sitting around, he threw himself into travel, both overseas and in his caravan. There were always checklists for packing and flight plans for the caravan.

Suthie's generation was probably the last where you could do what he did. The chance for adventure in unknown parts of the globe grows smaller by the day, but that never let that stop him. How many other 91 year olds do you know who would still plan an Anzac Day service in London with their grandson, followed by an 18 day bus trip around Italy?

His sudden death whilst staying with us over Christmas and his 91<sup>st</sup> birthday in Muscat, Sultanate of Oman and the cremation ceremony in a Hindu Temple only added to the colourful and adventurous life that my father lived.

Visiting his GP recently, on the wall was a sign that said, 'It's not the number of years in your life, it's the life you put into those years.' What kept Eric Alexander Sutherland Ross so young in spirit was his motto: *'You've got to have a plan!'* ■

\* \* \* \* \*

#### **Cheap New Pill To Help Fight Malaria**

Fresh ammunition to fight malaria is being readied for launch next year. This cheap and easy-to-use combination pill belongs to a new generation of artemisinin-based combination therapies, or ACT drugs, which are recommended by the World Health Organisation because of growing resistance to older treatments such as chloroquine. One problem being faced by manufacturers is a shortage of artemisia annua, the crop from which artemisinin is extracted.

Info from Reuters 08/04/2005

**MINUTES OF 54TH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE PNGAA  
HELD AT THE MANDARIN CLUB, SYDNEY, ON 1 MAY 2005.**

Meeting opened at 11.50am

**Present** (as per signatures in Attendance Book)

Harry West, Ian Reardon, Nancy Johnston, Marie Day, John O'Dea, Joan Burns, Stephen Burns, Betty Smith, Frank Smith, Florence Cohen, Joe Nitsche, Bev. Melrose, Lynne James, Pamela Foley, Joan Gray, Gabriel Keleny, Charles Nelson, John Stevenson, Rosslyn Barrand, Jan Dykgraaf, Jennifer Wearn, Elizabeth Thurston, Roger Doorn, Stuart Hoare, Edna Oakes, George Oakes, John Bowers, Fred Kaad, Stuart Inder, Alan Johnston, Clive Troy, Margaret Wallace, Patricia Johnson, Ross Johnson, Alison Marsh, Clarrie James, Paul Dennett, Barbara Burns, Pat Hopper, Norma Aiken, Greta Ryan, Dennis Doyle, Robin Hodgson, Roma Bates, Joan Stobo.

**Apologies:** Arnold Nunn, John Mills, Greg Graham, James Hunter, Natalie Harris, Gloria Chalmers, Patrick Forde, Geoffrey Burfoot, Allan Tronson, Donald Ramsay, James Dutton, John McGregor, Laurence Wilson, John Ring, William Kimmorley, John Bain, Gilbert Cook, Patricia McCullogh, Frank Haviland, Thelma Meehan, Neville Threlfall, Owen Genty-Nott, David Kreis, Jeanette Leahy.

*Motion that Minutes of 53<sup>rd</sup> AGM be confirmed –*

*Moved Ross Johnson, seconded Nancy Johnston*

*Carried.*

**Business Arising:** None

The President delivered his report on Association activities during the past year, and planned in the near future, advising that Mrs Pamela Foley had been awarded Honorary Life Membership.

**Financial Report:** Treasurer.

Ross Johnson presented a comprehensive report for the year ended 31/12/04, covering Income & Expenditure, Assets & Liabilities, also Membership statistics as at 1/5/05 and details of visits to PNGAA Web site over previous 12 months.

**Motion to accept the Financial Report –**

*Proposed Ross Johnson – seconded George Oakes*

*Carried.*

**Correspondence Report:** Secretary

Pamela Foley advised that 617 items of inward correspondence had been received and in excess of 250 items despatched - all of routine nature.

**Motion to accept the Correspondence Report –**

*Proposed Roma Bates – seconded George Oakes.*

*Carried,*

**Election of Executive and Committee:**

The President advised that all positions had been advertised as become vacant. Only one nomination had been received for each position and thus those nominees were duly elected unopposed.

**Executive** - President: Harry West; Treasurer: Ross Johnson; Secretary: Pamela Foley; Editor *Una Voce*: Andrea Williams; Assistant Secretary: Joe Nitsche; Deputy President: Pamela Foley.

**Committee:** Stephen Burns, Marie Day, Marie Clifton-Bassett, Patricia Hopper, Christopher Johnston, Nancy Johnston, Fred Kaad, Robin Mead, Ian Reardon, Frank Smith, Elizabeth Thurston.

**General Business:**

The President asked for any comments, or matters members wished to discuss. Mrs. Robyn Hodgson thanked Committee for work done during the year and Mr. Clarrie James congratulated the Editor of *UNA VOCE* on the high standard maintained.

Mrs. Andrea Williams outlined arrangements for the screening of "Walk Into Paradise" on 28/8/05. There being no further business the President extended good wishes to all and the meeting closed at 12.22pm.

### **Presidents Report Annual General Meeting - 1 May 2005**

Welcome to the 54<sup>th</sup> Annual General Meeting of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia. To mark this, the 30th year of PNG Independence, we are breaking with tradition and having a guest speaker at our luncheon. Dr, Michael Bourke will talk about some of the positive developments taking place in PNG and this will be in contrast to the negative side of the situation that is frequently portrayed by the media. Mike worked as a research agronomist at Keravat and Aiyura from 1978 to 1983 and has been at ANU ever since, where he is now an Adjunct Senior Fellow. He has written and edited six books and over 200 papers on PNG agriculture.

