



# 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

## PNG's 30th Anniversary Issue

### The Christmas Luncheon

will be held on

**Sunday 4 December 2005**

Mandarin Club Sydney

This year's Christmas luncheon will be a special celebration for PNG's 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Independence.

The lively atmosphere will include entertainment by some PNG dancers.

### Full details in next issue

Please get your replies in quickly as numbers are limited.

Invite or meet up with old friends from your past and reminisce about days gone by over a glass of wine and a Chinese banquet. Extended families, friends, children and grandchildren of members are most welcome and we can organize tables to accommodate all ages and interests. **Jot the date in your diary now and start making those phone calls!**

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

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**‘UNA VOCE’ IS THE JOURNAL OF  
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**ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC**

Please send all correspondence to: **The  
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are welcome and should be marked ‘For  
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**Correction to the June *Una Voce*:**

Page 28 Line 11 the date for the amalgamation  
of the Territory of Papua and the Territory of  
New Guinea into the Territory of Papua New  
Guinea should be 1949.

**Visit to the Blue Mountains**

The annual springtime visit to the Blue  
Mountains will take place on **Thursday 13  
October**. Again we are having lunch at the  
home of Edna and George Oakes, 5 Werona  
Avenue, Woodford – phone (02) 4758 8754.  
They have plenty of space and there are  
expansive views from the verandah and garden  
to Kurrajong and beyond. For the energetic  
there are short walks to adjacent waterfalls and  
lookouts.

The Oakes’ will meet those who travel by train  
at Woodford Station with transport, but it is  
only 10 minutes to their house for anyone who  
prefers the picturesque walk.

The train departs from Central Country  
Concourse at 9.02am and arrives at Woodford  
at 10.32am. Returns from Woodford at 2.51pm  
and arrives Central at 4.37pm. Join us! We had  
a wonderful day with Edna and George last  
year. Please contact Pam Foley Ph: 9967 2818  
by Monday 4 October. Harry West

**Deadline for next  
issue**

**13 October 2005**

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## IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – PNG INDEPENDENCE

**In 1975 there were many expats leaving PNG** and I was one of them. As an Industrial Relations Officer with the Dept of Labour I had been issued with a leather brief case bearing the gold stamp lettering TP & NG. Just prior to leaving I realised that it should be handed back in, so I went to see William Edoni, the Papuan Officer who was to be in charge of Industrial Relations. When I told him that I wanted to return the brief case he said, with a pleasant smile ‘Oh, no Dave, you keep it – it is only a relic from the colonial era’. It was just one little letter of the alphabet – ‘T’ (for Territory) but it made a heck of a difference and was, understandably, about to be eradicated quickly.

**Dave Tarrant**

**Independence Day Mendi Southern Highlands** - That special day with the court house covered in PNG National flags. I recall former DDC, Gus Bottrill, was invited to return to PNG and lower the Australian flag. As an artist I have since painted that scene with the beautiful mountain backdrop and put together forty paintings ‘The Windows of My Life 1958-1976’. Hopefully I will see the paintings returned to PNG.

**Harley Dickinson**

**Returning to PNG after an absence of five years**, we arrived in Port Moresby on 12 September 1975. After depositing our baggage, we headed for the stores for some necessities. Here, we found, to our horror, that the most important item on the shopping list was unavailable, as an embargo on the sale of liquor prior to Independence Day was in place. The great occasion looked like being anything but a celebration. However, the day was saved by an old DCA hand who, bless him, had taken the motto ‘Be Specific, Say South Pacific’ to heart; had stocked up for a few rainy days, and helped us out so that we were able to greet the dawn of a new era in the manner to which we had grown accustomed.

**John and Christina Downie**

**Tuesday September 16th 1975** - what a great day for Papua New Guinea, for Australia in helping PNG reach this day, and for all the kiaps and others who had been trying to prepare the Papuans and New Guineans for this momentous day. From 1970 to 1975 firstly Self Government and then Independence had been a major part of our political education when on patrol. Where I was in the Highlands, it was a difficult and frustrating topic. Invariably kiaps returning from patrol would say – ‘Bring it on, let the people experience it and discover for themselves that it won't adversely affect their lives.’ The great sigh of relief was probably heard in Australia!

By Independence Day I was stationed in Rabaul. On September 14th 1975 I was privileged to spend several hours on board HMAS Torrens, being given a guided tour and being allowed to be up on the flying bridge while the ship was manouvered to its anchorage in Rabaul harbour for Independence Day.

On the 15th I attended the ceremony for the lowering of the Australian flag, in Queen Elizabeth Park. On the 16th I watched the colourful street parade, followed by the impressive ceremony for the raising of the new PNG flag, including a gun salute by HMAS Torrens. In the afternoon I refereed two soccer matches as part of the celebrations, in one of which a Rabaul team beat an HMAS Torrens team 3-1. A truly memorable day in many ways.

**Brian Hartley**



**INDEPENDENCE EVE By Ron Fergie**

This is a framed watercolour (69x53cm) painted by Ron Fergie from a photo taken off Ela Beach in September 1975. Ron says that 'Ela Beach was alive with celebrating *lakatois* and sluggish expatriate boats like mine were fair game.

So, as I photographed this *lakatoi* and its exuberant crew sheering past my trailer sailer, I took their hail to be a good-natured gesture of derision. Clearly our *Coral Queen* was a lame duck and a very appropriate target (as my watercolour faithfully records, our self-furling jib was badly twisted around the forestay!)

But as I look back now, 30 years later, there was something of a symbolic gesture here for all outgoing expatriate administrators – these very capable young Papua New Guineans were the new leadership 'sending us off' before they took over the wheel!

I retired from the statutory appointment of PNG National Statistician in 1976 but was back to Port Moresby in later years on some of my short-term consultancy and training assignments. In 1996 I discovered a latent painting talent and now in my eighties enjoy reliving exciting times by way of my colour slide photos and by-product artwork such as this!'

Ron Fergie

**It was a sad moment for many of us** when our flag was lowered for the last time as the official one. The raising and lowering of it had been a daily ritual in our lives for many years. At sunrise and sunset, on every Government station, right throughout the country, no matter how small, the police paraded first in front of the District Office and then marched to the residence of the officer in charge and raised or lowered the flags.

If there was a bugler on the station, Reveille was played at sunrise and the Retreat at sunset and in places where there was no bugler a Kibi shell was blown to signal the ritual was in progress. Any person outside, at these times, stopped and faced the direction of the flagpole and stood at attention. Even in the primitive areas, the patrolling officers 'showed the flag' wherever they stopped during their patrols.

**Nancy Johnston** From the Memoirs of the late William J. Johnston

**Papua New Guinea had two kinds of independence celebrations:** the quiet grass-roots independence of the vast majority of the population, which was enhanced through a vast national hook-up by the National Broadcasting Commission, and the busy, efficiently-organised, smooth-running celebration in Port Moresby, dominated by the presence of VIPS from 37 nations. In covering that week for the Pacific Islands Monthly I was able to report both kinds of celebrations were resoundingly successful. But that's not to say there weren't unexpected, off-beat, or exasperating occasions – and in that latter department one of the official guests, Imelda Marcos, first lady of the Philippines, contributed more than her share. To start with, she insisted in flying in to Jacksons in her own stretch DC8 with a huge entourage despite the fact she had been warned of Port Moresby's doubts whether the runway could take the load. The greater part of that entourage comprised security men, who surrounded her in a flying wedge wherever she moved. Others of her entourage invaded the press room of the big international media contingent, piling our desks unasked with expensive glossy publications outrageously extolling the virtues of Imelda as her nation's beloved first lady, who did so much for her people. Meanwhile she repeatedly demonstrated her extraordinary scene-stealing capacity by arriving late at the flag-raising ceremony and from an unexpected direction, being unpardonably late for the State opening of the national parliament by Prince Charles and thus interrupting proceedings, and later at Government House by attempting to take precedence at the formal presentation of diplomatic credentials to the Governor-General, so enraging one diplomat that he walked out. But this was 1975, and I regret I probably missed a good story angle by failing to ask about the number of expensive pairs of shoes Imelda brought with her.

**Stuart Inder**

*The following is taken from the Official Programme of Ceremonies and Celebrations in the National Capital District for the Papua New Guinea Independence Celebrations, 1975.*

#### **DRESS**

Dress tends to be very informal in Papua New Guinea. It may be described in terms of Tropical Formal, Day Formal and Informal.

#### **LADIES:**

**Evening - Tropical Formal** – long frocks

**Day - Day Formal** – short frocks in cool fabrics. Gloves are not worn. Hats are optional, and may be advisable for those who are not used to the tropical sun.

#### **GENTLEMEN:**

**Evening – Tropical Formal** – Rami (laplap) or long trousers with open necked Dress-shirt, or long-sleeved shirt with tie.

**Day - Day Formal** – Rami or long trousers with safari-style jacket, or long-sleeved shirt with tie.

**Informal** – Rami or long trousers with short-sleeved shirt, usually brightly patterned.

For ceremonial occasions, it is suggested that guests wear the National Dress of their own country, or Day Formal.

**THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE – A PARTY TO REMEMBER!**

Deadline for entries 13 October 2005

Write/Phone/Fax/Email

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

## **PNG INDEPENDENCE By David Marsh**

When in 1975 Gough Whitlam asked Michael Somare to provide a date for PNG Independence, Somare set the date and gave me the job of organising the events. We had 2½ months to do it. Many of the details of how we went about it will appear in a piece I've written for the PNG *Post-Courier* independence anniversary supplement this September 16, at their request. There I explain how getting people to join me in the job done was difficult. It had to be a PNG show, yet there was no expertise amongst the indigenous people or government for it, and government departments were reluctant to release their more senior staff. I also explain in that piece that there were some early concerns over micro nationalistic movements that had sprung up, cults and also emotional talk from University students. But when I had a general picture in my mind of the ceremonies that were required, the people to invite, the security, transport, accommodation, etc, I gathered a few staunch souls together and started on the detail. We raised funds from businesses, organised fireworks for each district and provided cash to make other district activities possible, paid for the West Indies cricket team to play in Port Moresby and Lae, had an Independence Medal made and issued all sorts of literature and badges. During the six days of celebrations between Sep 14-19 there were exhibits, church services, sporting events, bands, pageants, formal addresses, dinners and ceremonies.

The two outstanding ceremonies in Port Moresby were the flag lowering ceremony at sunset on 15 September and the flag raising ceremony on the 16<sup>th</sup>. I selected the Sir Hubert Murray Stadium for the first, as it was the closest possible place to Hanuabada where the British flag was first raised in 1884. That marvellous sunset, together with Sir John Guise's words, 'We are lowering this flag, not tearing it down', made it a memorable occasion. The flag raising ceremony was conducted on Independence Hill, a hill where there had been an anti-aircraft gun during the war defending Wards Strip. It's in view of the administrative headquarters, Parliament House, Supreme Court and Prime Minister's residence.

At one minute past midnight on 16 September, the Proclamation of Independence was announced by the Governor-General in a radio broadcast, followed by the National Anthem and a 101-gun salute provided by the RAN. At 9.30 am the flag raising ceremony commenced. Prince Charles inspected the Royal Guard before taking his place on the VIP dais. Cultural groups then handed the PNG flag to the Governor-General who then handed it to the Commander of the PNG Defence Force, asking him to raise it on behalf of the people of PNG. Two chaplains blessed the flag and it was raised at 10 am. This was followed by a fly-past of RAAF and PNGDF aircraft. Prince Charles unveiled a plaque and then joined Sir John Guise and Sir John Kerr in planting trees to commemorate the occasion. The individual officers in charge of each official occasion all did very well and Government Departments – especially Public Works, the Government Printer, Dept of Information – all rose to the great occasion. Many people say it was all too soon, but a country growing up is, to me, just like any family of teenagers wanting to express themselves and resenting parental controls. When their attitudes and demands reach a point of no return, the parent is wise to modify control and just provide advice when it is requested. ■

## NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from Jim Toner

**Peter PLUMMER** 'went finish' from Darwin in June. An Education officer in PNG he came to the NT as founding Principal of Batchelor College in 1980. Since then he has been a chief executive officer of three Departments - first Health, then Mines & Energy, and finally Employment, Education & Training. He is the last of our *wantoks* to have risen to 'mandarin' status in the NT Public Service - others were Harry Plant, Alan Morris, Phil Lefevre, Bob Magin, Otto Alder, Vic Wasilewsky, Tim Terrell AM and Syd Saville OBE. Peter has retired to 'somewhere in the Sunshine State'.

**Rod TWIGG**, now 68, is not leaving the Top End. He had only three years as a *kiap* but his memories are vivid. He was one of the February 1956 cadet intake and posted initially to Rigo. He recalls his pleasure when **David Marsh** sent him to fly the flag single-handed at Marshall Lagoon. Stationed at Lumi and Maprik in his second term Rod says that he lost two stone in weight with accompanying stomach distress never diagnosed although poor food or excess grog was mentioned. Resigning, he went south, immediately had his appendix removed and had no trouble thereafter. The Commonwealth Public Service brought him to Darwin pre-Tracy and only this year he retired from his final job in disability support for a charity organisation.

I recently read that an E-course teacher in the Sixties considered it prudent to have his appendix removed before leaving ASOPA for savage New Guinea and its medically isolated outstations. Thus well qualified for service in Remotest Woop-Woop he was, in true Army fashion, posted to urban Rabaul - so need never have submitted to the scalpel. However appendixes were not a subject for jest amongst field staff of various departments. I recall CPO **Mike BROWNRIDGE** being urgently airlifted from Mendi to Goroka to have his removed. He had just returned from a lengthy patrol in the Nembi valley and if appendicitis had flared out there the result could have been truly serious. It seems likely that there would have been not a little policy discussion at ASOPA as to the reliability/retention of the appendix vermiformis by wandering *kiaps*, *liklik doktas*, etc.?

Talking of ASOPA the 1962/63 chalkies are having their second reunion at Mosman in September following a great success at Port Macquarie in 2003. A visit to the former School premises at Middle Head is on the agenda but they will find that the site has been neglected since the Defence Department moved out in 1997. Most buildings are said to be missing part or all of their roof but for the more than 30 attendees there should be lots of nostalgia.

**Duncan DEAN**, ex-kiap and environmental activist, having failed to become a MHR at last year's Federal election, took to the hustings in Darwin again in June but was unable to win a seat in the NT Legislative Assembly.

There was much groaning in the NT when the alumina refinery on the Gove Peninsula decided not to purchase natural gas from a field about to be developed in the Bonaparte Gulf near Port Keats. This would have entailed construction of a 1000 kms pipeline in which Aboriginal fund-holders were to invest \$100 millions. But chins really dropped when within 24 hours it was announced that the gas would instead be purchased from the Southern Highlands on a 20 years agreement. The pipeline from Kutubu will be designed to carry 600 million cubic feet daily to Australia's east coast and is scheduled to operate from 2009. Result NT 0 PNG 1.

*Cont.*

The Arafura Games is a second tier sports festival held in Darwin biennially since 1991 which has increased in popularity. No less than 140 Papua-Niuginians travelled in May to participate in various events. This number is surprising since **Martin KASSMAN**, from a well-known Moresby family and now Secretary of Darwin's PNG-Australia Social & Cultural Group says that each had to find 5000 kina (approx. \$2200). Fortunately firms in PNG seem to be generous with sports sponsorships. The diminutive Dika TOUA from Hanuabada collected a gold medal for weightlifting followed a month later by a MBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours.

This year the Mendi Muruks, Wabag Mioks and Hagen Cowboys will play all their home Rugby League matches at the Sir Danny Leahy Oval, Goroka. Sadly this is because 'the stands, fences and goal posts at their own grounds have been vandalised'. The Eastern Highlands oval is actually the home of the Goroka Lahanis (whose chairman is **Terry SHELLEY**, former Co-ops officer in the '60s and barman at the Humpty Doo hotel in the '70s). The other four teams competing for the South Pacific Cup are the Rabaul Gurias, Lae Bombers, and two entries from Port Moresby - the Broncos and the Bulldogs. While the other three football codes still have a presence in PNG it is Rugby League which grips the imagination of the population within reach of television. For the first State of Origin match this year the Post-Courier provided a poster with colour photos of the NSW and Queensland teams. The 3000 copies of the newspaper which arrived at Kokopo were sold in 45 minutes from behind locked gates necessary to protect the sales clerks from the surging crowd which had been lining up to get their copies since 7 am! A more genteel sport is still flourishing in the Highlands. The Wahgi Valley Open championships held at the Minj golf course was won by a Kondiaka tribesman who said "During the 'colonial era' I used to be a carrier (caddy) - then I became a player". Good on him.

The PNG cricket team contesting the ICC Trophy in July was flown from Moresby to Belfast and required to play the United Arab Emirates a mere 6 hours after arrival, unsurprisingly losing. They had not recovered when they met Holland, the Trophy holders, making only 69 - and the highest scorer was Mr. Sundries with 18! However, they did manage to bowl out Oman for 41 runs and to beat Uganda by a wicket. This only placed them 11th out of the 12 competing minor nations so PNG won't be appearing in the next World Cup tournament set down for the West Indies in 2007

Universities and student unrest are far from unheard of in combination but surely *kukim ka* was taking things too far by undergraduates at UPNG. In July they set ablaze the cars of the Vice-chancellor and the Bursar. Their grievance was over grading policy being 'manipulated by staff resulting in Cs and Ds being allocated to hard-working students who, they said, deserved As and Bs'.

During her illustrious reign as Editor of *Una Voce* **Marie CLIFTON-BASSETT** took me to task for referring to the City Manager of Mt. Hagen as Pious Pim. I had to agree with her that the probable intention of his parents was that he be named after many a Pope i.e. Pius. Mr Pim turns out to be what these days is called pro-active - his treatment of illegal street vendors is to have city staff throw them into a pool of diesel oil. He explained 'There are no laws that say I should do this but it is just a measure I think is workable in the context of Mt. Hagen'. Pious - yes, apparently his name - has also done much to clean up his city (and presumably encourage local production of billums) by enforcing a ban on use of plastic bags. ■



## NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA - John Kleinig

These days **Ray STUART**, from Kersbrook in the Adelaide Hills, finds a rare form of inspiration in writing poetry. His second book of poems has been published by 40 Degrees and is about to be launched in Hobart in September. 'High Mountainous Country-No Reliable Information' draws on his experiences as a young army lieutenant with the PIR in the early 1960's. It's a strange conversion but Ray explains that as a child he remembers Kenneth Slessor and others visiting the family home at Ingleburn. When his army career ended, different events intervened and with some encouragement from friends, his writing soon occupied an important part in his life. Ray is currently planning the Adelaide book launch.

