



# Una Voce

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

Patrons: Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)  
Mrs Roma Bates; Mr Fred Kaad OBE  
[www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)

*Merry Christmas  
to all  
And best wishes  
for 2009  
From the  
President and Committee*



The **CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON**  
Will be held on  
**Sunday 7 December**  
**At the Killara Golf Club**  
**556 Pacific Hwy Killara NSW**  
**RSVP: 21 November 2008**

Organise your family and friends  
to come - booking form on yellow insert

Details on page 4

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**Win 2 Air Niugini tickets!**

From either Sydney or Brisbane to  
Pt Moresby (and return!)  
Raffle in aid of Oro Community  
Development Project  
See details on page 3

The **AGM and LUNCHEON**  
will be on  
**Sunday 26 April 2009**



**NEW!!** See the PNGAA  
**WEBSITE** **FORUM** at:  
<http://www.pngaa.net/bb/index.php>

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**'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC**  
Please send all correspondence to: **The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 1386, MONA VALE NSW 1660.**

Items for *Una Voce*

are welcome and should be marked 'For Attention: The Editor' or emailed to: [editor@pngaa.net](mailto:editor@pngaa.net) By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet.

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**Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG.** Annual subscription - \$20. The membership year corresponds to the calendar year and an application form is available from the Secretary at the above address or you can download one from our website.

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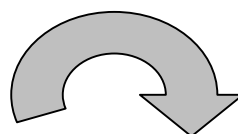
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In selecting articles and stories for *Una Voce* we aim to publish a wide range of topics from different times and places. Unfortunately due to postage we do have a page restriction and we therefore encourage both short articles (200-500 words approximately) as well as longer ones from 500-1500 words (approximately), in addition to an installment series.

Whilst we like to acknowledge contributions, we thank you for your understanding that it may take a little time.



**Wondering what to give somebody for Xmas?**

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## WHY THERE'S A RAFFLE TICKET BOOK IN YOUR UNA VOCE

Keith Jackson

In the aftermath of catastrophic Cyclone Guba that devastated the Oro Province (better known to many readers as the Northern District) a year ago, a group of Australian educators visiting the region decided on a bold idea.

They'd work with the Oro people to deliver assistance in education, health and agriculture. It sounded like one of those schemes dreamed up after a good dinner and a bottle of red, but I'm pleased to say it's becoming a reality. Support has been activated in Australia and PNG, a detailed on-ground assessment made, a planning conference held in Canberra and fundraising has begun. The delivery of assistance is to begin later this year.

The initial commitment of the Oro Community Development Project is to support Hohorita and Gona Primary Schools and St Christopher's Mechanical Training School. When improvements have been achieved here, the focus will shift to health and agricultural support. Project partners are the PNG Anglican Diocese of Poponduta, Lindisfarne Anglican Grammar School, Reddam House, Shore Preparatory School, William Clarke College, St Paul's College (University of Sydney), Modern Teaching Aids Pty Ltd and many individuals in both PNG and Australia. We hope these groups and individuals will be joined by every PNGAA member.

The PNGAA has selected the Oro Project as the first beneficiary of what we hope will be a regular commitment by the Association to provide material and in-kind assistance to worthy civil projects in PNG. Readers will be pleased to learn that Association members John and Jan Kleinig, Mike Bourke and Dr Anthony Radford as well as PNGAA Committee member Riley Warren, who is chairman, are all engaged in this great project.

And that's why you've found a book of five raffle tickets with *Una Voce*. The PNGAA has organised a raffle at \$5 a ticket – and we encourage your participation. We've been helped hugely in this fundraiser by Air Niugini, which has donated two return economy Sydney/Brisbane - Port Moresby airfares as the prize.

We thought including the tickets with *Una Voce* was the best way to reach all our members at minimal expense. Please don't feel you have to participate. But if you wish to buy the tickets yourself, or sell them to your friends, we encourage you do so. A return self-addressed envelope is enclosed for your convenience. Also, if you feel you're able to offer further support to this project, you can order extra books of tickets. Please contact my office on 02 9904 4333 [8.30 am – 5.30 pm] where my staff will be happy to assist.

The winning ticket – for a prize valued at about \$2,350 - will be drawn at the Association's Annual Christmas Lunch in Sydney on Sunday 7 December. Before then, of course, you should return the sold and completed ticket butts and your remittance by cheque or credit card to the PNGAA at PO Box 1386, Mona Vale NSW 1660.

And from time to time, *Una Voce* will report on how the Oro Community Development Project is progressing. ■

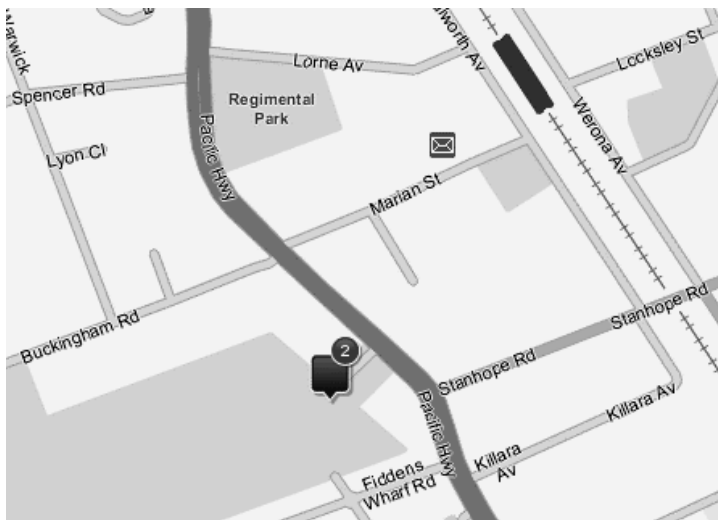
**CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON – Sunday 7 December 2008**  
**Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara NSW**  
**11.30am onwards**

**RSVP: 21 November 2008**

Please refer to full details in *Una Voce* No. 3 September 2008 page 3 and if you haven't already booked please use the booking form on the enclosed yellow 'Treasurer's Corner' – final replies are needed by 21 November. Tables will be for 10. Anyone with special dietary requests? Please let us know so we can arrange something suitable.

A cash-only bar will serve drinks at club prices and luncheon will be served at 1.00pm.

There is convenient, free, on-site parking. For those coming by car, the entry is the long driveway **immediately after the well sign-posted Black Stump Restaurant**, on the left side travelling north, just after Fiddens Wharf Road. **Look for the red, yellow and black balloons.**



For those coming by train, take the exit on the western side of Killara station, walk along Marion Street, cross the Pacific Highway at the lights and then turn left along the Highway towards the Killara Golf Club (550m). If you do not fancy the walk please alight at Gordon Station which has a lift, very easy access and also a taxi rank [if preferred]. Free return shuttle transport from Gordon Station will be provided for those who let us know they are coming by train. Please ring Harry West on 9418 8793 and let us know if you would like a lift from the station or have any questions at all about the arrangements.

**Transport Information is also available on Ph: 131500.**

***A poem written for Christmas 2008:***

**THE LEAST IS THE GREATEST by Geoffrey Baskett**

Said the Camel to the Donkey as they stood beside the stall,  
    'A King chose me, so I must be  
    More honoured than us all.'

Said the Donkey to the Camel as they stood beside the stall,  
    'The mother thanked me, I must be  
    More Blessed than us all.'

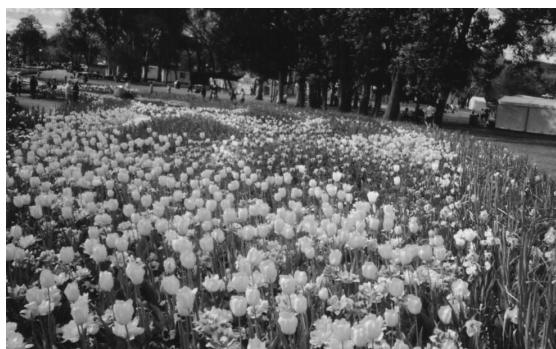
Said the white Lamb to the others as they stood beside the stall,  
    'The Baby held me, I must be  
    More joyful than us all.'

Called the bright Star to the speakers as they stood beside the stall,  
    'I knew God's plan, so I must be  
    More trusted than us all.'

Said an Angel who just drifted down to stand beside the stall,  
    'That baby Child is God's own Son,  
    The Creator of us all.'

## An appreciation from Harry West

As outgoing President, at the luncheon following the last AGM at Killara Golf Club on 27 April 2008, I was presented with a huge 'thank you' card and a voucher from the committee and members covering a Canberra visit at 'Floriade' time, including a helicopter flight. Of course I was totally overwhelmed by this generosity, having only thought in terms of an acknowledging bottle of scotch or something like that.



So I got to enjoy three perfect spring days in the national capital at the end of September when both 'Floriade' and 'Tulip Hill' were at their peak. My good friend John O'Dea accompanied me, so I didn't even have to worry about the driving.

We enjoyed the luxury of a spacious apartment on the 16<sup>th</sup> floor of the lakeside 'Capital Tower' with an end to end panoramic view of Lake Burley Griffin, High Court, Parliament House, Art Gallery, National Museum, Government House and Mount Stromlo Observatory, with the Brindabilla Ranges in the background. An outstanding outlook, even on world standards. The 'Capital Tower' is certainly the place to stay in Canberra.

The helicopter flight over the city and along the Murrumbidgee and Molonglo Rivers to the picturesque Ginninderry Homestead for the mother of all country breakfasts was matched only by the enjoyment of spending time with our most engaging pilot, 65 year old Christine Farrell, proprietor and Chief Pilot of Aquila Helicopters, farmer and head of a large psychology practice.

I caught up with some relatives, notably sister-in-law Audrey, widow of Paul Healy and formerly of Goroka and a cousin who has just retired from being a Principal Ministerial Advisor, and got some interesting insights into the way Canberra works.

So, once again it is thank you to those who contributed to and arranged a much appreciated and enjoyed holiday. ■



### Corrections to September 2008 *Una Voce*:

**p.13** - The caption attached to the photo should read:

Rod Marsland, Pip Appel (not Bert Smith) 2/22<sup>nd</sup>, Scott (16mths) and David Montgomery, Mark (4mths) and Gillian Montgomery, Jack Woods.

**p.14** - Fred Reitano advises that he was not a member of the RAAF. His war service from Jan 1940 to Feb 1946 was with the CMF and AIF. He was a kiap for 14 years until admitted as a barrister in December 1961.

## WHAT'S NEXT IN THE PNGAA – BUILDING ON THE LEGACY

**Keith Jackson**

The responses to our consultation on the future direction of the Association (see feedback form in the last issue of *Una Voce* and on the PNGAA website: [http://www.pngaa.net/rule\\_review.htm](http://www.pngaa.net/rule_review.htm)) have been trickling in this past month as members have their say on what propositions should be put to a special general meeting next year.

The origins of PNGAA predecessor, the Retired Officers Association of PNG, lay in the concerns of retired Administration personnel about their superannuation and retirement entitlements. ROAPNG was, in a sense, a quasi-industrial organisation. The name change from ROAPNG to PNGAA in 2002 recognised that the Association had changed. While retaining its original commitment to retired officers, it now also emphasised social networking between people who felt that PNG had had a lifelong influence on them, who knew that PNG had changed them and who would always define themselves a little differently because of it. These people continue to retain a common bond and understanding and are the organisation's most loyal supporters.

And now it's time to move again. The third era will, like the second, embrace the past while taking the PNGAA forward. The ROAPNG obligations will remain and the social networking will continue. To these areas of activity we will add a third: a greater focus on strengthening the civil relationship between Australia and PNG.

The revised set of objectives will formalise a number of initiatives the Association is already undertaking while also taking it into some new areas. Here's a summary of the kind of things I'm talking about. They're organised in the form of the revised objectives I'd like to see the Association adopt.

### **(1) Strengthen the civil relationship between the peoples of Australia and Papua New Guinea [new objective].**

This is an area where the PNGAA – building from its members experience and understanding – can potentially make a big difference. We have already begun to increase our work rate in strengthening Australia-PNG relationships, but it would be comforting to see this formalised in the Constitution.

This year we've taken a number of initiatives. Our support of PNG's inclusion in the Pacific seasonal worker scheme won praise from the PNG High Commissioner. We have advocated a more effective exchange scheme between Australian and Papua New Guinean public servants. And we have pressed the Federal Government to rationalise the expensive but very fragmentary effort Australia makes to train Papua New Guineans.

### **(2) Foster and encourage contact and friendship with Papua New Guineans and promote friendly association among members.**

The Fellowship and Caring Sub-Committee is responsible for the bulk of the social and caring activities of the Association. Under the new chairmanship of Harriet Troy it's had its work cut out in recent weeks organising the Annual Christmas Lunch but is looking to expand its activities to encompass a range of other events, including some we want to conduct in cities outside Sydney.

The caring activities of the Association relate mainly to members over the age of 80 and are very limited at present. This Sub-Committee will be examining ways of garnering the resources to enable us to do better in this area.

### **(3) Foster and maintain an interest in contemporary and historical events in Papua New Guinea**

I don't know whether you've visited the PNGAA website recently, but there have been some major changes that provide not only a more interactive experience but

one that focuses a lot of attention on PNG events. There's a PNGAA Forum that provides information on current and historical issues as well as a PNG news service that is updated on most days. The forum is open to comments and feedback from readers. There's also a PNGAA Library on the site with contributions on the PNG experience from a growing number of our members.

As the resources present themselves, and I'm referring here to human rather than financial resources, we'd also like to work within this objective to have the PNGAA host seminars and talks on relevant PNG issues at venues around Australia.

**(4) Provide financial, material or intellectual assistance to projects of benefit to Papua New Guinea in the PNGAA's own right or in conjunction with other agencies [new objective].**

We've set up a PNG Relations Sub-Committee chaired by Robin Mead to develop and implement a plan to provide more tangible assistance to PNG. Activities in this area include the current fundraising raffle to assist the Oro Rural Development Project. Over recent months we have also been providing much more advice and sourcing assistance for small PNG projects run by Australians (including health and educational professionals and private citizens) who seek to do some good for the people of PNG.

**(5) Publish journals, magazines, newsletters, websites, books and other media to educate and inform people about Papua New Guinea and to provide a means of communication among members of the Association and others [new objective].**

You may be surprised – given the pivotal role of *Una Voce* in Association affairs – that there's nothing in our Constitution to cover this. We want to ensure the continuing viability of *Una Voce* under the capable editorship of Andrea Williams as well as extending the information choices available to members on the Internet.

**(6) Encourage the preservation of documents, historical and cultural material related to Papua New Guinea, including the production and recording of oral and written histories.**

Riley Warren's History and Scholarship Sub-Committee has many projects in train, including a major effort planned for next year to identify PNG documents and other archival material that may eventually be donated to national collections. The Association has also been active in pressing the Federal Government to appropriately commemorate the tragic wartime sinking of the *Montevideo Maru* and is assisting to produce a publication that references every key document in the development of the national education system in PNG, which we hope to gift to the PNG Government some time next year.

**(7) Continue to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services in Papua New Guinea**

The original objective of the PNGAA, when it was the ROAPNG, is maintained in the present organisation. Of the current PNGAA membership of 1550, there are about 100 superannuants and 200 dependents. This objective will remain as an important component of the Association's activities so long as it is required.

At the spearhead of all this activity, and the other aspirations we have, must be a PNGAA that is capable of attracting new members, that is able to sustain itself through their commitment and that has the credibility to act as a sounding-board on Australia-PNG affairs from the viewpoint of people who value the relationship between the two countries. Most of the changes and refinements members are being asked to consider relate to achieving these goals. I hope you can find the time to participate. ■

## Visit to the Blue Mountains

Many of us enjoyed a wonderful, relaxing day at Woodford in the Blue Mountains on 9<sup>th</sup> October - THANK YOU to George and Edna Oakes for welcoming us so warmly to their home. Two huge pots of delicious soup simmering on the stove and lots of other delicacies added to the lovely day! Guests came from Bathurst and Sydney as well as from the Mountains.

As well as enjoying the sunny day and the beautiful northerly views over the Blue Mountains National Park, George and Edna had a stunning array of orchids - all out in flower! We appreciate your kindness and your tremendous hospitality Edna and George, thank you.

### IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – UFOs

*UFO Sightings - Baniara and Boianai Anglican Mission, Goodenough Bay, Milne Bay District, 1959*

During 1959 UFO sightings were made over Baniara and Boianai, Milne Bay District. At 1900 hours on 24 May an object was high in the sky to the south of Baniara and moving erratically to the south east. It appeared to be a bright blue light which changed to a bright green colour terminating in an orange flash at its bottom. It was observed until 2015 hours until disappearing to the south west. Further sightings were made on the nights of 10<sup>th</sup>, 16<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> August with the same behaviour patterns. Those at Boianai on 21<sup>st</sup>, 26<sup>th</sup> and 27<sup>th</sup> June were closer - Reverend Gill saw saucer-shaped object above his residence with three figures on the outside. He waved to same and received a wave in reply. All sightings were verified by Mission staff. All sightings were personally confirmed as 'Definite' by the Professor who prepared 'BlueBook' on UFOs for USAF.

Ron Orwin

*Please see excerpts from a report on Unidentified Flying Objects on page 15.*

**THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE –**  
**AT THE RACES - Car, Bike, Horse, Rok rok ...**  
Deadline for entries : 4 February 2009

**Former ABC Papua New Guinea correspondent, Don Hook**, was one of 30 foreign media advisers enlisted by the Chinese to help at the Beijing Olympic Games. Their task in the month leading up to the Games was to prepare officials and volunteers to handle the 22,000 accredited media representatives.

The advisers, drawn from several countries - including Greece, North & South America, France, Britain, Germany, Australia – were experienced in media operations at major sporting events.

Don Hook had worked at the Sydney & Athens Olympic and Paralympic Games, the Commonwealth Games in Melbourne, the 2006 Asian Games in Doha, and the 2003 Rugby World Cup. In addition, he'd had more than 50 years experience in journalism and public affairs.

"The Beijing Games went very well", he said. "The venues were quite magnificent as was the weather, and the volunteers did a magnificent job. All in all it was a great occasion for the Olympic movement and for China."

On his return home, Don accepted an invitation to run the Media centre at the Pacific School Games in Canberra from 30 November to 6 December at which PNG is one of 35 countries taking part.



## **PNGAA Quo Vadis? (whither goest thou?) by Graham Taylor**

Given the 2008 Presidential election brisk winds of change are bearing down on the membership of PNGAA. Some see these fresh breezes as desirable and constructive and perhaps even long overdue. Others see them as potentially divisive and counter-productive. This dichotomy warrants closer examination.

For 60 years or so the PNGAA membership has lived a quiet existence content to operate within its current constitutional imperatives which focus principally on the welfare of its members. Our present 1500 or so membership is glued together by an amalgam of nostalgia and sentimentality deriving from experiences of life and work in PNG. Every three months *Una Voce* gives us a cause-sustaining transfusion which reinforces our existence as ex-PNG-ites and encourages us to continue our membership of PNGAA. .

With its traditional focus on the welfare of its members PNGAA has never actively sought to enter the political or aid-assistance fray. Indeed many PNGAA members feel that with the granting of self-government in September 1975 PNG achieved its manhood and bearing full responsibility for the conduct of its affairs rather predicates diminished ongoing responsibility on the part of its former colonial master. Understandably, well aware that many others better resourced than the PNGAA are toiling in the aid/assistance field the PNGAA has not seen itself playing a highly active role in this regard.

This view is reinforced by the fact that with the passing of every year of retirement members' awareness of the true nature of unfolding events in a self-governing PNG is progressively diluted. Understandably our membership does not evince driving enthusiasm, concerned interest or practical involvement in the former Territory and few have the contacts, the knowledge, or the means to influence contemporary PNG affairs. It follows, therefore, that for some of our members some newly proposed aims and objectives for a revitalised PNGAA are at very least controversial.

Furthermore these new initiatives also signal the advent of a new financial climate for PNGAA which begs questions about achievability and sustainability, unwelcome issues such as increases in existing low-cost membership fees and indeed whether the PNGAA is really the appropriate launching pad for such new adventures.

Countering this the new progressive view of a more active role for the PNGAA sees it as a large (and potentially larger) body of interested individuals displaying a concerned interest in the affairs of PNG with an in-built capacity to become more directly involved in the politics of Australia-PNG relationships and better able to energise welfare and other forms of external aid and assistance to PNG and its peoples. The potential strength of such a body – and the impact of its representations on all fronts – is deemed to be reinforced by transfusing existing and hopefully new found financially generous members' practical experience of life, work and latent interest in the former Territory and their ongoing concern to do whatever is possible to encourage PNG and its people to higher levels of achievement as a self-governing entity.

While the existing membership of PNGAA might be happy to espouse some of the proposed new aims and objectives it might well shrink from others perceived as lofty idealism. As one who lived and worked in PNG and the proud holder of a Citation recognising my contribution to the development of PNG since my arrival in 1948 I am watching the current initiatives to realign PNGAA with consuming interest. ■

## **NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from Jim Toner**

The 33rd Independence Day celebration, organised by the PNG-Australia Social & Cultural Group, was held at the NT Filipino Club. Soliens and Kassmans, from those well known Moresby families, were prominent. In addition to the traditional swaying dancers Patti Doi, a big name in PNG for both singing and writing songs, was brought down to Darwin to entertain guests.

Des FANNING has been based in Darwin since 1996 but has spent much time working at Porgera, WHP. As a former kiap familiar with the area (he had been DO/ADC at Wapenamanda in the '70s) he was sought by the mining company to work for its community affairs department. Des is retired now but I had not understood the size of the project and was surprised when he told me that Porgera had 1200 employees of whom 350 were expatriates and 450 were security personnel. The great gold mine will apparently operate until 2020.

Peter SANDERY was sighted in Darwin paying a brief visit to his relatives before moving on to other family members in FNQ. He is another former kiap who continued to be employed in PNG (at Hides in the Southern Highlands) but he came south earlier this year. Ex-kiap Mike PRESS spent a couple of years with the same resource project but the attraction of the 12-14 hour days they work on the oilfields having worn rather thin he recently returned to his home in Darwin.