Another initiative to mark the 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Independence will be the screening of "Walk Into Paradise" starring Chips Rafferty, the French actress Francoise Christophe – and our own Fred Kaad – and made in Goroka, Madang and along the Sepik 50 years ago. This is a new, high quality release print of the original film, with colour regraded and sound track remastered to digital. The screening will take place at Lindfield on Sunday afternoon 28<sup>th</sup> August and full details will appear in the next (June) issue of *UNA VOCE*. Bookings can be made today. The Committee also intends to make our annual Christmas luncheon, on the first Sunday in December, a special occasion to mark the 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Independence – so make sure you set aside this day and bring along your family and friends.

Increasingly the Association is being approached to financially support various causes, but we are not in a position to do this and need to watch setting a precedent. Annual subscriptions are virtually our only disposable income and are almost entirely consumed by the production and distribution of *UNA VOCE*, despite many hours of voluntary input by committee members particularly, of course, the Editor, Andrea Williams. So the committee feels that we should judiciously and selectively publicise requests in our magazine so that any sympathetic members may contribute if they so desire. An exception occurred some time ago when \$500.00 was donated to a memorial fund to honour the late Dame Rachel Cleland, and recently \$500.00 has been donated to a project of national importance, the Kokoda Track Memorial Walkway, an 800 metre rainforest and parkland link along the Bray's Bay foreshore from Concord (former Repat.) Hospital to Rhodes railway station. The picturesque and beautifully executed Walkway provides a living memorial to all veterans who served in World War II, with a particular focus on the South West Pacific area and has 22 designated "stations" with historical accounts of significant events that occurred at various locations in the Owen Stanley ranges during the Kokoda campaign. A visit is a surprising, enjoyable and enlightening experience that should not be missed by anyone living in or coming to Sydney. (Enquiries Ms. Alice Kang, Director Kokoda Track Memorial Walkway, ph (02) 9767 8488).

For the Association, the last 12 months has been, to a large extent, a period of consolidation but we have kept abreast in the field of information technology, which I find somewhat bewildering, so our Treasurer and Membership Officer, Ross Johnson, will bring you up to date on this when he presents the Treasurer's Report. Membership has increased from 1,330 to 1,452 in the past 12 months and our quarterly magazine has grown from 36 to 48 to 56 pages in recent times. Members continue to supply material of great interest and *UNA VOCE* continues as a useful vehicle for all sorts of information dissemination to keep members in touch and advised of reunions and the like, throughout the Commonwealth. Committee members from Sydney attended reunions on the Gold Coast, the Sunshine Coast, Brisbane, Canberra and

Adelaide during the year. While retaining the “tales of the past” of course, in future issues of *UNA VOCE* we hope to have more information about significant current developments in PNG. Rick Nehmy has gone to Port Moresby with the Enhanced Co-operation Programme and is already contributing. Jim Toner goes on providing lots of bright and breezy but insightful news and reflections from the Northern Territory, and the Kleinigs do likewise from South Australia. Edna and George Oakes generously host our annual Spring visits to the Blue Mountains at their spacious home and garden at Woodford.

More than 30 years ago late members Bill Seale, Les Clout and Les Williams started going to Mosman on Thursdays to lunch with Fred Kaad, who was lecturing at A.S.O.P.A. These Thursday lunches have continued ever since. Currently we meet at “Jam” café, first floor Bridgepoint Shopping Centre, Spit Junction. Plenty of free underground parking – everyone welcome, no booking required, just turn up.

Len Bailey continues the very considerable audit task and our great hope is that he will never retire from practice. Tim Tyrell effectively holds the fort in Canberra as watchdog for superannuants, as our representative on the Australian Council of Public Sector Retiree Organisations. See the article in the next (June) issue of *UNA VOCE* to appreciate the sterling work Dr. Peter Cahill is doing through the Fryer Library at Queensland University with our collection of documents and photographs of PNG, Alan Johnston very generously continues to provide us with valuable electrical goods for raffles at our two annual lunches.

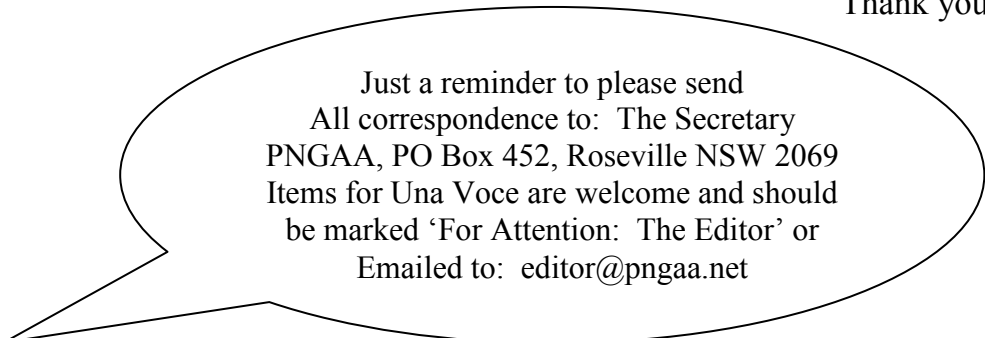
In the last (March) issue of our magazine there was a review titled “P.N.G.A.A. – your Association” which I hope everyone has read. It touches on the need for some new blood on the Committee. Several of us have been around for more than 20 years and have passed the 80-year mark. Think about volunteering and contact me.