To almost coincide with the 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Papua New Guinea Independence, the remastered 1956 film '**WALK INTO PARADISE**' will be screened on Sunday afternoon, 18 September 2005 at 2pm in the Mercury Cinema, 13 Morphett Street, Adelaide. A donation of \$15 per person will apply to PNGAA members and friends. Notices will be posted to members and supporters. Further information can be obtained from Jan Kleinig – 8339 8314. We gratefully acknowledge the special assistance provided by the PNGAA committee in Sydney.

A **PNGAA Lunch** is scheduled for Sunday 30 October 2005 at 12.30pm for 1pm. This is the sixth annual lunch for former PNG residents and friends and will again be held in Wheaton House at Pulteney Grammar School, Adelaide. Invitations will be posted in early September.

**Anne KARCHER**, who lives in Adelaide, is helping with the launch of the Adelaide Chapter of the Kokoda International Cavaliers Klub (Kick) on 12 August, together with a number of local South Australian football celebrities. Anne's son, Justin, who is currently with Steamships in Moresby, is one of the founders of Kick. The organisation aims to support young AFL players in PNG where Dame Carol Kidu is patron. The Australian patron is Ron Barassi. It's all reminiscence of pre independence days when Aussie rules attracted many teams and spectators with one of the biggest supporters being Ansett Airlines. Anne can be contacted on 8344 7965 for more information about membership of the Adelaide Chapter. And just to complete the PNG connection - Anne's parents **Dennis** and **Beulah O'CONNELL** lived in PNG in the 60's and 70's and spent time in Goroka, Lae and Moresby, where her father worked for Posts and Telegraphs. ■

\* \* \*

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## PNG...IN THE NEWS

**The *Post-Courier* is publishing a commemorative magazine to celebrate PNG's 30th Anniversary.** The magazine will be on sale from the first week of September and draws from the archives of the country's leading newspaper as well as interviews and reminiscences from the key players of the country's independence and development. A must-read for anyone interested in PNG.

Any enquiries on purchasing copies can be made to David Lornie on Ph: 675 309 1091, email [dlornie@spp.com.pg](mailto:dlornie@spp.com.pg) or write to *Post-Courier*, PO Box 85, Port Moresby, PNG.

\* \* \*

**Australian police serving in PNG** under the Enhanced Cooperation Program were withdrawn in May this year after a ruling by five Supreme Court judges that a qualified indemnity from prosecution provided to them was unconstitutional. The court challenge was initiated by Morobe governor and former acting judge Luther Wenge.

At street level in PNG, the police program was widely cheered, but within the PNG police there was an element of dissatisfaction over differences in pay and facilities.

Discussion continues on ways to resolve this. Prime Minister John Howard has said 'It is a setback but we remain very committed to helping PNG'.

Info from Aust Fin Reviews of 16 May and 21 May 2005

\* \* \*

13 July 2005 saw the opening of a three day Leadership Summit held in the State Function Room of the National Parliament in Port Moresby. Guest Speakers included the Governor General, Chief Justice, Chief Ombudsman, a former Deputy Prime Minister, Ministers of Foreign Affairs and Social Welfare and Development, Defence Force Commander and the Director of the Institute of National Affairs. Topics addressed include Women in Leadership, Integrity in Government and Business, Government and Church Partnership in Nation Building, Transparency in Leadership, and Ethics and Leadership.

This provided good opportunity for government, business and church leaders from across a wide spectrum of denominations, to meet each other, pray together, and formulate responses to leadership issues facing each of them personally and facing the PNG nation.

Christian Leaders Training College's 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary provided the springboard from which this Leadership Summit was launched, but CLTC was supported by other partners and sponsors: DAI, Pioneers (formed from the merger of the Asia Pacific Christian Mission (APCM) and the South Seas Evangelical Mission (SSEM), Pasuwe (a PNG based Christian trading organisation), and Christian Trusts and individuals in Australia and New Zealand.

\* \* \*

Last May Papua New Guinea featured in a photography exhibition at the Australian Centre for Photography in Sydney. Paul Blackmore had colour images of PNG's more compelling issues such as HIV and infant mortality. Stephen Dupont presented extraordinary portraits of members of the Kips Kaboni (Red Devils) gang.

Info from Aust Fin Review 7/5/05

**Bougainville's first autonomous government** was sworn in on 15 June in a ceremony watched over by the island's new president Joseph Kabui and Prime Minister Sir Michael Somare. There was a dawn flag-raising service which launched celebrations before a 40-seat assembly met for the first time. The island's new blue flag, featuring a traditional red Upe headdress, was raised by Bougainville police officers in the northern town of Buka. PNG Prime Minister Sir Michael Somare announced a K10 million establishment grant. A referendum on whether it will become independent from PNG will be held in 10 to 15 years. The recent election on the island of around 180,000 people was a key step in the 2001 Bougainville Peace Agreement, which ended years of secessionist conflict.

Info from Aust Fin Review 10 Jun 2005 and Mines and Communities website

\* \* \*

Conjoined twins, joined at the stomach but with a pair of legs each, were born at Buka General Hospital in early May this year. This was the second set of conjoined twins to be born at the hospital. The first set born in 1996 were now leading normal lives after being successfully separated. Doctors were appealing for overseas help to separate them.

Info from Daily News 5/5/05

\* \* \*

Bob Sercombe, Labor's Shadow Minister for Pacific Islands, believes that the Australia/PNG relationship needs to be more 'organic, where there is flexibility and two-way learning'. The flow of ideas and people working both ways would convey a better sense of partnership. 'We need to change the dynamic. Instead of just sending Australians to PNG, let's have PNG police and more public servants come to Australia as well'. Sercombe also believes in 'improving our sporting links, working up to a PNG team competing in an Australasian Rugby League' and 'Developing much better people-to-people links ..... to improve the bilateral relationship.'

Info from Aust Fin Review 16/5/2005

\* \* \*

The PNG Gas pipeline consortium has secured Alcan as a 'cornerstone customer' of its energy project, signing a 20 year deal to supply gas to Alcan's Gove alumina refinery. The Gove plant will use 43.5 petajoules of gas a year and means a commitment of more than 20% of the demand Oil Search and Exxon Mobil needed to justify going ahead with the project. Alcan was close to finalising a deal with Woodside but when Woodside was forced to secure a higher-than-agreed gas price from Alcan, this gave Alcan the opportunity to cancel Woodside's exclusivity rights to supply gas to Gove. The PNG option became more attractive for Alcan when PNG Gas commenced the front-end engineering and design stage in October 2004.

'The Alcan deal will require an extra pipeline, splitting off around Weipa from the main east coast line, and running across the Gulf of Carpentaria to Gove.'

Info from Aust Fin Review 29 June 2005

An agreement by AGL to buy \$4.5 billion of gas over 20 years and take a 10% stake in the PNG Gas pipeline for \$400 million has provided enough demand to justify going ahead with the PNG Gas project. It gives AGL 'exposure to the lucrative sales of the light crude oil that will be produced with the gas'. AGL will develop, in partnership, the \$2.5 billion network of pipelines taking the gas more than 2000kms down the east coast of Queensland to Gladstone and across to Gove, Mt Isa and the South Australian hub at Moomba. It is also set to be the biggest buyer of gas from the project, taking

1500 petajoules over 20 years. PNG Gas now has contracts for as much as 248.5 petajoules of gas a year, exceeding the 200 petajoules it needed to make the pipeline viable. Oil Search, with a 54% stake in the project, said they have really only committed 40% of the discovered reserves in PNG and still hope to sign up more customers. Info from Aust Fin Review 6 July 2005 and SMH 6 July 2005

### **Dreams Undone by Rowan Callick:**

‘Papua New Guinea had been for a couple of generations the great destination for bright, restless young Australians taking their first steps into the wider world. Many worked there as kiaps (patrol officers) - cops, magistrates, tax collectors, providers of all public services - often covering a vast area that could only be covered on foot. They often lost their innocence there, but gained much else: self reliance and decisiveness, sometimes combined with empathy and a zeal for justice. The older Papua New Guineans who recently cheered the arrival of Australian Police under the Enhanced Co-operation Program (ECP) did so, in part, out of hope that the visitors might be imbued with those qualities associated with the kiaps.’

Taken from Aust Fin Review Magazine 29 July 2005

### **HAVE YOU HEARD?**

Visiting Sydney recently were **Graham and Patricia Hardy** from Springbrook in Queensland, both looking very fit and enjoying the chance to catch up with PNG friends.

**Harley Dickinson** is putting together a book of artwork containing scenes of the Sepik, Rabaul and Mendi.

**Andrea Williams** (nee **Coote**) recently travelled back to PNG after an absence of 17 years. After walking the Kokoda Track I visited Kimbe and Rabaul – loved being back in my former hometown, Rabaul, where I stayed at the spacious Hamamas Hotel, owned by **Suzie and Bruce Alexander**. Caught up with many friends, courtesy of **John and Sandra Lau** who held a surprise party and cooked a whole pig for the occasion as well as smoking freshly caught coral trout! Matupit was blowing more spectacularly than it had for two years, constantly blowing ash all over the town...but Rabaul is still a beautiful town and the development at Kokopo is amazing. They have wonderful, clear, views over to Rabaul and the volcanoes. I was very impressed!

Further to the photo of the **Kokopo Cricket Team** on page 13 of the June *Una Voce*, **Rossi Barrand** (nee **Thomas**) wrote in confirming **Mick Thomas, Vic Pennefather, Jack Allen and Tay Rudnagel**. Additionally she felt that her grandfather, **WRB Thomas**, was the gentleman reclining at the front right of the photo. **Lynne James** also made contact confirming that her father, **Hal Evans**, is on the left in the back row. In another photo sighted by Ross Johnson it appears that **Ted Bishton** is standing in the back row, 2<sup>nd</sup> from left. Rossi also said ‘Dad was tall, slim and fair, and a left handed bowler. He was still playing cricket at the Kokopo Club when I was a little girl. Pre-war they lived at Bita Paka where Dad helped Grandpa run trading stores and some timber getting. Post-war we lived at ‘Rainau’ Plantation, where Dad was the first person to grow cocoa in New Britain, after we went on a trip to Samoa on a banana boat via New Zealand and Fiji to learn how. Unfortunately we were being chased by a hurricane, so our time there was strictly limited by the captain of the boat, who threatened to up anchor and depart if we were not back in our little motor boat within four or five hours. I was only about fourteen at the time, but the wind and the huge waves left a lasting impression.’ ■

## THE ABC LAUNCHES THE PNG HISTORY WARS

By Geoffrey Luck

Concerned at some of the views expressed in an ABC national radio programme in June, journalist/author Geoffrey Luck, who is a PNGAA member, wrote about it for the *Sydney Institute Quarterly*, with a copy to *Una Voce*. He thought the programme's approach especially significant in view of the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary of PNG independence this September 16. PNGAA president Harry West also took issue with some of the views expressed in the broadcast, and officially wrote to the ABC about it. Geoffrey's piece, followed by Harry's letter, are reproduced here.

If you thought that the History Wars ended with Keith Windschuttle's demolition of the work of Henry Reynolds, Lyndall Ryan et al with his landmark book, *The Fabrication of Aboriginal History*, think again! The post-modernist, left-wing academic historians have found a new target, Papua New Guinea. It fits perfectly. Not as far in the mists of the past as the early settlers' brushes with aborigines, Australia's administration of Papua and New Guinea is nevertheless sufficiently remote from the general Australian consciousness for a defamatory character assassination to pass without much scrutiny. Murder, exploitation, racism and abandonment will be the charges. Denigration and obliteration of the dedicated work of thousands of Australians over eighty years will be the objective.

The first broadsides have not yet been fired, but the forward scouts have already been sent out – the revisionist historians' loyal allies in the ABC.

The national broadcaster's Social History and Features unit presents a weekly programme, *Hindsight*. The unit boasts on its website that it 'is the only programme on Australian radio devoted exclusively to social history'. 'Hindsight' it says, 'offers new perspectives on well-known aspects of the past – and brings to light those stories long-ignored on the public record.' Which sounds suspiciously like post-modernist double-speak for re-interpreting history. In late May, *Hindsight* tackled Papua New Guinea as the second of a six-part series of programmes entitled 'Rear Vision,' with the ambitious promise to 'examine the history of Australia's relationship with our nearest neighbour' in fifty-five minutes.

Having served in PNG for seven years – first in the late '50s when the Territory was still sweeping away the rubble of war, and first contact was being made with previously unknown tribes, then again in the '60s as development accelerated and the first national elections with universal franchise delivered an embryonic parliament, I was interested to see what insights would show up in the ABC's rear view mirror.

The programme started innocently enough, with a focus on the billion-dollar Australian-PNG Enhanced Co-operation Programme, which had only just run into trouble, with the enforced withdrawal of the Australian police contingent. But then it moved smartly into academic spin. The first charge – Australia's culpability in sowing confusion about the constitutional future of the territory it was administering. Professor Hank Nelson of the ANU raised the canard of what he termed Australia's ambiguity about the future by citing the American useage of 'territory'. There, he said the word was applied to lands that became states and were subsequently absorbed into the United States. He argued that the word 'territory created uncertainty about the status and constitutional direction of PNG which continued right up till the 1960s. *Cont.*

This is plainly nonsense. Hubert Murray, the pre-war Governor of Papua, who dealt so humanely with the Papuan people (despite a huge lack of resources) never expressed an intention for Papua (a Crown colony) to be incorporated in the Commonwealth of Australia. While the ultimate status of the jointly-administered PNG had never been defined, and some expatriates called for a 'seventh state,' the repeated Australian ministerial view – as Ian Downs pointed out in his history of the Australian Trusteeship – was that 'Australia would abide by the wishes of the people for self-government when Papua-New Guineans were ready.' Some indigenous leaders like Sir John Guise had entertained hopes that Australia would incorporate PNG into Australia because of their fear of the young militant elites, but this self-delusion was extinguished in Canberra in 1966.

Nelson next traversed the history of Australia's acquisition of German New Guinea as a League of Nations mandate, citing Billy Hughes' insistence on its importance for the defence of Australia. But then he came to an extraordinary conclusion – the ironic result was Australia's defence position had deteriorated. 'We've now got all of east New Guinea,' he said, 'but just beyond the horizon, there are the Japanese, advanced all the way south of the Equator.' Was he suggesting Hughes should have claimed all the German territories? Or just given up on New Guinea? It is doubtful if the Australians who fought along the Kokoda track or died in the swamps of Gona and Buna would have agreed that Hughes blundered.

Now came the new historiography, with a frontal attack on the icon of Australia's administration of PNG – the patrol officer. 'Something of a romantic figure in Australian mythology' sneered Annabelle Quince, the presenter. And introduced Allan Patience, Professor of Political Science at the University of Papua New Guinea, to deliver the *coup de grace* to the kiaps. Here's what he had to say in full:

'I think it's a mythology that's only recently begun to be really challenged. Dr Chris Ballard at the ANU for example has begun looking at some of the really quite horrendous murdering that went on in conjunction with some of the early opening up of the country by the various patrols and so on that went through of Australians who made initial contacts with Papua New Guineans behaved appallingly. But this historiography is only just coming to light, in a not unsimilar way in which a few years ago, Henry Reynolds' history of aborigines began to open up Australians' eyes to how they had really been treating aborigines. Australians are awfully good at patting themselves on the back about colonising other people but in fact the reality is sometimes far worse than the myths that they like to accrete around them would lead us to believe.'

Patience is an Englishman with a Science Masters from London University and a B.A. from Monash.

Not surprisingly, this distortion brought a swift response from people who really knew Papua New Guinea. Harry West, former District Commissioner, Rabaul, now President of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, had this response to the programme and its allegation of 'appalling behaviour and horrendous murdering' by patrol officers: 'There were very few unfortunate incidents, mostly involving prospectors, not patrol officers, and in New Guinea, one German was hanged.' He went on: 'The colonial administration, and particularly the kiaps, seem to have a lingering bad odour with a lot of the media and academics. No one seems to be prepared to take a 'real world that we

live in' look. It is easy and perhaps convenient, to forget the situation as it was in 1945 after the disruption, devastation and destruction of the war and the ongoing shortages of human and material resources with only 30 years to independence – the hundreds of individual, isolated communities, with rigidly restricted loyalties, suspicious of their neighbours, sorcery rampant, plunged into little understood and bewildering nationhood amongst the world's nations. To the ordinary village people, the kiap brought alleviation from fear from neighbours, impartiality, stability and some certainty, and this was an essential basis to development.'

Well, impartiality was certainly not to be seen in this programme.

Anyone who has read one of the recent books on the 1942 Kokoda campaign will understand how indentured Papuan carriers were recruited to help supply the troops and evacuate the wounded. The carriers suffered along with the soldiers. Nelson believes they had every reason to be sullen and resentful, but concedes they appear to have responded with a humanity and compassion 'which is difficult to understand.'

Damien Parer's and George Silk's images were real enough, but even allowing for the over-sentimentalisation of wartime, the Fuzzy-Wuzzy Angels did strike a chord in the hearts of Australians at home. Yet Hank Nelson could turn that into a racial taunt: 'A Papuan man, a black man, is made a cover picture of the *Australian Women's Weekly*....images like that were unthinkable a few years before.' He could have added that the Weekly also printed the poem, written by an Australian housewife, which coined the 'Fuzzy Wuzzy' *nom de guerre*. It was cut out and pasted up in many a kitchen.

The programme continued to parade sweeping generalisations, each more outrageous and preposterous than the last. So Dr Helen Hughes, a Senior Fellow in the Centre for Independent Studies, could say: 'Australia failed to provide primary education for Papua New Guinea or to establish central Department of Education and make sure that Papua New Guineans could read and write and speak English. The village schools were largely left to the missionaries, the whole education system...we just failed Papua New Guinea on education before independence.'

It is difficult to know where to start to rebut such ignorance. Let me just say from personal experience that in the late '50s there were Papuans who had been educated to a level where they could be sent to the Suva Medical School and graduated as Medical Assistants (*lik-lik doktas*); by the time I left Port Moresby in 1966, I had trained five local journalists to Australian standards; the University of Papua New Guinea was founded in 1965, ten years before independence and began graduating students a few years later. Yet the programme could repeat that there were only six Australian-trained graduates at independence, conveniently ignoring the local faculties.

Nowhere did this programme acknowledge achievement. In its selection of contributors, its selective quotations and its eager pursuit of critical interpretations of every aspect of the Australian administration of Papua New Guinea, it set out to demean the work of thousands of Australians. Many of these people spent their lives to help lift Papuans and New Guineans to a stage in their history where they could choose, and define their national future. In their attempt to re-write history, the ABC's ill-disciplined programmers have libelled not only the people who served in PNG, but also the entire Australian contribution to the country.

**The letter that PNGAA President Harry West sent to the Managing Director of the Australian Broadcasting Corporation, Sydney, under the association's official letterhead, reads:**

Re Hindsight - 29/05/2005

Rear Vision --- Papua New Guinea

I have been away and we have just heard a tape of the above programme. The programme as put to air was considered by my Committee and in our opinion contained statements presented in both a biased and in an "out-of-context" manner.