Mike stays but Des and Philippa PIKE are leaving at Christmas. After 22 years as a kiap in PNG and subsequently working with National Parks in the NT he is retiring to the east coast (in the footsteps of other former kiaps and valued Darwin residents such as Jack Battersby, Otto Alder and Hugh Richardson).

Keith BLACKBURN is not leaving his 5-acres block at Howard Springs in the Darwin hinterland. A didiman 1961-1979 concentrating on horticultural research he came straight to Darwin from PNG to take up similar work for the NT Government. Since retirement he has been growing and marketing mangos and rambutans on his property but plans to wind that down and do a bit of grey nomading in his caravan.

Kevin DEUTROM has not spent so long in the NT having moved to Alice Springs from South Australia only four years ago. He is with the Probation Service and says he is driving huge distances daily visiting parolees, etc. Kevin was one of the 'Last of the Contract Kiaps' having been trained at ASOPA in its final year of operation where he well remembers the inimitable Freddie Kaad. He remained in PNG until 1981 serving as Magistrate at Madang for which he has fond memories. Kevin was able to return to Madang in 2000 on a consultancy where he took the opportunity to visit his former residences and meet the new occupants. That would undoubtedly be an interesting exercise for all of us ..... Kevin's son Michael, a New Guinea baby but now a 30 yrs old Senior Constable, has just been voted the NT police officer of the year.

Duncan DEAN, grey-bearded former kiap and self-confessed 'unsuccessful politician' (see tale of woe in the March issue) had his sad assessment confirmed by voters yet again in the recent Palmerston City Council elections.

Another ex-kiap, Pat SOMERS, who was at one time responsible for local government in Milne Bay can only be considered half a Top Ender. He spends the Dry season at his home in Darwin but heads South during the Wet.

"Think twice before boarding a plane in PNG" - this was the message from the ABC TV's Special Correspondent programme during August. It preceded a sorry story of aircraft crashes and failure to mount investigations into causes. On a brighter note Air Niugini has just sent seven cadet pilots to Coffs Harbour for 18 months training. Nine cadet aeronautical engineers are already in Australia and are due to graduate this year.

In August the revived Waigani Seminar, titled "Living History and Evolving Democracy", drew a memorable retort from Chief Minister SOMARE. In answer to an allegation that he was dictatorial he said "I am not a dictator. If I was I would have locked up Julius Chan 20 years ago". H'm, food for thought there.

1.28 seconds isn't much but was the difference between a winning time for an Olympic gold medal and swimming home in 8th place in the 100 metres butterfly event in Beijing. Ryan PINI representing PNG wasn't ever going to beat the astonishing Michael Phelps but to the casual observer he wasn't that far behind. A one-armed Tolai, Francis KOMPAON, won PNG's first ever medal in the Paralympic Games. Coming second over 100 metres on the track earned him an astonishing K250,000 from the PNG government (the Australian government is granting only \$12,500 to its silver medallists).

Bill Brown's review (September issue) of kiaps who had served with the RAAF was of great interest. Having worked for such as Des Clancy and Kerry Leen I was familiar with their background but was taken aback to learn that Bill KELLY had been a Liberator pilot. Over a period of years I had got to know him quite well and been a guest at his houses in Moresby and Mosman. He never mentioned his flying service and neither did anybody else within my hearing. As Bill Brown points out night raids on the Roumanian oilfields and low level flights over Warsaw were highly dangerous for participants. 30 missions was understood to be the standard tour for aircrew and by the time Bill Kelly had completed 39 he would have been close to running out of his allocation of luck.

That intensity of war service could well explain Bill's impatience with some of the peacetime trivia with which the average ADO was expected to deal. Certainly he had little time for the circuitous deliberations of the Kokopo Show committee and the Town Advisory Council. District Clerks who were obliged to pester him for overdue reports did not find much favour at the time but the old pilot bore no grudges. RIP W.J.C. Kelly ▪

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I was very interested in Fred Kaad's tribute to Harry West and agree that it was most deserving to a man held in the highest esteem by myself. Harry was my District Commissioner when I arrived in Rabaul Christmas 1964. I remained under his direction during my postings as a Cadet Patrol Officer to Pomio and Rabaul up to 1968, after which I left for Bougainville. But I have not written to air my memories of Harry.

In 1982 I married a lovely Tolai lady in Lae and Nellie and I have since had a great life together, raising two fine kids along the way. I will always remember our wedding however when Nellie's father Ben ToKaul arrived to give away the bride. ToKaul had unashamedly been a sympathiser with the Mataungans in the 60s and 70s, and he really had a personal struggle to accept me as a future son-in-law, although I think we eventually became good friends. ToKaul unfortunately passed away some years ago.

Getting Ben ready for the wedding was another thing – he of course insisted on wearing his black laplap, but we were able to give him a white shirt to go with it. I went through my assorted range of ties, and picked out what I thought was a suitable one for him to wear, but no, he insisted on wearing his favourite tie. This turned out to be an old, stained, crunched up, stiffened, striped tie and I said to Nellie, "He can't wear that horrible thing, get him to wear the one I gave him!" Nellie came back with his answer which halted any more protests from me – ToKaul said that this tie had been presented to him by Harry West in Rabaul and that he always wore it to special occasions. He said that he had kept it clean with petrol over the years (hence its stiffened and crunched condition).

I suppose by the fact that ToKaul continued to have so much respect for Harry West, bears fruit to Fred Kaad's reference to Harry's achievement during the six years of the Mataungan period.

Alan McLay

\* \* \*

'A meeting with Mick' - DO (Mick) Smith, an extraordinary soldier with an extraordinary memory, Bateau Bay 16 September 2008.

Gillian and I visited Mick - 91 years young and his lovely wife Joy at their home 'Witu' in a lovely setting and garden overlooking the Bay.

I have always had a sense of guilt that I knew so very little about the 2/22, Lark Force and the Tol Massacre.

Following my story, last edition, on the 2/22 pilgrimage to Rabaul via Talasea via West New Britain I wanted to meet one of the 17 surviving members of Lark Force

"Only 5, of approximately 150 massacred at Tol Plantation, survived by feigning death", Mick has told me. None survive today. Of the 2/22 Battalion (approx 850), only 17 are alive today. Mick is one of those special people with special memories and stories filled with emotion, courage and leadership.

Mick's recall of dates, people and places was extraordinary. Soon after we met he drew my attention to the photo published in the last edition of *Una Voce* and said, "That's not Bert Smith; it is 'Pip' Appel" A correction is in order. Not a bad observation from a photo taken 44 years ago.

The time spent with Mick was special for me too!

David Montgomery

\* \* \*

John Horn's father was in the 2/5<sup>th</sup> Independent Company Commandos who, in 1942, were airlifted to Wau to operate behind enemy lines down through the Northern Valleys of the Owen Stanley's to Salamaua and Lae. Also in the 2/5<sup>th</sup> was Andy Pirie, now 85 years old and living in Port Macquarie. Recently John was sent an article from Port Macquarie's Focus Magazine. 'In tribute to Andy Pirie and the many members of the Commandos' Andy's two sons, both now around 60 years old, together with their sons, a nephew and some friends organised an 'Extreme Trek', completing the first New Guinea North to South group trek crossing. 'We were the first trek group to do both tracks and go coast to coast north to south. We were the first trek group to walk uphill from Salamaua to Wau (The Black Cat/Buisival Gorge Route) and we were the first group to walk the original Bulldog Track from Wau over the Owen Stanley's (nearly 10,000 ft) down to the Lakekamu Valley (The Bulldog Trek). Each of these treks is a true 'Grade ' difficulty, and to combine them into one trek of almost two weeks was an outstanding achievement. Even the PNG Trekking guide, an ultra marathon adventure racer, had never done these treks before, and he described them as the most difficult and spectacular treks he had ever done!' *We hope to be able to bring you this story, with permission from Focus, on our website.*

\* \* \*

The account by Jim Ridges of the first European lady missionary to reside in New Ireland (*Una Voce* Sept. 2008) brought to mind the European lady who would have been the first of her kind to actually see New Ireland. This was Jeanne Baret who joined de Bougainville's store ship *L'Etoile* disguised as valet to the botanist Commerson but was subsequently detected by the locals while botanizing at Tahiti. It is most likely that she went ashore when the two ships were at Gower Harbour (formed by Cape St. George and Lambom Is.) and then *La Boudeuse* and *L'Etoile* followed a northerly course up the east coast of New Ireland in 1768. She eventually had the distinction of being the first woman to complete a round-the-world voyage. De Bougainville later observed "that if the two ships had been wrecked on any desert island, Baret's fate would have been a very singular one".

Dave Permezel

\* \* \*

Jim Van der Kamp recently took part in a bicycle ride from Cairns to Cooktown, 331 kms over three days. He tells us it was 'A great experience'. Well done Jim!

\* \* \*

Bob Bates of Trans Niugini Tours writes that an exclusive private airport lounge at Mount Hagen offers Trans Niugini Tour passengers relief from the turmoil of most airports. Coffee, tea, restrooms, informative reading material all help to provide a carefree transfer for flights to and from Papua New Guinea's renowned Wilderness Lodges. A new aircraft, a PAC 750XL, features comfortable seating for nine passengers. ■

**Website walkabout:** Google maps, PNG:

<http://maps.google.com/maps/ms?ie=UTF8&hl=en&msa=0&ll=-4.202777,152.177725&spn=0.006752,0.01031&t=h&z=17&msid=108833850833993744368.000454e1e9922a9a104a9>

Sir Dennis Buchanan and the Muswellbrook Shire Hall of Fame:

<http://www.muswellbrook.org.au/halloffame/viewdetails.asp?cat=66&picture=65>

## PNG...IN THE NEWS

► **Major-General Michael Jeffery** and wife Marlena left Yarralumla, walking through a throng of supporters to the sound of a bagpipe played by Chief Warrant Officer First Class (Ret'd) Michael Pissa who also performed at the Jeffery's wedding in PNG 41 years ago. *Info from Dorothy Braxton & Canberra Times 4 Sep 2008*

► **Aurora Expeditions** have provided us with an exclusive offer, a **15% discount** to members, on two 11-day voyages around Papua New Guinea in April next year. The *Marina Svetaeva* is your floating hotel – an intimate 100-passenger expedition ship and an excellent vessel for an in-depth exploration of PNG. There are spacious viewing decks if you're feeling idle and a fleet of Zodiacs to take you ashore to places you could visit in no other way.

VOYAGE 1: ALOTAU TO RABAU DEPARTS 10 APRIL 2009

VOYAGE 2: RABAU TO ALOTAU DEPARTS 20 APRIL 2009

There's more information at:

<http://www.auroraexpeditions.com.au/site/news.aspx?id=75> or get a copy of Aurora's PNG 2009 brochure by phoning 1800-637-688.

► **The unveiling and dedication** of a plaque honouring those men lost with the *Montevideo Maru* will take place in July 2009 at Subic Bay in the Philippines. The plaque, sponsored by the NGVR & PNGVR Ex-members Association, 2 /22 Battalion Lark Force Association, PNG Association of Australia and Greenbank RSL, Queensland, is to be placed on an existing massive 'Hell Ships' Memorial erected by the US Navy. Subic Bay was up to 1992 a huge US Naval Base situated about 100km north of Manila. It is an appropriate location for such a memorial plaque, as it is less than 150 km south of the *Montevideo Maru's* resting place.

► **A foundation** is in the process of being established to support the investigation of the *Montevideo Maru* and the disappearance of the men from Rabaul. Please contact Cynthia Schmidt for further information. Tel: 07 5532 7495 Mobile: 04 1054 7495 PO Box 1242, Southport, Gold Coast City, Qld 4215 or E-Mail: [Rabaul1941@gmail.com](mailto:Rabaul1941@gmail.com)

► **Hal Holman OL OAM** has responded to numerous requests for his artwork by releasing a limited series of numbered prints of four selected images of PNG subjects. Hal is famed in PNG, having been a commando in World War II, returning after the war as senior artist for the PNG Government. He designed the PNG crest and many of his large bronze sculptures are to be found in Port Moresby, including the busts of six Prime Ministers in the grounds of PNG Parliament House. He has produced hundreds of oil paintings, pastels and watercolours of landscapes, portraits, and flora and fauna - particularly the Bird of Paradise. Prints are available from Clive Troy for just \$50 each at [clive@www.com](mailto:clive@www.com), phone 02 9868 2123 or write to: PO Box 23 Thornleigh NSW 2120 Australia.

► **Virgin Blue and Airlines of PNG** have announced they will commence code-share services between Port Moresby and Brisbane from November this year. Virgin Blue will operate four return flights a week to PNG, providing 720 seats, using Pacific Blue's fleet of Boeing 737-800 jet aircraft. Virgin Blue's lead-in fares start from \$289 one way Brisbane to Pt Moresby. Flights are available on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday.

**Excerpts from the Adventure Kokoda Newsletter September 2008 by Charlie Lynn:**

► Interest in trekking Kokoda continues to increase and there is an emerging trend to use the experience for charitable causes. Whilst this is a noble gesture there does not appear to be any benefit for worthy causes in PNG - and there are plenty of them! It seems incongruous to use a track in a third world country to raise funds for causes in our 'land of plenty' without leaving something behind in PNG.

► The issue of allowing guest workers from the Pacific access to seasonal work in rural areas is not only about helping our farmers. It is also about bridging the empathetic divide with our neighbours in our international area of responsibility. The trial guest worker scheme can be a bridge for the rebuilding of our relationship with PNG. But to make it work there has to be some attitude change on both sides of Torres Strait. PNG has to seriously address three major problems in their political, commercial and cultural environment. These are 1) governance; 2) governance; and 3) governance. Corruption has to be exorcised from their national DNA. This will be an inter-generational process but someone, somewhere, somehow has to start the process. The Rudd government's Pacific Partnership is a tentative first step.

Australians need to understand our Pacific cousins much better. We need to build empathetic relationships through political, corporate and cultural exchange programs. We should upgrade our Parliamentary Secretary for Pacific Island Affairs to a Ministry for Melanesia. We should introduce Melanesian studies into our primary, secondary and tertiary education system.

A pilot program that allows Melanesian workers an opportunity to earn a cash income, learn new skills and develop empathetic relationships while helping our farmers get their produce to market has great merit. It should be supported by responsible leaders from across the political spectrum. ■

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## REPORT ON PAPUAN UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS

*In March 1960 the **Rev Norman EG Crutwell**, MA OXON, of the Anglican Mission Menapi wrote this Report on Papuan Unidentified Flying Objects as he felt that 'the sightings are of great significance and importance in the elucidation of the great 'flying saucer' mystery. He knew many of the witnesses personally as 'honest and intelligent folk, and that their evidence is in many cases corroborative.'* He writes: 'But this overwhelming accumulation of 70 reports in a little over a year in a limited area, by witnesses many of whom are people of the utmost integrity cannot be lightly ignored.' Following are some excerpts from his report:

Mr Drury, then Director of Civil Aviation in TPNG stationed at Port Moresby, whilst having flown 32 types of aircraft and having made a specialty of meteorological phenomena, was at the Flying Boat Base at Port Moresby with his wife and children. It was a clear and cloudless day in August 1953. Mr Drury was taking a movie.

'My wife noticed a wisp of cloud suddenly appear in the blue sky from nowhere and start to build up into a thick white puff. She called out to draw my attention to it. I watched it rapidly build up into a thick white mass of cumulus. There were no other clouds in the sky and there seemed nothing to account for it. ...Suddenly an object like a silver dart shot out of the cloud. It was elongated in a shape like a bullet. ... It was metallic and flashed in the sun. ...It was travelling at an immense speed, at least five times as fast as a jet plane travelling at the speed of sound. ...It never slackened speed or changed direction, but simply faded upwards into the blue and its vapour faded after it.

It was gone in a few seconds. The vapour trail was very clear-cut, dense, white and billowing. It is visible in the remaining portion of the film still in my possession. In-spite of the supersonic speed and the comparative nearness of the object, there was no sound whatever.'

*A sighting was made at Wamira, Goodenough Bay.*

*Dr JK Houston was Missionary-in-charge and also Doctor to [the] Base Hospital at Dogura nearby. It was on October 18<sup>th</sup> [1959]...*

'While the Doctor was continuing to gaze at the sky there suddenly burst forth without warning a dazzling green flare, like a Verey light. It just appeared from nowhere at an elevation of about 60 degrees in the clear starlit sky. It moved across the sky from north to south at a fair speed, traversing about a quarter of the width of the sky, until it appeared to be above Cape Frere, to the SE of the station, and about three miles away. It was dazzlingly bright, and of a clear brilliant apple green. It lit up the trees and the whole landscape with its green light. It then vanished without a sound. At the same time the same object was seen by Mr Brian Sweet at Dogura, our head Mission Station, about one and a half miles away and two hundred feet up....

Many possible explanations have been suggested for this green light, but none of them fit. It could not have been an aircraft flare, because no aircraft fly over the Territory at night, and if there had been a plane they would have heard it. It could not have been a Verey flare because there was no ship in the Bay, and because the light appeared high in the sky, left no trail and made no sound. A meteor has been suggested, but the size, colour, speed, absence of sound and lack of any remains precludes this.'

\*\*\*

The following appeared in the South Pacific Post, the principal newspaper of the Territory, published in Port Moresby. The issue was dated 6<sup>th</sup> Nov 1957.

'A Patrol Officer and four Europeans recently watched a strange unexplainable light hover near their ship for 20 minutes, the Acting Director of Native Affairs, Mr JK McCarthy said yesterday.

He said that the Patrol Officer, Mr ES Esdale, was on the Government Trawler 'EROS' on August 24<sup>th</sup> in the Ninigo Islands, when he and the others saw this light.

'Mr Esdale reports that he was in the Ahu passage in the Ninigo group, when a strange light appeared in the west', Mr McCarthy said. It assumed the appearance of a large yellow star. It hovered in the one place for twenty minutes, but changed from yellow to red, and then to green, and finally to crimson. It remained still for twenty minutes and then moved violently in a small area. It turned from crimson to green, then appeared to fall into the sea,' Mr McCarthy said.' \*\*\*

In late June, 1959, a 'party of mountain people were high up on the side of Mt Donaai, getting pine bark for their Mission School building. There were 11 of them camping at about 8,000ft. It was a clear starry night, and they were sitting out at about 9pm probably warming themselves around the fire in the extremely chilly air. Suddenly a very bright light 'like a Tilley Lamp' came over the top of the mountain, a thousand feet above them, travelling north to south. It had a long beam of light behind it 'like a torch'. The head of it was round like a tennis ball. It lit up the whole place brilliantly as it sped 'faster than an aeroplane' over their heads. It was visible for some time as it receded, then it disappeared behind the trees, after which a single thunder clap was heard.



The eye-witness who told me was a Village Councillor, an intelligent fellow. He added: "I am not a young man. I have been born many years, I have been looking at the sky all my life. But I have never seen anything like this before. You are a white man, can you tell me what it is?" I had to admit that the white man is just as puzzled as he is. \* \* \*

*On the night of Friday 26<sup>th</sup> June [1959], a trader from Samarai, Mr Ernie Evenett, was anchoring his little launch Sirius off Giwa, opposite Boianai, on the north coast of Goodenough Bay. He had been listening to the 7 o'clock news. Here is his own report of what he saw at between 7.15 and 7.30pm.*

'I saw an object approach from a north to north east direction. It was greenish and very bright, with a trail of white fire behind it. It looked like a shooting star. It descended quite close to me, appearing larger and larger, and slowing down until it hovered about 500' above me at an angle of about 45 degrees.

The light on it faded out except for the portholes, which were brightly illuminated. The object had the silhouette of a rigger football, and had a kind of ring or band round it with 4 or 5 semi domed portholes below the band on the side which I could see. A glow was coming from the portholes.

From my knowledge of boats I would estimate it as between 60' and 80' in length. After hovering for about 4 minutes it started to move again. As it moved it made three distinct noises like WOOMP WOOMP WOOMP. It glowed a brilliant greenish white and shot off like a shooting star, at high speed, disappearing towards the mountains to the west of Boianai...

Next day Mr Evenett crossed to Boianai where he picked up some native people to take to Samarai. They said to him "'Taubada' (Sir), did you see the American Air Force last night? We did at Boianai."

Mr Evenett's sighting was 'a remarkable confirmation of Fr Gill's observations' of the same night. 'It is inconceivable that Fr Gill and Mr Evenett, perhaps 15 miles apart, and unknown to each other, could have invented such similar stories on the very same night.'

*We hope to have the complete report on our website soon: [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net) or phone: 02-9449 4129.* ■

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### **BITAPAKA BATTLE REMEMBERED Maxwell R. Hayes, R.P.N.G.C.**

The anniversary of the landing at Bitapaka on 11th September 1914 was commemorated on 11 September at the Melbourne Shrine of Remembrance. After assembling in the Shrine forecourt, the party lead by a colour party of soldiers from Watsonia Army Barracks moved into the inner section of the Shrine. A naval Lieut Commander gave an address detailing significant events in the capture of German New Guinea on this day 94 years earlier. Two descendants of the first two Australians killed in WW1 on that date, Simon Pockley representing his grand uncle Captain (Dr.) B.C.A. Pockley of the A.A.M.C., and Rod Mullinger representing his grand uncle Able Seaman W.G.V. Williams then laid wreaths within the Shrine. After the Last Post and Reveille were sounded, the party then moved to the Rabaul Tree where a further wreath was laid by the President of the Northcote R.S.L. and which has been in the forefront of gaining recognition for Australia's first ever battle against the Germans in WW1 as Williams was a Northcote resident. In this long forgotten battle, seven months before Gallipoli, 6 Australians were killed and a further 35 sailors died in the loss of our first submarine, AE1, which still remains undiscovered somewhere near the Duke of York Islands off Rabaul. ■

## **THOSE EARLY DAYS HAD THEIR MOMENTS by Jim Eames**

Editing a newspaper in Papua New Guinea in the 1960s came with a whole range of challenges to overcome but a massive amount of satisfaction in return. Not long after Melbourne's Herald and Weekly Times took over from the Yaffa Syndicate (in the early 1960s??) staff from Melbourne began to move to PNG to support the operation.