The Committee continues to give generously of its time and talent and I pay tribute to all of them – Pam Foley, Vice President and Secretary; Ross Johnson, Treasurer and Membership Officer; Andrea Williams, Editor; Joe Nitsche, Assistant Secretary; Pat Hopper, Nance Johnston, Marie Day, Ian Reardon, Frank Smith, Robin Mead, Elizabeth Thurston, Marie Clifton Bassett, Stephen Burns, Christopher Johnston and last but not least Fred Kaad. Fred is one of our Patrons, and it is great to have him here today along with fellow Patron Roma Bates. Hopefully our chief Patron, Major General Michael Jeffery, will be able to attend our special Christmas luncheon.

Finally, our Rule No. 42 provides that the Committee has the power to award honorary life membership to any member who, by long and dedicated service, has qualified for such an honour. Currently we have only one honorary Life Member - Len Bailey. I am very pleased to announce that the Committee has unanimously decided to confer honorary Life Membership on Pamela Foley for more than thirty years of outstanding service to our organization, mainly as Secretary.

Thank you.

H.W. West.



Just a reminder to 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](mailto:editor@pngaa.net)

# **ABRIDGED AUDITED ANNUAL ACCOUNTS**

**For year ended 31 December 2004**

## **1. Statement of Income and Expenditure**

<b>2003 (\$)</b>	<b>INCOME</b>	<b>2004 (\$)</b>
301	Donations	413
7,080	Functions (gross receipts - AGM & Xmas)	6,480
1,167	Interest	1,286
15,647	Membership Subscriptions	18,983
860	Raffles	768
1,304	Tales of Papua New Guinea (net)	1,535
	Taim Bilong Masta (CD)	741
<b>26,359</b>	<b>TOTAL INCOME</b>	<b>30,206</b>
	<b>EXPENDITURE</b>	
4,672	Administration Expenses	4,630
145	Caring Committee	139
921	Depreciation	1,510
7,125	Functions (expenditure – AGM & Xmas)	6,439
401	Income Tax	721
935	Membership Listing	1,495
100	Subscriptions	210
13,241	Una Voce – printing & distribution	13,300
<b>27,540</b>	<b>TOTAL EXPENDITURE</b>	<b>28,444</b>
<b>(1,181)</b>	<b>Surplus / (Deficit) transferred to Members Funds</b>	<b>1,762</b>

## **2. Balance Sheet as at 31 December 2004**

<b>2003 (\$)</b>			<b>2004 (\$)</b>
25,614	<b>Current Assets</b>		29,803
	Cash at Bank	24,340	
16,897	Stock on hand	5,423	
8,717	Accounts Receivable	40	
20,029	<b>Investments</b> - Term Deposits (Police Credit Union)		20,029
2,459	<b>Fixed Assets</b> (written-down value)		749
<b>48,102</b>	<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>		<b>50,581</b>
13,187	<b>Current Liabilities</b>		15,362
	Accounts Payable	187	
82	Provision for Audit Honorarium	250	
250	Provision for Income Tax	721	
401	Subscriptions in Advance (Year 2003)	14,203	
12,454	<b>Long Term Liabilities</b> - Subscriptions in Advance		9,253
10,652			
<b>23,839</b>	<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES</b>		<b>24,615</b>
<b>24,263</b>	<b>NET ASSETS</b>		<b>25,966</b>
	<b>Represented by –</b>		
4,966	General Reserve	5,002	
20,478	Balance forward from previous year	19,202	
(1,181)	Net Surplus (Deficit) for Year	1,762	
<b>24,263</b>	<b>TOTAL MEMBER FUNDS</b>		<b>25,966</b>

(The full financial statement together with the Auditor's Report, as presented to the Annual General Meeting, can be obtained on application to the Secretary)

## 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 (March 2005) we saw life on the Goldfields in 1926-27. In this instalment we read about Ted's experiences in Manus and Rabaul.*

### RABAUL

After a couple of months stay in Sydney, I returned to Rabaul, this would be early 1928. When I arrived, Jimmy Twycross, who was in charge of AWA, asked me to go to Manus, as the wireless man there, Gordon Read, was having some trouble with his wireless gear. I jumped at the idea, as I now had some knowledge of prospecting and wanted to have a look at Manus, but Jimmy Twycross told me to get back to Rabaul as soon as possible. I arrived in Manus on the "Mataram", which stayed there a couple of days, so I waited until the ship had left before looking at the wireless set. I forget exactly what the trouble was, but it took no time to fix and everything was soon working well. This meant I had to stay in Manus for six weeks before the next ship arrived, which suited me down to the ground.