By the 1970's the U.N. was determined to rid the world of colonies pronto, irrespective of circumstances, and both sides of Australian politics toed the line, in spite of the clear wishes of at least 85% of Papua New Guinea's people to progress more cautiously.

Some development may be traced from 1884, but by the end of the Pacific War in 1945, no more than one third of New Guinea's people had even the most elementary contact with the outside world, and those who left their villages were overwhelmingly plantation labourers. The prolonged world wide depression of the 1930's and miserable copra prices devastated the plantation economy developed by the Germans in New Guinea, and in fund-starved Papua only thinly spread essential services could be provided.

Australia's task of making a nation from hundreds of small mutually hostile, sorcery ridden tribes with over 700 languages was therefore realistically limited to the 30 years from war's end to Independence in 1975. In the western half of the island the Dutch may have been "benign", as your program stated, in comparison to the Germans as far as Australia was concerned, but not so to the Papuan inhabitants. Virtually nothing was done and the whole vast area remained only a neglected minor district of the most outer province of the Indies, a 'punishment' area staffed by a few errant field officers; mothballed for its potential timber, mineral and oil resources, to be probed when needed by the Dutch. Hundreds of miles through vast swamps, up the meandering Digul River in the south, in one of the most isolated, impenetrable, inhospitable and depressing spots on earth at Tanahmera was a compound for high risk political prisoners. On a visit there in 1959 I was shown Dr Hattas' name, carved on a wooden bench.

In the broadcast, making New Zealand glow in comparison to Australia in the colonial context is hardly relevant or fair because of the diverse scale and nature of involvement of the two nations.

Michael Somare's remarks about racist attitudes and practices, particularly in the early post-war period have some validity but it is only fair to look at these in the context of the times and circumstances and allow for the fact that the cultures were so diverse, and blending is not an easy or rapid process. Some early prohibitions, such as liquor and clothing were intended to be protective, but understandably interpreted differently. Racism is universal to varying degrees and certainly is entrenched amongst the Papua New Guineans themselves. Proud Bougainvillians (Bukas), because of their very dark skin, were derisively referred to as '*arse bilong sausepan*' or 'sooties', the Tolai people of the Gazelle Peninsula as 'red skins', and the Highlanders as 'bush kanakas'.

The first national, that is, Papua New Guinean, appointed District Commissioner to New Britain was very capable and totally equipped to do the job, but was completely



unacceptable simply because he was a Papuan, and his confidence was undermined by fear of sorcery on - to him - foreign soil. The supernatural is a powerful and enduring force everywhere and for everyone in Papua New Guinea and has a bearing on many situations. It should also be observed that with tribal suspicions and 'Sanguma' to contend with, officers of the Independence government don't have it as easy as their counterparts of colonial days.

The condemnation in the field of education, particularly primary, is preposterous and I hope someone with expertise in that field has corrected the record. The programme pointed out that there were only six national graduates, all with Australian degrees, at Independence, but the well established University of Papua New Guinea (1965) and University of Technology (1967) were not mentioned.

While District Commissioner at Rabaul in the 1960's, more than once I reflected on the array of Australian medical specialists at the regional hospital working for ordinary wages and living in very ordinary cottages, and knew they could be making fortunes elsewhere in the developed world. Perhaps some of the 'humanity and compassion' shown by the carriers on the Kokoda Track was reciprocated after all!

Two of the people interviewed seemed to be over anxious to 'have a go' at Patrol Officers, and one outrageously portrayed them as the norm, treating the village people like school children and immediately added 'I will give you an example' and went on to talk about a conversation she had with a barman in a Port Moresby hotel, who contended that Papuans could not be taught to 'pull beers'. What is the connection with kiaps? Another, in concluding a segment on Patrol Officers, is almost gleeful when he states that Dr. Chris Ballard has been looking at the appalling behaviour and really horrendous murdering, only just now coming to light that took place before the Pacific War, by Australians opening up the country. There were very few unfortunate incidents, mostly involving prospectors, not Patrol Officers, and in New Guinea one German national was hanged. However this aspect was presented so alarmingly that the listener could easily get it out of context and proportion.

Currently the widow of my closest 'Kiap' friend, who had to work full time to help support four sons at secondary school in Australia, has her former housekeeper, Garara, from Chimbu Province, now an old lady, holidaying with her in Brisbane for 3 months. I spoke with Garara by phone yesterday and she was elated that her hostess had financed successful cataract operations on both her eyes. Many such friendships have endured and numbers of former expatriate officers have financed university educations for the children of Papua New Guinea friends.

The colonial administration, and particularly the Kiaps, seem to have a lingering bad odour with a lot of the media and academics. No one seems to be prepared to take a 'real world that we live in' look. It is easy, and perhaps convenient, to forget the situation as it was in 1945 after the disruption, devastation and destruction of the war and the ongoing shortages of human and material resources with only 30 years to independence - the hundreds of individual, isolated communities, with rigidly restricted loyalties, suspicious of their neighbours, sorcery rampant, plunged into little understood and bewildering nationhood amongst the world's nations.

*Cont.*

To the ordinary village people, the Kiap brought alleviation of fear from neighbours, impartiality, stability and some certainty, and this was an essential basis to development.

Yours faithfully,

H.W. WEST

*Postscript:* To establish my credentials, my career in Papua New Guinea spanned the years between 1946 and 1973. I joined as a Patrol Officer and worked my way up as a member of the field staff to District Commissioner status. On my retirement in 1973, I was First Assistant Secretary in the Department of the Chief Minister. I am currently President of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Inc., and respectfully suggest that you 'browse' our web site at [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net) where both a background to, and objects of, my Association can be found. ■

\* \* \* \* \*

## **[www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)**

### **NEWS from the PNGAA WEBSITE**

**Terence Kelly** of India contacted us through the website in January this year asking for any information about his late father, **Mr TM Kelly**, who 'was reported to have lost his life in a volcanic eruption that took place in PNG some time between 1949 and 1951'.

His request was handed on to **Mr Albert Speer**, MBE, who attended the Mt Lamington eruption of 21 January 1951 shortly after it occurred. After six months of painstaking research, and with consideration to all involved, Albert has been able to provide Terence with documentary evidence about his father's life.

Terence has again contacted us – this time to place on record his sincere thanks to Albert for the unstinting time and efforts he has given to help in this case. Terence also wishes to thank **Mr Geoff Littler**, **Mr Ross Johnson** and PNGAA, and the **National Archives of Australia**.

\* \* \*

### **How to purchase our book -TALES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA**

Edited by **Stuart Inder**

Write to The Publisher PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069

Cost to PNGAA members is \$25 plus P&P \$9 within Australia

(Please include \$4 postage for each additional copy)

Cost to non-members is \$30 plus P&P

Australian Bankcard, Mastercard and Visa accepted

Cheques and Money Orders to be payable to PNGAA

For info contact: Pam Foley – 02 9967 2818 or Ross Johnson at  
email: [admin@pngaa.net](mailto:admin@pngaa.net)

**The President Charlie Lynn MLC** and the **NSW Parliamentary Lions Club** have great pleasure in inviting you to dinner with Guest Speaker

**Dame Carol Kidu MP**, Minister for Community Development, Papua New Guinea

**Time:** 7.00 for 7.30pm **Wednesday 24 August 2005**

**Place:** Strangers Dining Room, Parliament House, Macquarie Street, Sydney

**Cost:** \$150 per person or \$1500 for a table of 10.

Cheques payable to the 'NSW Parliamentary Lions Club Inc', PO Box 175, West Pennant Hills NSW 2125. Credit cards also accepted.

(funds raised will be donated to The Port Moresby Grammar School of 2<sup>nd</sup> Chance and to a PNG charity nominated by Dame Carol)

If unable to attend and you would like to make a donation this would also be welcome.

**Dress:** Lounge Suit

**RSVP to:** Jai Rowell, Parliament House, Macquarie Street, SYDNEY 2000

Ph: 9230 3362 or *email:* [jai.rowell@parliament.nsw.gov.au](mailto:jai.rowell@parliament.nsw.gov.au)

**Dame Carol** is the only white woman ever to enter politics in PNG and she's the country's only female cabinet minister. It's a very long way from her childhood, growing up in the security of the Brisbane suburbs in the '50s. Things changed for Carol when she was in Grade 11 and attended a school fitness camp on the Gold Coast. There she met Buri Kidu, a scholarship boy from PNG who'd become School Captain at Toowoomba Grammar School. He publicly wooed her by serenading her at the final night concert with a popular Neil Sedaka song, 'Oh Carol.' In defiance of the social mores of the time, Carol married Buri, moved to Port Moresby, raised four children and 'did a lot of crying' as she tried to adjust to tribal life in a strange country. After Independence Buri rose to become Chief Justice. He and Carol travelled and met important dignitaries from all over the world including the Pope, the Queen and Prince Charles.

But in 1993, Cabinet, controversially, decided not to reappoint Sir Buri and not long after he died from a heart attack prompting a national outpouring of grief and recrimination. It was then that Carol Kidu was persuaded to 'carry the mantle' and stand for public office herself in defiance of PNG social and family conventions and despite the risks. Her's is a true story of real love, tragedy, joy, corruption, intrigue, the supernatural and much more. In her role as Minister for Community Development in a country without a welfare system she is regarded as 'the Mother Theresa of Papua New Guinea'.

#### **SCHOOL OF SECOND CHANCE – PAPUA NEW GUINEA**

Port Moresby Grammar School is known as the 'School of 2nd Chance' or the 'School of Opportunity'. The school was founded by Mr Donald Daniels, Executive Chairman of the Board of Directors for the school. Mr Daniels vision for the school was shaped by what he saw as the lack of opportunity for young people in PNG. From very humble beginnings the school now has over 1,300 students from grades 1 to 12. Many PNG students have the intelligence and motivation for academic success but they do not have the funds because their families live in a subsistence economy without a welfare or support system. The school is privately funded but cannot meet the demands for places without financial assistance. Funds raised from the dinner will be donated to the school to assist in paying the fees of those who would otherwise have no hope of continuing their education. ■

## ADDITIONAL PNGAA DONATIONS SENT TO THE FRYER LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

By Dr P Cahill

**Gerry Newton** photographs of the extension of Spring Garden road, Konedobu, to suburb of Gerehu plus aerial map; **Doug Franklin** flyer from South Pacific Brewery, Port Moresby, announcing arrival of an elephant in Goroka, (see p.37, *Una Voce*, September 1998; several local children were subsequently named “Elephant”); **Adrian Geyle** photographs of Iuri Mountain villagers, Green River, 1954; **Wally Doe** extensive collection of photographs of Port Moresby 1929, 1935; Samarai 1935; Baiune/Bulwa/Bulolo/Wau 1933-1937 – goldfields, European social (e.g. opening Bulwa swimming pool), work (e.g. construction no.4 dredge); Kolube plantation, New Ireland 1933; Salamaua 1935 (including shot of swimming champion Roy Sowerby); prospector’s camp lower Watut 1948; **L.Hartley** photographs possibly of Morobe District, plus information (ca.1960) of income tax and vaccination requirements for visitors to PNG; **Ray Field** photographs of Australian Petroleum Company prospecting for oil in the Western District, Papua, 1949/1950s; **R.J. Saunders** photographs of Port Moresby mainly pre-1942 including panorama of Koki village area, Port Moresby foreshore and commercial centre; **D.G. Pike** educational material (posters, plastic Independence badges, disks for neck-wear) urging ‘bung wantaim’, new currency of Kina and Toea; (historically inaccurate) poster showing various separate administrations of Papua and New Guinea; settling disputes in court; health and sanitation matters; **K.W.C. Humphreys** notes on the New Guinea ‘Bismarck’ (stamp) sale; hand-drawn map of N.E. Papua c.1895-1910 showing post offices; family trees resulting from Jonas Coe’s 6 marriages; various articles published in philately magazines; short history of gold mining/postal services Woodlark Island; the Sacred Heart Mission; Earl Hopetoun; John Williams; letter listing inaccuracies in N.S. Hawthorne’s *The Kokoda Trail – a history*; **Lloyd Healey** pamphlet by F.E. Williams on the aims of native education; various reports on public accounts matters; Second and Sixth *Waigani Seminar* papers; draft and final Reports of the Constitutional Planning Committee; various estimates/budgets presented to the House of Assembly by Ministers for Finance; various papers from the Central Planning Office; maps of (a) ANGAU medical services, (b) Administration Districts, (c) Allied/enemy occupied territory 1944; wide range of reports/ diagrams of ANGAU activities 1941-1944; some impressions of ANGAU by two Papuans plus typewritten notes of patrols in New Guinea of strong anthropological interest; L.R. Healey’s BA(Hons.) thesis on ANGAU with notes supplied by McAdam, Dwyer, Orken, Holmes, Millar, Niall, Cole; draft copy of *Resources of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea* 1950; various post-Independence reports and draft statements; issues of *Wantok* pidgin English newspaper 1972-1973 (incomplete); various education publications; Dept of Public Health *Annual Reports* 1961/1975 (1970/71 missing); **John Murphy** photographs of air attacks Rabaul 1943/1944; War Disposals Dumps and Australian Camp, Malaguna Road area; **Beverley Durrant** brief materials concerning 2AWCS (SCAP) in Japanese War Crimes trials, Yokohama with brief mention of Wewak Trials; letter from (?Brigadier/Colonel) Douglas Campbell commenting on certain Japanese officers and reviews of ‘Blood Oath’; impromptu address by J.M. Williams (thought to be legal officer in film ‘Blood Oath’) about prisoners of Japanese; **Don Herborn** photographs of Rabaul 1945/46 showing Japanese prisoners of war; munitions dumps, etc; **Olga**

**Blood** description of pre-1942 lifestyle in (mainly Rabaul) New Guinea; **Ted Marr** memoirs of Rabaul August 1945-June 1946 plus photographs of Australian Army camp at Nonga; destroying Japanese armaments; 'comfort girls'; **Alf & Marylou Uechtritz** pamphlet of re-internment of Phebe Parkinson in Kuradui *matmat*; **Col Parry** copy of 'Extract from the "Lloyd" Guide to Australia (1906)'; **Derek Baldwin** program for canoe race for visit of Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven August 1929; photocopy of National Security (Evacuation) Order December 1941; short extract from WL MacGowan's diary of Jap invasion and escape from Rabaul January 1942; various material relating to Tom Grahamslaw including his *Recollections of ANGAU* 27<sup>th</sup> January 1942 – 25<sup>th</sup> October 1945; pre-1942 photographs of Port Moresby including official opening Konedobu Golf Links; Guard of Honour and Firing Party at funeral of Sir Hubert Murray; pre-1942 (ca.1920) views of Samarai; photocopy of radiogram sent to Winston Churchill by Dusty Miller, Misima; postwar views of Port Moresby.

The PNGAA Collection is weak in Highlands, Madang, Wewak and Bougainville material. Any donors? ■

\* \* \*

The following is an excerpt of an article which appeared in the June 2005 (Series 5 no.19) Pacific Manuscript Bureau Newsletter (PAMBU):

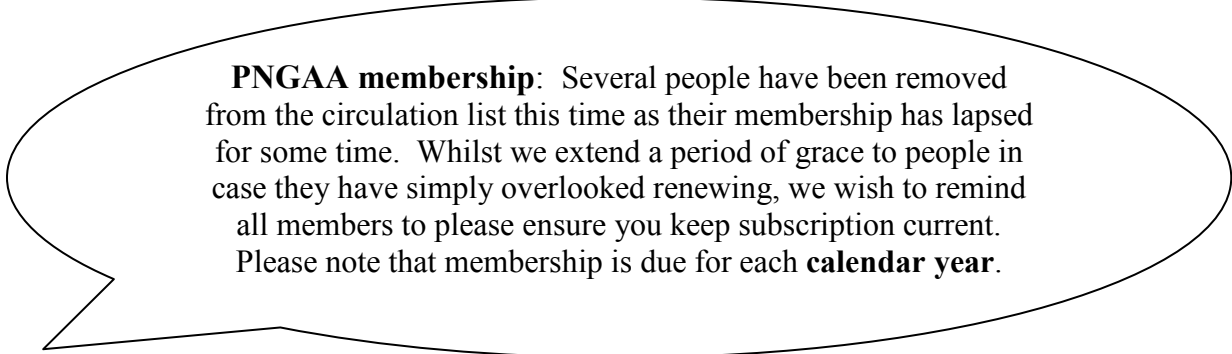
**The Fryer Library** is the branch of the University of Queensland (UQ) Library service responsible for special collections. It has extensive Australian studies collections of published and unpublished material.

The online guide lists Fryer's considerable holdings of Aboriginal, Torres Strait Island, Papua New Guinea and Pacific Island material acquired over the past 80 years. This includes unpublished archival materials, paintings, drawings, prints and photographs which form an important part of the history of Indigenous people in the South Pacific region.

The Fryer Library also holds the growing PNG Association of Australia collection of private papers and photographs, administered by Dr Peter Cahill. The PNGAA Collection is accessible from the University of Queensland Library catalogue (Collection No.UQF387)

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Regarding access to individual documents in the PNGAA Collection within the Fryer Library - as the collection is not (yet) digitised, anyone who wants to view the contents of an individual collection will need to come into the Fryer Library, ask for the relevant box/s (details to be found on the University of Queensland Library catalogue (Collection No. UQF387) and check them that way. Further details on accessing the catalogue can be found on page 29 of June 2005 *Una Voce*. ■



**PNGAA membership:** Several people have been removed from the circulation list this time as their membership has lapsed for some time. Whilst we extend a period of grace to people in case they have simply overlooked renewing, we wish to remind all members to please ensure you keep subscription current. Please note that membership is due for each **calendar year**.

## WALKING THE KOKODA TRACK By Andrea Williams

*In May this year I had a great adventure – spending eight days walking the Kokoda Track. It was a tremendous experience, truly one of life's highlights. There were eight Aussies from various States including me and my friend Lisa, and an experienced trek leader, Davidson Erero. Our ages ranged from the early 30s to a chap who celebrated his 65<sup>th</sup> birthday on the Track. Our group also had about eight porters, Lisa and I having a porter each to carry our main packs. My pedometer said we walked about 115kms and we stayed in local resthouses each night except at Eora Creek, where we camped.*



\* \* \*

Air hissing through the gaps in the door of the Twin Otter competed with the drone of the engine. The deep blue-green hazy mountain terrain of the Owen Stanleys stretched beneath us. From time to time pockets of turbulent air threw us around. But before long we were clearing a side of a mountain, and skimming the tops of oil palms to land on the grassy strip at Kokoda. A crowd of locals had gathered to meet the aircraft.