While most would be introduced into the South Pacific Post in Port Moresby, several of us were to be assigned to the Times Courier at Lae instead. Those early days were to bring their own tragedy.

One of the Herald's brightest young cadet journalists, David Kiley was among the first to be posted to the Times Courier at Lae and had already started to make a name for himself among his peers, not only for his journalistic abilities but also for his talents as a news photographer. Such a promising career was cut tragically short when David died in a fire which destroyed the Times Courier house in Third Street in September of 1965. Arriving in Lae on the day of his funeral service was a sad introduction to the Territory.

The Times Courier of those days ranged from sixteen to twenty four pages and was published twice weekly—every Tuesday and Saturday—and under circumstances which would have made the average city newspaper man wince.

While the H and WT team in Port Moresby, led by Herald-appointed Managing Editor Keith Mattingley, tried to come to terms with printing press idiosyncrasies and an extensive modernisation program, those of us in Lae were left to confront our own demons.

Since there were no printing press facilities on our side of the Owen Stanley Range, the Times Courier, along with our other newspaper commitment, the fortnightly *Nu Gini Toktok*, relied on a complicated production process. City-bred journalists who had never taken a newspaper photograph in their lives found themselves not only gathering copy for stories but behind the lens of the office Yashica as well.

News, sport and social pages had to be written, photographs taken and printed in our own darkroom and the whole lot given appropriate headlines, type sizes etc on specialised layout sheets. When all that was done, all that remained was to get the finished package to Port Moresby so that it could be typeset and printed. In those days, long before computers and emails, the only available option was by air. Thus the daily Ansett or TAA Lockheed Electra services, which flew overnight from Sydney and Brisbane, arriving in Port Moresby and then on to Lae early in the morning, had to be utilised to carry the layout packages for the Times Courier and *TokTok* over to Port Moresby on their return journey to Australia.

Despite the fact that we had special permission to use the diplomatic priority mail bag in the aircraft's cockpit and the aircraft would be met in Port Moresby by the representative of the South Pacific Post, the process was fraught with danger, with the occasional consignment missing the Port Moresby pickup completely and having to be returned to Port Moresby from Brisbane the next day!

As the paper was regarded as the main print outlet for the New Guinea side of the mountains, thus taking in everywhere from the Highlands to Wewak, Madang as well as New Ireland and New Britain, the first challenge was getting enough copy to fill every edition. We had nothing like the population and news-generating potential of a large town like Port Moresby to fall back on.

Apart from our full time correspondent in Rabaul, Mike Fallon, who covered New Britain for us, the remainder of our correspondents were casuals like Janet Whish Wilson who covered the Western Highlands from Mt Hagen, while Hank Cosgrove in Lae wrote copy for our sports pages.

By the mid 1960s there were still few roads in Papua New Guinea and even the Highlands Highway up through the Kassam Pass to Goroka and Mt Hagen had only just made it into the all-weather road category, so most of the transport of humans, freight and mail had to travel by air and the vagaries of weather often played havoc with the despatches of our correspondents. There was little you could do if the inbound DC3 from Mt Hagen with Janet Whish Wilson's copy was delayed due to weather.

Most times though, the DC3s and Fokker Friendships of the day were our transport lifeline, thanks to a contra arrangement with Ansett and TAA which swapped advertising space for air travel when we had to move around the Territory to cover stories.

Meanwhile in Lae we gathered whatever copy we could from local activities, as well as anxiously sifting through Administration press releases out of Port Moresby for anything that might present a specific New Guinea 'angle' for a story.

Naturally, because we considered ourselves far removed from the machinations of government in Port Moresby, those of us in Lae tended to be somewhat parochial in our news outlook, often much to the chagrin of Keith Mattingley who's oft-stated aim was to have a 'one country' approach to the newspaper business in Papua New Guinea. Often however, those of us in Lae considered that what might have been good for Port Moresby was not necessarily good for our side of the Range.

I seem to recall the matter once coming to head over the approaching South Pacific Games. While much of the planning seemed to be directed towards events taking place in Port Moresby, we considered our side of the country was being overlooked when it came to selecting venues for the events.

Despite the fact that it was company policy that Editorials never appeared in the Times Courier, that newspaper option being the strict preserve of the South Pacific Post, we launched a campaign to show Port Moresby we considered we were being regarded as second class citizens when it came to such major events.

I can't recall now whether we achieved anything but I vividly remember the phone call from an irate Keith Mattingley, firstly taking me to task on the tone of the editorial and then launching in his 'one country' lecture. Fortunately in those days of radio phones it was possible to continue speaking while gradually moving the handset further away from one's ear, thus making it appear at the other end that the line was fading. Keith's words disappeared mid-sentence,

but sadly, when the next edition of the Times Courier arrived, so had our editorial!

When another Herald cadet David Warner replaced David Kiley he too created some excellent images with the office camera; printing them was another story altogether and it soon became clear that the biggest photographic challenge of all was presented by our primitive darkroom facilities. The darkroom itself was actually a converted cupboard about seven feet long and barely three feet wide. There was no air conditioning and once in the darkness amid Lae notorious humidity, the heat became oppressive, the only respite being provided by a bare bladed fan of six inches diameter on the back wall. Whoever originally installed the fan must have had a twisted sense of humour as its delicate positioning made sure that each time you experienced a mild electric shock from the rusty enlarger on the bench in front of you, you were immediately tossed back into the whirring blades of the fan.

Not that us journalists were the only ones constantly surprised. Judy Boag, who ran the front office and organised the advertising, was occasionally presented with her own challenges.

*Nu Gini TokTok*, the pidgin English paper, was a community effort by the H and WT but also heavily subsidised by the Administration. With a fortnightly print run of around 6000, the idea was that once it reached the far flung villages throughout the country, any village elder who could read pidgin would gather the folks around the fire and read the news, thus keeping them in touch with the world.

Those of us who produced it however always doubted that's what actually happened. The fact is that the pages of the newspaper were often more valuable as for use for that rare commodity in a remote village—cigarette paper for stick tobacco. As well as becoming known as probably the most 'smoked' newspaper in the world, any left over copies of the paper in our Lae office found ready customers among the locals who would buy and on sell whole batches of them for a few cents a sheet.

One such customer from up the Markham Valley walked in one afternoon and asked Judy in pidgin for some "*pepa*."

When she asked him for payment he indicated he had no money but had something to trade. With that he dropped a hessian bag and out wriggled a small python!

Judy's scream could be heard across town but by the time the rest of us reached the front office she'd done the deal. He could have the batch of papers for nothing, as long as he took the python with him!

Overall though, just another day in the PNG newspaper business in the 1960s. None of us would have missed it for quids. ■

Remember the PNGAA Collection at the Fryer Library for print and photographic material when you're moving! Contact Dr P Cahill <b><u><a href="mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.net">p.cahill@uqconnect.net</a></u></b> or Phone: 07 3371 4794
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**CRY FROM THE HEART OF AN SOQ by Jim Toner**

Fred Kleckham's fine piece of verse from the Western District published in the September issue encourages me to resurrect a 50-years old piece of doggerel from the Southern Highlands. Lois Niall, daughter of DC Horrie, had just joined the Welfare Branch of Native Affairs and was travelling about fluttering the pulses of young gentlemen at various outstations. This prompted one of them to write -

On the personal file of Miss Lois Niall  
Is written in bright red ink  
She does not swear, she does not smoke  
And she never touches drink.

Well, what does she do, the curious say  
What is her occupation?  
Why - 'tis the saving of Fallen Women  
On every Papuan station.

Well, we wish you luck, dear Lois  
In Mendi especiale - ee  
And if you save any Fallen Women  
Won't you please save one for me - ee?

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## EMIRAU by Warren Martin

The tiny, insignificant island of Emirau had several traumatic and dramatic incidents happen to it during WW11. Situated in the St. Matthias group, less than 1½ degrees south of the equator and overshadowed by its bigger brother, Musseau, it is only 8x4 miles in size. A true coral atoll, only a few feet above sea level at its highest point and with only a poor quality and thin topsoil, it supported only a few hundred inhabitants.



Tom Walls, Warren, Joan and Kath Martin  
at Tench Is (Nusi)

In December 1940 around 500 people, mainly civilians, were

offloaded by the German cruisers, *Komet* and *Orion*. Survivors of ships sunk by the German raiders, they totally overwhelmed the limited food supply of the island until they were rescued.

In March 1944 the US military decided to establish a 'light air and navy base' on Emirau. They moved the 300 local people en mass to Musseau, scraped off the top soil and built magnificent coronus roads and two large airstrips, around two miles each, in length and installed 18,000 men and 40,000 tons of supplies! The Yanks were only there for a few months. When they left, the Emirau people moved back and moved into the corrugated iron houses the Yanks had built.

My father, John Martin, had spent three years in PNG during WW11 and accepted the offer of going back there as a 'Seven-Day' missionary based on Musseau with responsibility for church work on New Ireland, New Hanover and the St Matthias Group. We, my father, mother, three year old sister and me at nine years old, arrived on Musseau in June 1949 and lived there for three years.

We had an ex-army three piece, two-way radio at Musseau and we had to radio in on the 'sched' several times a week to Rabaul. Although Kavieng was closer, some glitch meant they couldn't hear us. No radio on the mission boat though. We used to report any strange occurrences like planes flying overhead along with their direction. When there was an emergency, the Emirau people would light a bonfire. A villager on Musseau would see the fire and tell us and we would go the 20 miles to Emirau to see what the problem was. On one occasion we were told about the signal fire and went to Emirau. We were told about a submarine which had surfaced at Emirau. The sailors came ashore and, speaking with foreign accents, wanted fresh food. They were apparently quite disappointed that the islanders had no pigs to sell as they were all Seventh-Day Adventists. We radioed Rabaul and told them and I believe it caused a bit of a stir (it was popularly believed to be Russian- most unexplained boats or planes were automatically assumed to be Russian)

I loved going to Emirau because of all the things the Yanks left there. Although they drove a couple of hundred vehicles over the 'cliff' into the water, there was

still a lot of machinery left. There were jeeps, a large crane at the tip, a huge bulldozer still in its shed, caches of 44 gallon drums of fuel, the ice cream maker in its shed, a mountain of embossed Coca-Cola bottles that some enterprising person sold back to the States in much later years, guns and ammunition, and a twin engine bomber parked at the side of one of the strips that had a couple of holes in its tail section but looked like it would fly if you fuelled it up. I loved to climb up into the cockpit and pretend I was flying it.

W.R.Carpenters apparently got salvage rights to the war surplus material on Emirau during our time there and a young man, Tom Walls, was employed to make an inventory. He and I became good friends and we shared a few common interests including the sacks of comics his sister used to send him-much to my parents disgust.

One trip to Emirau following the signal fire occurred after a villager, doing the right thing as he was told to do by my father, was burying some 1/2 inch cartridge shells. Rather than dig a hole, he was hammering them into the ground. The resulting explosion filled him with a lot of shrapnel and took off a lot of skin. We took him to Kavieng as fast as we could where he made a good recovery.



Photo courtesy Evelyn Ashworth

There is a European grave site on Emirau with a headstone and wrought-iron fence around it, in the name of Juanita Wilde. I don't know the story about it - perhaps someone else does? Once when we were visiting Emirau, a Navy boat from Lorengau was also there. A naval seaman got swept away in a ship's dinghy. The dinghy was found on a reef further around the island a few days later but no trace was ever found of the seaman.

I went back for the first time in 2004 and very little remains of any signs of the US military occupation, although the roads and airstrips are still there but in a poor state. I asked about the bomber and I was told that some one came and melted it down for its aluminium!

On Sunday 13th July I was elected to welcome 52 PNG pilgrims, all from Madang, to an open air concelebrated Mass on the lawn at St Anthony in the Fields, Terrey Hills. The group was made up of 4 priests, 4 nuns and 44 young pilgrims of men and women. They were a happy bunch.

Many wore traditional dress and, along with their kundus, rattles, guitars, PNG flags and feathers in their hair, made a noisy event. Especially when they brought the gospel and later the gifts down the centre isle, dancing, singing, undeniably enthusiastic and uplifting - almost like a rock concert.

After Mass a deciduous tree was planted in the church grounds in memory of their visit, followed by a sausage sizzle. After lots of laughter and many a yarn, pilgrims were billeted to various parish hosting families, within the Terrey Hills area. Pilgrims were accommodated in the church itself over the weekends 12/13; 19/20 and 27/28 July and departing for Madang on 28th. This was so that they were able to travel as a group by bus to the various events.

Joe Nitsche

## **LOMBRUM by Jerry Lattin**

From 1963 to 1965 I was in command of the small naval cargo ship HMAS Banks in PNG waters. Later, in 1970, I had a year commanding the PNG Patrol Boat Squadron, in HMAS Aitape. Our home port in both cases was the RAN base at Lombrum, on Los Negros Island in the Manus District. Los Negros is separated from Manus Island by the narrow Loniw Passage, and connected to it by a road bridge. The airport, Momote, is also on Los Negros; district headquarters, Lorengau, is on Manus.

In keeping with naval custom, the Lombrum base carried a ship's name, HMAS Tarangau - a particularly well-chosen one, given that the great harbour which it fronted had been named Seeadler Hafen (harbour) by the Germans, after the ship that discovered it for the first colonists. 'Seeadler' is sea-eagle in German; 'tarangau' is its pidgin equivalent.

The Manus district had a population of around 60,000. The three main tribal groups were the north-coast people who also occupied the fringing northern islands; the bush people of the interior, known as the Usiai; and the 'Manus' (meaning 'true') people of the south coast and off-lying islands. The latter, a people of impressive spirit and social cohesion, were the subject of intensive research by the American anthropologist Margaret Mead from the 1930s onward.

A prominent and very colourful Manus identity was their first MHA, Paliau Maloat MBE. Originally from the island of Baluan off the south coast, Paliau had had a difference of opinion with the Catholic Church; he dealt with the contretemps by leaving catholicism behind him, and forming his own Christian church with himself as head. He had considerable powers of persuasion and leadership, was not averse to stirring up trouble, and could adapt quickly to changing circumstances. There was allegedly an incident in the 1950s when a single Australian schoolteacher on one of the isolated southern islands - Paliau country - had his house destroyed by arson. The navy was asked to help convey police to the scene of the crime. Stepping ashore with rifles, the police were met by assembled schoolchildren, singing 'God Save the Queen' and casting flowers over them. Paliau readily admitted burning down the teacher's house. 'It was a terrible house', he said. 'We're going to build him a much better one'.

Manus had been a massive American naval base during World War II, but the tides of war quickly passed it by; it was abandoned after 1945. Australian forces returned to Los Negros in the early 1950s. The naval fuelling facilities were important for ships transiting to and from the Korean war zone, and the RAAF refurbished the strip at Momote - still one of the finest in PNG. But with the cessation of the Korean conflict, the need for such presence began to dwindle. The RAAF withdrew and the naval presence was reduced to little more than a skeleton crew. When I first arrived at Tarangau in 1963, the Australian component of the base was down to seven officers and about 80 NCOs and sailors. Additional uniformed strength came from about 120 locally-engaged men in the PNG Division of the navy, supplemented by a civilian labour line of perhaps 300.

A popular humorous novel published about then was *Don't Go Near the Water* by William Brinkley: a story of an American naval base on a remote Pacific Island where they had nothing to do and where nothing ever happened. (Later it became a successful film with Glenn Ford and Gia Scala.) At Tarangau in the sixties, I felt we were re-living the story. I recall the general horror that greeted the suggestion by some dangerously-progressive officer that the base would be more efficient if we installed a telephone system. 'What do we need telephones for?' said the



Commander, outraged; 'I don't want to be bothered by telephones ringing all the time. If I need to talk to anyone I can do it face to face.' He could too; anybody more than five minutes away was probably lost in the surrounding jungle.

Lombrum in the 1960s was a capital-B Backwater. Social life consisted of seeing the same faces in different houses. Lombrumites even had the same entertainment: at parties, invariably, they played charades; in the mess, every night, it was liar's dice or pontoon. Once a week there was a movie; the Sydney Sunday papers came on Tuesday or Wednesday. The big excitement was the six-weekly visit by the Burns Philp liner MV Malaita, with stores and fresh food. It really wasn't tedious and humdrum; it was more comforting routine. Readers familiar with outstation life know what it's like; to some of them, Lombrum would be like Gay Paree. And for me, Lombrum was just home base; most of the time I was sea-borne, and elsewhere.

But there was no stopping progress. When I came back to Tarangau for my second spell in 1970 (accompanied at first by a wife, and later by a daughter as well - a native-born Los Negrossian) telephones were everywhere, even in the houses! Tarangau was booming. The new patrol boat squadron gave the establishment purpose and focus. The base had also rediscovered its strategic significance as a fuelling and logistic base for naval units transiting to and from Vietnam operations. The navy put considerable effort into recruiting appropriately-qualified locals for the patrol boats and their shore support facilities. Some went to Australia for training. The five patrol boats, in the PNG context, were not seen as weapons of war, but rather as the means of exercising sovereignty over PNG's exclusive economic zone and its fishing and mineral resources. Self-government and eventual independence were on the agenda.

My final year at Tarangau was shore-based, as Executive Officer (second-in-command) of the base. When I left at the end of 1971, Tarangau had the PNG flag flying in company with the Australian one. Just before I left Tarangau, I paid a Christmas visit to Paliau at Mbunai village on the south coast of Manus. Mbunai residents came home for Christmas from all over PNG. Several days were devoted to eating, worshipping, and playing sport. Church services went on practically around the clock, with Paliau leading all of them in a blue-and-white calico outfit, cape and all, vaguely reminiscent of Superman's uniform.

I was set to leave on Boxing Day morning, but Paliau insisted that I stay to attend 'the gathering' that afternoon, which turned out to be a sort of political meeting, with all the speeches coming from Paliau. After one long harangue on the importance of education, self-improvement and development of village facilities, he sat down and said to me 'Now you can talk to them.' I was unprepared for this. 'What do you want me to say?' I asked. 'Tell them about the navy', he said, 'You must tell them the navy will never leave Manus.' I was between a rock and a hard place. If I declined, I was effectively saying that the navy would be leaving one day. On the other hand, if I complied, my words could come back to haunt me. Even then, I doubted that the navy had any position on how long it would remain in Manus; defence planning adapts to changing needs, and changes often to reflect circumstances. And in a very short time it would be a PNG decision, not an Australian one anyway. But I thought, what the hell, there are no media here, my boss won't hear about it, and I'll be gone in a few days. So I told them what Paliau wanted to hear. No doubt he took the credit. More than 35 years later, I'm relieved to say, the RAN's successor at Lombrum, the PNG Defence Force (Maritime), is still there. A self-fulfilling prophecy, perhaps?

Email: [jlattin@bigpond.net.au](mailto:jlattin@bigpond.net.au)

# **THE MURDER OF ERROL JOHN (JACK) EMANUEL GC\***

**By Derek Bell**

## **Introduction**

At 9.30am on Thursday 19 August 1971 the District Commissioner of the East New Britain District, Territory of Papua and New Guinea, Jack Emanuel, was stabbed to death at Kabaira Plantation on the Gazelle Peninsula. This article describes the background to the murder, the police investigation and the subsequent trial in the Supreme Court in Rabaul.

## **Background**

As the Emanuel murder was believed by many to have political undertones it is necessary to look at the background. In May 1969 the Mataungan Association (MA) was formed on the Gazelle Peninsula. As the self-appointed voice of the Tolai people, one of the most politically sophisticated groups in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea, it sought the abolition of the recently created Multi Racial Local Government Council, and early independence for both Territories. During 1969 to 1971, there was friction between supporters and opponents of the MA. Buildings were destroyed and villagers assaulted. The Administration maintained a strong police presence and intelligence collection capability throughout the Peninsula. The latter activity had two forms; the official network which reported through a District Intelligence Committee headed by District Commissioner Harry West to the Territory equivalent in Port Moresby; and from July 1969 a second source, Jack Emanuel who was detached and appointed District Commissioner (Special Duties). These duties included one-on-one meetings with influential Tolais in both factions, in villages usually after dark. Emanuel reported privately to the head of the Department of District Administration in Port Moresby, Tom Ellis.

To paraphrase the comments on sentencing by the Emanuel trial judge, land to the Tolai is the centre of their existence as a people. From the late nineteenth century there had been gradual encroachment on traditional Tolai lands by German and Australian interests. A recommendation by District Commissioner Bates at Rabaul just after World War Two, that the Administration buy up all run-down plantation land and hand it back to dispossessed Tolais, was vetoed by Canberra. From 1946 onwards the people of the Kabaira area occupied about 120 acres of unused plantation land owned by expatriate interests under a Torrens title. From 1967 there were intermittent attempts to evict the villagers from Kabaira Plantation. The Kabaira villagers continued for six years to seek a solution in their favour from the Land Titles Commission. A 1971 court decision on land at Vunapaladig nearby, made it clear to the Kabaira groups (Rasimen, Volavolo and Melivuan villages, not surprisingly all pro Mataungan) that the courts would not support their claim and their sense of frustration and anger increased. They felt that the courts were denying them protection and that they might lose all their land to a titles system which they did not understand. The leading villagers in the Kabaira area decided to bring their grievances to the notice of the new District Commissioner, Jack Emanuel, who had taken over from Harry West in April. They met with him both in Rabaul and at Kabaira.

## **The Murder**

At 8.20am on Thursday 19 August 1971 about 30 villagers from the Kabaira area moved on to Kabaira Plantation, chased the plantation labourers away and started cutting grass. The plantation manager was alerted and the small police presence

which had been left on the plantation after a previous trespass on 11 August, radioed the authorities in Rabaul. The District Commissioner Jack Emanuel and two squads of police totalling 60 men under the District Police Senior Superintendent Greville Feeney arrived from Rabaul about 9.20am. They were confronted by the grass cutters, and a large number of villagers on a hill nearby. A group of ten village leaders wearing face and hair decoration confronted Emanuel and Feeney. One of



Police intervention at Kabaira 11 August 1971. Expatriates l to rt. Police Sen Supt. Greville Feeney, DC Jack Emanuel, ADC Tony Pitt

them, William Taupa appeared angry and excitable and was shouting “the title to the land is not right”. He approached Emanuel and they spoke briefly before Emanuel took Tapua by the arm and they moved away from the main police party. Taupa then guided Emanuel towards a path into the bush and they both walked off out of sight. Feeney remained with the main party at Emanuel’s request.