Alex Burrows and Jock Kramer were partners and ran a store at Lorengau and, after some talk, it was decided that Jock and I would go on a prospecting trip, looking for gold. We left Lorengau on Jock's schooner and headed for Pen on the south east coast of Manus. We landed our stores somewhere round Lohan and instructed the boss boy of the schooner to meet us on the north coast at Bundralis Mission. We passed through Drabito and on to Tingau, panning all the rivers and creeks we encountered. It was somewhere around Tingau that we entered a very large cave with water running through it and full of flying foxes; from memory the ceiling would be thirty or forty feet high, or more. We passed through this cave and came out the other side; it seemed to go right through the mountain. Up to date, we had had no luck, not even a spec of gold, so we continued on to Mundiburua, where we stayed one day. When the women saw me they recognised me as the one who looked after them when they were hostages, after the murder of Reisz in 1920. As I said before, when they were hostages several children were born at Lorengau and now they were bringing the children along for me to see. By now all these children would be eight years old, but the women kept asking me if I remembered this one, or that one. We were now in the Drukal country and although it was eight years since they murdered Reisz, they were still on the arrogant side. We stayed the night, but as soon as it was daylight we were up and about, then the big boys came and told us to move on and gave us to understand that we were not welcome. We left Mundiburua and passed through Mundrau and Badlock, where Reisz's murderers were hanged and where George Naess had had his police post in 1920. The police post had disappeared; the jungle had taken over again.

Still we had not seen a spec of gold, so we continued on to the Mission Station at Bundralis. The mission was run by Father Borchardt and Father Claarwater and four nuns. One of the nuns was an Australian, Sister Adela and there were three Dutchies. The schooner had arrived and was anchored off the mission, so we went aboard and proceeded up the coast to a village called Sori. Here we landed our stores and carriers and instructed the boss boy of the schooner to meet us around at Malai Bay on the opposite coast. From Sori across to Malai Bay would be roughly twenty miles. We prospected practically every creek we encountered, but still not a spec of gold. I can

only remember entering or seeing the one village in this area; I don't know its name, but it was very well fortified. The whole village was surrounded by growing bamboo and to enter it we had to get down on our hands and knees and crawl through the bamboo for a distance of about a hundred feet. It would be impossible to penetrate the bamboo, except by this small opening. I do not know whether there were any other entrances, but I did not see any, as we used the same opening for our exit. When we had crawled through the entrance, we came out into the open village and the natives were having a sing-sing and were done up in all their war paint and full of betel nut, which has the same effect as alcohol has on we Europeans, only the native becomes more belligerent. The natives were as surprised as we were, although we had heard the garamuts going long before we arrived at the opening. We realised that we were not welcome and beat a hasty retreat.

It was a nice sight to see the schooner anchored in Malai Bay and we were soon on board having a shower and a change of clothing and a few beers. We stayed the night in Malai Bay and started for Lorengau the following morning, sailing round the south west coast of Manus. We had been away for nearly a month and I had not seen a spec of gold on the whole trip. After a few days the "Mataram" arrived and I said goodbye to Lorengau, returning to Rabaul via the Hermit and Western Islands.

I was not in Rabaul very long before I was notified that the Administrator, General Wisdom was to make a tour of the Solomon Islands (Bougainville), the Mortlock and Tasman Islands on the Administration yacht "Franklin" and I was to go as the wireless operator. It was on this trip that I first met Father Wade, later Bishop Wade and Chaplain General of the Southwest Pacific Area during World War II. He had an old wireless receiver, which was on the blink and he asked me to try to fix it. I took it on board, but it was an old Attwater Kent and well past the repairing stage. The next time I met him was in a shower room at Lae, during the war. He was Bishop of Bougainville for many years, but owing to failing health, he returned to his native America, where he died about 1955.

We called into Buka Passage, then on to Kieta, the Mortlock Islands and then to the Tasman Islands. They are the furthest east of the Mandated Territory and very close to the British Solomon Islands. The people here are a mixture between Polynesian and Melanesian and don't seem to have the virtues of either. We only stayed there for a day, or it may have been two, then sailed for Kieta.

Just before Kieta, I was in touch with Bitu Paka (Rabaul) wireless station and told them that as we were entering Kieta Harbour, I would not be on the air again till we left. When we anchored, Scriven, the wireless officer stationed at Kieta, handed me a message addressed to the Administrator. While we had been away on this trip, a chap named Edmonds (who was one of the survivors of the Nakanai massacres in which four Europeans had been murdered) was murdered on a plantation down Gasmata way, on the south coast of New Britain. The murderers had been apprehended and sentenced to death and the hanging was to take

place the next morning. This message, which Scriven had received was a plea from the Missions and other interested parties for the execution to be deferred until the Administrator arrived back in Rabaul. Johnny Walstab, who was Chief of Police and acting as a sort of private secretary to the Administrator on this trip, came and told me that the Administrator wanted me to send a message to Rabaul to stay the hangings till his return to Rabaul. I told Johnny that the wireless was closed down until we left Kieta and he conveyed this message to the Administrator who, I gleaned from Johnny,

went into a towering rage and ordered him to tell Bishton that he had to get that message through to Rabaul to stay the executions. The wireless set on the "Franklin" was not powerful enough to get through to Rabaul, as Kieta was sort of land-locked and the wireless had only a short radius, so I went up to Scriven and used his set, which was more powerful and had a much wider range. After what seemed an eternity, I eventually contacted Bita Paka. Atmospherics were practically at their maximum and the operator at Bita Paka, Denis O'Sullivan and I battled for nearly three hours before the message got through. It was after 10pm when we finished and I had no hesitation in waking Johnny Walstab when I got back to the "Franklin", to tell him that the message had got through. He in turn advised the Administrator, who waited till the next morning to tell me that he was pleased. The murderers had their sentences commuted to various terms of imprisonment, but those boys were very close to being hanged.