Our first day was spent in a Kokoda village and exploring Kokoda itself. A spectacular *singsing* group welcomed us, the colours of their dress and feathered head-dresses fantastic and, along with their *kundus*, spears and pigs tusks, they made a dramatic impression. A wonderful spread of fruits and scones was gratefully enjoyed. We were provided with a resthouse decorated with hibiscus. A pretty little creek, very shallow and crystal clear, ran through the village. With the grass neatly cut, little garden rows scattered around, and pink and white mucienadas, it was truly a little paradise. Some of the village children eagerly ran off to find us *okari*, a large red pod, which they would slash open in their hands with a large bush knife to reveal a delicious white nut inside, similar to an oversized *galip*. Dinner was prepared for us – *kaukau* and taro with coconut milk, baked green bananas, choko leaves, *pitpit*, fried rice, noodles and fresh fruit. The flavours were unbelievable.

We were told that the school at Kokoda had 780 children up to Year 8 but only 12 teachers. If children continue with their schooling they need to go and board in Popondetta, a three hour truck drive away on a very rough road – but how many have the money? I found this disturbing for their future. Most of the village children along the track only go to Grade 6. I was told that even to attend local schools it costs around K250 a year. The Kokoda Hospital, also, survives on a visiting doctor and seemed under-funded.

Keen to start the walk that would occupy the next eight days, we were up early the next morning and headed to Isurava Village, via Deniki, a spectacular flat grassy area which jutted out over the valley. We were quickly climbing and I would take a few steps, rest to catch my breath, then do the same again and again, one foot in front of the other. I was grateful for my stick. Often, here and along the Track, it was necessary to negotiate very carefully the mish-mash of slippery tree roots that were everywhere.

Day 1 - At Kokoda
Day 2 - Kokoda to Isurava Village
Day 3 - Isurava to Eora Creek
Day 4 - Eora Creek to Templeton's No.1
Day 5 - Templeton's No.1 to Efogi 1 (via Mt Bellamy)
Day 6 - Efogi 1 to Menari (via Brigade Hill)
Day 7 - Menari to New Nauro
Day 8 - New Nauro to Ua-ule Creek (via Maguli Range, Ofi Creek and Ioribaiwa)
Day 9 - Ua-ule Creek to Owers Corner (via Goldie River)

We passed fields of choko vines, gigantic fig trees, huge staghorns, palms and a variety of sword grasses – the rich forest dripped everywhere, silently oozing moisture. The peace and quiet, as I walked along under the rainforest canopy for most of the trek, was absolutely pristine. Once, fairly early in the walk, this silence was broken with a rifle bird calling ‘rat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat-tat’ and thoughts jumped to what it would have been like during the war.

We stayed that first night at Isurava Village, about an hour's walk before the Isurava Memorial. Like many of the other villages, this one had a lovely outlook down a valley and was a vast area with many huts on the cleanest dirt imaginable, surrounded by lush thick jungle. One water tap for the village provided cold running water for drinking, washing (hands and dishes) and even for showering. A long hose connected the tap to a shower area down the hill and to have a shower one yelled to have the tap turned on and off – hoping someone was around! The shower was enclosed with ragged scraps of tarpaulin and fabric in various colours and sizes, just enough to cover the main parts of the body. After a day of walking that shower was much appreciated! Further down the hillside was the pit toilet and this was usual in each village. Mist and heavy clouds kept rolling in and we prepared for a cool, damp night.

Continuing on to Isurava Memorial the next morning we found a magnificent and vast lawned area stretching down the mountainside with panoramic views, depending on the weather. Four immense granite blocks, each weighing over three and a half tonnes, commemorate those who fought in the Kokoda campaign and bear the words Courage, Endurance, Mateship and Sacrifice. Cloud rolled around the valley, providing the memorials with a snowy white background. Further down the hillside a series of brass plaques in both English and Pidgin help tell the story of the campaign. Nearby there is also a tribute to Pte Bruce Kingsbury, whose gallantry earned a posthumous Victoria Cross at Isurava. His was the first VC awarded in the South-West Pacific and the first on Australian territory. Perched on a shelf of the large rock where Kingsbury died are remnants of bullets and grenades. It was good to see these remain and not scavenged by souvenir hunters. I would like to think it will be made a condition of walking the Track that items are left in place, with only photographs taken. Discussion ensued amongst our group that it would be helpful to have a plaque at this memorial with the *compass bearings* to surrounding ridges and flanks that are equally part of the story of the Kokoda Track campaign. However, this memorial is a peaceful and profoundly moving tribute.

The next day we walked to Eora Creek campsite. Often there was a near-vertical drop beside our narrow path as it wound around the flanks of the mountains. The Track continued relentlessly on, up and down, with hairpin bends, and the porters encouraged

us along, warning us to 'take precaution'. As we neared Eora Creek the roar was deafening. White waters thrashed over huge boulders and raced downstream. About four or five thick tree branches were strung across the creek, roped together, and as we crossed we clutched at the temporary hand rope, installed by our porters. Eora Creek campsite was a flat piece of ground, again looking down the valley. We quickly set up tents as rain threatened, then the three women on the trip headed back down to the creek for a wash, but this time it was to be the 'easy way' (so we were told!). The steps down the muddy escarpment were giant sized and I wondered what was easy about this way. Not far down I slipped, my ankle twisting up behind my back, but luckily there was no damage. Then my friend, Lisa, fell and this time there was an audible crack. Lisa's porter carried her down to the icy waters to soak her foot, then returned to carry her back up the mountain. Later, a *bush dokta* worked on her foot, willing some 'healing energy' on it. The next morning Lisa's foot and ankle were still badly swollen, bruised and painful – yet she was determined to continue. Our trek leader cut two wooden sticks for her to use as crutches.

Lisa and her porter set off first on our fourth day. It began with the usual steep climb and, as we ascended, large wartime trenches on both sides of the track were clearly visible. We had earlier found bullets quite easily around the campsite. Just over three hours away was Templeton's Crossing, and further on, Templeton's No.1 campsite. The rush of noisy rapids could again be heard a good half-hour before reaching the creek. Whenever we descended we crossed more and more rushing streams, containing clear mountain water racing for the main creek. Tree roots clung tenaciously to the sides of the mountains. Every step twisted my feet this way and that within my boots. Large, fallen trees, up to a metre in diameter, often blocked our path. Sometimes a foothold had been hacked into these and you would have to heave yourself up and jump over, the ground often uneven on the other side. We passed through a moss forest, serene and beautiful. There were tiny, delicate ferns contrasting with the giant forest trees – some redwoods, some figs and the pandanus trees stretching at least 80 ft, tall and straight, their aerial roots growing to 30 ft. This forest growth just amazed me, as did the eerie, surreal silence. As everyone's pace differed I found I was often walking by myself and I enjoyed the tranquillity. My porter would be within coo-ee if there was a difficult area but he seemed to know where to be around me and when I was OK.

Leaving Templeton's No. 1 on our fifth day we topped Mt Bellamy (2190metres), with views of the Kokoda Gap, and then had a good 8km steep descent. It was great to talk to our porters as well as the villagers along the way. We met 'John' at Naduri, who is quite the entrepreneur. John owns Myola Guesthouse and has, with a partner, imported 6000 trout eggs from Zambia to replenish the local streams!

Our fifth night was spent at Efogi 1, where we enjoyed a decent shower inside an old corrugated iron water tank. Even after this long 25K day that hammered our aching knees, some of the group went and played footy with the villagers, and loved it.

Poor Lisa, with the trek leader and a couple of porters, hobbled along for 16 hours, arriving that evening at Naduri where it was decided they would overnight. Her pack, however, had come ahead with us to Efogi and none of the porters were keen to travel back over land that did not belong to them in the black of night, fearful of evil spirits. Two left at first light with Lisa's pack, returning later that day. Trek leader Davidson eventually turned up and told us it had been decided to let Lisa rest in Naduri for a



couple of days, when she would be helicoptered to Nauro, a village farther along, where we would meet up with her.

We had our fair share of rain, and so the track was quite mushy and slippery - and *everything* got wet. We stayed in resthouses most nights which were probably a bit friendlier than camping in tents. These resthouses were perched on low stilts with short walls and sago leaf roofs. The porters always had a fire ready with hot water on the boil when we got to a lunch spot, or at the end of the day... and happily played the ukulele



while we caught up. As we could hear them playing in the distance it provided the extra motivation to get there. We also learnt to join in the cheerful calls the porters made to each other, providing a bit of fun.

The rest house at Menari, the evening of Day 6, was five-star! Mattresses, pillows, a sheet and blanket on the vinyl-covered bamboo floor. We watched the locals, particularly the *meris*,

going to church that Saturday morning as they were SDA's. They walked slowly and rhythmically, one at a time, in unison and as if in a trance. It was very restful. After a fine morning during which we had climbed 1415m Brigade Hill with its wonderful views over the surrounding mountains, the rain came bucketing down again. Luckily it had been fine when we had had to follow a ledge around a cliff face with room for just one foot at a time, a sheer drop-off below and sheer rock above! Then there was a final steep descent down the cliff face to the 'creek' – a large expanse of gushing water you crossed via tree logs suspended about 4-5 m above the water and supported by two sets of large boulders. In the rain, and with mud caked around my boots clogging any 'tread', I had to focus on getting across, guided by my porter. This crossing was followed by a steep, nearly vertical, climb up to Menari. We often found ourselves 'in bed' around 7 pm - after six to seven hours of walking, we were ready to crash! With heavy cloud cover or rain it was pitch black at night anyway.

After negotiating swampy country we met up with Lisa at New Nauro where the huts were built on either side of a narrow ridge. The resthouse was split-level, well designed and comfortable. That night a large group of children came to sing to us – their melodious voices in full volume as they thoroughly enjoyed every moment, and our whole group had goose bumps; it was such a special treat.

Bravely, Lisa walked again for the last two days, including about 25 creek crossings around Ua-ule Creek. My pedometer told me she had walked about 40K all up! You'll better understand the significance of this when I explain that in Moresby an X-ray showed her leg was actually *broken*, and that it couldn't be plastered until the swelling receded! Back in Sydney she has since had a plate inserted.

During our last morning on the Track (when I was treated to the loud, slightly musical, warble of a Bird of Paradise) we left the peak of Imita Ridge behind us as we followed

the Track along a very narrow (1m-2m) ridge for a couple of kilometres, the ground falling away steeply on either side. Stepping carefully between more tree roots, we wondered when we would reach the celebrated Golden Stairs for our 'real' descent, but after hearing the roar of water for quite a while we suddenly arrived at Goldie River. The Golden Stairs are no longer there. The remains of the flying fox, used in WWII to transport artillery between Owers Corner and Goldie River, stood alone and silent.

Zigzagging up steeply through tall, thick grasses we finally reached the big Kokoda Memorial Arch, which greeted us with 'Kokoda Track' on one side and 'Kokoda Trail' on the other (Port Moresby) side. My porter, Mona, gave his broad signature smile through *buai* stained teeth and a big thumbs up.

What a sense of achievement *we* had! A little farther up the hill a truck waited with an Esky of cold drinks and the best bully beef and fresh bread sandwiches I had ever eaten! ■

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**Headhunt Revisited** is the realization of a dream for both Michele Westmorland and Karen Huntt since receiving a copy of Caroline Mytinger's book, *New Guinea Headhunt*., In 1926 Caroline set out with a friend, Margaret Warner, on a four-year journey to paint portraits of the tribes people in the Solomon Islands and Papua New Guinea before modern, western culture altered their ways of life forever.

After years of preparation an expedition by Michele and Karen ran through May and June 2005. The team, including anthropologists and a film crew, retraced the approximate route that Caroline made, and documented the current traditions of the native peoples in the region. The renowned vessel, MV *FeBrina*, owned and captained by Alan Raabe, transported the team during the entire expedition through New Guinea and Solomon Islands waters. Andrew Moutu from Wewak who has completed his Masters and PhD in Social Anthropology at the University of Cambridge accompanied the team, as did Dick Doyle who contributed with his knowledge of the language and history of the coastal areas of PNG. Employing digital photography, a book is planned, along with articles, and a traveling exhibit including Caroline's paintings and current photos. A documentary film is also to be produced.

Tangibly, the project was to donate large prints of Caroline's artwork, rich in ethnographic detail, to the national museums of Papua New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. The headdress on 'Heera' was actually created by the Papua New Guinea National Museum, and showcased at a reception at the end of the expedition in Port Moresby.

In a recent email from Michele and Karen after their journey, they say:

'We shot over 10,000 still images, the filmmaker shot 90 hours of high end video and the soundman recorded an equal amount of amazing audio. One of the many highlights was locating the descendants to four of Caroline's 23 oil paintings! We learned much about the traditions of the past and what has survived the onslaught of Westernization and World War II. We saw how people weave the old and the new beliefs together into their daily lives. The people of the Solomon Islands and Papua New Guinea we met were so welcoming and were fascinated with the prints of the paintings that we carried with us.'

To read their interactive journal including diary entries, photos and sound bites. go to [www.headhuntrevisited.org](http://www.headhuntrevisited.org) and click on 'Expedition Journal'. ■

### **WALK INTO PARADISE By Roy Andrews**

It has been with considerable interest that I have observed the revival of this extremely good film and all credit must go to all those responsible for the screenings. Many of us posted to Goroka either in the late fifties and early sixties will recall the folding camp chairs in the Goroka Sports Club, the leftovers from the making of Walk Into Paradise with such words as 'Chips', 'Director', 'Producer' stenciled on the rear canvas strip of the various chairs.

The film, from what I understand was created from a screen play written for the purpose but following the film, the story line was transcribed to book form by the Australian Journalist, Author and War Correspondent Gavin Casey. The book, which I am fortunate enough to own, in my PNG Library, probably one of the few surviving copies, was published by Horwitz Publications Inc in 1956. It is a paper back in the true sense of the word with stiff paper covers not dissimilar to the cheap detective novels (circa Carter Brown) and Westerns of that day. Thus, surviving copies would be rare indeed.

Of particular interest was the foreward of the book by Chips Rafferty (whose real name was John Goffage) which makes for interesting reading in the history of the production and is reproduced hereunder for those who are interested. Perhaps one day, if economical, the film might become available on DVD.

#### *Foreward*

Making a film is always fun for me. That's one of the reasons I'm in the business. The making of 'WALK INTO PARADISE' was a particularly memorable and fascinating experience for me, for every other member of the cast and for all those connected with the enterprise.

The thoughts of Lee Robinson and myself, as directors of Southern International Films, turned to New Guinea for several reasons. For one thing in this age of colour movies its tropical beauty was spectacularly photogenic. For another it is one of the few remaining frontiers in the world where true adventure in the good old tradition still awaits those who seek it.

It would, of course, have been a lot easier to have made a picture on Bondi Beach or even in Western NSW. But the more we studied New Guinea, its history and its tribes, its potential wealth and its modern-day conditions, the more the subject gripped us.

M. Paul Edmond Decharme, a representative of Paris film interests, became keen on our project and agreement was reached to make 'WALK INTO PARADISE' a joint venture, 'shooting' every scene twice, in English and French dialogue.

This complicated things as we were really working in six languages. Translators were needed to convey impressions in English, French, Pidgin English, and the dialects of the Bena, Chimbu and Asaro tribes of the Eastern Highlands of New Guinea.

We feel that this is a great film. We say sincerely also that Gavin Casey's adaptation of it in novel form is likewise an extremely fine effort.

*Chips Rafferty*

*Reprinted with permission from Horwitz Publications Pty Ltd*

## HELP WANTED

Would anyone know who the Baxter River in Papua was named after? Please contact Dr Peter Cahill either by Phone # 07-3371-4794 or Email: [p.cahill@uqconnect.net](mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.net)

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The old European cemetery at Bagail near Kavieng was gazetted by the Germans in 1913. End of June a gravestone 'Gustav Hoffmann 30 August 1911' was 'rediscovered' in bush, roughly opposite D.C's house (also site of Boluminski's house prewar), facing inland, and almost behind the 1950's tennis court. I know there was one grave in the area pre-war, but the rumour now is that there were about five German graves there before 1961 when a rugby field was made, and perhaps the one good gravestone moved off to one side. Can anyone confirm the existence of a 5+ grave cemetery pre 1961, and any other information, so that we can make an appropriate decision on what to do now with the gravestone. Jim Ridges, P.O.Box 86, Kavieng, PNG or email, [pmcewan@global.net.pg](mailto:pmcewan@global.net.pg)

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Probably pre 1962 in Kavieng, Harry Shaw of Bagail plantation produced 'Kaviana', a somewhat superior account of events in and around Kavieng. Are there any copies still in existence? If so I would appreciate photocopies. Jim Ridges, P.O Box 86, Kavieng, PNG or email, [pmcewan@global.net.pg](mailto:pmcewan@global.net.pg)

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Wilf Wharton of the Australian Centre for Fortean Zoology (a non-profit organization dedicated to researching mystery animals) has requested help regarding a purported giant lizard attack, probably in Papua, in 1960. Apparently the giant lizards were 20-23 feet long, some locals were killed and the police offered a reward for the capture of these supposed killer reptiles, although none were ever caught. Reports of giant lizards have been made in several books on monsters including Daimon Wilson's Giant Book of the Unexplained (Magpie 1997) and Mysterious Monsters by Daniel Farson and Angus Hall (Bloomsbury 1991). There have also been reports of a 20 foot lizard seen at Lake Murray, near Boboa, in December 1999 and another, 26 foot one, seen at Strachan Island district in 1961. Wilf Wharton can be contacted by email at: [wilf666@bigpond.net.au](mailto:wilf666@bigpond.net.au) or at: CFZ OZ 2/2 Winchester Road, Nunawading, Vic 3131 Tel: 0400 994553.

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Jim Eames is currently collating a history of some of PNG's characters of the 1960s through to the 1980s. At present he is interested in any anecdotes, humorous or otherwise, about Bryan Grey of Ansett-MAL, Talair and Airniugini. If you have something you could share please contact Jim at: No 6 Craig Pl, Gerringong NSW 2534 or email: [emus@aapt.net.au](mailto:emus@aapt.net.au) ■

**Did you know?** PNG introduced its own currency, Kina and Toea, on the 19th April 1975 and a dual currency period remained with the Australian Dollar for eight months until the end of 1975. Prior to this PNG had used German Marks and Pfennings, Japanese Yen, Australian Pounds, Shillings and Pence and Australian Dollars and Cents. Toea is the name of a valuable type of shell used for trading and bride price ceremonies in the Motuan Coastal villages. It is only found at certain times of the year very deep in the ocean. The word Kina is found in both Pidgin and Kuanua and refers to the valuable pearl shell used for trading in both the coastal and highlands areas of PNG. It is a traditional form of wealth.