Twenty minutes later when Emanuel had not returned, Feeney with two police constables set off down the bush path looking for him. About 120 metres down the track he found the body of Emanuel. He had apparently been stabbed to death. There was no sign of Taupa. The area was deserted. Feeney returned to the main group which was being subjected to stone-throwing by villagers in the bush and on nearby ridges. Police attempted to disperse the villagers using tear smoke. No arrests were made. Reinforcements were called. A police investigation team arrived from Rabaul and examined the scene for evidence.

Emanuel’s body was found on the track, lying face up with blood on his clothes and the undergrowth. His glasses were located nearby. Two pieces of a broken rusty Japanese wartime bayonet were found about 30 metres from the body. Emanuel had apparently been stabbed and had walked several paces back down the track before collapsing to the ground.



Coffin of Emanuel leaving the church  
L to rt: Deputy Police Commissioner Brian Holloway, DDC John Walsh, ADC Brian McBride

Police mobile squads moving through the area later that day searching for villagers found the Kabaira area almost deserted, with only a few women and children present.

## Police investigation

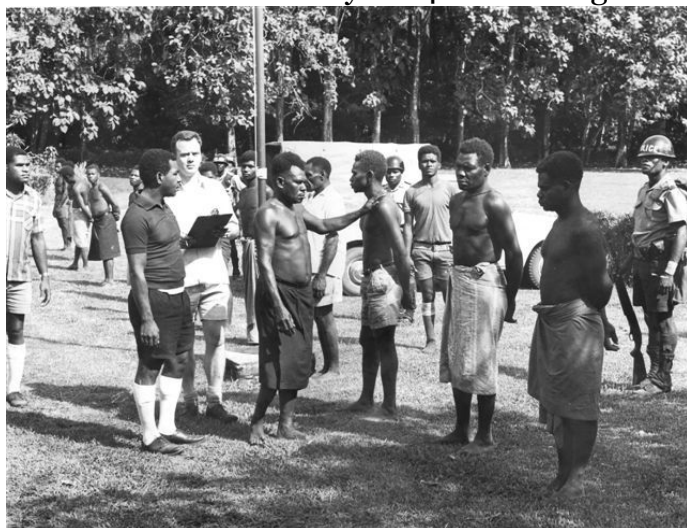
An emergency meeting was held at 5.00pm in Rabaul attended by senior police and District Administration officers, chaired by the newly arrived acting District Commissioner, Arthur Carey from Kimbe. The police investigation team was led by Inspector Derek Bell, who had flown in from Port Moresby at 4.00pm that same day with Sub Inspector Peter Hilder, a fingerprint expert. The investigation team at his disposal included Sub Inspectors Horrie Kneebone, Harry Bryant, Michael Baker, Peter Walker and Graham Watkins, and eight other ranks; Constables Tobutinga, Kompaun, Senat, Togarana, Godana, Takwa, Wagi, and Paris. He could also call on 120 police mobile squad personnel based at Tomaringa, for large scale search and arrest operations. As the trial judge wrote in his Reasons for Judgment: "The problem facing police was of immense magnitude (and there were) pressures on them to obtain quick results."



Police investigation team at Livuan speaking briefly to Tovaliria.

L to rt: Sub/Insp Peter Walker, Cst. Wagi, S/I Horrie Kneebone, Insp. Derek Bell, S/I Harry Bryant

Road blocks were set up. Taupa's wife and a road block detainee were questioned and the latter provided useful information which enabled a suspect list to be commenced. Next day at 4.00am large scale raids were carried out on three



Taupa identifying Tovaliria in line-up at Livuan

Kabaira villages. Taupa was arrested at 7.30am walking to the airport to catch a flight to Port Moresby. Five witnesses from Kabaira were interviewed. The suspect list grew to 41. Taupa named a young man Anton Tovaliria as the killer of Emanuel. Early next morning a wider search of the area netted 26 witnesses and suspects, including Tovaliria. The suspect list was now 120. It was apparent that the murder was part of an orchestrated plan. The small police investigation team was in

danger of being swamped by the numbers involved. Taupa and Tovaliria were interviewed by the team of Baker and Bryant, and charged with murder. Seventeen men were charged with riotous behaviour. An investigation master plan was used to keep track of witnesses, suspects and arrested men. It held details of suspects' whereabouts on the day and their knowledge of planned events. As witnesses and suspects were interviewed the plan was enlarged and became the basis for further investigations, arrests, interviews and charges. On

succeeding days over the next six weeks arrests were made, interviews conducted, charges laid, and appearances made in court. Search warrants were taken out and executed on the offices of the MA and the home of the Kabaira MA Councillor Joseph Togigie. Early interviews were held at Livuan Police Station, a temporary operations post halfway between Rabaul and Kabaira. After a week the centre of operations moved to Rabaul.

The interviews revealed that a plan to kill Emanuel was discussed at late night meetings of Kabaira area leaders in the two weeks leading up to the 19<sup>th</sup> August. Taupa was the driving force behind the plan. He argued that the government was ignoring their land grievances and it was necessary to highlight them by killing a “big man”. Taupa chose Emanuel as the victim and Tovaliria as the assassin. The plan, known only to a group of village elders, called for a trespass by large numbers of villagers on to Kabaira Plantation land to induce intervention by the District Commissioner. (This action earlier, on 11 August, had resulted in Emanuel attending the scene with a large contingent of police, and the eviction of the villagers). Taupa was confident that he could separate Emanuel from the main police party and persuade him to accompany him alone down a bush track to a spot where Tovaliria, hidden behind a tree, could stab him to death. And so it unfolded, exactly as planned.

Tovaliria at the scene indicating to S/I Mike Baker how he stabbed Emanuel.



by large numbers of villagers on to Kabaira Plantation land to induce intervention by the District Commissioner. (This action earlier, on 11 August, had resulted in Emanuel attending the scene with a large contingent of police, and the eviction of the villagers). Taupa was confident that he could separate Emanuel from the main police party and persuade him to accompany him alone down a bush track to a spot where Tovaliria, hidden behind a tree, could stab him to death. And so it unfolded, exactly as planned.

By the end of the investigation 150 men had been interviewed, 45 records of interview had been obtained, 21 men were charged with murder and 45 charged with riotous behaviour. The records of interview were conducted by officers in Kuanua, Pidgin and English, using police constables as Kuanua interpreters where possible. The records were typed in Pidgin by the officers conducting the interview.

The Deputy Crown Solicitor’s office was consulted on the evidence and the charges early in the investigation. It sought additional information from time to time and gave advice to the team in the lead up to the committal proceedings in the Magistrates Court. Thirteen of the men charged with murder, including Taupa and Tovaliria, were committed for trial in the Supreme Court. It was proposed that the remaining eight would be tried after the completion of the main trial.

### **The Trial**

The trial was held at the newly constructed Rabaul courthouse before the Chief Justice, (Sir) John Minogue, and was expected to last three weeks. It opened on 3 February 1972 and ended on 20 June 1972. The Crown was represented by (Sir) Gerard Brennan QC, who later became Chief Justice of the High Court of

Australia. He was assisted by Norris Pratt, Deputy Crown Solicitor, and Clive Wall QC, currently District Court Judge in Southport. Taupa's counsel for the first three weeks was John Galbally QC, leader of the Labor Party in the Victorian Legislative Council. Latterly it was David Martin QC of Sydney. Tovaliria's counsel was Ted Lusher QC of Sydney. Each QC had a junior counsel assisting. The remaining eleven accused were each represented by criminal law barristers from Australia and TPNG (including Eric Pratt and Brian Hoath, later District Court Judges in Brisbane). It was a battery of legal talent never seen before in a Territory court. The small and relatively untried police team thought wistfully of David and Goliath. The media was represented by local and international journalists.

Chief Justice Minogue in his Reasons for Judgment said: "It can safely be said that in the administration of criminal justice in this country never has a criminal charge been the subject of such thorough and exhaustive investigation as the charge against 13 men who were arraigned before the Court on 3<sup>rd</sup> February last."

As the Crown cases had little forensic evidence, they rested heavily on the confessions of the accused, as recorded in their interviews by police. Each of these was challenged by their counsel and was the subject of a voir dire, or "search for the truth" to determine if that evidence should be admitted. This sometimes required the police witnesses to be examined in the witness box over several days. Officers particularly targeted were Sub Inspectors Baker and Bryant, who had interviewed Taupa and Tovaliria, the former on three separate occasions, as his first two interviews were assessed as untruthful in the light of the evidence of other witnesses. Defence counsel went to great lengths to destroy the credibility of police witnesses in their efforts to have the confessions thrown out. Each facet of the investigation was placed under a magnifying glass. Minute procedural errors by the investigation team assumed Dreyfus-like proportions in the hard light of the courtroom and in the press reports. The duration and intensity of the trial had an effect on the health of Chief Justice Minogue.

After a trial of five months the Chief Justice found Taupa and Tovaliria guilty, and sentenced them to 14 years and 11 years respectively. Three conspirators were sentenced to shorter sentences, and eight were acquitted.

### Discussion

In the years following the Emanuel trial there has been speculation about the role of the MA in the murder. Trevor Shearston's book *A Straight*



Crowd at Emanuel funeral, Rabaul, 20 August 1971

*Young Back* (Harper Collins, Pymble, 2000) throws some light on this. Shearston, a former teacher in PNG, based his novel on the Emanuel murder. His research took him to PNG where he read the transcript of the trial in Port Moresby, and interviewed Taupa and Tovaliria on the Gazelle. Both men admitted to Shearston their presence at the killing, but denied that it had been planned, and claimed that Tovaliria had killed Emanuel in self defence. This is at odds with their police interview records, and their evidence and those of other

witnesses in court. Those who knew Emanuel can attest that, while he carried out Port Moresby's hard line policy to the letter, he was essentially a quiet, unaggressive man.

Shearston also interviewed leaders of the MA, Daniel Rumet, Damien Kereku, Melchior Tomot and John Kaputin. Oscar Tammur was sick and refused to talk to him. Rumet denied that the MA had any involvement in the murder. He said that the MA executive knew of Emanuel's nocturnal wanderings alone around the Gazelle shoring up support for the Multi Racial Council and attempting to weaken that for the MA. He said if they had wished to kill him they could have done so with minimal risk of detection at night, and would hardly have planned to entice him away from a heavy police guard at a plantation land dispute. Kereku claimed that Emanuel as District Commissioner was worth more to the MA alive than dead, as his Port Moresby inspired eviction tactics pushed more and more Tolais into the MA camp. What is certain is that Kabaira was a Mataungan area and its MA councillor and tax collector Joseph Togigie was involved in discussions with the Administration on the plantation land dispute there. There was evidence from the records of interview of co-accused and suspects, that Togigie was prominent and supportive at two meetings held by Taupa to plan the killing. This was sufficient for Togigie to be charged with wilful murder and be committed for trial. After the main trial the Crown elected, for a range of reasons, not to proceed with Togigie and seven others, so his case was never tested.

## **Conclusion**

The Emanuel murder caused fear and alarm throughout the Gazelle. There was pressure on the police to arrest those responsible promptly and have them dealt with by the courts. At stake was not just the political authority of the Administration, but the principle of the rule of law, and public perception that law enforcement was competent and professional. The arrest and conviction of the accused had a settling effect on the local population, Tolai and expatriate. Had the arrests not been made quickly, or had the primary accused been acquitted, there might well have been violent repercussions. Many individual police members, in a baptism by fire, gained valuable experience from the investigation and trial, and there were general benefits for the training curriculum. The final analysis acknowledges political distractions, logistical and language difficulties, and an unusually protracted and detailed examination of the evidence. But thirty-six years on, it can reasonably be argued that in the investigation of Emanuel's murder and the trial of the accused, justice was well served.

\* Jack Emanuel was awarded the George Cross posthumously for gallantry in the service of the Australian Administration of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea between July 1969 and his death on 19 August 1971. His award was noted in the London Gazette of 1 February 1972.

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The author of this article Derek Bell, is now retired and living in Brisbane. He acknowledges input by Harry West, Harry Bryant, Mike Baker and Grev Feeney. Photos were supplied by the South Pacific Post, Harry Bryant and Gordon Ramsay. Publishers Harper Collins, Pymble, NSW gave permission to use material from Trevor Shearston's book *A Straight Young Back*. ■



## HELP WANTED

### Harold Geoffrey Cunningham

Harold was born in 1896 and after AIF service in the Middle East and Europe during World War I was sent to Rabaul in 1919 for a period of two years in the Army. In 1920 he was transferred to the civil administration as a plantation overseer on 11 shillings per day. He eventually found his way to Bougainville and operated as a trader at Buka Passage for some time before his death in 1931 at the age of 35. Little is known of his latter years except through his intestate estate administered by the NSW Public Trustee, which throws light on the tough depression times of the period, with miserable copra prices. His only assets were (1) Cash = 4.0d; (2) Bank in Rabaul = £2.3.7d (3) Refund stamp duty on cheques = 2.7d (4) Sales of Effects = £17.7.8d (5) Sale of German Marks = 7.0d; a total of £20.4.10d. His debts were £276.6.4. In 1928 he had borrowed £200 from Rabaul entrepreneur Jean Baptise Octane Mouton, (who, incidentally wrote a very interesting book about the German/Australian change-over period in Rabaul) to buy a cutter named the 'Lollo', but it only lasted 18 months before succumbing to the treacherous Buka Passage Channel.

Some 250 well captioned photographs taken by Geoff between 1919 and 1924 are held by the Australian Museum in Sydney and are described as 'a unique record of local military actions, the indigenous people, the missionaries, the patrol officers and the history of the period. The museum uses the photographs as source material and highly values the Geoffrey Cunningham Photographs Collection. The Museum restricts access to the photographs.'

After 77 years it is a long shot but some reader with Buka Passage links may be able to help Geoff's niece with information, particularly (1) the details of the circumstances of his death and (2) the place of his burial.

Information to Mrs Margaret Bullock, PO Box 70, St Ives, please. Harry West

\* \* \*

**Max Henderson** has a marble headstone from Ulatawa Plantation in the Gazelle Peninsular, which bears the inscription:

**'E. V. Hayes  
"Bully"  
22/12/1930'**

The headstone is now in Australia. If anyone has knowledge of Bully's descendants could you please contact Max on Ph: 07 5429 6443, PO Box 1132, Maleny, 4552 or E: [mfh01@bigpond.net.au](mailto:mfh01@bigpond.net.au)

\* \* \*

**David Wall** is trying to contact as many people as possible who had worked for **Malaria Service in PNG**. Please write, phone, or email: David Wall, 152 Wilson Street, Newtown 2042 NSW Phone: 02 95505053

Email: [mahal362000@yahoo.com.au](mailto:mahal362000@yahoo.com.au)

David would like to put together anecdotes and stories of our experiences in PNG.

\* \* \*

Have you any **old photographs and stories of the service men or civilians who lived in Rabaul before WWII**? Photos of Rabaul pre-war are also helpful. These are to be included on a new website we are currently working on. Please send to **Cynthia Schmidt**, Montevideo Maru Search, PO Box 1242, Southport, Gold Coast City, Qld 4215 or E-Mail: [Rabaul1941@gmail.com](mailto:Rabaul1941@gmail.com)

Lex McAulay asks if anyone has photos, letters, diaries or whatever with mention of **Colonel John Scanlan**. Please contact Cynthia Schmidt (details above). ■



## BOOK REVIEW

**Allied Air Transport Operations South West Pacific Area in WW II,** Volume Three, 1943- Air transport approaches full strength by **Robert H. Kelly** ISBN 978064648143 (hbk), 453 pp, Publisher Buderim, Qld: Robert H. Kelly 2008 Available from the author at P.O. Box 192, Buderim, Qld, 4556, \$65 including postage.

This is a handsomely produced and exhaustive account of the build up and vital operations of WW II air transport in the South West Pacific (SWP) area with an inevitable emphasis on New Guinea. Over 500 American C47s (DC3) and co-opted aircraft from Qantas, Australian National Airways, Guinea Airways and Ansett took part in these operations supported by trans Pacific operations with Liberators (B24) and C54 Skymasters (DC4). The volume details all individual aircraft operations, routes, loads, crews, awards, airstrip construction as well as personal reminiscences. It also details the involvement, strategic and tactical difficulties of the air supply, drop and support in the SWP including the Buna-Kokoda and the Markham paratroop battles. The volume has copious photos and maps and together with the previous two volumes covering the development of air transport 1903-1943 and 1943- the year of expansion and consolidation presents a magisterial coverage of the subject. A fourth volume covering 1944 is due to appear in 2009.

These volumes are a fascinating read, not only of military interest but of interest to any one who lived in the post war DC3 era in TPNG to whom the relics of these air operations were part of the fabric of life.

John McAlpine

## BOOK NEWS

**Kapiak Tree** by **Anna Chu** ISBN 9780980490312 (pbk) 122pp Published 2008 by MaskiMedia PO Box 757, Ravenshoe, QLD 4888 (cheque or money order please) Email: [publisher@maskimedia.com.au](mailto:publisher@maskimedia.com.au) T/F 07-40976940 or [www.maskimedia.com.au](http://www.maskimedia.com.au) Cost: AU\$24.50 plus p&p AU\$3.50 within Australia

*Publisher's note:* Chu Leong set up business in Marienberg on the Sepik River in 1930. His eldest son was killed by American aircraft fire on the ill-fated internee-packed *Dorish Maru* in 1944. His daughters and other sons suffered Japanese occupation in a village on the Keram River...Anna ran her father's trade store, mixed with officers on an idyllic colonial outpost and saw PNG Independence in Wewak in 1975. She survived the threats and gunfire of the Bougainville Revolutionary Army in 1989...Kapiak Tree provides a tasty melange of events on the Sepik River and elsewhere in PNG.

**Bougainville Blue** by **Brian Darcey** ISBN: 9780980481921 (pbk) Published by Diane Andrews Publishing 2008 156pp Cost: \$29 incl postage within Australia Available through: [www.bougainvilleblue.com](http://www.bougainvilleblue.com) or Email: [dianepithie@gmail.com](mailto:dianepithie@gmail.com)

*Publisher's note:* What is Bougainville Blue about? It's about Bougainville. It's about a 'blue'. Bougainville Blue is a novel based around the truths, a first hand account, of the closure of the Panguna Mine. It's about the beauty of Bougainville and its flora and fauna. It's about the destruction which is a by-product of 'modernisation'. It's a novel but, it also will enlighten the reader about the true happenings regarding the Panguna Mine. It was closed by a ragtag militia bent on reclaiming their land. The author lived in Bougainville for 15 years and saw the Bougainville Revolutionary Army come into being. He observed the rise and fall of Australian rule in Bougainville. He watched the 'blue' take place. More information is available on the website [www.bougainvilleblue.com](http://www.bougainvilleblue.com) and the author's fascinating blog [www.briandarcey.blogspot.com](http://www.briandarcey.blogspot.com) ■

## **DVD: 'NEW GUINEA PATROL'**

**Screen Australia has several historical films available on DVD:**

***New Guinea Patrol*** 1958, Colour, 43 minutes Cost: \$34.50 plus p&p

This film follows Jim Sinclair, Albert Speer, Neil Grant and a team of constables, carriers, interpreters and medical personnel as they journey from the furthest outpost of Koroba into the unknown high interior of New Guinea. Their job is to explore and survey the Strickland River and beyond, and to make first contact with the people living in the area and introduce them to western culture. Writer/Producer Ron Maslyn Williams Director Peter Dimond, Photography by John Leake. To order - see separate flyer. See an excerpt at:

[http://www.abc.net.au/aplacetothink/#watch/mh\\_1950/new\\_guinea/watchV\\_ideo](http://www.abc.net.au/aplacetothink/#watch/mh_1950/new_guinea/watchV_ideo)

***Colonists for a Day***, 1993, 55 minutes Cost: \$34.50 plus p&p

Held for many years in the vaults of Film Australia, these unique films recorded the Kiaps as they journeyed into the unknown interior to impose 'pax Australiana' - a western economic structure and the British system of law on this extraordinarily diverse tribal culture.

***My Father, My Country***, 1989, 55 minutes Cost: \$34.50 plus p&p

In 1938 three Australian patrol officers - Jim Taylor, John Black and Pat Walsh - set off on an epic journey into the unexplored highlands of PNG. Their purpose: to make contact with 'stone age' tribes who knew nothing of the outside world. Fifty years later, Jim's daughter Meg took time off from her legal practice and set out on her own journey, retracing the footsteps of her father's historic patrol.

***In the South Seas***, 1948, 11 minutes B & W \$25 plus p&p

*In the South Seas* provides a brief introduction to the lifestyle of the people of the Trobriand Islands after WWII. Australia was involved in providing health care and scientific assistance to the region. The film covers traditional diet, agriculture, fishing and trade (bartering food locally and selling cash crops such as copra and pearls internationally). The result is a unique and valuable archival record of life on the islands. Producer Stanley Hawes

***Australian Biography: Dame Rachel Cleland***, 2001, 26 minutes

Cost \$34.50 plus p&p...Interviewed at 94, Dame Rachel Cleland looks back over a life spanning the greater part of a century of extraordinary change. ...In 1928 she married her lifelong husband Don, and willingly accepted that her role would be one of supporting him in his career. In the 1940s, she worked with Don and Sir Robert Menzies in founding the Liberal Party. They remained in public life, experiencing Australia's final period as a colonial authority when Don served as the Administrator of New Guinea from 1952 to 1966. Executive Producer: Mark Hamlyn Producer/Director: Robin Hughes

***Kompani Bilong Yumi*** 1969 27 minutes \$34.50 plus p&p

The film shows the operation of Namasu, the Native Marketing and Supply Company of New Guinea, and the effect which this remarkable enterprise has had on the New Guineans, in the cities as well as in the tiny, far flung bush villages. It shows the New Guineans marketing products such as coffee, tea, wool and copra, or producing traditional handicrafts for export. Producer John Martin Jones Director Lionel Hudson

## FROM SHOE BOX TO SHIPPING CONTAINER

On Monday 29<sup>th</sup> September 2008 eight students from Central Coast Grammar School set off to journey to sister school Maprik High in the remote East Sepik Province of Papua New Guinea. The students were accompanied by their Headmaster Mr Richard Lornie and a group of ten other adults. Their objective was fourfold: i) to build on the success of previous visits; ii) to unload a container of educational supplies donated by the CCGS community and sent earlier to Maprik; iii) to buy paint and refurbish the School library and some of the other rooms at the School; and iv) for Mr Lornie to continue to negotiate with Government officials his plans to establish a Community Learning Centre at Maprik High School.