It was about this time that the Custodian of Expropriated Properties was calling tenders for some of the ex-German plantations. I put in my tender for Ulul-Nono Plantation, situated on the east coast of New Ireland, about eighteen miles from the capital, Kavieng. My tender was thirty three thousand two hundred pounds and the terms were for 10% deposit and the remainder over a period of twenty years. I had most of the deposit from my earnings on the goldfields and the rest was advanced to me by Burns Philp, who made me sign a contract to sell everything through them. Any outstanding balance would carry 8% interest charge. Ulul-Nono was supposed to have 44,000 coconut trees on it, but George Hill, whom I sent to manage the plantation, made a count of the trees and found a shortage of 11,000 trees. I immediately made a claim against the Custodian for a refund and a reduction of the purchase price, but he referred me to a clause in the agreement which stated that "the Custodian would not be responsible for any shortage of palms etc." The Custodian came under the Commonwealth Treasury, so that my claim was actually against the Commonwealth Government. Over time, I made several trips to Canberra and put my case before several influential men, who all agreed I had a good case. I had volumes of correspondence with the Custodian and Members of Parliament, but I always seemed to run up against a brick wall. When I bought the plantation, I signed the contract which was drawn up by Bill Thomas, then delegate for the Custodian. Later he became Custodian and eventually Secretary for the Commonwealth Treasury. At one stage, the delegate was sympathetic and forwarded my appeal to the Custodian, but by this time Thomas was Custodian and knocked it back. On another occasion, I got as far as the Custodian, who sent my appeal on to the Treasury and recommended compensation, but by this time Thomas was a big noise in the Treasury and again dismissed the appeal. My first claim against the Custodian was in 1928, but it was not until about 1956 that the Commonwealth Government settled my claim. I had engaged Eric Miller QC at one hundred pounds a day and a hearing was set down for the High Court, but on the morning the case was to be heard, the Commonwealth Solicitor decided to settle out of court. I received five and a half thousand pounds compensation. It had been a long fight. I eventually sold Ulul-Nono to Harry Croydon of Rabaul in 1968.

During the years 1928, 1929 and 1930, I was working at Rabaul or Bita Paka, which is about thirty miles from Rabaul. The social side of life during this period was good and rather hectic and there were plenty of dances and balls. Flo Gilmore had the hotel at Wunawutung, which was about ten miles by road from Rabaul on the north coast. Nearly every week there would be a dance there. One night, Len Coleman, who



belonged to AWA, and I were going out to one of these dances. I was driving and thought I saw a bom bom (coconut frond) lying across the road. I was just about to run over it, when I suddenly realised it was a native, who had been attacked by someone with an axe. His head was practically severed, but he was still alive. I asked Len to stay there, while I went to Wunawutung to get a doctor, but when I arrived back with a medical assistant the native was dead. Len and I have spoken about this incident since and he told me he had never felt so much alone as he did on that night, sitting alongside a decapitated native. He said he had visions of the murderers creeping up and giving him the same treatment as the native had received. It never dawned on me that he would feel that way. As far as we knew the murderer was never apprehended, nor were Len or myself ever questioned about the incident.

There were two racecourses, one at Rabaul and one at Kokopo, the latter on Kinagunan Plantation, which was owned by the Catholic Mission. The Mission allowed us to cut out several coconut trees to make a circular course and many a great day we had. I was the official starter at Kinagunan and on one occasion I had to start a race from the four furlong post. By some misadventure, someone had removed the four furlong post and as I and the assistant drove round to the starting point, the horses were already waiting to start. We had no barriers and all races were started by the 'walk-up start' method. I got out of the car, lined up the starters and let them go, then got back into the car, but as we passed the starting post, I noticed it was marked three furlongs. I had started them from the three, instead of the four furlong post, still it was near the end of the day and everyone had been imbibing freely, so no one seemed to notice the mistake. Only the timekeeper told me they had broken the race record.

The missionaries were very keen on the races. They generally had a hundred or more horses running round the plantation and anyone could approach them for a horse to run in the races. Of course you had to more or less break it in and train it. We used to have three or four meetings at Kinagunan each year and the same in Rabaul. There was generally an extra meeting in Rabaul whenever a tourist ship or a Navy ship arrived and on one occasion, when the Navy was in Rabaul, a race meeting was arranged with a special race for Naval jockeys. Seven horses started in this event, but only one finished; the other six lost their riders. The one that finished, after passing the post, took charge of its rider and careered back to the horse stalls, bucked off the Naval jockey, then ran into its stall. There was always a lot of excitement at these race meetings and a good time was had by all.

In 1931 I again went to Sydney on leave. It was always a thrill to get back home to see my family. From the time I was sixteen they had not seen too much of me, but I never failed to write home at least once a week. My mother kept all my letters and some time after she died, my sisters asked me what they should do with them and I told them to burn them. I have been sorry ever since, as they would have been very handy in compiling this record.

Returning to Rabaul on the Burns Philp steamers was always a hectic trip. The bar would open about 6am, when most of the drinkers would be drinking gin slings and by the time the breakfast gong sounded at 8am, quite a few of the imbibers just went back to bed. There was always a big game of poker going and generally a fancy dress ball the night before arrival in Rabaul. On this occasion the ladies had got me dressed up as a bride. By the time the parade was finished I was feeling very sick, as the liquor was flowing freely and I had overindulged. I was heaving my heart up over the railing of the ship, when one of the seamen sidled up and asked if he could do anything for me. I

thanked him nicely, then beat a hasty retreat to the safety of my cabin.