## **GREETINGS FROM THE AIRVOS APARTMENTS By Rick Nehmy**

As the Confucian curse says, we are living in interesting times. By the time you read this, ECP may well be striding forward, or may have been consigned to the dustbin of history, or a bit of both. At the moment we don't know if we will still have jobs in a few days time. I am actually being stopped in public and asked by people who previously only knew me by sight (but clearly know that I am 'ECP') about the future of ECP, and already the cleaners at work, with my prior agreement, have started taking possession of my office trinkets. I am also getting a lot of requests for my car, followed by my laptop. Sadly, I have to explain that these are the property of the Australian taxpayer.

Other than that, life goes on here. We spent from the last week of May until the end of June in Canberra, and were very happy to get back to the heat and humidity of Port Moresby. We are noticing the changes with the ECP Police gone – road blocks are suddenly springing up everywhere, with the police soliciting donations to 'bring back ECP' or for cold drinks or whatever, usually from single occupant vehicles. Seat belt wearing is becoming a primary focus and non compliance results in 'on the spot fines'.

Di had her small leather wallet stolen recently – after the hassle of cancelling credit cards, replacing her driving licence (or facing an 'on the spot' fine at a road block) and so on, we received a call from a woman who had found all of Di's cards and papers from her wallet in a small vinyl purse on the floor of a PMV. We tried to press a reward upon her, but to no avail. The most difficult card replacement was the American Express card – after a horrendously long and expensive phone call to the listed number taken by an Indian-accented 'Raoul', the promised return call didn't eventuate. Perhaps Raoul didn't believe us – he kept asking 'But in what country exactly is Papua New Guinea?' After a decent interval we called the Sydney office, where a very cheerful and friendly soul interrupted our explanation at the mention of Raoul's name and said 'Oh, I will patch you through to him now – Click!' But we got there, and Di has her new card.

We have decided that, as our time here is probably very limited, we are going to go away every second weekend. We went to Tufi and stayed at the Tufi Dive resort – very nice, and, as far as I can work out, the central building is where the ADC's house used to be. A great spot, and very relaxing.

Our next excursion was to Madang – although booked to travel Friday afternoon, Di had a seat but I didn't, even though we were on the one booking and my Air Niugini Executive Club membership is supposed to guarantee me a seat anyway. We got there early Saturday morning, and our preference for a waterfront apartment couldn't be met – rough seas Friday night had damaged two of them! Sunday morning we caught a bare 14 foot fibreglass hull with a 75HP motor to Jais Aben resort – the boatman's name was Jonah – rather fitting, as his technique of conquering the still rough seas was to attempt to bounce from wave crest to wave crest on full throttle!

In Madang we were expecting a bit of action around the Governor's House (next to the Coastwatchers memorial, opposite the Coastwatchers Hotel) due to the sacking and replacing of the Governor the day before, but the gates were open, the chooks wandering around, and all was calm and serene. We were lucky we weren't staying at Smugglers (owned by the Governor or the former Governor, depending on your point of view) as its power had been cut off three weeks ago for over K300k of unpaid bills. Then in Parliament a question was asked of the Speaker, as he had just authorised the

payment of K500k to Smugglers – he explained it was an outstanding debt from a Government booking there over 5 years ago. Interestingly, earlier in the week the Speaker had been at odds with the Government as to who the current Governor is.

We were amazed at both the quantity and quality of fresh produce at the Madang town markets, and we explored the recently fenced ‘old’ cemetery in the town centre. The standout was a freshly painted grave with a new plaque - it was a WWI serviceman, and presumably the grave is maintained by the Australian War Graves Commission, the organisation that does such a magnificent job of looking after the Bomana War Cemetery. We also saw its handiwork in a couple of places during our recent visits to Milne Bay.

We are planning a trip to Ambua Lodge, 20 minutes out of Tari, an apparently delightful spot, but I still have a conceptual difficulty with visiting the Southern Highlands at my own expense for pleasure!

Our phone has been out of order since a few days after we returned, so no phone or internet at home – and the Telikom technicians are on strike and threatening to shut down both the landline and mobile networks! We also did in a tyre in one of the Lawes Road potholes, as well as having someone back into the car, and our hot water going on the blink, all within a few days of returning.

Things are in full swing getting ready for the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Independence. Our building has had all the gardens re-landscaped, and they look terrific. We are in Morauta Haus, next to the abandoned ‘Pineapple’ building and opposite the old Central Government Offices, also abandoned. The Prime Minister’s office is on the top floor, and presumably a lot of the VIP action will take place here. Potholes are being fixed, line markings renewed, rubbish cleared – but only along certain main roads. I am not sure exactly who is coming (those of you present on 16<sup>th</sup> September 1975 may recall the unscheduled arrival of 110 Filipina dancers with Imelda Marcos on her private Boeing), but we understand that the Royal representative will be Princess Anne, except that she doesn’t arrive until the 28<sup>th</sup>! And Jimmy Barnes is performing at the Country Club (used to be something else.....a Chinese restaurant/club... out near the old Kone Tigers Clubhouse) around that time. Jimmy Barnes AND Princess Anne..... it’s all too much.

I have previously waxed lyrical about our car security systems, which totally protect the Australian Government’s asset when not being used but, in our belief, significantly endanger the driver and passengers when the car is in use. Recently two ECP spouses (lets call them Sue and Ann, to protect the guilty), neither of whom have been here for very long, drove to the airport in a car Sue was minding to pick up some unaccompanied baggage. After an hour of driving around the airport to find the one person who could release the baggage they finally collected it and set off home, only to have the car stop, the door locks fly up and down, the lights flash and the siren sound. The immobiliser and the rest of the security system had cut in. Within seconds the car was surrounded by a curious mob, faces pressed up against the windows, while Sue tried to get the car started and then call her husband on her mobile, which for some reason would not let her make outgoing calls. In the meantime Ann, who had a severely bruised elbow from trying to hold down the door lock, was pretending to use her radio, as she didn’t know how it worked. Eventually a gentleman from the nearby Avis depot got to them and convinced them that he could help them. He called Sue’s husband, and

they worked out that Sue had accidentally stepped on the immobiliser button under the floor mat. He then drew a big circle on the floor mat, told Sue not to touch inside the circle, and off they went. We are all sworn to secrecy, as Ann's husband is to never hear about this, as she had told him she didn't need instructions in how to use the radio! Sue believes that her calmness under pressure was a result of her years spent as a dole officer in Brisbane's Fortitude Valley!

Well, if this is my last article, Farewell, Aione, Bamahuta, Lukim. ■

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### **LIONEL THRIFT AND THE LOST BAGS** By **Jim Eames**

The sad passing of former TAA Papua New Guinea supremo Lionel Thrift brought back some memories of our time in PNG in the 60s. Not long after the Herald and Weekly Times took over the Yaffa Syndicate's newspaper interests in PNG several of us were sent up from Melbourne. My wife and I and our new born son Steven were lucky enough to be posted to Lae. Not long after, as Editor of the New Guinea Times Courier I received a phone call from our Managing Editor in Port Moresby Keith Mattingley to advise me that he and his family of wife Janine and their children were heading off to the Goroka Show and would call in at Lae for a inspection visit on the way back to Port Moresby.

I could tell from the look on Keith's face when he stepped down from the TAA DC3 at Lae Airport that morning that all was not well and it didn't take him long to inform me in words of one syllable that the whole family had been in the same clothes for four days as their Moresby/ Goroka baggage had gone on to Wewak.

We tried to placate him by organising a hire car to take him and the family for a quiet drive up to Bulolo but a puncture at Mumeng and a flat spare didn't help much. Neither did the outbreak of car sickness by one of his brood who promptly vomited all over him although good old Keith had the good humour to comment that at least it couldn't do much further damage to the battered clothes he was still wearing!

As they set off from Lae airport next morning Keith's last words went something like: 'I'm going to hit Lionel Thrift (then based in Lae) with a letter of complaint he wont forget for a long time. I'll copy you in.'

Sure enough, the tome duly arrived and it was a beauty, dripping annoyance and even a degree of sarcasm at his perceived shortcomings of Lionel's airline when it came to baggage handling. But Lionel rose to the occasion and spiked Keith's fury by replying with the most gracious and blame-accepting reply, concluding with the offer to make up for it all by providing FOC air travel to any port on the network Keith and the family would wish to travel.

Suitably impressed, Keith phoned a few days later to describe Lionel's kind offer and to tell me they'd elected to go to Rabaul—which was just about as far as you could with some comfort in those days.

He was still delighted when he and the family transited Lae a week or so later on their way to Rabaul. It wasn't until they arrived there they got the news.

Their bags had gone to Madang. ■

## NEW IRELANDERS CROSSED MAINLAND PNG FIRST, IN 1895

© by **Jim Ridges**

110 years ago an improbable journey occurred that is largely unrecognised and unremembered in Papua New Guinea, but ranks high amongst great feats of endurance in PNG for those who survived, even if the initial concept was foolhardy.

Prior to 1900 and 1904 when Kavieng and Kieta respectively were established by the German administration, New Ireland and Buka people, although having fierce reputations at home, were the preferred labourers recruited by the New Guinea Company and others to establish new plantations near Friedrich Wilhelmshafen (Madang) and Herbertshöhe (Kokopo). They were found to be more industrious and loyal than others, and as a result were also often co-opted into the fledgling Police force with Police training added to their labourers work. Many died far from home in those early days of poor health care.

In July 1895 a German adventurer and travel writer Otto von Ehlers arrived at Stephansort, the administration HQ's near Madang. He had official letters of introduction to the Administrator from the New Guinea Company in Germany, requesting every assistance be given to Ehlers in his attempt to cross the island from north to south. This was no doubt seen as one way to discover the interior that until then, except for upriver trips, was totally unknown, remembering that this was long before the use of aircraft. Ehlers's intention was not scientific; it was to write a book of his experiences as he had done on other journeys. Hugo Rüdiger, the Administrator in Stephansort at the time, and Wilhelm Piering an experienced Policemaster who would have to accompany Ehlers to provide support and protection, did their best to dissuade him, emphasising the totally unknown nature of the country and people to be encountered. However, Ehlers looked at the maps of the day, noting that the distance as the crow flies from the mouth of the Francisco River - near where many years later the outpost of Salamaua would develop to open up gold mining - to the mouth of the Lakekamu river in the Gulf of Papua coast was only about 170 kilometers. However rugged and inhospitable the terrain he calculated that a large party would be able to advance at least 5-7kms a day.

A party of 42 Police and carriers made up of New Irelanders and Bukas were to go with Ehlers, his young Mauritian servant Tschokra, his mastiff dog, and the reluctant Piering who apparently said there was little point in becoming famous if one was dead. On 14<sup>th</sup> August they were landed from the steamer '*Isabel*' at the Francisco River and headed into the bush. They had sufficient rations - rice calculated at 500 grams per man per day - to last for 30 days, 8 rifles and 2 shotguns, some trade goods but no means of determining their geographic position other than a compass. Leaving the river after 5 days, on 23<sup>rd</sup> they reached a large inland village where they stayed for 3 days and bought food. There the first death occurred, a New Irelander. From then on they saw no other people until near the end of the patrol, climbing up and down innumerable ridges through almost trackless forest in rain that had started before they reached the first village. They carried no tents for the Police and carriers and it is probable that they wore only their regulation laplap. They certainly would not have carried blankets against the cold of the Kuper range and the 10,000 feet high mountains near the present day Wau that they would need to cross between.



After about 36 days the food ran out and Ehlers allowed the dog to be killed and eaten. After that it was green grass and leaves. A few days later Tschokra died of dysentery and ten carriers were already dead or missing. After five days of hunger Ehlers discovered that three New Irelanders, from Fatmilak village, had deserted in the night, taking a small metal flour container with plates, knives and forks, and a small cake tin. They were assumed to have died. Soon after that time, as everyone was weak or sick, a cache of the expedition's gear that was no longer needed was hidden in a hollow tree.

Nothing further was heard of the patrol until 21<sup>st</sup> October 1895, 68 days later when the presence of a group of about 20 armed German natives was later reported to very concerned British New Guinea (later Papua) officials at Port Moresby. They had found a branch of the Lakekamu and had followed it for nine days and floated down for six until they came upon the gardens and coconut trees of a village of the Moviavi people. They were taken as thieves but their condition was soon realised, and after giving what help they could, and finding a missing carrier, several days later they were taken to an LMS mission teacher on the coast at Motu Motu. One died and was buried there - I wonder if there is a record of his name or grave? - Mr. Kowald, the Government agent for the Mekeo district, took the others to Port Moresby. Two were placed in the hospital there and treated for dysentery. It was reported that Ehlers and Piering had died, about 3<sup>rd</sup> October, and in March 1896 a German account says fifteen were taken back to Stephansort on the British Administrator's yacht the 'Merrie England' where their story was reported by Rüdiger.

Taken largely from that report, the Annual Report of British New Guinea for 1895/96 recounts the story. They '...were constantly exposed to rain and damp fogs while cutting their way through dense forests, up and down steep mountains, and across precipitous ravines, swimming rivers, devoured by myriad's of insatiable leeches, and suffering from cold and fatigue, to which was soon added a more fatal enemy - hunger....Dysentery reduced them all to extreme debility, and soon ten men died...an effort was made to descend the river on a raft, which soon capsized, drowning the already comatose and dying europeans...'.

The crossing from coast to coast, from the German to the British territory by the party of New Irelanders and Bukas was accomplished, however reluctantly, and finally without european guidance. It must have entailed enormous endurance and hardship at a time when the country crossed was totally unknown, and, at the time, the inherent and all consuming fear of the unknown, sorcery and bush spirits by the patrol members.

That might have been the end of the matter, although Ehlers death was published in newspapers. We may never have known the significance of the crossing, had it not been for Police sergeant 'Tom' of Djaul Island, New Ireland who was on the patrol, and subsequent events that created much publicity in Germany. In 1897 he was travelling with Judge Albert Hähl, later Governor, and related the true story of what had happened to Ehlers and Piering. It seems that after many hardships, the death of Tschokra and finally the eating of the dog as a last resort after food ran out, a river flowing approximately in the right direction was encountered. A raft was made on which the europeans would float down with Ranga and Opia, the rest following the bank. Ranga and Opia, probably reasoning they could not save themselves and the sick europeans, shot Ehlers and Piering and told the rest of the party next day. Not only the whites were killed, but also three New Irelanders who were dismayed by what had happened. They

were eaten while the others separated, but continued down the river. Later the story of the Europeans drowning was agreed to. It was probably the death of his wantoks that later made Sergeant Tom decide to tell his story.

Hähl sent a message that he was coming to Stephansort, where other survivors of the expedition were staying who confirmed the story, and Ranga and Opia were arrested. However before he arrived the two Bukas had broken out of goal, killed a Chinese fisherman to obtain his gun, and were hiding in the bush, opposite the island of Bilibili. On arrival at Stephansort a posse was formed to capture the culprits hiding out at Gorib, comprising Hähl, the new Administrator Kurt von Hagen, Hans Blum, Franz Boluminski and Hinrich Störmer and other 'malays' and natives. On 13<sup>th</sup> August 1987, whilst proceeding in single file along a bush track, a single shot from Ranga killed von Hagen.

Incidentally, in April 1896 after his return, Ranga was singled out and remembered as most reliable by the naturalist Cayley - Webster, when on a patrol out of Madang. 'Through New Guinea and the Cannibal Countries' his 1898 book says; 'One of them ... named 'Ranga', was a very good boy indeed; I used him principally to cut the track, and when given a certain direction to travel seldom deviated from the course, however dull the day or dense and dark the forest'.

After von Hagen's funeral, and as reinforcements were available from the cruiser S.M.S *Falke* recently arrived, expeditions to capture Ranga and Opia were mounted over a period of time. The people of Gaib however, realising the disturbances caused by their presence, decided to kill them as they were crossing the Gogol river, and their heads were handed over to the Germans and later sent to Germany for study, a not unusual practice at the time.

About 10 years later miners Matt Crowe and the Pryke brothers come across an old camp in the Lakekamu River area. They found small rusted combination axe/hammer/pliers of German make and it was sent to the Governor in Port Moresby. By then memory of the German natives who had come out of the bush had been forgotten and it was an item of great curiosity. A later attempt to relocate the campsite was unsuccessful.

We now know the nature of the country that was crossed, even though the exact route can only be guessed at. There are many accounts of the country and hardships encountered by miners and carriers trying to get to the Wau/Bulolo goldfields in the 1920's, and even today the 'Black Cat Trail' from Wau to Salamaua is considered difficult, and on a par to the Kokoda track. Similarly the privations suffered by miners and carriers on the Lakekamu field in the early 1900's were as a result of the tough inhospitable country. The 'Bulldog track' constructed in the Second World War to Wau may approximate the route taken.

With the greatest respect to that truly great expedition of discovery by the explorers Champion and Karius in 1927/28 that crossed the widest part of the Territories of Papua and New Guinea - going up the Fly river and crossing to the Sepik River 800 kms from its mouth - they were not the first recorded persons to cross P&NG. That honour, unlikely as it must appear considering that at the time both provinces were largely untamed and had not yet experienced the establishment of German government stations, goes to a group of New Ireland and Buka island police and carriers. ■

## **GURIA! By Margarette Williams**

*This article was written for my school's Ex-Students' newspaper. It all happened about 1959 or 1960.*

It was three minutes past nine in the evening when the earthquake began. My husband and I were in the foyer of the movie theatre in Madang, on the north coast of the Territory of New Guinea. Madang is our hometown, a lush green place with all the beauty of the tropics; a picturesque harbour, the blue waters dotted with small islands; homes set in lovely gardens, vivid with the startling red of hibiscus, the clear yellow of allamanda blooms; luxuriant crotons lining the white coral roads. It is in a volcanic belt, with the active Manam volcano ninety miles away, off the mainland.

All Territorians are used to earth tremors ; they come in various intensities; some last a few seconds, others much longer, but always, in my twelve years' experience, they have passed away, leaving only a feeling of amusement at having been gently shaken about with no ability to take control of the situation. 'Gurias' we call them, from the Pidgin word meaning 'shake'. Now, as we stood talking with friends, we became aware of the movement of yet another one.

'There's a *guria*,' someone said, unconcernedly.

Conversation on other matters stopped as we waited, smiling at each other, wondering would the comment be 'That was a big one', or, simply, 'Not much, was it?'

Imperceptibly the expressions of unconcern changed; people glanced uneasily about them; this was more than 'a big one'! Unpleasantly the motion increased in intensity and there was a dull rumbling. The crowd in the foyer stepped back to stare in amazement at the cement floor which was heaving below us! Suddenly the lights went out, and simultaneously there was the crash of splintering glass. Panic was starting among the people in the theatre's outdoor cafe beyond the foyer; some men were scaling the tall wrought iron fence and dropping to the road which was already filled with people, who, fortunately, had spilled outside into the cooler night air at the beginning of the Interval.