On Monday the 20<sup>th</sup> October the Hon Gabriel Kapris, Minister for Commerce and the Hon Sani Rami, Minister for Internal Security and acting Minister for Education visited Central Coast Grammar School to thank the community for the assistance given to Maprik High School. In a card accompanying a gift to the school community Minister Rami wrote, *“On behalf of the people and the Government of Papua New Guinea I, the Minister for Education PNG hope and wish that this bonding and relationship being made between Maprik High School and CCGS may be long lived through regular exchanges of students. It is our wish that it be of mutual benefits in the years to come for PNG and Australia.”*

...

Maprik High School was established in 1971 and in 1973 when I first taught there it had about 320 pupils from Form 1 to Form 4. I wanted to give something back to the area. We decided to send 1000 Christmas boxes to Maprik High School for Christmas 2006 and I determined that I wanted to be there with a couple of senior students from my School to watch the recipients' faces. Richard Lornie OAM *Please note that this is an excerpt of a detailed report on our website - it makes inspiring reading!* ■

**DONATIONS MOVED AGAINST THE CLOCK** - As the PNGAA becomes more involved in moves to assist positive links between PNG and Australia, members will recall the inspiring and illuminating AGM presentation in April by Dr Ron Sommers and his team from Global Medical Support (GMS), the volunteer medical assistance group which for a number of years has been providing medical equipment, training and surgical expertise to the Kundiawa Hospital and the people of Simbu Province. This has been assisted periodically by the donation by St Vincent's Hospital (SVH) of used but functional superseded medical equipment, and ably coordinated by the Hospital's Chief Biomedical Engineer, Ramesh Pullela, who also regularly goes to PNG on a volunteer basis to fix and maintain equipment. In August this year a quantity of this older but still functional equipment was stored at the Hospital but the space was needed to be cleared in a very short time. Although the equipment was earmarked for GMS's work in PNG, regular contact and facilitator Ramesh Pullela was unfortunately but necessarily away. Contact was made by Robin Mead with the GMS people and also with Hospital senior management. Hospital staff, both from Biomedical and Stores, together with Dr Sommers and his wife Rae worked tirelessly to remove the equipment constituting a 'win-win' for all concerned, not least the patients in need of medical assistance in PNG. Dr Sommers has since written to St Vincent's Hospital's Executive Director expressing his thanks for the Hospital's charitable humanitarian donation in arranging the valuable gifts. Also included in the container are baby jumpers knitted by many of our members. By the time PNGAA members read this, the equipment will be on its way to where it is needed. ■

## DONATIONS TO THE FRYER LIBRARY

### Dr P CAHILL

**Arthur L. (Paddy) Ethell (part 2) (courtesy Mrs. M.Head):** correspondence including letter to Government Secretary, Port Moresby, seeking employment; draft of experiences in postwar Papua and West Australia; draft of "Parson's Son"; small album of photographs (all ca.1937 mainly Port Moresby area) with handwritten Index: views of Tanobada village, Port Moresby, ARM ?Horan and son Geoff, Steamships Trading Company main store, looking from Papua Hotel towards (postwar) Airvos Avenue area, Post Office, PM street scenes, float plane on Fairfax Harbour, European School, Ela Beach, scenes around Laloki River, M.V. Laurabada, Ethell in Sanders of the River mode, Native Hospital, Ela Beach, *polismasta* Tom Gough, patrol scenes, new wharf at Goaribari, building a bridge at Imeia, 100 plus other photographs (dates uncertain): addressing labour line, houseboy listening to gramophone, native headdresses, groups, canoes, coastal/land/river scenes on patrol upper Purari, six native police on patrol, copies of AWM photographs showing cairn (partly supported by leg bones) marking western most point of Japanese advance (?Kokoda track) and interior Local Government House, Aitape, ca. 1960s. **Charles Betteridge:** ca.300 colour photographs (identified and dated) of effects of 1994 eruption in Rabaul, general photos of PNG 1960-2001, two CDs – Queen's visit to Bougainville February 1974, PNG Independence Celebrations 1975 and PNG 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Independence Lae, 1985. **June Dowling:** DVD of colour slides of postwar plantation life, New Ireland. **Gordon Bain:** PNG posters including Our Ministers, PNG joins UN, The Eight Point Improvement Plan (English/Pidgin), Know Your Money (English/Pidgin/ Motu), Bung Wantaim, Independence 1975, Bai Yumi Bigpelqa Wantaim!, Protect National Secrets, four laminated posters Traditional Design Lower Sepik Area, Bowl Design based on Twin Turtle Motif, Yokondo Giggi mountain spirit, Bilum Hook. **Rosalie Thacker:** copies of articles by Gavin Souter: The Dark Island no.1 – Sir William teaches the Headhunters a Lesson, The Dark Island no.2 – "I'm afraid some were hurt", The Dark Island no.3 – The Patrol that went in Circles, The Dark Island no.4 – The killers used to faint; The first Mail Plane to PNG. **M.R. Hayes:** *South Pacific Post* article on the career/ history of Inspector Nelson Tokiel, QPM, copies of correspondence concerning Cpl Barry O'Neill captured by the Japs in Rabaul and placed on the Montevideo Maru, fragment (?carbon copy) of a nominal roll of Europeans prisoners of war lost on the Montevideo Maru. **Gail Burke:** amateur theatre programs: PNG 4<sup>th</sup> Annual Festival of Drama 1963, Murder in the Red Barn, *Titpuke* – The Magazine of the Manus High School 1969. **Dr H. Champion Hosking** (CD of 190 photographs provided by M.R. Hayes from albums loaned by HCH daughter, Mrs Mary Symons): photos of Rabaul ca. 1925-1942 general scenes, medical trip from Lae to Sepik, 1937 Coronation celebrations, Rabaul, 1937 Matupi eruption (details of all photos to follow). CD includes photos 070204 taken by M.R. Hayes of Montevideo Maru memorial Ballarat, and photos 060508 taken by H.Diercke of Tol Memorial. **Des Large:**

CD of photographs taken in 1953 of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission Bomana cemetery, Port Moresby. Includes site preparation and construction of the Cross of Sacrifice, Temple and Remembrance Stone.

**K.W.C. Humphries:** articles Deutsche Neu Guinea Shipping 1914 published in "Berliner Protokolle" October 2005, Names of New Guinea published in ditto June 2006, A Patrol Officer's Life (Western District, Papua) 1958 (unpublished), the Wassi Kussa Mail (unpublished).

*Items sent to the Fryer Library join a queue of material awaiting cataloguing; this may take some time. To check what's catalogued into the PNGAA collection in Fryer go to*

<http://www.library.uq.edu.au/fryer/ms/uqfl387.pdf> Thank you. ■

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## **REUNIONS**

**NIU AILAN REUNION . . .** will be held on the weekend of the 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> March 2009 at Broadbeach in Queensland.

**REUNION LUNCHEON** on Sunday 15<sup>th</sup> from 11am to 5pm at the Sofitel Hotel, Broadbeach. Cost: \$60 per person

As well there will be informal breakfast gatherings on both days and a casual get-together on Saturday night. These will be very informal events, "pay as you go". If you:

**Have already registered for the Reunion but not yet paid** – please do so as soon as possible.

**Have not yet registered for the Reunion but would like to come** – please contact the Reunion Organisers immediately for details.

Anyone who has ever lived in New Ireland at any time is very WELCOME to attend. We have a wonderful weekend planned for you and we hope you will come and enjoy renewing old friendships, reminiscing and generally having a whale of a time! Contact your Reunion Organisers:

**Tony Thomas** PO Box 840 North Lakes Queensland 4509

Phone: 0437 558 391 Email: [champjt@bigpond.net.au](mailto:champjt@bigpond.net.au)

**Anne Peters** (nee Murray) 23 Palmer Street Rocky Point NSW 2259

Phone: 0415 367 452 Email: [annepeters30@gmail.com](mailto:annepeters30@gmail.com)

Penelope Casey is holding an art exhibition from November 1-14 at the Christina Mitchell Gallery, 6 Anstey St, Albion 4010 QLD Ph: 07 3262 8288.

## **BALUS IKAM - TALAIR PNG IN THE 1980s by Robin Mead**

### **Memories of life in a bush airline in Papua New Guinea**

During the 1980's I worked in Papua New Guinea for Talair, one of the largest third-level airlines in the world, with a mixed fleet of 55 aircraft flying a complex network of scheduled and charter services across PNG. With associated airlines in the Solomons, Vanuatu and a number of other countries, Talair's owner and Managing Director, R. Dennis 'Junior' Buchanan had created an aviation empire, building from just a handful of aircraft in 1958. Talair ceased to exist in 1993, but almost all of us who worked for Talair remember with affection our times with this unique company. These are some of my memories of those times.

\*\*\*

#### **Lae Airport – Early morning in the Eighties**

*In 1986 I was based with Talair in Lae as Assistant Manager, under the legendary Bryan 'Sluggo' Peters. Lae was an extremely busy port, with ten aircraft flying scheduled services as far north as Rabaul, south to Port Moresby, west to Mount Hagen, and East to Alotau, as well as many local and regional charters. As Assistant Manager at Lae I was having a wonderful time working with the operations coordination of those ten aircraft, the rostering of their crews and the ever-changing operational environment. Bryan was a superb person to work for, truly a seasoned veteran; he had been in the airline game in PNG for many years, starting with Ansett as a young Traffic Officer before Independence. Faye, his delightful wife, worked in Talair's International Travel Office at the airport, and the Peters family were well-liked residents of Lae. Bryan was the unruffled anchor of Talair Lae, almost a father figure to some; appreciated and admired by everyone, he was the epitome of cool, exuding confidence, his stock phrase being "No worries, mate". Talair Lae was a big base, with a large and diverse staff, but also a happy base, a little community within a community. Working in that environment was always interesting.*

\*\*\*

Picture an early morning in the 1980s at the old Lae city airport, built for the Morobe gold in the 1930s, bombed by the Japanese, the Americans and the Australians in the 1940s, flourishing in the postwar development of the 1950s and 60s, and finally closed forever in 1987.

Just before dawn, the dankness of the heat and humidity are almost palpable. A short drive through the streets of the garden city, past residential roads still asleep, a few local people up and about. Through the commercial area of Top Town, past all the shops, Burns Philp, Steamships, Carpenters, Repco, Papindo and the other smaller shops, the Post Office, then down the hill along winding Coronation Drive. Turn left at the bottom, then right into the airport - Air Niugini office and terminal on the right, Talair terminal and hangar on the left, Co-Air and Morobe Airways across the tarmac from Talair; all three bush operators preparing for a busy morning's cash fares and freight opportunities in the Huon Peninsula, Talair also gearing up for scheduled services.

0600 hours. Aircraft sitting ranged in a line along the apron, doors and hatches open, waiting.

Cargo staff lugging ancient baggage trolleys laden with trade store goods: Trukai rice, Triple Seven tinned mackerel, cartons of South Pacific beer, sacks of betel nut, *bilums*, boxes.

Pilots walking around their aircraft, carrying out the daily inspection, crouching under wings, checking for irregularities; that panels are secure, flight controls

have no excessive play, wheels are as they should be, no excessive tyre wear or drift on the hub, struts and fairings secure with no visible defect, then also verifying fuel and oil levels, checking fuel drain samples in the special drain container – a quick swirl, hold up to the terminal lights, no free water or dirt evident, swill out.

Inside the yellow light of the terminal, everything is activity, noise and movement. Trolleys moving in and out, passengers checking in, stepping on the scales if the ticketing staff felt the pax weight warranted confirmation, anticipating a heavy load for a flight. Tickets and consignment notes being filled out and paid for, pilots and traffic staff ducking their heads in behind the check-in counter, impatient to close the flight, exclamations of “*Hariap! Taim pinis, ia*” [‘Hurry up. Time’s up’]. Late arrivals being checked in.

Inside the operations office, Bryan ‘Sluggo’ Peters holds court, calm and unruffled as all the activity swirls around him. The desk is covered in papers of various kinds – roster sheets, flight record sheets. The atmosphere is cool and busy as pilots and traffic officers come and go, to a background of periodic crackles and transmissions on the company frequency from the single sideband radio. The agent from Wasu, Zebang Zurenuoc, comes on the air: “Lae, Lae, Wasu.... Lae, Lae, Lae, Wasu”. Leaning his ample body towards the radio, Sluggo picks up the microphone, his ubiquitous cigarette in his mouth, his face frowning slightly with concentration: “Wasu, Lae - Go ahead..” The query is a routine one and, exhaling luxuriously, he responds: “Thank you, Wasu - Copy, copy all that. No worries, India Sierra Bravo’s about to take off for yours – By the way, what’s your weather like over there?”

Outside, the crank of a starter motor on a Britten Norman Islander, of which Talair had more than 20 in the country. The cough as the Lycoming engine catches, raucously starting up then settled into smooth running, quickly followed by the second engine. Further along the line of aircraft, the crack of the igniters on a Pratt & Whitney PT6 turbine as a De Havilland Canada Twin Otter starts its starboard engine, leaving the port engine until after the passengers have been boarded, for the air stair door is on the port at the rear of the aircraft, and safety dictates the procedure. Then the Senior Traffic Officer closes the flight, completes the Flight Record and load manifest, passing it to the pilot. Picking up and switching on the heavy public address microphone, an electric crackle, a thud and the sound of a breath come over the loudspeaker: “*Gud moning, ol man na meri. Talair singautim ol pasindia i go long Kabwum, Derim na Wasu ... balus bilong yu i redi nau... plis kamap long Gate namba Wan.*” Ushered by a Traffic Officer, a small group of passengers walks out across the tarmac in the semi-darkness to board their aircraft, another Islander. The waiting pilot makes a last check of the aircraft and passengers before himself climbing into the cockpit and securing his own safety harness.

Over towards the East, the sun is beginning to come up over the Markham Valley. Shapes of aircraft – Islanders and a Cessna 206 for the Kabwum Valley, a Twin Otter for an ‘all ports’ service - detach from the darkness at the tree-lined perimeter of the airfield and form a slow-moving small purposeful queue along the taxiway, occasionally bouncing slightly with the little corrugations in the surface, the sound of the engines varying with power and pitch changes. Then, one by one, they stop at the holding point, then turn onto the runway and, with a burst of noise and power, take off into the welcoming morning sky. ■

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## **ISLAND TRADER**

*Found amongst some old papers and written by Gordon Harris formerly of  
Biwa Plantation, Djaul Island, NIP*

*Thank you to MaryLou Uechtritz for sending this to us.*

The islands off New Guinea are a veritable store-house of stories of strange encounters, and of individual and collective adventure. They form indeed a most fascinating study of the stranger aspects of exploration in these small isolated areas of the world, still largely untouched by civilization and all that this brings with it.

Typical of such stories is that of Charlie Petersen, and of the unusual discovery by Les Bell.

For many years I was a planter and trader living on a small island off the west coast of New Ireland, which is a large island in the Bismarck Archipelago, near the mainland of New Guinea.

The European Community was a small one and consisted of planters, traders, schooner masters, missionaries, government officials and a few others engaged in various types of commercial enterprise. The beautiful little township of Kavieng on the extreme northern tip of New Ireland, was the headquarters of the district; and sooner or later one met there all the European community scattered over the large group of surrounding islands. Amongst them one often came across many interesting and extremely individual characters, as this type of life was only suited to those personalities who neither minded the isolation and primitive living conditions, nor the unpredictable risks of their pioneering existence.

Just such a character was Charlie Petersen, a powerful Swede in his late sixties - the owner of a very prosperous coconut plantation on a large outlying island - whom I met from time to time at the Club, during periodical visits to Kavieng.

Old Charlie was a pretty rough diamond and had led a hard and dangerous life before his present era of prosperity. His whole life was wrapped up in the islands to which he had first come as a young man and he had become completely de-tribalised, showing no desire ever to return to Europe or even visit Sydney, the Mecca of European exiles in that tropical climate.



As a young man he had been wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef. The whole crew had managed to get off the wreck safely in two boats and had made for the mainland of Australia. In the ensuing weather and storms one boat disappeared with all hands and was never heard of again. The second boat containing Charlie was blown well off its course and only with great difficulty made the mainland some weeks later. Charlie was the only survivor; the others having died, as he explained, of exposure and starvation. An enquiry was held into the circumstances of the loss and the peculiar fact emerged that the sole survivor, far from being in an emaciated and half-starved condition when he was picked up, was apparently well nourished and in comparatively good health. This gave rise to considerable suspicion and surmise and, at the enquiry, it was postulated that he had eaten his companions in order to survive; and this he frankly admitted but strongly denied that he had been in any way connected with their deaths. As therefore there was no proof to the contrary, although there was considerable speculation at the time as to the truth of his account, the matter was allowed to rest there.

After this incident Charlie appeared to have had enough of Australia - and shipped aboard a Scandinavian barque bound for the islands. On arrival he deserted the ship to lead a wild beach-combing and adventurous sort of life. At last, it seemed, he had found the type of life he was looking for and which appealed to him. He became, in turn, beach-comber, recruiter, trader and schooner master - finally settling down on a lonely island, where he exercised considerable influence amongst the natives, even to the extent of taking the Chief's daughter to live with him!

The Bismarck Archipelago was in those days a very wild place, containing little law and order, until the Germans gradually imposed discipline on the more unruly elements. Charlie, having obtained a large piece of land from the old chief, with the help of the natives, had built up a very fine coconut plantation and, by the time I met him, was looked on as a more or less reformed character.

One could not help but feel though, that the transformation was rather skin deep, and the old chap was regularly assisted down to his schooner, after a visit to Kavieng and put on board for the return trip, much the worse for wear. He was however as tough as they make them and these wild benders seemed to do him little harm.

An old friend of mine, also a Swede, by name Captain Carlson, who had been a life-long friend of Charlie's, once told me how he and Charlie and another fellow, long since dead, had made a trip to the south coast of Djaul Island to recruit labour. The south coast of Djaul Island was in those days thickly populated, though now almost devoid of inhabitants. There had just been a fierce tribal fight, and many kanakas had swum out to the schooner for protection, so there was no lack of recruits. The schooner then up-anchored and set sail for a small harbour on the coast of New Ireland where they anchored for the night.

Captain Carlson told me that the local *luluai* or chief, had invited them to partake of a meal which was cooking. It appeared to be some sort of meat stew and it tasted quite good, although they noticed that the bones seemed to be rather peculiarly formed, but all three ate it with enjoyment. It was only after

they had finished their meal that the *luluai* told them with wicked relish that they had been eating 'long pig' or man. Charlie thereupon drew his revolver and shot the *luluai* dead. The other two put their fingers down their throats and were violently sick. Not so Charlie, however, who merely commented that the stew was extremely good and that he had only shot the *luluai* for having mocked him.

Charlie figured in many such tales of the wild life of those days. Most of the characters were by that time dead or old men- mere travesties of their former swashbuckling selves and there were few opportunities of getting such stories first-hand.

Not only did one meet odd, vivid and personalities with much character such as Charlie, who would have found it difficult perhaps to have adjusted themselves to the more ordered and well-established social routine of home life, but also incidents occasionally cropped up which brought to the surface in a striking manner the impact of a civilized world on these more primitive parts.

Such an incident did Les Bell encounter on one of his trips to a little known island. Almost due north of the large island of New Hannover, in the Bismarck Archipelago, lies an isolated group called the St Matthias Islands - the largest of which is known as Mousseau, or Stormy Island as some charts have it. This island is very near the Equator and on the direct route of the old Spanish galleons which used to sail between Spanish possessions on South America and the Philippines, carrying stores and troops. Owing to its isolated position it was rarely visited by traders or shell fishers and there were no plantation or European settlers. Trochas has always been an important export from the islands of New Guinea. A friend of mine, Les Bell, once decided to make a trip to Mousseau in his schooner in the expectation of obtaining pearl shell from its large surrounding reef. He hoped to find that, owing to its isolate position, the reef was as yet unfished.

On arrival, having found a suitable and safe anchorage, he set about his task with considerable success, shell being plentiful. After two weeks profitable shelling, he had about cleaned out the reef surrounding Mousseau and was contemplating returning to Rabaul, the capital of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea, situated on the large island of New Britain, some three hundred miles away. He would have, he knew, no difficulty in disposing of his harvest.

Before leaving however, he decided to spend a few days looking over the island with a view to establishing a permanent trade station on it. Although the island had been under Government control for some years, not much was known about it and it had been left alone, except for very rare inspections from some visiting official. The result being that the natives were extremely primitive and had rather a reputation for treachery and violence.

Despite the long distance to the nearest European settlement, it might have proved an ideal site for a trading station as there was plenty of copra and shell available and no competition for these products. In any event it was well worthwhile investigating. Bell therefore landed and spent several days contacting the local natives, particularly the Chief, who proved to be quite friendly - while exploring the islands. Bell at the same time endeavoured to extract from the locals some information as to its previous history and native lore.