On my return to Rabaul, I was sent to Bitu Paka where my time was fully occupied by work. There were always a few of us wireless chaps off duty during the weekend and we used to go into Kokopo, where there was a hotel, which at this time was run by Jack Gilmore or Syd Young. There was always a crowd there from Rabaul and the time was spent playing cards, tennis, billiards or swimming. After leaving the goldfields, I went into partnership with Hall Best in a small plantation just out from Kavieng in New Ireland. It was about this time I received a letter from Hall Best, telling me of a chap named Errol Flynn, who had been a guest of Hall's for some weeks and had done him an injury. In his letter, Hall said that Flynn was on his way to Rabaul and asked me, when I met Flynn, to punch him on the nose for him. My first meeting with Flynn was at the Kokopo Hotel, where Flynn and three others were playing poker for rather high stakes. There were a few of us looking on and an argument started between Flynn and Fred Dengate. Dengate was a well-built fellow, over six feet tall and weighing about sixteen stone. He jumped to his feet and took a swing at Flynn, who cleverly side-stepped and threw a smashing right to Dengate's jaw, which dropped him like a stuck bullock. I straight away forgot Hall Best's request to punch Flynn on the nose. Errol Flynn was very good company and was very popular round Kokopo. He excelled at tennis, swimming, running, fighting and any sport in which we indulged. He just seemed to have the edge on everyone else. Several planters invited him to stay at their plantations and then their troubles started in trying to get rid of him. Eventually he wore out his welcome round Kokopo and Rabaul, so he transferred himself to the goldfields. I lost track of him then, but I heard a lot of people lamenting the fact that they ever loaned him money. When he became famous as an actor in America, lots of people wrote to remind him of the money they had loaned him. In most cases he would send them an autographed picture of himself, but never any money.

About this time someone from Bitu Paka had to go to Aitape to relieve the wireless operator there, who was due to go on furlough. Jimmy Twycross said that Michael O'Sullivan would have to go, as he had never served on an outstation and it was time he did. Poor old Sully came to me almost in tears and implored me to go to Aitape in his stead. Aitape was a very unhealthy place and very lonely and as I had been twice before I was not very keen to go, but, as it was only for six months or so, I told Twycross I would go in Sully's place.

Ward Oakley was the District Officer at Aitape at this time and his wife, Gwen, was the only white woman in the district. The Administration staff consisted of the DO, a clerk and a Police Master. Wally Hook had a place a couple of miles out, where he conducted a recruiting business with Charlie Cough. While I was there a recruiter named Exton was murdered while on a recruiting trip, somewhere behind Wewak. Later Charlie Gough was murdered in the same locality. Wally Hook had a chap from Annam, whose wife was bathing in the river one day when she was attacked by a crocodile. Hearing her screams, her husband rushed into the water and dragged her ashore. She was badly mauled, but eventually recovered, though very much scarred.

The beach near Wally's place was often covered with millions of small crabs, which the natives of Silio, Tumlio and the other islands just off Aitape, used to catch at night. The crabs were generally running over several nights. Wally Hook was a very fine chap and I was sorry to hear he had been murdered later, by the natives.

I was relieved by Cyril Urquhart and returned to Bitu Paka and, soon after returning, I

met my future wife, Irene (Babe) Maunsell of Queensland. We were married on 14 November 1933 and lived in Rabaul. Our daughter Margaret was born on 21 August 1934 and most of our time was spent looking after her. There were always plenty of balls and dances about this time, but we always made sure of having a good, reliable babysitter when we went to these functions. Paddy Dodd was generally the babysitter and I'm sure he wished there were more functions, or that we attended more of them, because he thought the world of Margaret and babysitting was more of a pleasure than a task.

We sailed from Rabaul for a holiday in Sydney the day Margaret was one year old. We left late in the afternoon when the sea was rather calm, but during the night a strong wind came up and by morning a high sea was running. Margaret was as bright as a button, but Rene, my wife, was down to it, as she was not a very good sailor. As I had to look after Margaret, I got her bottle ready, put her on my knee and started the feeding operation. It was not long before I noticed her turning a sickly grey, so I reached for a strawberry box and she retched into it. Poor kid, she was a very sick baby for a few hours, but then she was as bright as ever and crawling round the cabin floor. Poor Rene was not so fortunate and was very sick for a few days. Fortunately we came direct to Sydney, which only took six days, otherwise I would have run out of nappies, for as fast as Margaret dirtied them, I threw them out the porthole.

Rene had never been to a Melbourne Cup, so we went to the 1935 Cup. I couldn't have backed the winner, because I can't remember which horse won it. On arriving back in Sydney, we noticed that Margaret had a lump on the side of her neck, which soon developed to the size of a pigeon's egg. We took her to several Macquarie Street specialists and eventually two of them decided to cut it out. The operation seemed a success, so we returned to Rabaul in June 1936. After some months in Rabaul, Margaret's neck began to suppurate, so Rene took her back to Sydney and the specialists fixed her neck all right, but she contracted pneumonia, so Rene brought her back to Rabaul as soon as possible. They arrived, I think, on the Tuesday before the eruption, which occurred on Saturday 29 May 1937. Margaret was very thin and sickly. Her little legs were like matchsticks, but we thought the warmer climate would do her good and there was no doubt she was getting stronger every day. ■

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

**Dr David Banks (07 May 2005, aged 55)**

AUSTRALIA'S top quarantine scientist was one of 15 victims of a plane crash in far north Queensland - his final journey to the region before retiring. Dr Banks was the principal scientist for Biosecurity Australia, which sets quarantine restrictions for Australia. Dr Banks, formerly a pilot in the airforce reserve, had qualified as a veterinarian in London and later became chief veterinary officer in Papua New Guinea. He completed a doctorate in epidemiology at James Cook University and undertook a series of research projects in livestock diseases across the Pacific islands, Indonesia and Timor. Dr Banks leaves a wife and three children.