My husband stood in front of me; 'Don't run!' He wisely blocked my view of the crowd outside. We were near a broad doorway into the cafe, but a long way from the entrance to the building. I looked out and up at the concrete facade of the theatre towering above us. 'Dear, dear God, don't let it fall.' Fear by now had clutched our hearts as our minds grasped the incredible realisation that we were on the brink of disaster. In another moment the whole thing would topple down upon us. 'Please God help us!'

But the earthquake had reached its peak; the crazy movement began to subside; the rumbling noise began to recede; and finally – probably thirty long seconds after the beginning of it all – the tremors had ceased and all was still again.

The children! 'Oh, let's get home!'

Our five children rank first with us on our social programme, so that at the theatre that night many of our friends had paused to remark on the unexpected sight of my husband and I out together. Les is one of the Territory's District Commissioners and there are many official functions that we must attend, but it is normally a very important occasion if we are both there. This evening we had surprised ourselves with a sudden decision to see a film, leaving the children at home with our trusted Emma minding them. Swiftly we made our way through the hushed crowd, some of whom were pushing back into the

theatre to find their families and friends. The moon was subdued by cloud but gave us light enough to find our way quickly to the car. Neither of us voiced our greatest fear; our new home? Had it stood the strain? It was a large, extensive building resting on slim-looking cement pillars, nine feet above the ground.

A hard crunch on the coral road as my husband backed and turned the car. Mindful that five young lives are dependent on us, he took no risks, but sped steadily along the white road beneath the familiar canopy of rain trees. There was dread in our hearts. This is how many parents have felt, I thought, racing home to their children, and what do they find at the end of the road?

As we turned into our driveway and looked through the trees towards the house, we could see the gleaming white columns which appeared to be standing straight and firm. 'It looks all right from here.' The car swept around the curve of the driveway to the front patio. As we leapt out and looked up anxiously, the white faces of two of our daughters, Susan and Jennifer, appeared at the verandah railing. We ran up the steps to them as their story tumbled out.

Emma had met them in the hallway as they emerged from their bedroom in terror; as the house rocked and seemed to be gathering momentum, she consoled them: '*Yu no ken krai. Bai en bai em i pinis.*' Eleven year old Susan told us she had gone on her knees in prayer, as the three of them watched at the bedroom landing door. Jennifer, nine, saw the other wing of the house moving 'like a canoe on the water'. Should they run down the stairs or stay in the house? Each one told the other, 'Quickly, go and get the little ones', but no one had gone. At last, at long last, the tumult subsided; doors stopped swinging; the tables stopped banging against the walls, and the house rocked gently to a standstill.

The two younger children? Emma had run to them then, but found two year old Patsy sleeping soundly, and Peter, six, hadn't stirred – which has caused him acute disappointment to this day! So they were safe; one, two, three, four – and five; Garry, our eldest, was quite safe; he was at boarding school in Australia.

All was well! Les and I looked at each other over the fair heads, drew a deep breath of relief and subsided into easy chairs on the breezeway. Emma went down and across the garden to her own home and children. 'Good night, Emma, and thank you.' The two girls slid to the floor to sit at our feet; the shock was going from their faces; they were still wide-eyed but able to laugh shakily at themselves, remembering little things they had said and done.

The curious thing was that though the earthquake had reached strength six and a half, just half a point short of a 'major' earthquake, there was no damage to the house, and comparatively little damage done in the town. There were cracks in the ground near the wharf, which had dropped several inches, and the smell of sulphur pervaded the town; some water tanks had burst and some were dislodged; there was chaos in the grocery departments of the stores, but the broken bottles and burst packages were quickly cleared the following morning with business as usual by 10am.

The noise of splintering glass at the theatre had been caused by tumblers falling from the cafe tables, as people got hastily to their feet when the lights had failed. In our own home only one small Satsuma vase had fallen to the floor, where it lay unbroken! Because of the power failure, Madang was 'off the air' and the outside world wondered about our fate for a short time, but contact was quickly restored, and re-assuring messages sent out.

So few ill effects, yet seismic recordings showed that the centre of earthquake activity had been a scant thirty miles from Madang! It would be a long time before we residents could treat a '*guria*' with unconcern again. It had been a terrifying experience; one which could have ended in calamity and heartbreak.

As we sat on the breezeway of our big 'house on pillars' which had proved itself so flexible, a shudder passed through me as I thought of the might-have-been. And I thanked God that our experience had ended this way.

The clouds had moved away and tropical moonlight bathed the waters of the harbour beyond the garden; it shone on the lawn; on the dark leaves and snowy white petals of the frangipani trees. The children at our feet were calm again; the little ones undisturbed as the perfume of jasmine wafted in on the night air. It was a perfect picture of peace and serenity.

(Margo's email address is: [margarettel@bigpond.com.au](mailto:margarettel@bigpond.com.au))

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## **HELP WANTED:**

***Morobe Goldfields – pre-WW2.*** Michael Waterhouse is well advanced in writing a book on the Morobe Goldfields prior to WW2, and is looking for photographs of people who were on the field at this time. While he would be interested in any photos of individuals, he is particularly interested in obtaining photos of the following: Shark-Eye Park, Jack Nettleton, Cecil Levien, J.C. Coldham, George Arnold, Doris and Charles (Yorkie) Booth, Burleigh Gorman, Bill Royal, Bill Money, Dick Glasson, Frank Chisholm, Harry Darby, Hector Wales, Harry O'Kane, the Mining Warden J.D.Mclean, A.W.D. Mullins, Pard Mustar, Ray Parer, Helmuth Baum, Ned Coakley, Alice Innes, Eric Weine, Florence Stewart and Alice Bowring. Could members who have photos of these or other people from this period, please contact Michael by email ([mhwaterhouse@hotmail.com](mailto:mhwaterhouse@hotmail.com)) or on 02 9360 0226.

A number of stills from some 1929-30 film footage will be placed on the PNGAA website. These show people from the goldfields and elsewhere in New Guinea whose names are unknown. They may include some of the above people. If any members have photos of people from this period and can use these to identify people in the stills, Michael would very much appreciate it if they could contact him.

## **SAMARAI – PRE 1940 By Jack Cooper**

*Sadly, Jack passed away in May. This précis, describing Samarai (Pearl of the Pacific), is from his recent autobiography.*

My first vivid recollection of my childhood on Samarai was the absolute freedom we had, along with the open air life, we enjoyed in a tropical climate that was hot and humid nearly all year round – free from tornadoes, huge cyclones, typhoons and earthquakes as experienced by many other countries.

I daresay we took it all for granted in this ‘Pacific paradise’ but that was our life and we knew little else outside of our happy-go-lucky world other than from visiting ships, cruising yachts. Even a sea plane or two was a rarity.

The island itself is not very large, some 64 acres in area with a white population, at the time, of approximately 130 and some 500 or more natives who were mainly engaged in the hotels, stores and large number in the ‘labour lines’ used to unload incoming cargoes from the island traders from Australia and the East, mainly Hong Kong, and the loading of copra onto the Bank Line vessels bound for Europe.

Whilst the layout of the town was small it did, at the time, boast two department stores, Burns Philp and Steamships Trading and three smaller stores, Clunns, Whittens, AH Bunting, a Post Office, a Bank of New South Wales Branch, two Government Office blocks as Samarai was the Administrative Headquarters for the Milne Bay District, two Churches, Catholic and Church of England, a State School where I attended and three large hotels, ‘Cosmopolitan’, ‘Samarai’ and ‘Clunns’. The Clunns Hotel as I recall, was more or less derelict for some years, but still served as a residence for a few local workers. This hotel was owned by my grandmother Anne Clunn during the early gold mining days at Misima and surrounding islands. It was as the result of the ‘gold rush’ by those seeking their fortunes that the island, in its’ heyday supported three hotels. Due to a fall my grandmother had to give up the hotel with the result that it became somewhat of a ‘white elephant’ for many years.

There was and still is a large Memorial Hall which was the focal point for all the fashionable community functions, such as the Spinsters’ Ball, the Bachelors’ Ball and the Matrons’ Ball.

Almost opposite the Memorial Hall was a superb bowling green which was well attended by the local men and women of standing and lots of competitions were held over the years. Nearby and next to the cricket field were two tennis courts of which I have no recollection of note to comment upon.

In 1933 a large fire broke out in AH Bunting’s store. The story goes that had the wind changed during the course of the fire the whole of the island would have been burnt to the ground but luckily it didn’t.

Opposite the rebuilt Bunting’s store was the island’s Casualty Station or Ambulance. This comprised of a hearse mounted on two wheels, very much like a gun carriage, mainly used for funerals with the rickshaw being the local ambulance. When anyone needed to be taken to the European Hospital at the top of the hill it was hauled up there by two natives, with patient hanging on grimly and the boys needed all their strength to get up there as it was a steep hill and windy.

The little State School consisted of a full time male teacher, Les Bolton, and approximately thirty pupils. In later years a woman teacher, Jessie Craig, took over who acquired a part time teacher Osmer Craig to help her.

I remember, with my mates like Bill and John O'Donnell, Phil Hardy, Walter Broodbank, Pat Byrne and Basil Spiller, we often used to go out on the reef at low tide armed with bucket and shovel to collect some of the beautiful shells we could find including cowrie, spider and many smaller shells the natives used for bead making. The island had its grand old characters including three or four old sea captains who often had their schooners anchored in mid stream and when on dry land they regularly inhabited a couple of the local pubs.

A Captain Small used to play the 'honky tonk' piano in one of the hotels and entertained us on the verandah outside as we children were not allowed to go inside the hotel. Another was a dignified old British gentleman, Mr Solomon, who owned a small rubber plantation on the mainland across the way and possessed one of the finest butterfly collections one could hope to see.

In addition to the men of the era there were two old ladies, Mrs Patching and Mrs Carlaw, who came from Cooktown in the early years. Mrs Patching was brought over by my grandmother Mrs Clunn and subsequently opened a soft drinks factory which was very popular especially the thirst quenching sarsaparilla, ginger beer and lemonade.

In 1940, at age 19, I left Samarai and only returned some 50 years later for a nostalgic visit. ■

\* \* \* \* \*

#### **ACPSRO AND SUPERANNUATION By Fred Kaad**

The Australian Council of Public Sector Retiree Organisations Inc (ACPSRO), in its Progress Report No. 1/2005, deals with several issues which it has been negotiating. Indexation of Commonwealth funded super to Male Total Average Weekly Earnings or the CPI, whichever is the higher, has been its aim for several years and recommended by a Senate Select Committee last year but not agreed to by the Government. It would appear that, given the present political circumstances, there will be no change. Despite repeated efforts NSW super is still indexed only once a year.

The ability for a married superannuant to split income with his/her spouse would be an advantage and possibly be more achievable.

The inadequacy of the surviving spouse pension is a matter of concern and with the Government's policy for retirees to remain in their own homes for as long as possible, it may be more open to argument that a raise is justified.

There have been allegations of unfair assessment when applying for Centrelink 'Top-up' for low pensions. Attempts to correct this have so far been fruitless.

You will appreciate that trying to persuade the Government to change anything takes research, volunteers, specialists, money, and, above all, time. ACPSRO is following the above matters and debating whether to try for only one issue at a time or all of them together. Possibly going hard for one while not forgetting the others would be the way.

## THE SKULL

Told by Peter Uechtritz, Sum Sum Plantation 1931  
(Translated by K. Baumann and Max Hayes, 2005)

Our Plantation (Sum Sum) is situated on a lonely stretch of the south east coast of New Britain. Our nearest neighbours live twenty miles in one direction and thirty miles in the other. Native tracks come from their inland villages to the coast, and these with the coastal tracks are our only local means of communication. The only means of reaching Sum Sum from Rabaul is by sea.

Each month an island schooner appears and brings us any visitors and the necessary provisions; picks up the plantation products and the copra and anyone going to Rabaul, etc. From time to time some other ships arrive to wait in the bay for better weather, or to drop anchor for only a night or so, but that happens very seldom.

On one nice sunny morning my wife (Dolly, nee Parkinson) was working in our garden, while I went, as usual, to our plantation to direct the plantation labourers with their work. Some little time later, our native house servant came running in my direction, out of breath. I had already seen him when he was some distance away. At once, I became worried; had something really bad happened to our children? 'What's the reason?' I asked him when he arrived. 'Your wife told me, that you should come home very quickly, because a ship has arrived.' I felt much relieved that nothing serious had happened. In such a place as this, one always feels and has a great responsibility for children and that burdens me all the time.

'What about the ship?' I asked my native servant. 'I don't know, I never have seen it before'. As this native servant had been living for six years on our plantation and all the usual ships are known to him, it must indeed be a new one. 'Have you seen the master?' 'Yes, he is already at the house, but I don't know him.'

I gave my native servant necessary instructions and returned home. When I arrived I was very surprised to see a senior doctor sitting in my chair for the first time. I immediately thought that his reason for coming was to check and inspect my native labourers and the native hospital. But that seemed to me to be rather unusual; as such inspections are usually done by other persons of lower rank. I therefore assumed that he visited us for another reason.

Tea was served and now the doctor, who was very well known to us as an extraordinarily kind person, explained that he was visiting the south coast to collect skulls from different tribes. He was very pleased that he had been very successful and was now on the way back to Rabaul. As well, he told me that he had stopped at Sum Sum to ask if I could organise a skull from our district, because he did not have one in his collection from this tribal area.

The 'Baining', which is the name of the tribe, are very shy natives, normally living a primitive existence in the mountains and quite remote from civilisation. It is not easy to contact them. The doctor told me that, if it would be possible for me to get the 'Bainings' to sell him a skull, he would pay any price they wanted. 'It would be a great pleasure for me to assist you', I replied. Very pleased with this answer the doctor stood up and told me that he was now continuing his voyage to Rabaul and that I should send him the skull as soon as possible.



I suggested to him that if he could remain until the next morning I believe I would be able to arrange this and he could take a skull with him. This was quite acceptable to him and he agreed to stay a night and be our guest. I called for a 'Baining' from amongst some of my plantation labourers. His name was Amatum. I choose him because he appeared to me to be brighter than his fellow tribesmen. Amatum quickly appeared. 'Amatum', I said, 'This master is a famous medical doctor and he wishes to collect a skull from your native tribe. With such a skull he will be able to discover the reason why you Bainings people die so often.'

I gave Amatum a short while to think about this task and asked him if he could organise one. He did not reply immediately and I waited for his answer. 'Yes, I can do that', he finally answered. 'That's very good, but this master can't stay long, he has to return early the next morning. If you can organise the skull by then, you will receive several rolls of tobacco.' This is a much desired possession for the natives. He appeared to be very satisfied with the prospect of receiving the tobacco and left us smiling.

With the doctor I then had a detailed discussion about the different corpse disposal methods of the natives of this area. The 'Sulkas' bury their dead in the ground under their huts. The 'Mengen' tribe wrap up parts of the corpse and hang them under the roof of their huts. Others have a special place in the middle of their village to bury them. In the northern part of New Ireland the corpse will be painted before burning. Later their relatives wear little baskets with some fragments of the bones with them, believing this will protect them by magic. None of these rituals is practised by the 'Bainings'. They carry a dead person into the jungle, as we call the primeval forest here, and they finally lay the corpse down, in a sitting position, at the foot of a great tree. This corpse will then be surrounded by a small stonewall and the ceremony is over. There is no special place for a corpse to be placed. Finally wild pigs and other animals do the rest. The doctor listened to my tales and was astonished as he had previously never heard of these corpse disposal methods.

I had thought that Amatum knows where a corpse might be located, as he had agreed relatively quickly to return with a skull. Next morning after breakfast we were sitting together on the veranda waiting hopefully for Amatum to return. Will he be able to uphold his word? I was sure that he will do so.

As we waited, a short time later we saw Amatum in the distance holding something under his arm. The doctor jumped up excitedly when Amatum arrived. He had brought a nice large skull and handed it over to him. I immediately gave Amatum the tobacco I had promised him, asking him: 'Do you know whose skull that is?' He rose and with his finger pointing to the skull said with a wide grin: '**That is my father!**'

With this he left our place satisfied with his tobacco. ■

### CHRISTMAS LUNCH

The *Post-Courier* is publishing a **commemorative magazine** in September to celebrate PNG's 30th Anniversary. We hope to have a limited quantity available at the Xmas lunch at a small price to cover costs.

We also have a very small number of back issues of *Una Voce* which will be available at the Christmas luncheon for a small donation.

## BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

Coming from Pandanus Books in September:

**No Turning Back A Memoir E.T.W. Fulton**

Containing a unique account of life behind enemy lines in the jungles of New Guinea and of Australia's World War II engagement in the Pacific, this laconic memoir roves across the 20th century. Ultimately finding fulfilment in the rugged beauty of Papua New Guinea - of which he writes with moving insight - the recollections of Ted Fulton are a compelling tribute to the spirit of adventure.

**A Trial Separation: Australia and the Decolonisation of Papua New Guinea Donald Denoon**

In 1975, Papua New Guinea became an independent nation. Thirty years on, Denoon traces the colourful history of Australia's involvement in PNG's rapid decolonisation. This is a compelling and authoritative account that also challenges contemporary perceptions of post-colonial PNG. Donald Denoon taught history at the University of Papua New Guinea during the optimistic 1970s. He was Professor of Pacific History at the Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies, The Australian National University.

\* \* \*

**Oscar X-Ray Calling** By **Betty Scarlet** ISBN 0476013852 Soft cover, 173pp Illustrated cost AU\$30 (incl p&p within Australia) Orders to H Scarlet, 12 David St, Glenbrook NSW 2773 Ph: 02-47396189 or NZ\$20 (incl p&p within NZ) Orders to B. Scarlet, 103 Shetland St, Dunedin NZ or *Email:* [bscarlet@clear.net.nz](mailto:bscarlet@clear.net.nz)

This is a story about the love of Albert and Betty Scarlet, missionaries in PNG from 1962 to 1971, for the Lord, each other, their three daughters and all the people they come into contact with. It is an account of the joys, hardships and tragedies experienced by this unassuming family. Readers will be better able to empathise with missionaries, pray more specifically and give more suitably.

Those who say 'no man can multi-task' never met Albert Scarlet. In addition to having the responsibility for the spiritual oversight and counselling of many, Albert built roads, houses and classrooms; maintained vehicles and generators; managed schools and stores; carried out bookkeeping tasks; tended the sick and performed numerous other duties, all on a miniscule budget! Betty shows us life through the eyes of the missionary's wife. She faces the challenges of the illnesses of their children and themselves; woefully inadequate facilities; the children's schooling needs; 'official' Christian work with women's groups, Sunday School and Religious Instruction classes; first aid services; humidity and torrential rain; and much more. Readers will weep and cheer at the experiences of the Scarlets' Papuan fellow labourers such as Makora and Egi Toea. In PNG today the love of Betty and Albert lives on in the hearts of many. 'Jesus is very strong,' a Papuan pastor says to Albert during an inland patrol through the forest of a 'foreign' tribe. Oscar X-Ray Calling testifies to this.