He asked the Chief who were the first white men with whom they had ever been in contact. The Chief told him, through one of the crew who seemed to have some knowledge of the local dialect and acted as interpreter, that many, many years ago in the time of their ancestors, a great ship like a house, very high at both ends, had arrived and anchored off the beach in the same place that Bell's schooner now occupied. The crew, white-skinned bearded men, were in very poor condition with much sickness among them, many being unable to walk. The sick were brought ashore by their countrymen and tents made of sails were erected on the beach. It seemed quite obvious, from their description, that the ship was an old time galleon, stricken with scurvy - the scourge of those days.

For several weeks they remained while the sick members of the crew recovered. At first the natives were very friendly towards them and all went well; but later on friction arose and the natives attacked them, driving many away from the beach. During the fighting that ensued several natives and Spaniards were killed or wounded. Next day the ship lowered two boats full of armed men who made for the beach. After fierce fighting they drove the natives back into the swampy ground in the interior. The Chief explained to Bell that each boat had a big 'Musket' in the bows. Obviously these being small boats cannon. When the Europeans were well into the swamp, recklessly pursuing their fleeing enemy, the natives rallied, surrounded and attacked them fiercely. The Chief explained that it had been very hard to kill the white men as they had 'iron skins', but this very factor made them more vulnerable as the weight of their bodies caused them to sink into the marshy ground. It was quite obvious from this description that the 'iron skins' he referred to were really armour.

Eventually the Spaniards were driven back; leaving many killed and wounded and also abandoning their two cannons which they had carried with them. The wounded were immediately killed by the natives who, following their usual cannibalistic custom, feasted with rejoicing on the bodies of their foes.

Bell asked what had happened to the cannon which had been captured and the Chief replied that they had been left lying where they had been abandoned, on a spot very close to the place where Bell was standing.

Being very interested in this tale, Bell asked to be taken to the scene of the fight which proved to be a small swamp behind the beach. As the natives assured him that the cannon had never been removed but had, over the years, sunk into the ground, he borrowed one of their fish spears and endeavoured to locate the cannons whereabouts by prodding the marshy earth. After searching for a short time and without much difficulty, his spear encountered a hard object which when unearthed proved to be a small brass cannon, bearing the raised impress of the Imperial Crown of Spain on its breech. This was a typical example of a boat's cannon, mounted in the bows of ships boats or pinnaces in those days. Despite a prolonged search he could not locate the second cannon.

After this successful effort, Bell was naturally keen to find the armour and equipment of the dead Spaniards, but was told by the Chief that it was their custom to remove all bones and relics after a cannibalistic feast to the other side of the island. There, they were buried in order that the victors would not be haunted by the *tambarans* or ghosts of their departed foes and he did not know where the remains had been buried.

Bell took the little brass cannon into Rabaul and presented it to the small local museum where it was identified as a cannon of approximately the sixteenth century.

An interesting footnote to the above tale is that sometime before the nineteen fourteen war, when part of New Guinea and the Bismarck Archipelago was a German Colony, a German officer with police boys had landed on Mousseau on a tour of inspection and had been treacherously murdered with all his expedition.

A punitive expedition had later punished the attackers and Mousseau was then left for many years without any further visits until, in nineteen fourteen, the Australians captured these former German possessions.

In the early nineteen twenties a British District Officer made a patrol to Mousseau and among the various interesting things discovered was the crested silver table ware and a pair of silver candlesticks belonging to the murdered German Officer. Apparently in those days it was customary for the German officials to travel in some state and comfort on their leisurely patrols.

I often regret not having obtained more information about those early pioneering days of New Guinea from the survivors I knew such as Charlie and Captain Carlson, who have now gone, and from my contemporaries like Les Bell. Captain Carlson, one of the last of this band, either died or was murdered (in New Hannover) during the Japanese occupation of these islands in the last war.

This colourful chapter of island history is something which has now vanished forever in the archives of time. Unfortunately very little of it has been recorded and posterity will be the poorer for its loss, in the study of the richness and variety of human experience. ■

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*This poem was written in 1956. Bernard wrote this poem when he was in Grade 6 in St Mary's, opposite Lae Bowling Club.*

**NEW GUINEA by Bernard Oberleuter**

I know a verdant island fair  
With forests ferns and flowers rare  
Where mountains tower to the sky  
And lovely fertile valleys lie  
Where flit the gaudy butterflies  
And huns the birds of paradise  
Where summer holds eternal sway  
Her people live so free and gay  
New Guinea gem of the southern seas  
What wondrous charms you hold for me  
Once upon our friendly strand  
Is treasured more than all this land  
Tis LAE my home on huon shores  
So fondly called the open door  
The open door to hills that hold  
Vast quantities of richest gold  
Our buzzing dromes our wharves our shops  
With busy life forever throbs  
Our jungle nooks to hikes invite  
Our pools and brooks with tempting sights  
The ancient hills the ocean blue  
What grandeur great presents to you  
God bless our lovely isle and LAE  
And make us more her own each day.

## EXTRACT FROM 'BILONG GUT TAIM BIPOR'

by HENRY G EEKHOFF

*With thanks to Ossie Dent for sending this to us. (Part 1 of 2)*

Landing in Rabaul Harbour early one September morning in 1921, I was, like many before me, impressed by the scene, and at first, sick from the smell of sulphur from the active volcanos [sic] in the vicinity.

I had come to New Guinea, employed by the then existing Repatriation Board, a body set up by the Commonwealth to take over the German Plantations, Shipping and Business owned by German Nationals and 'Repatriate' the owners. The German were allowed 15 marks a day while awaiting their 'deportation' to their Fatherland. Be it here noted, these people took no part in the 1914 War. They just wanted to live and work peacefully in the land of their adoption. But 'Billy' Hughes had other ideas!

However I was sent to what I was told was the 'Pearl of the Pacific' namely the Island of Mal in the Ninigo Islands. It was a 'pearl' all right. An atoll with a swamp in the middle, from it came mosquitoes by the million. I spent my 42<sup>nd</sup> birthday on the 'Mecklon' skippered by Capt. Bunnie and duly landed on the beach of Mal where I was met by the Board's district inspector, an officious individual name 'JA' for short. One of his first utterances was to the effect "you don't want to let the German b\_\_\_\_\_ here put it over you." From that moment I took a dislike to 'JA' which remained till he drank himself to death in Lae many years after.

Well, I was duly introduced to the Manager of Mal, a short 'stocky' Prussian named Zollar, as 'the new manager'. I clicked my heels together, shook hands, and bowed from the middle. It did the trick. In front of JA he said "I am glad to know there is one gentleman in Australia." By this I concluded that JA hadn't been 'gentlemanly'. Next day JA left by a small boat for Maron the Island Headquarters for the district, leaving me with Zollar who was to be taken to Rabaul by a schooner the following week.

Here I was on an isolated atoll with a Prussian who, naturally felt 'sore' (to say the least) with one, such as I, [who] would take over everything including a 'line' of nearly 100 labourers. He was most friendly to me. He gave me a full list of names of the 'boys' and handed over to me his well equipped hospital and a great variety of instruments in good order.

After a few days Zollar confided in me that he had 500 marks that our friend JA hadn't found, and wondered how he would get them away if JA came back with the schooner. I told him I had an idea.

Now in Zollar's kitchen were five kerosene tins of fat and I suggested melting four tins into which we put the 500 marks and let the fat set over it, much to the delight of Zollar. It so happened that the 'skipper' of the boat that would take what was by now my friend, to Rabaul, was a friend of Zollar's and I suggested the skipper purchase the four tins of fat from me at 5 marks each. The deal was struck and the four tins went aboard much to the delight of those 'in the know'. JA travelled with it, ignorant of the fact. I figured it out, that having lost all he had through a war not of his making, and in which he had taken no part, I was, by this act, showing that Britishers knew how to treat the vanquished.

*Cont.---*

Germans were sent back to the Fatherland with a piece of paper, a 'receipt' for their plantations at the rate of so many marks per palm representing their life's work and told to 'collect from their Government.' They collected nothing.

Fever was bad at Mal, thousands of 'mossies' would follow you around the plantation. Natives carried 'switches' made of palm fronds and lit fires to keep 'mossies' away. After 9 months, I was taken off by the skipper of a boat who found me delirious and took me to Manus, where I worked receiving copra from the Island Plantations round about, until the 'Board' sent me to Matanatar in the Kokopo District. Here I stayed for five years. Here I learned much.

Matanatar was the experimental plantation for a large German Company during the 'heydays' of the German regime. It had copra, Liberian Coffee, Cocoa, Vanilla, also Mangosteen and Nutmeg, but only copra was worked commercially, producing only 14 tons a month. There were 140 natives on the roll. Why I didn't know. I got everybody on the job, collecting nuts and cutting grass, and in the process 'discovered' well over 1000 young palms in an area that hadn't been touched for a year. Gradually I reduced my labour line down to 60 and eventually 50 labourers were my labour strength. I put all on 'piece work' which was a great success. There were hundreds of acres of 'kunai grass' land which labour cleaned up and planted with native foods, as the time came when there was no need for Saturday work. So the boys made garden [and] grew native food which I purchased from them for plantation use. I opened a store and sold at landed cost on some lines. Thus the 'bois' stopped on the plantation and I had no need to draw wages from head office, I was self contained. It was made round and went round.

In about 1926, the Expropriation Board sold all plantations, including Matanatar. I was paid 6 months wages, about £180 and left with the Board's best wishes, with the information that for the 'last three years, Matanatar had paid its way'. Naturally with staff reduced by about 80 units.

I might add that until I went to Kokopo (Matanatar) a 'settled area' I wasn't allowed to bring my wife to New Guinea, none of us were till 1922.

Leaving Matanatar we went to Rabaul for a holiday, and like Micawber in Charles Dickens, 'waiting for something to turn up'. It did.

A certain 'gentleman' named McP who had purchased a plantation on Djaul Island in the Kavieng District approached me to go and work Djaul Plantation. He was a typical Englishman and according to his statements he regarded himself in the 'who's who' category, if not on the Peerage List. I accepted Djaul on terms of £40 a month and 5/- bonus on every ton of copra, to which he agreed. Landing at Djaul by the monthly copra boat we found 40 bags of copra the output of a months work of about 30 boys. A good start. The plantation was overgrown by weeds and germinating nuts. I found the village about 1/2 mile away and I arranged with the 'Luluai' to cut and dry, paying them £5 a ton, my boys would collect nuts and cut grass. It worked wonderfully. Next shipment a month later there was just over 25 tons and the place beginning to take shape. That month my earnings were £46/5/- but as the production increased so did McP's objection at the 5/- commission. Of course he was delighted with production, but not paying for it.

One day McP came along with a bright idea, which was to send me a young man 'to learn the business'. Naturally he wanted to get rid of me now that the place was running smoothly, replacing me with a young chap for a few pounds a month 'to learn the trade'. The young man duly arrived and we left on the boat never saw McP again. Heard he was very annoyed.

Leaving the wife at Kavieng, I sailed to Salamaua intending to go up to the Goldfields. No sooner had we anchored than the then District Officer (Mr Eric Feldt) came aboard to ask me if I would go back to Lae to take over the Agricultural Station there. The year was 1928.

Lae! Hadn't heard of it before. There were the staff of Guinea Airways there, and three men working on the Markham Valley Road and one at the Agricultural Station, which embraced the whole of what was formerly the business centre in what one can call 'old' Lae. There were no European 'settlers' in Lae other than those engaged in the Aircraft business. Our supplies came from Salamaua both passengers and goods came over in Guinea Airways Pinnace. There was no airstrip at Salamaua in 1928. The whole of former Lae was planted up with kau kau, peanuts, taro, yam and bananas. These were harvested and sent across to Salamaua, which at that period was a very cosmopolitan town. All passengers for the Goldfields had to go through Lae at £25 each person and 1/- per pound freight.

The time arrived for the Administration to survey Lae as a township with the result the Station was closed down and I had to seek new pastures. We built a native material house on the site of the Hotel Cecil. We built it for our own use, but as Lae was learning to walk there was an ever increasing list of aircraft passengers, prospectors and recruiters to be catered for, so a new business opened in the way of a Rest House of native material. Under its roof lived the Fox Brothers, the Ashton Brothers, the Leahy Brothers, Mick Dwyer, the Peadons, Messrs Decoudter and Joubert who were to test ground for the Placer Development Co. From Eekhoff's Rest House, men, whose names are well known, went forth to discover Ramu, Mt Hagen, Goroka, and to open up new areas. Lines of carriers could be seen making up 40lb packs and wending their way into the unknown by foot. There were no airstrips of any importance at that period. When the town was surveyed, I built a small trade store by the side of the tree (still standing by the Hotel), the only store in Lae, and a few weeks later I secured a business block. My wife purchased a native material house and land, as Mrs FS (Ma) Stewart purchased our Rest House and on the site erected the first 'Hotel Cecil' which was destroyed by the Japanese on January 21<sup>st</sup>, 1942.

After the survey of Lae, we secured a town site and erected an iron prefabricated store, closing our store by the tree at the Hotel Cecil, for at this stage Mrs Stewart had purchased my wife's Rest House and subsequently erected the first Hotel Cecil on the site.

Now things began to move, especially after Decouter and Joubert's favourable report on the Bulolo Valley Tests. Small airstrips soon 'dotted' the countryside to supply groups of miners in isolated areas. The New Guinea Goldfields built a 'strip' at Salamaua to accommodate light aircraft, while Guinea Airways introduced three three-engine Junkers to lift their dredges (6 in all) to their Bulolo and Bulwa sites. The heaviest part to be carried was the tumbler shaft,

in the vicinity of 3 tons. The Junker engines would not give the 'lift' so a number of Pratt and Whitby engines were fitted in lieu of them. At this time things really went ahead and it wasn't long before both fares and freight charges were reduced. Everyone including natives were 'air minded'. There were in the vicinity of from 250 to 300 alluvial miners 'on the field' but not all of them were 'on gold'.

Naturally as a result my business went ahead. Burns Philp had a large store and Chinatown had established itself at Lae. I stuck to 'native trade' chiefly - it was a cash over counter system. I had my ways and means of meeting the new competition, perishable goods and groceries didn't interest me.

I imported from Germany, UK, Japan, China, Czechoslovakia, and a small quantity from Italy. This was my chief weapon by which I fought the mounting competition and very effective it was too, for most of my competitors purchased from Australia and local merchants. I cut out the middle-man and sold at competitive prices.

My chief stocks were knives, axes, tomahawks, salt, rice, lap lap material, bicycles, trade boxes, beads, vegetable seed, sugar, tea, biscuits, soft drinks, mirrors, peroxide, white khaki shorts, *sariffs*, hoes, taro spades, scissors and a host of other items, not forgetting rice at 3lb for 1/- and taper-tinned meat at 1/- per tin.

I figured 32 3 lb packets of rice to a 100lb, in some cases perhaps 33. In one of these I would put 1/-. The native that found a 1/- in his packet would tell everybody, consequently my sale of 3lb packets of rice was fantastic! My Chinese friends were at a loss to know why their sales had dropped, so like a good friend, I was naturally sympathetic. Wouldn't you be?

The round trip from Rabaul to Japan and Hong Kong back to Rabaul was £33. My wife and I used to take a trip to get to know manufacturers and buy stocks for cash over the counter, bringing it back with us. Thus it was not only a holiday for us, but a very worthwhile business venture. We made personal contact with Japanese at Tokyo, Nagoya, Osaka and Yokohama in the Bay of Yeda, also with Chinese at Hong Kong, Kowloon and Shanghai, though we never had any business dealings with the latter. Practically every NDL boat calling brought us cane furniture from Hong Kong. I used to sell unbleached calico 36" wide in 40 yard 'bolts' for 6d per yard to natives, it was good for canoe sails and domestic purposes. It cost at that time 2<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> pence sterling per yard f.o.b. Japan.

And so life went on. Every day the same. I was too interested in my business to go 'prospecting' I had no need to. Business just came and that's all there was to it. Honesty and straight dealing with native and European brings success, especially when my son was on top of that volcano formed mountain overlooking Lae.

Occasionally a native would come to me and say "Master me no got mark, me hungry too much". He would get a packet of rice, tin of meat, 2 sticks of tobacco, box matches and 'paper bilong smoke' and sent on his way. 'Cast your bread on the waters, etc.' It did, from the natives of that village when we lived at the foot of that mountain, to my son 'Papa bilong you give im rice bilong me bepor.' And so things went on peacefully until war upset our tranquility. Hitherto markets were closed, my supply came to an end. I left my wife and son to carry on 'for the time being' while I went up to work Cresswell's 'tribute' from NGG on what was formerly Joe Hones lease on Edie Creek. Cresswell joined up.

*To be finalised in March 2009 Una Voce* ■



## **AN ENTHUSIASTIC COLLECTOR OF DIVERSE MATERIAL RELATING TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS by Jim Burton**

After twenty years residing and working in seven locations in the South Pacific Islands Groups of Fiji, Vanuatu and Papua New Guinea, Jim Burton of Riverhills, Brisbane is recording not only his own South Pacific years but the activities of other fellow travellers as well.

### **PROJECTS, PAST AND PRESENT**

#### **Past projects:**

During 1993-95, three hard copy reference sections were established of the two Index' for the Pacific Islands Monthly Magazines (PIM) 1930-45 and 1945-55 - **People, Shipping and Island Groups**.

Copies of booklets on **Island Groups** are available to anyone prepared to pay for the costs of photocopying, binding and postage. Contact details are shown at the end of this article.

#### **Present and on-going projects:**

**'Documenting the Families and the Identities of the South Pacific Islands - A Biographical Dictionary'**. This project has been underway for the past 20 years, having been decided upon by the joint efforts of Reece Discombe (1919-2007) and Jim Burton (1937- ). Jim's circular letter and questionnaire in hard-copy, which can be completed online and returned, all by email, are available just for the asking.

Having recently purchased the **CD titled 'Australians and Other Expatriates in Papua New Guinea 1888-1975'** collated by Joan Ainsworth in 1981 and published by the Queensland Family History Society of Gaythorne Brisbane, this material will eventually be added into his database also. Material includes extracts from newspapers and Government Gazettes, cemetery tombstone and burial details, internees from two wars, change of names, naturalisation applicants etc.

Preparing an **Index of PIMs 1955-2000** when it ceased publication. Though this is a mammoth task, information gained will then be readily available for transfer within his Families and Identities database collection.

**Extending his vast collection of PIMs**. Jim is just 140 issues short of a complete collection of the total of 839 issues. Some of these early copies are showing their years, however having copied so many of those issues, they do not need to be handled very often. Three photocopies are made; one to be filed with its original PIM, and two filed for cutting and pasting. Jim has many PIM duplicates and is keen to exchange, not sell, his duplicates for some of those 140 missing copies, with others who might like to build up their collection, or have copies that they no longer require, or wish to hold in storage - anything but a wheelie bin disposal, please.

Another interesting project underway is **'Memories of the South Pacific Islands Are Being Recalled'**. There are no costs involved as Jim and his wife Joan supply morning tea, and they have nothing to sell. Interesting guest speakers from one or another of the Island Groups, CD and DVDs, books and paper presentations add to the enjoyment of these gatherings and meetings with other former Island residents. Gatherings on November 14 and December 12 have been booked with the Albany Creek Library, 9am-12noon. For further information please contact: Jim Burton, 4 Gwydir Street, Riverhills Qld 4074 - Phone 07 - 3376 3356 - email [burtonjf@bigpond.com](mailto:burtonjf@bigpond.com) ■

## The “so called” MONTEVIDEO MARU NOMINAL ROLL

*Was it really for that purpose?*

*Maxwell R. HAYES RPNGC 1959-1974.*

For some time, I have been pondering the generally accepted “so called” *Montevideo Maru* nominal roll and believe that the time has come for a name change for this document and, in the light of further information, to more properly identify the circumstances and the date of the compilation of this list by the Japanese in 1942. I believe that this list was compiled shortly after the men’s capture in early 1942 and should therefore be referred to as the Rabaul Captives List. An official manifest of those on board does not appear to exist.

For over 60 years, the nominal roll has been associated with the *Montevideo Maru*. It has been regarded as a list of those allegedly on this unfortunate p.o.w. vessel which sailed from Rabaul on 22.6.1942 for the port of Samah, Hainan. On board were army and civilian captives from Rabaul. It was torpedoed off Cape Luzon, Philippines, on 1.7.1942 with the total loss of the 1,053 men on board. The loss of these men is the greatest single loss of Australian lives in our maritime history.

The betrayal of those Australians living in Rabaul and the New Guinea islands, and those sent to defend this hopelessly indefensible position, is a tragic blot on the record of the Curtin wartime government. These men could have been evacuated on the Norwegian freighter, *Herstein* (bombed and sunk a short while later) but for a cable to the acting Administrator Harold Hillis Page, that it was more important for this vessel “to load copra”.

I have no hesitation in accepting that there was a *Montevideo Maru* and that it was sunk with the loss of 1,053 probably younger and fit Australian lives as described by seaman Yoshiaki Yamaji located in Japan by Albert Speer MBE and broadcast in an ABC television interview on 6.10.2003, and that none survived. We know of the massacre at Tol in February 1942 and of other executions and medical experiments being conducted on prisoners but, by mid 1942, there must have been some intention to use a labour force made from captives.

There is also quite remarkable evidence of Rudy Buckley who was a witness to lines of soldiers being herded onto barges to be taken out to the *Montevideo Maru*. In 1942, when soldiers were being marched under covering machine guns to the shore from their camp at the western end of Rabaul at what later became known as ‘2/22<sup>nd</sup> street’ to the barges, one managed to slip to Rudy, then a 12 yr old mixed race child at the departure point, an army handkerchief on which was the soldier’s serial number (VX19523) and name (B.O’Neil). This extraordinary event is the subject of a future article.

We know that the Army officers and nurses survived the war as p.o.w. in Japan. 60 army officers, 17 nurses (6 army, 4 Methodist Missionary and 7 civilian nurses from Namanula Hospital) together with plantation owner Mrs Bignell were transported to Japan on the *Naruto Maru* from Rabaul on 6.7.1942 arriving at Yokahama eight days later. They all survived the war. Albert Speer believes that yet another vessel, the *Buenos Aires Maru* departed Rabaul around the time of the *Montevideo Maru* departure with captives.