Info from The Australian 09 May 2005

**John Tierney (10 May 2005)**

Margaret, David, Derek, Philip and Lisa Tierney

(We hope to have more details for the next issue)

**Lieutenant Colonel Harold Neville Green, M.B.E (Mil), E.D**

(9 April 2005, aged 83 years) Further details next issue.

**Stanley Clifford GASCOIGNE** (3 November 2004, aged 75 years)

Stan was born in Rabaul attending the public school there until evacuated to Melbourne with his mother and sister, Betty, in December 1941. After graduating as a Civil Engineer from Melbourne Technical College in 1951 he joined the State Electricity Commission. Several years later he went overseas working first in Glasgow before moving to Canada where he worked in Toronto and Windsor for eight years. Stan returned to Australia in 1962 and resumed working for the State Electricity Commission. In 1978 he married Esther (Paul) who survives him, as does his sister Betty (Muller).

Betty Muller

**Marjorie WATKINS** (9 March 2005, aged 79 years)

Daughter, Margo, hopes to send further details for the next issue.

**Jill Ruth STEWART OBE** (12 November 2004, aged 80 years)

Jill and David were married in St Johns, Port Moresby, in 1948 by Canon HE Palmer. When David was posted to Kavieng in 1952, Jill became the first European to nurse indigene male and female under Dr Roy Scragg. Returning to Port Moresby at the end of 1956, Jill nursed at the General Hospital until the end of 1983 when David retired and the family returned to Australia. In 1985 Jill and David went to Honiara and Jill relieved the doctor who was caring for the American volunteers in the Solomons for a short time. Returning again to Australia in 1987 they settled in Neutral Bay before moving to Bateau Bay on the Central Coast.

David Stewart

**Eric Frederick Hastings** (18 July 2004, aged 66 years)

Eric was born in India and came to Australia at the age of two years. He joined the NSW Police as a Cadet in July 1955, and resigned as a Constable in April 1962. On 18.6.1962 he joined Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary, and was stationed at Rabaul and Kokopo. Resigning in January 1966 he joined CDW at Rabaul, later transferring with CDW to Lae and Wewak, leaving PNG in 1972. In 1965, at Rabaul, he married Narelle Lyne, daughter of Reg Lyne who came to Rabaul in 1946. They divorced in 1982. Eric is survived by his partner and four sons from his first marriage.

M.R. Hayes

**Elmah Malana Press** (23 March 2005, aged 53 years)

A little red car whizzed about Darwin bearing the rego plate "Malana" which East New Britain *wantoks* were pleased to recognise as abbreviated Kuanua for 'Good Morning'. Sadly the lady driver has lost her battle with kidney problems. Elmah was a Kokopo girl who trained as a teacher at Wards Strip, Moresby and, to her father's dismay, accepted a posting to the Southern Highlands. She met Mike, then a patrol officer at Erave, they wed at Ialibu, and their first child was born at Kagua. When the family was transferred to the Sepik, Elmah was a relief teacher at Amanab and Vanimo. Post-Independence the Presses spent five years at Wewak and came south in 1984 to the NT. At Katherine Elmah assisted with creches and the women's crisis group and on moving to Darwin in 1995 she was prominent in after-school activities at three schools.

Jolly and courageous Elmah touched a lot of lives and 140 mourners packed the church for the funeral where several hymns were sung in the Tolai tongue. Mike Press, still in NT Government service, is left with four daughters and one grandchild named Luluai.

Jim Toner

**Joe FISK**, (04 May 2005)

PNGVR – Colin Gould

**Laurence Doolan** (2 March 2005, aged 80 years)

Laurie was born in Barcaldine, QLD. After serving in the RAAF he transferred to ANGAU in 1946, however this was immediately disbanded to Civil Administration. Laurie attended the first ASOPA three months course after which he married Robin in 1946. Leaving Robin to follow when housing became available, Laurie being a patrol officer in Madang. At that time this meant being a jack of all trades – clerk, school bus driver etc, but also included patrols to Karkar Island and a three months war damage patrol in the Ramu where he became proficient in giving injections for yaws. Following Robin's arrival in December 1947 the Doolans were posted to Bogia. Then followed Dreikikir in the Sepik District, Telefolmin in 1951, Angoram in 1952 before returning to Sydney for the ASOPA two year course in 1954/5. Returning to PNG the family went to Milne Bay and the interesting Trobriand Islands. From 1957-1963 Laurie was ADO and Acting District Officer Samarai. He joined Samarai Lodge and was also church warden. In 1963 he was posted to Kundiawa, Chimbu, one of two Divisions of Eastern Highlands District. In 1965 Laurie was acting District Commissioner, Goroka, before returning to Chimbu where he was District Officer and later, District Commissioner. Laurie had tremendous rapport with the local people becoming known as 'Doolan bilong Simbu'. A change of posting during those years sent a delegation to Director Tom Ellis that Doolan had to stay in Chimbu. Tom thumped the table and told them to 'take him back and *plant him*'. After ten years in Chimbu, Laurie finished his time in Mt Hagen, Western Highlands District, and six weeks in Michael Somare's office at 'Happy Valley' before 'going finish' to Maleny QLD in 1975. Laurie's door was always open to those needing him. He trained three indigenous officers as District Commissioners.