Allan Jones

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**The Kokoda Trail – A History By Stuart Hawthorne** ISBN 1 876 780 304  
269 pages, RRP \$29.95 Published by Central Queensland University Press  
Available from booksellers.

This interesting and very detailed history of the Kokoda Trail from its earliest beginnings covers ground which has not been available in most other accounts which, in the main, concentrate on the famous 1942 battle by Australian soldiers against the invading Japanese. The author, who spent much of his early life in Papua, is to be congratulated on his meticulous research over a period of thirty years – the result a fascinating read for any ex-resident of PNG.

The many maps included illustrate the determined attempts over the years to find a land route over the intimidating heights of the Owen Stanley Range, which still today separates Port Moresby from the rest of the country. There are comprehensive descriptions of several attempted crossings. These include Rev James Chalmers in 1879, William Armit from the Melbourne Argus newspaper in 1883 shortly followed by George Morrison of the Melbourne Age newspaper. It was an altercation involving Morrison's party that left a legacy for some years of a hostile attitude to any other parties attempting to penetrate that area. Explorations organised by the Administrator, Sir William MacGregor, who scaled Mt Victoria, 4072 metres, in June 1889 and who also crossed British New Guinea from north to south in 1896 via Mt Scratchley, 3810 metres, are covered. From Mt Scratchley MacGregor got the first view of 'The Gap' a depression in the main Owen Stanley Range where the eventual Kokoda Trail was to pass. It was later discovered that a German party under Ehlers and Piering had, in 1895, first crossed from north to south, from Salamaua (see story page 32) MacGregor's successor, George Ruthven Le Hunte, was equally keen to see a land crossing over the range to the northern goldfields and on to the coast and an exploration by the Government Surveyor Stuart-Russell, sent out in 1899, is included. He became the first white man to pass through the Gap to the village of Eora. Charles Monckton's efforts in establishing a government station at Kokoda are described along with details of how the overland mail service eventuated and the effect the new airstrip at Kokoda had on that. Later chapters in the book describe development of the Pt Moresby – Sogeri road over the years prior to World War II, in particular overcoming the biggest obstacle, the notorious Hairpin Bend around and over the Rouna Falls on the Laloki River. It follows through with the widening of this road through to Owers Corner during the war. The six month battle of the Kokoda Trail is described in some detail, highlighting the vital roles of experienced Territorians 'Doc' Vernon and Captain Herbert Kienzle in support of troops along the Track. The final chapter outlines conditions on the Trail today; organized tours for fit bushwalkers along a path which, in spite of improved rest places at various spots, remains essentially the same wild, narrow foot-pad through physically testing mountain terrain it has always been.

James Porter

**Vision and Reality in Pacific Religion** Edited by Phyllis Herda, Michael Reilly and David Hilliard (2005), ISBN 1 74076 1197 350pp soft cover, \$34.95 (incl postage within Aust.) Published by and available through Pandanus Books, Research School of Pacific & Asian Studies, ANU, Canberra ACT 0200 Ph: 02 6125 9975

'Explores the religious history of the Pacific Islands, examining the indigenisation of Christianity and other faiths.'

Pandanus

**U.S. Subs Down Under: Brisbane, 1942-1945** By Jones, David and Nunan, Peter.. Annapolis, Maryland: Naval Institute Press, 2004, ISBN 1-59114-644-5, Hardcover, pp. 297, RRP \$80.00. Purchase/order through your local book seller.

As a young man growing up in the Brisbane suburb of New Farm during World War II the rapidly increasing defence capability in Brisbane was at once a source of intense interest and some trepidation as the war came ever closer to Australia's shores.

On 15 April 1942 the US submarine tender *Griffin* together with six US submarines slipped quietly into Brisbane with their arrival being unannounced and almost unnoticed in contrast to the euphoria which had greeted a squadron a year before led by the cruisers *Chicago* and *Portland*. *Griffin* and its charges had as their mission to 'Defend Australia against Japanese invasion'. Brisbane was selected as the submarine base with its well-developed port facilities including the South Brisbane Dry Dock capable of handling most US submarines. Brisbane was also beyond the range of Japanese aircraft in New Guinea.

*Griffin* was to remain at New Farm for seven months; followed by *Fulton* which was there for eleven months and *Sperry* for two months. I can vividly remember as a youth sailing too close to the submarines and being warned off by a shot across our mast.

Two Brisbane writers, Jones and Nunan have written an account of the United States submarine base at New Farm Wharf and of the boats and their crews. It is also the story of this Australian city and its people during wartime and of the interaction and cooperation between Australians and Americans and of the many close relationships which developed. While the primary mission for all submariners was to 'Destroy Enemy Vessels' this is also the story of the covert activities of the submarines such as reconnaissance, rescue and support of shore parties and of the mutual respect which developed between the submarine crews and Australian Coastwatchers. It is a story not well known. The Brisbane based submarines operated in the South West Pacific so it can be expected that much of the activity centres in the waters in and around New Guinea. In this extremely well researched and very readable book we read of the submarine *Wahoo* on 24 January 1943 penetrating right into Wewak Harbour and its torpedoing of the destroyer *Harusame*. In a similar operation *Guardfish* attempted to penetrate Rabaul Harbour on 28 January 1943 after sinking two destroyers and a small freighter off Kavieng. The *Guardfish* under Lt. Comdr. Klakring decided that if ships in Rabaul would not come out he would go in.

The authors go into some detail of covert operations in support of Australian Coastwatchers. The evacuation of parties of missionaries and civilians by the *Nautilus* and *Gato* from Bougainville at the end of 1942 and again in March 1943 at the request of Jack Read is described. In the middle of Teop Harbour Jack Read and the submariners honoured the New Year in the good old traditional manner. We read of Malcolm Wright, Peter Figgis, Les Williams and Peter Simogun together with three other Papua New Guineans boarding the *Greenling* at New Farm in the dead of night on 21 February 1943 to be eventually landed at Cape Orford in New Britain. Brisbane people took the submariners to their hearts and their homes and many long lasting friendships were established. Leave centres were set up at Coolangatta, Surfers Paradise, Toowoomba and Redcliffe and the sailors travelled widely to other spots to recuperate after the rigours of war patrols.

When the base finally closed in March 1945 as the war moved closer to Japan 181 war patrols had sailed from Brisbane with 117 enemy ships totalling around 515,000 tons being sunk. But there was a cost. Seven US submarines were lost while under Brisbane task force control and a further three were lost on patrols to or from Brisbane while under other commands. In all but two of these losses there were no survivors.

This is a valuable well illustrated book for those with an interest in Australian maritime history and of World War II in Papua New Guinea.

Bob Blaikie

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### **Australian Teachers in PNG, 1955 – 1975**

‘Tales of Papua New Guinea’, published by our association in 2001 created widespread interest and was remarkably successful.

Now, Gail Burke has edited a book to be launched in October 2005 which should attract similar support. Gail has assembled an enormous range of reminiscences from 25 Australian expatriate teachers who served throughout PNG, many in remote or isolated locations, between 1955 and 1975. There will be a review in the next issue of *Una Voce*. The book should make an excellent Christmas present. Gail can be contacted on Ph: 07-3374 4894.

Harry West

\* \* \*

**The Final Missions** By **Lionel Veale** MID (2005), ISBN 0 957738528 304pp Hard cover with dust jacket RRP: \$39.95 Available from Mr L Veale, PO Box 408, Ashmore City, QLD 4214 Ph: 07-5539 3510

Lionel Veale’s ‘earlier books Wewak, And Then There Were Two (a semi-autobiographical novel), and Long Island dealt with three Missions as a Coastwatcher to relay information back to military planners on the disposition of Japanese Forces in northern NG. The present narrative continues his own experiences on Umboi Island and adds the deeds of compatriots on New Britain, and at Hollandia (Djayapura). ....

It (Umboi) was strategically important to the Allies, as it held a commanding position in Vitiaz Strait, with the potential to provide an obstacle in the Allied advance north after the battles at Buna and Gona to the southeast.’

‘Their determination to remain invisible to the enemy, yet report on their day-to-day happenings became legend in the south-west Pacific.’

‘As for the villagers who helped our soldiers, as Veale says “Old lives would never be the same, but it was time for them to learn about the new world that existed beyond their shores.”’

Dr Eric Lindgren

(Small quantities of the other three books also available)

\* \* \*

**HIGH MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY - NO RELIABLE INFORMATION** by Ray Stuart (2005), ISBN 0-975237-1-5, 80 pp, 35 illustrations, 8 maps, soft cover. Cost \$25.00 (p&p not included). Published for the author by Forty Degrees South, Hobart.

Poetry on Papua New Guinea 1961-64, through the experiences of a young platoon commander with the Pacific Islands Regiment at Taurama, Pt Moresby; on outstations at Manus and Vanimo; and patrolling in the Gulf District north of Kerema. To be launched in Hobart 29 September, with subsequent launches in Adelaide, Canberra and Brisbane. Available for purchase in October from: 40 Degrees South, PO Box 136, Lindisfarne, TAS 7015. Website [www.fortysouth.com.au](http://www.fortysouth.com.au), and Ray Stuart, Lot 4, One Tree Hill Rd, Kersbrook, SA, 5231. Website <http://raystuart.bigpondhosting.com>

## 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 (June 2005) we read about Ted's experiences in Manus and Rabaul. In this instalment we share Ted's experiences in the 1937 eruption of Rabaul, prior to his transfer to Kavieng.*

### ERUPTION

On Friday morning, 28 May 1937, we had a very violent earth tremor and tremors continued all morning. Then about noon the sea began to recede. Our house was right on the waterfront, as was the wireless office, about fifty yards from our house. When I saw the water receding, I ran down to our house and told Rene to get the car and take Margaret up into the hills at Namanula, which she did. I expected that when the water came back it would be in the form of a tidal wave, but some time after it receded, it came back very gently, only about four or five inches high. Rene came back and we had many more tremors during Friday night and by 5am on Saturday 29th, the tremors were so bad we thought the house was going to slip *off* its foundations. We were getting severe tremors every few minutes; things were falling from shelves, glasses and bottles were falling off the tables and everything in the house was shaking and rattling. I was on duty at the wireless station from 6am till noon; then I was pleased to get home to be with Rene and Margaret in case something happened. We went to Dodd's place for lunch, as their place did not seem to shake as much as ours. (Rene's sister Al was married to Harry Dodd.)

After lunch we returned to our house and I went into the bedroom to have a rest. Rene and Al were sitting on the front veranda when, about 4pm, they saw a fine film of smoke on the harbour. They called me to see what it was and while I was wondering what it could be, the smoke began to rise about ten or fifteen feet. Then, in a matter of seconds, there was a gusher about twenty feet high, followed by ever higher ones. Rene and Al got very scared so, while I dressed, they collected Margaret and got the car out. By this time it was blowing huge rocks, pumice and columns of smoke and steam hundreds of feet into the air. Harry Dodd was up in Chinatown having a haircut, so we went there to pick him up. Al rushed into the barber's and told Harry what was happening in the harbour and to come quickly. Harry protested that his haircut was not finished, but Al said 'Bugger your haircut' and bundled him into the car.

We decided to make for the north coast, which meant driving towards the volcano. When we drove down Malaguna Road, the roar and explosions from the volcano were terrifying, with a huge black mass, like a big cloud, coming right toward us. By this time there were about a hundred cars or more along Malaguna Road and, when they saw this huge black mass sweeping towards us, most of them turned back and went over to Nordup on the other side of Namanula. By going on the north coast road we would be getting further away from the volcano, so I decided to take the risk and continue on. We had to go fast to race this black mass and Al and Rene kept urging me to go faster, but I was afraid of falling trees and of cracks opening in the road. The black mass followed us all the time, but we got as far as a place called Wangaramut Plantation, owned by WR Carpenter & Co. and managed by Captain John Bunney. By

this time, about 4.45pm, the black mass had caught up with us and it was blacker than the darkest night. You could not see your hand in front of you and the car headlights could not penetrate the powdered pumice. It had started to rain and the pumice turned to mud. The car was covered with it; the windscreen wipers could not cope and just jammed, as it was half an inch thick. We made our way to Captain Bunney's house. The mud was so dense we were finding it hard to breathe and thanked God when we got inside. There were about seventy five people there, including nine children, all crowded into a couple of small rooms, but the Bunney's gave us tea and biscuits, for which we were very grateful. Everyone was wet and covered with mud, but there was nothing we could do but sit and wait.

About 7pm the lightning started, followed by terrific explosions, like hell let loose. I had experienced some very bad lightning storms in New Guinea, but these were not one-hundredth part as violent as that we went through during Saturday, Sunday and Monday nights. The lightning seemed to be right in the house and the coconut palms were being struck and going down in hundreds under the weight of the wet pumice. That Saturday night I don't think anyone slept owing to the noise of the lightning and explosions. We got a blanket and Rene, Al and Margaret lay on the floor and, though Margaret slept practically the whole night through, it was a night of terror for the rest of us.

At daybreak we all went out to look at the damage. The fronds of the coconut palms were hanging down round the trunks, as the weight of pumice mud and ash had broken them off. Our car and all the others were covered with this muck about six inches thick, muck as heavy as lead and the tyres of all the cars were nearly flat with the weight of it. We left Bunney's place to try to get back to Rabaul, but only got about four miles when we encountered a stretch of water across the road, hundreds of yards wide and twelve to twenty feet deep, where the road had just disappeared. During the previous night there had been cloudbursts and the water had come down in raging torrents. We had come through parts only a couple of feet deep, but in the meantime they had got bigger and we were unable to get back to Bunney's, so we made our way on foot to Wunawutang, where the owner JO Smith gave us breakfast. We had to abandon the car. There were over seventy people at Wunawutang, those who had been unable to go further the afternoon before, owing to the utter blackness and there were cars strewn all along the road, abandoned and ditched, having run off the road in the blackout.

The most peculiar thing was that, as soon as daylight came, the lightning and explosions stopped completely, which was a great relief. We stayed at Smith's all day watching Vulcan Island crater going up. It was estimated that the height of the blow-out would be around sixteen thousand feet and some of the rocks must have been as big as houses. On the Sunday afternoon we saw the old Matupit crater blow up. This is the crater that did the damage to Rabaul, as it threw up black mud, which covered the whole town to a depth of six to twelve inches. Sunday night we put in another night of terror on the floor. As soon as the sun went down, the lightning and explosions started and continued throughout the night until daylight.

Margaret was doing well and it was funny to see her getting round with a dog biscuit covered with bully beef and enjoying every mouthful - I mean every nibble. Poor old JO Smith had no more food to give us, only native rations, but these were very acceptable. The women and children were wonderful, as it was an awful experience. At

daylight on Monday we again went out to inspect the damage. By now thousands of coconut palms had been washed out to sea and most of the road had disappeared altogether. On the Sunday, the Burns Philp ship '*Montoro*' had picked up a wireless signal from the '*Golden Bear*' which was in Rabaul harbour and operated by Len Coleman and Les Farnsworth, who had returned to Rabaul. Both these ships went to Nordup and picked up everyone, including Chinese and natives and took them to Kokopo, where they were safe.

On the north coast there were about two hundred Europeans strewn along the road at various plantations, so the authorities sent schooners around and picked us all up on the Monday and took us to Kokopo. The schooner that picked us up was manned by a couple of Japanese and natives and was owned by my old friend of Manus days, Nozaki, who was very pleased to see us. I introduced my wife and Al and Harry Dodd and he invited us down to his cabin, producing a bottle of whisky, which helped to restore our frayed nerves to some extent. We arrived at Kokopo some time on Monday afternoon and the Catholic Missionaries there looked after all the refugees, supplying food and accommodation.

Jimmy Twycross took me aboard '*Montoro*' to try to clear the radio messages that had piled up. I worked till 4am Tuesday, then collapsed on the floor of the wireless station. This was the first time I had closed my eyes since about 6am on Saturday, which meant I had been awake for about seventy hours. Jimmy Twycross, another chap and myself were taken back to Rabaul on Tuesday, we being the only three allowed to land. The sight of Rabaul was appalling; it was impossible to walk along any of the streets as most of the trees had been stripped of their branches, leaving a heap of debris as high as the houses. It took an hour to cover a hundred yards, as one had to crawl on hands and knees to penetrate the debris. The only way we could make good progress was by going under the houses (which were built on piles). All the houses were covered with black mud up to twelve inches thick and quite a few of the roofs had collapsed with the weight. There were two mechanics and one telegraphist at the wireless station when we got back, so the boss gave me some gear to take back to Kokopo to get another station going there. I got back there that evening and with the other wireless operators at Kokopo, we had the station going next day. Bill Thomas, an employee of AWA, still had a house and trading station at Bitapaka, about nine miles from Kokopo, so we were all living there and going to Kokopo daily. I had five or six hours sleep in the meantime, but it was Thursday night before I took my clothes off, nearly a week after the commencement of the eruption. I imagine I was a bit musical - hummed a little - but we were all in the same boat and didn't notice each other. We worked from Kokopo for about a fortnight, then all the staff went back into Rabaul.

Rene, Al and Margaret and a couple of other women stayed at Bitapaka and I used to go out there each weekend, but they all came back to Rabaul at the beginning of July. I forgot to mention that, when I first went into Rabaul on the Tuesday after the eruption, I went along to our house to collect a few things. Everything was covered with a very fine pumice powder about an inch thick and nothing was recognisable. There was a small mound on the bed and when I picked it up and shook the dirt from it, there was Al Dodd's purse. Boots on the floor were just mounds of dirt. The meat and things in the fridge were all stinking as the power went off when the eruption started. I went up to the Dodd's house and their dog, Rinty, nearly went mad with joy; he had had nothing to



eat since the Saturday, so I opened their refrigerator and gave him half a pound of butter, some ham and a tin of salmon, which was all I could find for the poor thing. Then I took him down to my place and gave him a tin of sardines. Two days later, when I went up to Dodd's place, the dog had disappeared, so I told Al the police must have shot it, as they were shooting all the dogs which could not be looked after or fed. However, when Harry Dodd came in some time later, he found that the police had taken the dog to the police barracks and cared for it, as they did for all the good, well-bred dogs.