Many believed that not all the men were on board. We have eyewitnesses in Rabaul, particularly Gordon Thomas, pre-war owner of the Rabaul Times who states in his memoirs there were rumours a short while after Rabaul fell that the Japanese were returning older men to Australia and Nelson Tokiel (see below).

In early 2004 Albert and I undertook an extensive search of the National Archives of Australia depot at North Melbourne and located a single page of what is thought to be Japanese character version of the original “so called” Montevideo Maru nominal roll. It has been theorized that the vessel’s nominal roll was supposed to have been compiled some two weeks before it sailed from Rabaul on 22.06.1942 but this appears incorrect.

This page measures approximately 36cm x 25.5cm and is on very flimsy translucent paper, ragged around the left hand edge. It was printed in red in rectangular format, nine columns wide. There was no heading for any of the columns, but each was self explanatory. There is hand written text in Katakana and Kanji which appears to me to be a direct carbon copy of an original.

There are three Japanese character languages, Katakana, Hiragana and Kanji. Katakana, consisting of simple characters is principally used for the translation of non Japanese names whilst Kanji is the ordinary language of endless characters describing every day usage. The entries are thus in Katakana and Kanji.

Whilst Katakana is the nearest written approximation to an Anglicized name it is, by virtue of having so few characters, often open to considerable variances of the actual name by reason of it being phonetic and not being able to depict the many idiosyncrasies in pronunciation and spelling of actual names. When translated back into Anglicized names it represents the Japanese phonetic spelling of the original name which does not necessarily bear much resemblance to the original name. For example there is no sound or character for our letter ‘l’. Thus my name when translated into Katakana sounds something like ‘heisu’ (Hayes) ‘matsuweru’ (Maxwell). You can well imagine the problems Major Williams incurred in translating what he assumed to be the vessel’s nominal roll. He translated it in piecemeal fashion as his duties permitted before returning to Australia.

The columns on the page from left to right are;

1. an assigned number
  2. name in Katakana
  3. age in Japanese numerals,
  4. service rank in Kanji,
  5. job classification in Kanji,
  6. blank,
  7. unit in Kanji,
  8. home state in Katakana and
  9. place of capture in Kanji.
- There are 5 names and entries spreading across the page.

80	JEFFERY HANNAH	27	Cpl	Infantry		2nd Coy	2nd Coy	On coast of New Guinea
173	JEFFERY HANNAH	27	Cpl	Infantry		2nd Coy	2nd Coy	On coast of New Guinea
325	JAMES FREEDMAN	24	Pvt	Artillery		2nd Coy	2nd Coy	On coast of New Guinea
465	NOBLE JOSEPH KENNEDY	19	Pvt	Artillery		2nd Coy	2nd Coy	On coast of New Guinea
521	ROBERT JAMES HORGAN	33	Pvt	Artillery		2nd Coy	2nd Coy	On coast of New Guinea

The principal Anglicized handwritten translations are well formed, neat and regular. In a few places additional different handwriting has added place names and surnames. Also written are a few notes by myself. It is possible that some of the handwriting is that of a Japanese interpreter.

In the following transcript I will show how there have been two distinct translation entries. The original I will present as lower case, and the variation in upper case.

86. Reginald Charles Bows (BURNS), 28, Cpl, Infantry ..... B Company 22 Battalion, Victoria State, On coast of Wide Bay.
123. Jeffrey ..(HANNAH), 27, Cpl, Paymaster ...Armoured Troop, Brisbane, (KERABAT).
325. Francis Frederick Moore, 24, Pvt, Artillery...Artillery, Victoria, (KERABAT).
465. Neal(IS)? Joseph Kennedy, 19, Pvt, Transport,...Headquarters, Melbourne, (KOKOPO).
521. Herbert S(Y)dney Morgan, 33, Pvt, Artillery...Royal Aust Artillery, Tasmania, On coast of Wide Bay.

I have checked the above entries with the records of WW2 veterans with the Australian War Memorial nominal rolls. There are five related entries which record the dates of death as being on 1.7.1942. The ages of the soldiers recorded on the single kana/kanji page located at Archives when compared with the soldiers dates of birth at the AWM prove that the narrow window of 23.1.1942 and 22.2.1942 is the only time the roll could have been compiled. On this basis, I believe that the roll, such as we see in the one apparently surviving page, was compiled within the first month of captivity and four months before the *Montevideo Maru* sailed.

In the course of researching my police force I came across an article in the PNG Post Courier January 29, 1971, which was a resumé of the police service of Inspector Nelson Tokiel on his retirement. He was awarded the Queen's Police Medal for distinguished police service. Nelson born 28.6.1926 joined the pre-war TNG native police on 25.1.1938 and became a bandsman. Both as a policeman and as a bandsman playing at official functions, he would have known Harold Page well and other senior government officers. In 1942 he was captured by the Japanese. In the article he relates the next several months. He then says "they (he and another fine native policeman named Henry Tohian) were put to work as labourers digging tunnels. They learned that Harold Page, the secretary to the Administrator, and about 20 other Europeans were imprisoned in a tunnel under heavy guard, only occasionally allowed out to wash themselves. One night the European group was loaded on a Japanese vessel and the laborers were hustled on to others in a convoy of 14 - seven war ships and seven cargo boats. The convoy sailed for Salamaua and at Gona the leading vessel carrying Page and the other Europeans was bombed".



The ship which was bombed and beached in shallow water at Gona on 31.7.1942 was the *Ayatosan Maru* but no roll has yet been identified for this vessel. Photos of this vessel exist in the AWM. What followed then is not clear but the thread was picked up again in 1951 when Albert Speer, then a senior medical assistant, was patrolling

around Buna to Gona shortly after the Mount Lamington volcanic explosion in January 1951. When proceeding from Cape Killerton to Gona by canoe, paddled by a local native Solomon Mekoda (now aged 99), and passing the wreck, Albert enquired of the background. He was told that the Japanese had taken those Europeans injured when the vessel was bombed to a nearby mission and executed them, leaving the bodies on the beach. Approximately 24 graves in three rows with crosses sat just above the high water mark on the beach. Local villagers told

him they had buried the bodies there 'because they were Europeans', and that a mission carpenter had made the wooden crosses. That cemetery is believed to still exist, though much covered by foliage as a recent photo indicates.

The finding of this cemetery at the spot where the *Ayatosan Maru* was beached must be regarded as conclusive proof that Tokiel's narratives are true. Albert reported this finding to a senior Administration officer, Sydney Elliott-Smith, but was told to disregard any mention of it in his patrol report. The fact that the Commonwealth War Graves Commission did not take any interest in this site in the intervening six years after war ceased, ie did not move the bodies to a War Graves Cemetery such as Bomana, also confirms that the graves were those of civilians and supports Tokiel's statement. The photo of this cemetery appears in 'Papuan Victory' (an early post-war publication) and also in 'Gona's Gone'. The source of this photo taken on 14.12.1942 is Australian War Memorial 013839. The photo appears to be incorrectly entitled 'Australian soldiers who died in the fighting for Gona'.

Having known Nelson Tokiel for some years during my RPNGC service, I, and many other expat officers, have the greatest faith in his integrity. He was not sensationalizing or inventing the Page incident, nor was it solicited by the reporter; it was just simply a few paragraphs mentioning events during his service in the police and which were overlooked in the 1971 Post Courier article. By the time I have gone back to Rabaul in 2003 both he and Tohian, two fine native police officers, had died.

It is clear that the page Albert and I saw was a carbon copy of a roll, which means that there were at least two copies of this roll compiled, I believe, early in 1942. I have hypothesized that with 5 names to a page there should have been well over 200 pages in any such nominal roll. What then became of the rest of this "so called" Montevideo Maru roll? Was a copy sent to Japan early in the war and what did Williams see in October 1945?

Major Harold Stannett Williams went to Japan in 1919, became a business man fluent in the Japanese language and the written script. During the war he served in the Australian Army in 2 Australian War Crimes Section. Due to the fact he could speak Japanese he was sent to Japan on 27.8.1945 to investigate the fate of the Rabaul captives who had not been heard of since 1942. It was during this investigation he located the "so called" nominal roll which his report states was a mimeographed 48 page roll, with six columns, in Japanese. (Note that the page found in Archives had nine columns.) It was not possible to send this back to Australia by teletype equipment so he was granted permission to carry this roll with him when he returned to Australia on 5.12.1945. Unfortunately this valuable roll cannot be located today... After his discharge in 1949 Major Williams returned to live the remainder of his life in Japan. He was awarded the O.B.E. in 1972 for his research into Japanese cultural life and history, dying at Kobe in 1987.

So what do we make of this "so called" nominal roll which Williams pressured Japanese authorities into supplying him with? If you accept the statement of Nelson Tokiel, as I do, Page (and others) died on, or near, the *Ayatosan Maru* wreck at Gona on or about 31.7.1942 and were never anywhere near the *Montevideo Maru*.

Conclusion:

These, and other circumstances, convince me that the 'so called' nominal roll was not that of captive army personnel and civilians of Rabaul thought to have been

on the *Montevideo Maru* but was compiled shortly after their capture early in 1942 and transferred to Japan in 1943. Williams did a particularly fine job in his bare three months there. He had no reason to assume that a roll of names presented to him was anything but the nominal roll of the *Montevideo Maru*.

I suppose that we should be grateful that at least one page of the 'Rabaul Captives Nominal Roll 1942' has survived the destruction of Rabaul during the Japanese occupation, the perils of the sea, the incendiary bombing of Japan and the machinations of certain levels of Australian Government still keen to keep the betrayal of those unfortunates of Rabaul in January 1942 a secret. Just as modern Japan has written much of WWII out of its history books, ergo, it did not happen, have we in Australia done any different? I hope that, henceforth this roll, and whatever remains of it if indeed anything, will be correctly known as the 'Rabaul Captives Nominal Roll 1942'.

Researcher, Rod Miller, has put together an excellent web site which readers will find interesting.

<http://www.montevideomaru.info/Montevideo/html/Montevideo%20Maru.htm>

He has also published the story of the Army, civilian and mission and the nurses of Rabaul, who survived the war as p.o.w. in Japan. I am indebted to AWM, Australian Archives, Rudy Buckley, Albert Speer, Rod Miller, and others who share the interest of those betrayed captives of Rabaul, 1942.

*Footnote:* Eminent PNG historian, Professor Hank Nelson AM, having seen the research documents now accepts that this roll was compiled between the dates of 23.1.1942 and 22.2.1942. ■

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### **THE HISTORY OF JUDO IN PNG by Charles Betteridge**

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in June 1961 and I was down at Ela Beach in Port Moresby having my usual dip in the ocean and admiring the surrounding beauty (especially the two-legged female variety) when next, one of my mates came along and asked me if I was interested in joining a newly formed Judo Club. "What the hell is Judo?!" I asked and then, out of curiosity, I went with him to the Boroko Rugby League building in Boroko. In a room below the grandstand were four other guys rolling over on some old bed mattresses covered over by a sheet of tarpaulin. I thought to myself that they looked a weird mob as they were dressed in pyjamas with a small dressing gown as a sort of coat.

After brief introductions I was told to stand on the canvas (taking my thongs off first), then I was picked up quite easily and ended on my back (gently) all within a very brief moment. Naturally I was amazed as to what happened and asked them to show me how it was done. Explanations followed on how to stand, how to grab your opponent and how to use his weight combined with my movement to throw him. I did my very first throw in Judo, and I was hooked immediately. Even though on that Sunday morning I was only in shorts and a T-shirt I stayed on to learn more, especially on rolling, doing break falls, stance etc.

The newly formed Judo Club had only been operating about a month and Judo was being practiced on Thursday nights and on Sunday mornings at the Rugby League Ground building in Boroko. It was certainly a very crude beginning for the Port Moresby Judo Club - the first ever martial arts association formed in PNG. From these humble beginnings the Port Moresby Judo Club which started its training sessions on sleeping mattresses grew rapidly. In early 1963 proper *tatami's* (mattings) were bought and this certainly improved our training conditions. There were two Black Belt 1st Dan instructors and grading exams were conducted every six months or so. The Club also had a good strong committee.



In early 1964 the Rothmans National Sports Foundation was offering to all sporting clubs in PNG the opportunity to have trained experts travel to PNG to give training sessions and advice and the Port Moresby Judo Club was the very first sporting club to receive these benefits. In November 1964 we had John Peters (3rd Dan) and Yoshinori Takeuchi (5th Dan) come to Port Moresby to instruct the members and to conduct grading examinations as well. I was already a Yellow Belt 5th Kyu and I was promoted to Orange Belt 4th Kyu on 10th November 1964 by Yoshinori Takeuchi and John Peters. By the end of 1964 the membership had grown rapidly and we had to find larger premises in which to conduct our classes. In early 1965 the Club moved out to St. Joseph's Hall in East Boroko and was to remain there until the mid 1970's. By now the Club held classes on Monday and Thursday nights with the junior classes going from 6.30pm to 7.30pm and the senior classes from 7.30pm to 9.30pm.

Besides Judo, a special Self Defence class was operating and was conducted by Eric Blount a former employee of Steamships Trading Company. Eric was their chief security officer nationwide before retiring to his hometown of Charters Towers, Qld, in late 1974. Eric formed a self defence club in Charters Towers and continued instructing up to his 90th birthday. He died in 2003 aged 93 years.

In February 1965 we had a Japanese businessman visit our club one Thursday night and he seemed very interested in what we were all doing. I went up and invited him in and as he watched our Judo sessions he started commenting that a certain throw we were all doing was not quite right or a particular foot movement was not correct. I then asked him what he knew about Judo and the next few words he said really 'knocked me over'. He said he was a Black Belt 6th Dan and was in PNG looking at the fledging Palm Oil industry in PNG. I then introduced him, Mr. Kenzo Fukuda, to the entire senior and junior members, explaining his grade (6th Dan). The entire club was stunned for some moments and before long he was surrounded by members young and old. He too was very impressed with the warm reception he received and our club was to benefit from him for the next twelve months. We all learnt quite a bit from Kenzo including the correct pronunciations in Japanese of the many aspects of Judo. In June 1965 I travelled over to the World Headquarters of Judo, The Kodokan in Tokyo. I was already a Brown Belt 1st Kyu and I went over to gain my Black Belt 1st Dan. I stayed in the Kodokan itself for the entire two months, trained six days a week and did contests on the seventh day. At the very end I was successful in gaining my Black Belt 1st Dan. I was the very first person from PNG ever to train in the Kodokan. Other milestones with the Pt Moresby Judo Club were the affiliation of the PNG Judo Federation with the Oceania Judo Union (OJU), PNG Sports Federation and the International Judo Federation (IJF). Judo is the only martial arts affiliated to the PNGSF and is also contested in the South Pacific Games.

In early 1968 I was transferred from Port Moresby to Madang with Burns Philp Automotive and the Club held a special farewell function for my wife (who also did Judo) and me. I was awarded Life Membership of the Port Moresby Judo Club and the PNG Judo Federation, something I hold very dear even to this day. By 1988 the movement of Judoists out of PNG or to other parts of PNG saw its demise even though other clubs had started at the UPNG and at Sogeri National High School after the Pt Moresby Judo Club had folded by the late 1970's.

In Feb 2007 a reunion of three former members of the Moresby Judo Club (plus my wife and I) took place at our home in Modanville, NSW. It had been 40 years since we had last seen each other and what a wonderful reunion it was! ■

## **GOING BACK FOR A LOOK by Graham Egan**

We had been thinking about going back for a look for years. Recent retirement finally gave us the opportunity and dispensed of all our excuses. So, in August four of us who had first met in Maprik in 1970-1, boarded an Airlines of PNG flight to Port Moresby. We were Vicki Walshe (nee Little), Graham Egan, Paul and Helen Dennett and we wanted to see how the country had coped following our departures in 1976, 1981 and 1986. We visited Port Moresby, Goroka, Wewak, Maprik and Madang.

Moresby is dusty (Laurabada time), messy, much bigger and very busy. Orientation took a bit of time, but the old town was still there and the strangeness soon passed. The infrastructure decline, especially roads, is very noticeable. The main roads were fair, but the minor roads were awful, with large potholes and not much bitumen. The tropical climate had been pretty cruel to a lot of the housing. Thirty years demand a lot of maintenance and its absence was clear everywhere. Of course, maintenance is costly and not very glamorous, so money goes elsewhere.

Stepping out of the plane into the freshness of a clear, sunny Goroka morning reminded me of why I had enjoyed living there for three and a half years (Principal of Goroka Tech College and High School 78-81). The market was lively and had fast food, clothing, household goods and pharmaceuticals (Amoxycillin 20 tabs for K2) for sale as well as the usual vegetables. Small buses, in generally good condition, touted for passengers to Lae and Mt Hagen. The business centre was larger than I remember and full of the litter that was everywhere. The schools were in good nick, as was the old teachers' college-now a campus of UPNG. There were people all over the place, some sitting, some doing business, some just "rounding". The years fell away and I felt I could easily readjust to life there.

We then flew with MAF to Wewak and had superb views of the mountains, even Mt Wilhelm in the clear, dry season air. Wewak is sleepy and hot, but still a tropical gem. We stayed in a good new boutique hotel "In Wewak", perched on top of Wewak hill. The shopping centre at the base of the hill was thronged and busy and badly potholed. Moem Barracks were not as spruce as I remember; some of the buildings were beyond repair. Boram hospital seemed to have withstood quite well the 36 years that had passed since I last saw it. The site of the 1945 surrender of the Japanese at Cape Wom looked good. I was there when the memorial was set up on the 25th anniversary in September 1970.

A double cabin four wheel drive was our transport along the Sepik Highway to Maprik. This is the one road in the country that was better than when I last drove it in 1972. It is now paved. There were a few wash-aways and some rough sections, especially near Wewak, but most of the road was very good. There was even a high bridge replacing the causeway across the Nagum river a few kilometres from Wewak. In the past we had spent many hours at that causeway waiting for the flood to pass after driving from Maprik for a weekend in the big smoke of Wewak. No waiting ever now. Some things are much better.

We were treated like minor royalty at Balupwine and Maprik Primary Schools with drum beating reception committees, coconut palm arches, garlands around our necks and speeches of welcome. The friendliness and warmth of the people has not changed one jot.

An offloading at Madang, (some things never change) got us an extra day there, at Air Niugini's expense. This tropical jewel of a town shines as brightly as ever. The



mountains of the Rai Coast continue to brood in the distance and the coastal swell still washes languidly against palm fringed shores. It's a cliché of tropical loveliness and the streets were the cleanest of any of the towns. One of my ex students from Maprik is the head of Tusbab High School and her husband is the head of the NBC in Madang. It must have something to do with the excellent teaching they received.

We had a final day back in Port Moresby, being feted at one of the upmarket hotels by a group of our ex students.

We had a wonderful time. It was great to see the old place again. There is some decline in infrastructure and the heightened security is very noticeable, but the people are still warm and friendly and it was great to be with them again. Going back was like seeing a friend for the first time in many years. There is that initial shock, as you take in the ravages of time, but the strangeness soon passes and you are with an old friend again.

*Graham was in PNG 1967-81 at Kerema High School, Maprik High School, Mt Hagen Technical College, Administrative College, Rabaul Secretarial College, Goroka Technical College and High School).*

### **How Embarrassing! by Pat Murray nee Stanfield**

In 1950 Wally Lussick and Cliff Batt, both ex Air Force, (RAAF and RAF) bought a Tiger Moth! This excited much interest in Kavieng.

On one long weekend in about June (I think) most of the inhabitants of Kavieng, of all races, went out to the recently established strip. Strip is all it was then. The proud owners of the Moth were giving short joy rides to those who wanted to go up. Several did and I decided to try it.

Cliff was the pilot who took me up and I asked him not to do any fancy flying - "just stooge around quietly and I'll admire the view" - as I didn't trust myself not to be air sick. And so we had a short but enjoyable flight, out over Silver Sound and in the general direction of Patio and southern Lavongai. It was a beautiful, clear sunny day and I enjoyed it. The Moth has two cockpits with the skipper flying it from the rear one and so there I was in front with the other joy stick - ("Don't you touch it!" Cliff warned) - with my legs one on each side of it.

We were coming in to land when a jeep, without a hood, containing a group of Chinese teenagers, went racing along the only sealed strip and Cliff yelled some derogatory remarks and said 'We'll have to go round again'. So he gave the Moth a boost and we shot up and around again. This was too much for my fragile control - there were no 'sickbags' of course and I was concerned for Cliff sitting behind me. I didn't want to cause him to lose control at a crucial moment! In desperation I struggled out of my waist length slip and used it to save the situation.

As soon as we landed, I thanked Cliff hastily and then raced across to where my sister, Diana, was sitting in a truck in some shade. After telling her the story I thought it would be the end of an embarrassing dilemma. What I didn't know was that Wally was sitting on the grass in the shade of the truck and heard all! He proceeded to regale everyone in the bar of the Kavieng Club with the story. What a gentleman! However, as we'd been friends ever since meeting at a Christmas party when we were 5 and 6 years old, I forgave him. ■

**VALE - With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends**  
**Gwendolyn Ethel BUNTING** (2 April 2008, aged 94)

Many people knew Gwen as an elegant, reserved lady with strong, clear views and able to deal with whatever life threw at her. She was extremely dynamic, energetic, incredibly generous, and warm hearted. In the 1930s Gwen was nursing at St Luke's Hospital, Potts Point. There she met Bob Bunting who came down from Papua every so often to visit his sick father, a Samarai businessman with interests in stores, stevedoring and plantations (his father died in 1939). In late 1940 Gwen and Bob were married, but their time together was brief as Bob, a private in the Army, was sent to Singapore. With the fall of Singapore, Bob was captured by the Japanese and sent to Changi and on to the infamous Burma railroad. In January 1946 he arrived back in Sydney to his wife and a four year old daughter, Bev, whom he had never seen. Not long afterwards he returned to Samarai, followed later by a pregnant Gwen and their daughter Bev. Samarai had been devastated by the war – Gwen had to contend with inadequate housing, irregular food supplies, and malaria and other tropical diseases. In July 1946 their son, Peter, was born six weeks premature after Gwen had suffered many bouts of malaria. Their daughter Bettyann was born in 1947. Bob continued to expand his father's trading interests. Eventually there were Buntings stores in Samarai, Lae, Goroka, Kainantu, Popondetta and Sogeri, as well as copra plantations in the Milne Bay area. Working for Buntings in those days in various capacities were Blue Wynn, Dusty Miller, Bobby Rich, Bill Tilley and Ken Lee, then later on Russ Webster, Jerry O'Callaghan and Jack Skurrah. In 1955 the family moved to Goroka. In 1959 Bob and Gwen suffered a massive blow when their daughter, Bev, was killed in a car accident, aged just 18. Ten years later Bob died suddenly, leaving Gwen a widow at 55. She gradually made a new life for herself in Sydney, spending time with family and friends, playing bridge and travelling. At the age of 90 she moved to Cairns to be near her daughter Bettyann.