In Maleny, Laurie developed an avocado orchard and nursery, also growing kiwi fruit and macadamia nuts until 1988 when he retired. During this time Laurie was active in Freemasonry, Rotary and as President of the Local Ambulance Committee. A tree has been planted in his memory at the Maleny and District Ambulance Station. He was always active in local organisations, both in PNG and in Maleny.

Laurie is survived by Robin, their five children, Coralie, Terry, Margret, David and Denise, and 13 grandchildren.

Robin Doolan

**Dawn Levy** (14 March 2005, aged 77 years)

Dawn lived and worked in Port Moresby, Goroka and Mt Hagen from 1950 until 1974 when the family moved south and settled in the Port Macquarie area. In the 1950s Dawn worked for Police Headquarters in Konedobu. Later in Mt Hagen she worked for the District Commissioner Tom Ellis, Mick Foley and then the Police superintendent Jim Dutton. She was considered one of the pioneers of the Western Highlands District participating in numerous community organisations such as Red Cross, Hagen Show Committee, Farmers & Settlers Association, Parents & Citizens, Hagen Players, Golf Club, Pioneer Club and Pony Club. Along with her external involvements she was kept busy managing the coffee plantation at *Bitam* in the Dei Council; running trade stores, a soft drink factory, coffee buying and bringing up six children while supporting Keith when he was elected to the 1<sup>st</sup> House of Assembly representing the Mt Hagen Open Electorate. Dawn was the beloved wife of the late Keith Levy and is survived by her children Gayle, David, James, Mark, Teresa and Keith, 19 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Colleen Neville

**James Connell McKinnon** (4 April 2005, aged 83 years)

Hope to have further details next issue

**Allan Charles Jefferies** (December 2004, aged 85 years)

Allan was born in England and at the end of the Pacific war was serving as an ANGAU Patrol Officer. He joined the Provisional Administration of PNG on 31-1-1947 and served as a District Administration Field Officer until Independence in a number of districts. He retired to Sydney and is survived by his wife Joan.

Information supplied by Warren Reid

**Ivars Juris SMITMANIS** (15 December 2004, aged 64 years)

Further details next issue

**Lionel John Thrift** (12 March 2004, aged 89 years)

Lionel was brought up in the Upper Hunter River area of NSW. Following high school he did his Dip. Ed. at Armidale Teachers' College followed eventually by a Bachelor of Economics at Sydney University at night. After marrying Joyce Eyles in 1941 Lionel enlisted in the RAAF, doing basic training in Australia and becoming a fully fledged pilot in Canada. He saw service in India before leaving the Air Force in 1945 at the rank of Flight Lieutenant. After a short return to teaching Lionel joined the newly formed Trans Australia Airlines as a foundation member in 1946. Transferring to Melbourne in 1956 from Sydney he became Assistant Senior Route Captain. Nearing a then low pilot retirement age in 1960, Lionel was offered the PNG Area Manager job. The family moved to Port Moresby, then Lae, then back to Moresby over the following nine years which were a highlight of Lionel's life as the family made many lifelong friends. Returning to Melbourne in 1969 Lionel took on the role of Planning and Development Manager until retiring in 1977. The following year they moved to Buderim where Lionel enjoyed his golf and his friends. Sadly, Joy died in 2000. Lionel is survived by two sons and a granddaughter.

Craig and Greg Thrift

**Paul Seigfried Enders** (13 February 2005, aged 86 years)

Paul was the youngest of six children born, in what is now southwest Poland, to a German family. In 1937 he entered Prague University with a scholarship to study medicine. At this time Czechoslovakia was in turmoil and was annexed by Germany in September 1938. Events around his life during the war are indefinite. Paul was conscripted into the German army and served in the medical corps north of Leningrad in the Murmansk salient and was awarded the Iron Cross for bravery providing medical care in the frontline under enemy fire. He recommenced medical studies at Innsbruck University in Austria while still serving in the army. As the end of war loomed his regiment fled from the advancing Russian forces to ensure capture by the Americans. On his release in 1944, Paul recommenced full time studies at Innsbruck University. In 1946 he met Vilma then graduated in 1947 and they were married soon after. They migrated to Australia in 1949 where Paul was a medical orderly at Bonegilla before being recruited to the PNG Medical Service by Dr John Gunther. He was posted to Namatanai in early 1950, then to Wau and Bulolo from 1953 to 1957. Paul became District Medical Officer Wewak and then Regional Medical Officer Rabaul before being appointed Assistant Director of Medical Services in Moresby in 1969. After 'retiring' to Terry Hills in 1974 he took an appointment in the NSW Dept of Public Health in family planning and sexually transmitted disease control, retiring in 1988 with an honorary commendation from Sydney Hospital.

In 1991 Paul and Vilma moved to Neutral Bay. Sadly Vilma passed away in 2004. Paul moved with his son Tony and daughter-in-law Jane to Christchurch in November 2004 and was starting to enjoy his newly adopted country. He is survived by Tony and Jane.

Dr Roy Scragg

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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