Rabaul was now only an avenue of limbless trees and thousands of piles of mud and debris, which they gradually cleared away and dumped in the sea. The whole harbour was completely covered with pumice and, in parts so thick that a ship loading copra dropped a sling of fourteen bags into the harbour and it did not sink. In some parts the pumice was up to ten feet thick and it was not unusual to see natives walking on it. During this time we were all very worried about Margaret, but we had no cause for alarm, as she seemed to thrive on pumice dust; I think the stay in Bitu Paka could have been the answer, as it is wonderful and cool there. The marvellous thing was that only two Europeans were lost during the eruption. They were Bill Ellsworthy, who was in charge of the power station and was down near Matupi taking photos of Vulcan exploding, when Matupi erupted. The other was the wireless operator from the 'Golden Bear'. It was presumed he drowned. Over five hundred natives perished, mostly in the vicinity of Vulcan Island. As they were running away, Vulcan just spewed mud all over them. Some of the villages close to Vulcan were covered to a depth of over ninety feet, as only the tops of old coconut trees were showing. I hate to think what the toll would have been had Vulcan erupted at night.

People were now gradually moving back into Rabaul, Europeans, Chinese and natives. The pumice and mud had settled like cement, so that every time it rained, the water came down the surrounding hills like a wall of waters. There was no soakage and, until all the mud and pumice was cleared away, the flooding continued. The Government cut huge cement drains, four to five feet deep and ten to twelve feet wide to carry these flood waters away. After some months the trees began to shoot, the grass began to grow, the frangipani bloomed again and life in Rabaul returned to normal.

### KAVIENG

My wife was never happy again in Rabaul and prevailed upon me to get a transfer, so Jimmy Twycross sent me to Kavieng in February 1936. We left Rabaul on the Burns Philp vessel *Montoro* for Lae, where we stayed just long enough to discharge a few hundred tons of cargo. It was some years since I had seen Lae and I was surprised at the growth of the place. Our next port of call was Madang, which had also grown a lot since I had last seen it. Madang is a very pretty place and, at that time, the pick of the Territory. We then went to Wewak, which had not altered much, then on to Kavieng, where we arrived safe and sound. Kavieng is the capital of New Ireland, situated at the north-west tip and, in my estimation, ranks next to Madang for beauty. There were no earth tremors and no volcanoes, so my wife was happy and we settled to a life without fear.

We soon fitted into the life of the town. The District Officer was Bert Jones, my old friend from Manus, where he had been medical assistant. Horrie Niall was the Assistant

District Officer and Bill Livingstone the Police Master. Jos Holmes was the manager for WR Carpenter & Co. and Arthur Ray manager for Burns Philp. Bill Seale was one of the Patrol Officers, also Cohn McLean and Doc Holland the Medical Officer. Sister Mary was in charge of the hospital. Frankie Saunders and his wife, Enid, seemed to be the social leaders of this small community. Frankie had several plantations and seemed to be interested in anything where money was to be made. The locals were very pleased to welcome us to Kavieng, because there was some talk of closing the school, owing to lack of pupils. Paddy Maguire was in charge of the school and prevailed upon us to let Margaret go to school to save the situation. Most of the population played golf every afternoon on a nine-hole course right in the centre of town. After golf everyone adjourned to the Kavieng Club, where the women drank on the front veranda and the men drank at the round table, out of sight of the piercing sight of their wives. Most of us went home to dinner about 6pm, except the bachelors, who stayed on till any old hour, sometimes till early morning. The round table could accommodate about fifteen to twenty men and it was a recognised thing that no one shouted at the round table. Everyone bought their own bottle of beer and arrived and left whenever they wished.

Our house in Kavieng was once the hotel in the German's time. It was very large, comprising three large bedrooms, two bathrooms and a very large lounge about thirty by forty feet. Then there was the dining room, about twenty by twenty feet; a large kitchen; and a wide veranda running along one side, about forty by ten feet, with bamboo blinds all the way along. It was set on piles about five feet high and built of Kwila hardwood with a galvanised iron roof. It was on a small hill about forty feet high and on the side of the road that ran alongside the sea. Right in front of the house there was a small, practically enclosed, bay which every month would be filled with small sardines, or mullet. This little bay would only cover about two acres, but these little fish were so numerous one could nearly walk across the bay on them. The boys used to go down with kerosene tins and they would fill a tin with just one sweep.

Our cook boy used to fry these fish in oil and we would eat them like chip potatoes. They were delicious.

Kavieng was beautifully laid out with good roads from coronus, which was decomposed coral which, when put on roads and rolled down, set like cement. The roads were lined with some beautiful flowering trees and with casuarinas. There was a very good coronus road running along the east coast of New Ireland for over a hundred miles towards Namatanai. This road passed through all the villages on the coast and most of these had a village '*Haus Kiap*', built by the natives for the use of Europeans travelling along the road. My plantation, Ulul-Nono, about eighteen miles from Kavieng, was approximately one thousand acres and had forty thousand coconut trees. There was a very nice European built bungalow on the plantation, also a guest house about fifty yards from the main building. I always had a manager on the plantation and at this time it was a chap named Clancy. We used to go up there nearly every Sunday, just for the run and generally had afternoon tea with the manager if he happened to be there.

*(The next issue continues with life in Kavieng)*

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## Prentice Park

Willoughby Council has decided to honour Sir William Prentice by naming a local reserve the Prentice Park. Sir William, who was Justice of the Supreme Court of PNG 1970-1980 and Chief Justice of PNG 1978-1980, passed away last year. A long time resident of Naremburn, he was a humanitarian and keen bush walker. Willoughby Council decided to find an appropriate way of recognising the contribution Sir William had made and, in consultation with his family, an association with a park was suggested due to his love of the bush. ■



*General Sir Hovell Robertson (right), Commander of the British Occupation Forces in Japan and Korea, accepting the Japanese surrender at Wewak, September 1945*

## 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the end of World War Two

At Cape Wom, Wewak, Lt. Gen Hatazo Adchi, the commander of the Japanese Army in PNG surrendered unconditionally in the presence of over 3,000 troops to Maj Gen HCW Robertson CBE DSO Australian Army at 10:15am on the 13th of September 1945.

**VALE – With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends**  
**Lieutenant Colonel Harold Neville Green, MBE (Mil), ED** (9 Apr 2005, aged 83 yrs)  
Harry was born at Mullumbimby NSW and served with the AIF in the Middle East and New Guinea from 1940 until 1945. He returned to Rabaul with the trading firm, Gillespies' in 1954. He soon established his own business and remained a well known figure in commercial and community affairs in the New Guinea Islands, the Solomons and Vanuatu all his life. He was Boy Scout Commissioner in Rabaul for 15 years, Chairman NG Islands Winston Churchill Trust for six years and prominent in Planters' Association, Anglican Church and Ex Servicemen's affairs. For many years, from 1958, he was Company Commander of B Company, PNGVR, and in 1970 was appointed Honorary Colonel of the Regiment. Harry was President of the Brisbane based NGVR and PNGVR Ex-members Association for 16 years, from its inception in 1989 until his death. He is survived by his four children, Penelope, Nicola, Roger and Joshua.  
Harry West

**Mr John Francis Tierney** (10 May 2005, aged 66 years)

John was born in 1938 and lived his childhood in Moonee Ponds, Victoria. After leaving school John was employed by the Commonwealth Bank and the Department of Customs and Exercise in Melbourne. In 1957, aged 19 years, John was appointed Cadet Patrol Officer and after attending the induction course at ASOPA and the Public Service Training Institute at Konedobu he was posted to Ambunti. In 1958 he was re-posted to the May River Patrol Post. In 1959 John attended the Patrol Officers Course at ASOPA. In 1960 he married Margaret in Melbourne. After their honeymoon, John took his new bride to Telefomin where he was promoted Patrol Officer. While at Telefomin David and Derek were born in 1960 and 1961 respectively. In 1962 John was transferred to Nuku and this was followed by postings to Lumi (1963), Kokoda (1964) and Popondetta (late 1964). Philip was born in 1965. In 1967 John and family were posted to Tufi. John attended the Advanced Local Government Course at ASOPA 1969. In 1970 John was posted to Buka and while there Lisa was born (1972). John was transferred to Arawa in 1974 where he held the position of Deputy District Commissioner. In 1975, John and family left PNG. The remainder of John's working life was spent working in Local Government at Springvale and Frankston Councils.

Dr David Tierney

**Joseph (Joe) Fisk** (04 May 2005, aged 72 years)

Joe moved to Lae with his employers, Hornibrooks, in 1957. Over the years he worked in Madang, Port Moresby, Rabaul, Mt Hagen and Wewak, both with Hornibrooks and Madang Slipways. He was a carpenter but specialised in bridge building in his early days in the Territory. An enthusiastic footballer, Joe had the distinction of representing both New Guinea and Papua in Rugby League before he gave the game away and became a Rugby League referee. He was also a staunch member of the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and served in all the above areas either as a Platoon Sergeant or as a Company Sergeant Major.

Joe married Val in Mt Hagen in 1969 and their two children were born there, Charlie and Cathy. After their return to Australia in 1973 Joe was active in many volunteer organizations, the Army Reserve, State Emergency Services, National Servicemen's Association, Scouts and the Returned Services League. He was also instrumental in forming the NGVR/PNGVR ex-members Association. He retired several years ago but was still active with his volunteer work as well as being an enthusiastic camper and fisherman. Because of his enthusiasm for the volunteer work he undertook he will be missed by a wide variety of people he knew both in PNG and here in Australia.

Joe is survived by his wife Val, his son Charlie and his daughter Cathy.

Bob Collins

**John (Jack) Cooper** (5 May 2005, aged 83 years)

Jack was born in Samarai on 22.2.22 and died on 5.5.05, a remarkable coincidence of dates. He was one of six children. He went south in 1940 and worked for a short time in Brisbane before joining the CMF in October 1941 and subsequently the AIF in July 1942. After service in Borneo he received his discharge in May 1946. After some five years working for Qantas, where his sister Betty also worked, he set off for London where he pursued an acting career before returning to Australia and eventual retirement.

Ralph Allan

**Robert Eustace (Bob) Emery** (12 August 2004, aged 95 years)

The eldest son of a farm manager and a concert singer in South Australia, Bob Emery spent his whole life trying to balance his love of music with his desire to own a farm. He qualified as a carpenter and he took a Diploma in Agriculture from Roseworthy College. With these and a Boosey & Hawke euphonium he set out for Bulolo in 1932. Bob first worked for Bulolo Gold Dredging, and then managed Carl Jacobsen's poultry farm at Lae. In 1936 he took up 150 hectares at Lae, planting 4,000 coconuts.

He started the first dairy farm on the North Coast, challenging WR Carpenter's in the food trade. Their meat was frozen and Bob was killing and dressing fresh beef and pork. But there was a war. As the first recruit in the NGVR in Lae, Sergeant Bob Emery found himself and Peter Monfries despatched to Madang to "defend the 'drome'". Two men and one Lewis Gun vs the entire Japanese invasion force. Discretion was clearly the better part of valour. From there he took part in 'Australia's Dunkirk', the little-celebrated evacuation of troops and civilians from New Britain by small boats. His exploits over the next 6 months led to the award of the Military Medal. Ambushed by a Japanese patrol in 1943 he escaped with a bullet in the elbow and no boots. (The latter is worth noting as his only escape route lay through a sago swamp.)

Recuperating in Australia he played cornet one night whilst accompanied on piano by Heather Cameron of Curramulka. They were married in 1946. By then he had been promoted from NCO to the Officer Corps. Lt. Emery served out the war with ANGAU, bemusing the US Marines on Cape Gloucester with his spirited renditions of Dixieland tunes on his cornet.

Bob and Heather sold the farm to the NG Administration in 1949 - as the site of the Lae Botanical Gardens. By then two sons had been born - John and Robert. Their farm in the Lower South East of South Australia was named NADZAB - where Andrew and Sally were born. Bob's enthusiasm for New Guinea never waned.

The long, cold Southern coast winters gave Bob plenty of time for music and he played in a number of bands. His keen mind and clear memory became a treasure-trove for historians of New Guinea. He is survived by his widow, Heather, four children and five grandchildren.

John Emery

**Alan Gow** (aged 92 years)

Alan was a member of the Coastwatcher's. He met his wife, Sadie, in Lae during the war and they married in Australia. After Alan was discharged from the Coastwatchers he returned to work for his old firm, ElectroLux Refrigerators, but was not very settled. Eventually he applied for a job with Public Health and he and Sadie set off for Goroka where they spent some years. They had the first white twin's born in PNG after the war. Alan was a good soldier and a very smart medical man - his sense of humour will be missed. He is survived by Sadie, their children and grandchildren.

Mat Foley

**Leonard J. ('Len') Talty** (27 July 2005, aged 76 years)

Len commenced service in PNG with DDA in 1966 as a staff clerk. Later on he moved to the Works Department and then back to the now retitled Department of the Prime Minister as District Clerk in Wewak. He saw service in Port Moresby, Kimbe and Wewak. After about 15 years he returned to Australia and gained his Bachelor of Arts majoring in History. He later retired to his beloved Coolum on the Sunshine Coast where he had been a surfer in his youth.

Ray Watson

**AD (Tony) Hunt** (18 June 2005, aged 85 years)

Tony Hunt was born in England. He served in The Royal Air Force in WWII and could always be recognised by his traditional handle-bar moustache. After the war he entered The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, Gloucestershire and gained the MRAC Diploma in Agriculture. In 1949 he went to Trinidad, West Indies, and completed the One Year Course at the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture. In 1960 he travelled to Australia and was recruited by the Dept of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries. He was posted to OKAPA in the Eastern Highlands. In 1963 he was transferred to TUFU in Northern Province, where he remained for three years. From 1966 to 1974 he was at POPONDETTA working on general extension which included aspects of the giant Commonwealth Development Corporation Oil Palm Scheme. Married to Gwen, a teacher at the Popondetta Education Dept Primary 'A' School, they retired to the Buderim district of SE Queensland in 1974.

Tony, always a character, had his favourite Trinidad Tijuana Brass happy music played for his funeral service with all friends who were present smiling, foot tapping and thinking – this was Tony. He is survived by Gwen, their two children Tim and Josephine, and three grandchildren.

Doug Franklin

**Bob Martin** (30 July 2005)

An image of Bob Martin will remain with many of his airline and business friends for many years to come. It will be one of a crowded corner office at Air Niugini's headquarters at Jacksons Airport in Port Moresby, a foolscap pad rapidly filling with the scrawl of the day's chores, the incessant ringing of the telephone, as favors are asked of him or meetings arranged and any new crisis being dealt with--- the latter always being met with an air of calm efficiency.

Bob, who collapsed and died suddenly while climbing Mt Wilhelm will be sorely missed not only for the dedication to his task as a senior executive of the national airline but also for the one thing that marked him above all else:

He was a bloody good bloke.

Bob first arrived in PNG in 1966 working for TAA and later began his first stint with Air Niugini, working in Rabaul, Panguna and Lae and as the airline's Marketing Manager in Port Moresby between 1981 and 1984 before moving to Talair as Regional Manager. Moving back to Australia in the mid-80s he continued to work in the aviation and tourism industries until the call of PNG brought him back to Air Niugini in 1999. As General Manager Marketing he was a key member of the airline's Executive Committee and instrumental in achieving much to further Papua New Guinea's tourism industry.

Beyond his work environment Bob had a deep affection for PNG and would take every opportunity to venture into the more challenging PNG hinterland. I well remember his excitement as he prepared for walking the Kokoda Track for the first time, proudly spreading across the floor of his Port Moresby home the weighty contents of the backpack he was using in his walks to prepare him for the task.

He showed the same enthusiasm in his emails to me about the impending assault on Mt Wilhelm, enthusiasm heightened by the fact that he was again to walk in the company of his two sons. Sadly, his journey was not completed.

He leaves a wife Elaine, and two sons Ben and Tim.

They'll miss him, and so will we. And so will PNG.

Jim Eames

**Malcolm Peter Jackson**, (28 June 2005, aged 58 years)

Malcolm was born in WA. He graduated from Graylands Teachers College in 1966 and spent four years with the WA Education Department. After marrying Cheryl in 1970 he accepted a contract to teach in PNG and always called these the best days of his life. His first posting, in 1971, was to Madang A School. Later that year he was posted to Karkar High School. In 1973 he moved to Alotau as head of the English department, then in 1974 to Dregerhafen High School as Deputy Principal where he became a very popular member of the Finschafen Club. While there he bought and sailed a Hobiecat, snorkelled the reefs, collected shells and went deep sea fishing.

In 1975 Malcolm and Cheryl returned to Perth. Malcolm's career continued in education where, in 2002, he became Principal of Southern Cross District High School. As well as teaching Mal managed to earn a University degree, produce (along with Cheryl) four children, serve as an executive in the School Teachers Union, become active in the Australian Labour Party, serve two terms as a councillor and actively support junior sport in the community including his daughter's netball and his son's football teams. Mal maintained a keen interest in PNG affairs, past and present. Malcolm is survived by his wife, Cheryl, children Edrissa, Alicia, Naomi and Jordan, mother Rachel and brothers Rodger and Raymond.

P Dwyer

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

In 1944, when Ivars was four, his family left their homeland of Latvia and spent the next four years in a displaced persons camp in Germany. They immigrated to Australia in 1948 where they eventually settled in Monto, QLD.

Ivars was appointed in February 1961 and served nine years in the Madang District serving on most station and as Officer in Charge of Aiome in 1964 and then Simbai Patrol Posts in 1965 1966. The latter part of Ivars' service was spent in Madang headquarters from where he did a considerable amount of patrolling and was the first census taker. After leave in 1970 Ivan was posted to the West Sepik where he served at Green River and other stations in the District. Ivars' touch at Green River turned an isolated post into somewhat of a friendly centre with regular visitors and some enjoyable social functions. Ivan was promoted to District Officer in 1971. Ivan left PNG from the West Sepik District in early 1976 after fifteen years service.

After PNG Independence Ivars went to Adelaide where his sister Anita lived. He met Kay and together they opened a deli. In 1976 he joined the Federal Police and was posted to Darwin where they lived until 1995 when they moved to Gin Gin, QLD. Kay died suddenly on the 9<sup>th</sup> October 2004, shortly before Ivars. I remember his love of the English language, his sense of humour, his pride in his garden and his love of my mother and her children. He didn't say much but when he did it was worth listening to. He may not have been famous but to me he was special, as he put 'the big cheese'.

Jenny Fairnington and Warren Read

**Arthur Lawrence Williams** (18 July 2005)

We hope to have more information next issue

**Joan Griffin** (23 July 2005)

Married Barrie Griffin, Patrol Officer, and lived in Mt Hagen and Port Moresby. Barry predeceased Joan by twelve years. Joan is survived by three children, Frances, Ben, Cassandra and seven grandchildren.

Graham Hardy

### WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mr. R. BAMFORD	47 Marsala St	CALAMVALE QLD	4116
MR. G. BOURQUIN	3 Tauhara St. Green Bay	AUCKLAND	N.Z
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MR. L VEALE	P.O. Box 408	ASHMORE CITY QLD	4214
MR. A.R. WELSH	P O Box 836	TOLGA, NSW	4882

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