From Bettyann Hughes

**William Watson BEATON**, (30 May 2008 aged 77 years) better known as 'Watson Beaton' died after a long illness in Darwin. He was born in the USA but grew up in north-east Scotland. He joined RPNGC as a contract officer on 23.01. 1967 and separated on 31.12.1981 as a Chief Superintendent/acting Assistant Commissioner. He served in Moresby, Rabaul, Hagen, Kavieng, Lae and PHQ at Konedobu. After service with the 1st Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in the early part of the Korean War (1950-1953), he joined the City of Glasgow Police between 1951 and 1955, returning to this police force after service with the Kenya Police 1955-1964, to remain for a further year. On migration to Australia, in 1965 he joined the Tasmania Police on 12.01.1966 until 20.01.1967 joining RPNGC three days later. For his lengthy police service he was awarded the Queen's Long Service and Good Conduct Medal in 1974.

On returning to Australia, he worked for Burns Philp, investigation services, ran a driving school, bred Rottweilers and travelled extensively. In 2006, he published his memoirs 'Khaki & Blue' under the pseudonym of Angus John MacDonald. He is survived by his wife Ronnie, daughter Shelley, son Richard and their families. Information from both Ronnie Beaton and M. R. Hayes

**Rose ALLEN** (16 August 2008 aged 91 years)

Rose spent many years in PNG with her kiap husband Bill. She passed away following a stroke in late July. Rose was predeceased by both Bill and their daughter Lynne. Among stations where they were posted were Kokoda and Mount Hagen, where Bill was Acting DC in the late 1950s. Some years ago, following Lynne's death, Rose retired to Pottsville Beach, NSW where she was active in the Catholic Parish. She was a well-known and much loved personality, affectionately called Auntie Rose by many friends. Peter Skinner

**JOHN 'JACK' GOAD** (4 August 2008, aged 90 years)

In 1924 Jack's father, John C Goad, was an assistant Medical Officer to the late Raphael Cilento, (later Sir Raphael and father of actress Diane Cilento) in Kieta, Bougainville. Young Jack and his two younger brothers, Bruce and Malcolm, were given a Mission education by a Sister from a nearby Mission Station outside Kieta; along with six other expatriate children. Young Jack's fascination with the country that would be his lifetime home started when he comforted his *wantoks* of the same age whilst they were receiving tribal markings - Jack often spoke of this cherished memory and honour.

In 1934 the Goad family transferred to Kavieng where Father and Sons planted the infamous Kaut Plantation. Jack's apprenticeship as a mechanic, at the age of 12, came to a sudden end when the workshop, (opposite the now Mendana Hotel), burnt to the ground. He then became an 'office boy' for Burns Philp, and learnt the ropes whilst making his way up to the Shipping Department. He was mainly self educated.

In 1939, whilst the remainder of the Goad Family stayed at Kaut, Jack was transferred to Lae to take up the position of Shipping Manager. This transfer was the beginning of many in the position of Collector of Customs, which took him to the major ports in PNG.

Prior to Jack leaving for Lae, on Anzac Day 1939, his brother Bruce was murdered outside Mendana Plantation. Jack revisited the site in 2000. Bruce is buried at Baigal Cemetery, Kavieng.

The family remained in New Ireland whilst, in Lae, Jack joined the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles. At the time of his death, Jack was one of only a few remaining originals of the NGVR.....'a group of fine men I was proud to be involved with'. John C Goad (Snr) was taken prisoner by the Japanese in Kavieng, and on 1<sup>st</sup> July 1942 lost his life, along with over 1053 Allied Personnel, members of the NGVR and civilians aboard the Japanese Prison Ship, *Montevideo Maru*; which had departed Rabaul for Japan. Jack's ongoing and final wish was that the Australian Government bring closure to this sad incident by locating the wreck.

Later in 1942, Jack married the daughter of planter, the late Carl Jacobsen of Suambu Plantation. Jack was a founding Treasurer of the Lae Bowling Club, and founding Member of the Lae Masonic Lodge, which was also built by Carl Jacobsen, various friends and himself. In the book, "Rabaul 1942", Douglas Aplin described Jack as a "New Guinea indestructible." Jack and Emily Goad retired to Brisbane late 1973. Jack survived Emily by 24 years. During retirement, he recorded with son John, many hours of memories relating to his life in PNG. In his last week, Jack was with his Son John Crayston, and Daughter Helen Maree.

John C. Goad (son)

**Philip William HEAD (Phil)** (30 July 2008, aged 81 years)

Phil trained as a wood machinist, and in 1949 joined the Commonwealth Dept of Works in Port Moresby. While on a working holiday in England he met his future wife - he returned to Port Moresby and joined the Public Works Department. Marjorie followed him and they married in 1954. Phil transferred from the workshop to the administration section of Public Works, obtaining his adult matriculation on the way. Throughout his life Phil was very active in sporting, church and community affairs. He helped with the Port Moresby YMCA swimming programme for 10 years, was manager of the PNG Swimming Team at the South Pacific Games in 1971, and the chief swimming judge at the 1975 South Pacific Games. He was a life member of the Port Moresby Apex Club and the PNG Swimming Association. He was chairman of the Gemo Council (Gemo Island was a leprosarium). He helped build the Cheshire Homes for handicapped children and the Hohola Uniting Church. As chairman of the Boroko East School P & C he was influential in the establishment of an international school in Port Moresby. Phil spent two years with the Dept of Agriculture, and six months on secondment to the Police Department. The rest of his time in PNG was with Public Works where he finished as Assistant Secretary, Finance, in 1976. The family then settled in Queensland and Phil continued his involvement in community affairs. In 2000 he was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease. Phil is survived by Marjorie, sons Philip and Christopher, daughter Meredith, and four grandchildren.

Christopher Head

**Audrey YOUNG-WHITFORDE** (29 August 2008, aged 80 years)

We hope to have further details next issue

**Alan David PEARCE** (8 August 2008, aged 73 years)

Alan was born in New Zealand and did his apprenticeship (motor mechanic) in his home town of Pukekoe. He also did his National Service in New Zealand in the 50s. In 1960 he came to Australia for a couple of years before going to Lae, where he worked for Ansett MAL until 1963 when he left to work for Kokopo Garage. In 1964 he returned to Auckland for a year then back to Australia and on to Mount Hagen in 1967 where he worked for Kala Motors until 1974 and Plant & Transport (PWD) till 'go pinis' in December 1979. After living in Coffs Harbour for a couple of years we then moved to Brisbane. Those who remember Alan will recall he was a very keen clay target shooter. In the 70s most weekends were spent at the Hagen Gun Club. Unfortunately in later years he had to give away shooting due to his health. In March this year Alan was diagnosed with cancer and sadly passed away at home.

Bonita Anderson

**Dorothy Elizabeth (Beth) PARSONS** (31 August 2008 aged 89 years)

Beth, widow of Ian, passed away at Wagga Wagga. The family spent many years in the Wahgi Valley and Mt Hagen before returning to Australia. Beth is survived by Cameron who lives in Western Australia, Philippa who is on the NSW Central Coast and Duncan who cared for her for a number of years.

Barbara Bell

**Lenore VINCENT** (29 August 2008, aged 81 years)

Lenore passed away suddenly in Canberra. Lenore and her husband John (deceased), spent time on Manus Island. Later they moved to Wahgi Valley with Lenore's brother, Peter Harbeck, followed by time at Wabag and Mt Hagen. Lenore is survived by Robyne, John, Kit and Jane and their families.

**Robert John TEBBLE** (11 October 2008, aged 84 years) - details in March issue.

**James William McKAY MBBS, DTM&H, DPH, Dip Ed, FRACGP** (26 July 2008, aged 85 years)

Jim went to PNG in May 1954. His early postings were to Talasea, Minj and Port Moresby. After study leave in the UK in 1957 he was appointed District Medical Officer (DMO) Bougainville District. The following year he married Sister Ellen Murray whom he had met at Talasea. After study leave in Sydney in 1961, he was appointed DMO Western District, and in 1964 moved to Lae where he was Medical Superintendent, ANGAU Memorial Hospital. Jim found working in PNG immensely satisfying. In 1965 Jim and Ellen, now with four daughters, settled at Crafers in South Australia, and over the next couple of years had two more daughters. They lived at Crafers for 42 years. Initially Jim worked for the SA Health Dept, then in General Medical practice. His last position was Medical Officer and Senior Lecturer in Educational Psychology at the Adelaide College of Advanced Education. During this time Jim took special leave to work for the Australian Red Cross Relief Teams: firstly in Nigeria/Biafra - in appreciation of his work he was made an honorary Chief of the Ibo Tribe; then in Ethiopia in 1974 when Jim was awarded the Red Cross Meritorious Service Medal. Further service was in East Timor in 1975 and the Thai/Kampuchean border in 1979. In retirement Jim returned to PNG in 1984 as Medical Officer at Kimbe for six months. In the early 1990s he lectured at Flinders University on 'Famine in War' for several years. He was awarded Life membership of the Royal Australian College of General Practitioners in 2003. The couple moved to Mt Barker, SA, in 2007. Jim is survived by his wife and six daughters, and grandchildren.

Ellen McKay

**Michael MANNING** (22 August 2008, aged 65 years)

Recruited to the government of a newly independent PNG, Mike initially working in minerals and energy, then finance. From 1980 to 1993, he lived in Rabaul on East New Britain. Having married Relly he was fully initiated into the Tolai community after renouncing his Australian citizenship and taking on PNG citizenship. He ran the New Guinea Islands Produce Company, which managed or advised on cocoa plantations, and traded crops. With the 1994 eruption in Rabaul disrupting the cocoa industry, Mike returned to Port Moresby where, in 1997, he became director of the PNG Institute of National Affairs, the country's leading agency of independent economic expertise. For the eight years he ran the institute Mike was a hard-hitting critic of the declining standards of governance and a supporter of reforms started by Sir Mekere Morauta, now Opposition Leader, and Bart Philemon.

In 2006 Manning entered part retirement in East New Britain, but worked with the anti-corruption organisation Transparency International PNG, whose leadership he assumed in 2003 after the death of its founder, Anthony Siaguru.

Just prior to his death he was co-ordinating a revival of the PNG Growers' Association, an agricultural pressure group.

PNG's deputy Opposition Leader, Bart Philemon, said Manning was proud of his adopted country, enthusiastic about agriculture and development, and had spoken fearlessly about good governance and accountability.

He was buried in Relly's home village of Baai, near Rabaul. She survives him with their children, David, Alan, and Belinda, the children of his first marriage in Australia, James, Kate, and Samuel, and his grandchildren, whom he visited often, and his brothers Chris and Ned.

Excerpts from SMH 9 September 2008 with permission Hamish McDonald

**Pam WELBOURNE** (7 September 2008, aged 65 years)

Pam was just 19 when she married Bill, who was attending the Australian School of Pacific Administration's training course for Education Officers to serve in PNG. Their first posting was to Nodup near Rabaul. Bill and Pam had four children - two boys, followed by two girls. Sadly their elder daughter, Julie-anne, did not survive to adulthood. Bill said in his eulogy, 'Pam and I have enjoyed a courageous and wonderful life together' – a touching tribute to his wife of 46 years. Pam is survived by her husband Bill, sons Tony and Andrew Noel, and daughter Angelique.

Bill Welbourne

**Arthur Kenneth (Ken) JONES MBE** (27 August 2008, aged 85 years)

Ken Jones went to Lae in the early 50s to establish the artificial limb centre which was finally set up as part of the ANGAU Memorial Hospital. He worked tirelessly, not only making limbs for hundreds of PNG amputees, but also training local Papua New Guineans to make limbs. Ken was an amputee himself (since 1941) and this gave him a greater understanding and empathy for his patients. The amputees were overwhelmed when they were finally fitted with their limbs and able to live more normal lives. Ken was highly respected in PNG and worldwide – many Australian and American medicos came to Lae to learn his skills and techniques. He was awarded an MBE and received the award in Port Moresby from the then Governor General of Australia, Lord Casey. He retired in 1972, initially to Cairns and then to his home, Kingsley, WA. Ken had a very fulfilling life and a long and happy retirement. He is survived by his wife Elva, their daughter Glenda, and grandson Ryan.

Glenda Clapp

**Barry Edward YORK** (14 May 2008, aged 73 years)

Barry had been ill for some time with diabetes, and had had a leg amputated in 2006. Barry was born in Burwood NSW. He was appointed as a Sub Inspector in the RPNGC on 9.3.64 and served in Port Moresby, Lae, Wewak and Kainantu, attaining the rank of Inspector 3/c. He left PNG on 28.8.74, settling in Logan City, QLD, and was employed by the Council there until his retirement on health grounds. He is survived by a daughter and a son.

Max Hayes and Derek Bell

**Edith Mabel WATTS MBE** (2008, aged 87 years) Edith completed her nursing training in WA during WWII. Then she met and married John Watts. John became interested in the NG Highlands and he and Edith, with children, Robyn and Grant, settled at Mt Hagen where their third child, David, was born. John and Edith secured a lease to Ulya Plantation where they lived for over 25 years. They planted over 300 acres with coffee and created a beautiful home and garden. Edith loved working with the local women and helping them to understand the changes taking place in their lives; she encouraged cash cropping and provided health care. She was instrumental in developing the lovely gardens in the township of Mt Hagen. Edith was very interested in politics and gave immense support to John when he was Member for Western Highlands in the PNG Legislative Assembly. For much of this time Edith managed the plantation, while pursuing her other community activities. She served various terms on each of the Western Highlands District Advisory Council, the Children's Court and the Child Welfare Council. She received the MBE for her work with women and children. She was made a Paul Harris Fellow - Rotary International's highest award - for her work in the community. Edith's love for PNG led to her taking out PNG citizenship. She left PNG very sadly in 1984 following the premature death of John and the sale of Ulya Plantation to the local people. She moved to Mooloolaba where she found a new life and took a very active interest in local affairs. She is survived by her three children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Robyn Watts

**Donald Southwell HERBORN OAM** (31 August 2008, aged 89 years)

After spending his early life in Melbourne and attending Camberwell Grammar School, Don became an Australian Army Lieutenant in Malaria control in Rabaul in 1947. In that year he resigned from the Army and joined the PNG administration as Health Inspector at Lae. He retired from the Administration about 1973 and then returned to work for the Lae City Council in the capacity of Senior Health Inspector until around 1980. He was active in the Lae community taking a keen personal interest in the indigenous employees he supervised. He was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia for his contribution as an Australian to Papua New Guinea. He was Patron of the Lae Football Association during the late 1960s. In Sydney after retirement he gave considerable help to Exchange Students mainly from Thailand. Robert Swift

**Terrence Gerrard PARER** (20 September 2008, aged 72 years)

Terry was the son of Cyril and Marie Parer, part of an extended family which pioneered the development of plantations and aviation in PNG. Terry ran a pharmacy in St George for 42 years. He was an active member of St Vincent de Paul for more than 40 years, an inaugural member of the Rotary Club of St George as well as a volunteer for Medicins Sans Frontieres (Doctors without Borders). After retiring in 1999 he moved to Brisbane in 2001 to be nearer family. As a volunteer for Medicins Sans Frontieres he and wife, Jennifer, went to Aitape for three months after the tsunami of 1998. In 2001 he went to Bougainville for similar volunteer work, setting up a pharmacy near the end of the civil war. In 2004 he walked the Kokoda Track with relatives and friends and on that trip installed a plaque in memory of photographer Damien Parer, his uncle, who filmed Kokoda during WWII winning Australia's first Academy Award. Mr Parer's compassion for the sick was an inspiration to all who knew him. Terry's dedication as a country pharmacist was recognised in 2007 when he was made a life member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Australia. He is survived by his wife and five children. *Info from Courier Mail 18 October 2008*

**CHANGES OF ADDRESS**

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Mr R R COLE	Ashmore	Unit 29, The Lodge, Earle Haven Retirement Village 62 Lawrence Street, NERANG, QLD, 4211
Mr R A DOBSON	Blacktown	137 Coromandel Road EBENEZER 2756
Mr K R GASCOIGNE	Mt Eliza	13 Boucaut Place CURTIN ACT 2605
Ms D F GUY	Potts Point	14/1470 Pacific Hwy WAHROONGA NSW 2076
Mr I HICKS	Paddington	5 St Stephens St SANDY BAY 7005
Mrs M G JENSEN	21 Jacobs St	PO Box 256 BELMONT VIC 3216
Mr M J KENNY	Merrimac	2/23 Loder St BIGGERA WATERS QLD 4216
Ms D M LOCK	Crodd Road	Lourdes Valley 18 Cross Rd MYRTLE BANK SA 5064
Mr P LOGAN	Taigum	PO Box 133 WURTULLA QLD 4575
Mr D N McDONALD	Woden, ACT	1004 Norton Road WAMBOIB 2620
Mr K E MURPHY	Mt Hagen	32/308 Kamerunga Road CAIRNS 4870
Mr G F NEILSEN	Miami, Qld	Ozanam Villa 20 Matilda St BURLEIGH HEADS QLD 4220
Mr D F POHLNER	Mt Osmond	51 Lincoln Road PARADISE SA 5075
Dr Paul REITANO	UNE,	5 Meteor Street COOPAROO QLD 4121
Mr C SCHWASS	Gordonvale	PO Box 962 EDMONTON QLD 4869
Mrs L W TEBB	Terrigal	1/4 Grove Road WAMBERAL 2260

## WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mr A J ADAMS-HANCOCK	3/163 Eyre Street , TOWNSVILLE, QLD, 4810
Mr P A AINSWORTH	89 Ascog Terrace , TOOWONG, QLD, 4066
AUSTRALIA NETWORK	Attn: Mr Bruce Dover, CEO, PO Box 9994,
SYDNEY, NSW,	
Mrs F T BALMER	5 Heidke Street, EIMEO, QLD, 4740
Ms H L BERGEN	26 Keppel Street, BATHURST, NSW, 2795
Mr Peter BIGGS	35 Esdale Street, BLACKBURN, VIC, 3130
Mrs Kay D BOHLEN	45 Highview Terrace, DAISY HILL, QLD, 4127
Mr Nick BOOTH	34A Third Avenue, EPPING, NSW, 2121
Mr A BUNTING	PO Box 114, NORTH TAMBORINE, QLD, 4272
Mr Brian DARCEY	PO Box 5899, CAIRNS, QLD, 4870
Mr R J DAVIS	14 Haynes Place, STIRLING, ACT, 2611
Mrs G DEVINE (Nee Nitsche)	16 David Street, GREEN POINT, NSW 2251
Mr D GARRITY	PO Box 63 , CUNDERDIN, WA, 6407
Mr J W (Bill) GORNALL	25 Theresa Street GOLDEN BEACH QLD 4551
Mr R B GRIEVE	3 Engel Avenue, MARSFIELD, NSW, 2122
Ms A M GRIFFIN	3/207 Abbott Street, CAIRNS, QLD, 4870
Mr Ian GROSART	2 Dresden Avenue BEACON HILL NSW 2100
Rev. E N HARVEY	44 Esmond Street, WANGARATTA, VIC, 3677
Mr J S R HASSELBERG	Conrad Mohrsvei 28 5072 BERGEN NORWAY,
Mr W R HENDRIKS	5 Wesley Court, HIGHFIELD, QLD, 4352
Mrs Mavis HOST	27 Oatberry Cr., SHAILER PARK QLD 4128
Mr K J HOWARD	106 Woods Road SHARON, BUNDABERG, QLD, 4670
Mr R HUNTER	40 Volga Cr., INDOOROOPIILLY, QLD 4068
Mr K S INGLIS	1 Dundas Lane, ALBERT PARK, VIC, 3206
Mr & Mrs Greg & Martha JACOBS	PO Box 359 KAVIENG N.I.P., PNG
Mr Martin KERR	PO Box 757, RAVENSHOE, QLD, 4888
Dr R F LATUKEFU	PO Box 644, NEWPORT BEACH, NSW, 2106
Mr P J LATZ	123 Tunnel Road STOKERS SIDING NSW 2484
Mr N LEONARD	7 Baker Mews, WELLARD, WA, 6170
Mr Peter MEERWALD	PO Box 40, ROCHEDALE STH, QLD, 4123
Mr P J H MOXHAM	PO Box 2278, COFFS HARBOUR, NSW, 2450
Mr L MURRAY	PO Box 331, CORRIMAL, NSW, 2518
Dr A W MUSCIO	144 Campbellfield Avenue, BRADBURY, NSW, 2560
Mrs P A PETERS	23 Palmer Street, ROCKY POINT, NSW, 2259
Mr R E RHOADES	45 Dammerel Crescent, EMERALD BEACH, NSW, 2456
Ms V RIVERS	Market Street, BURRA, SA, 5417
Mrs Gail ROWLAND (nee Leabeater)	26 Charolais Crescent, BENOWA, 4217
Mr J J TOOHEY	102 Jarrett Street, WYOMING, NSW, 2250
Mr M WILSON	11/93 Arthur Street, ELTHAM, VIC, 3095
Mr R B WINES	13/23 Cook Street, GLEBE, NSW, 2037