



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

Annual General Meeting And Luncheon

To be held on **Sunday 02 May 2010** at Killara Golf Club in Sydney. Full details are on page 3 of this issue; booking slip and payment form are on a separate yellow insert. With no elections due this year the meeting should not take long and everyone will be able to enjoy the social function. Would senior or incapacitate members who would like to attend but do not have transport please contact our secretary.

Please note date correction from December Una Voce.

The Management Committee would like to thank all those who sent Seasons Greetings.

If you do not wish to have your name and address included in the **MEMBERSHIP LIST** which is published in the **June** issue of *Una Voce*, please advise the Secretary.

ARE YOU UNFINANCIAL???

If you notice a **red dot** on the address label of your copy of *Una Voce*, you are **unfinancial**. Please complete the Membership Renewal Form on the yellow insert – please also include your membership number.

Please note: Membership Fees \$25 pa.

➡ **Have you had a say?** Visit the **FORUM** on our

website: www.pngaa.net

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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 By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet unless you advise us to the contrary.

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Advertising is available - please contact the Editor.

Website: www.pngaa.net

Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription - \$25. 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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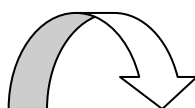
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We encourage members to please pay membership fees by direct deposit to the PNGAA account as follows:

BSB: 062 009 Account No.: 0090 7724

Please ensure you include your Membership Number. If you could also notify our Treasurer Will Muskens by email that would be appreciated. Thank you!

* * * * *

We apologise if we have inadvertently shown you as being unfinancial when you are financial. This will be rectified in due course.

Any queries – please email the treasurer: treasurer@pngaa.net

* * * * *

Deadline for June issue of *Una Voce*: 7 May 2010

Correction to Una Voce No 4 Dec 2009 p6:
Alec Roca, not Alex Roca

DISCLAIMER: *Una Voce* is produced for the information of members of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc. It is written with care, in good faith, and from sources believed to be accurate. However, readers should not act, nor refrain from acting, solely on the basis of information in *Una Voce* about financial, taxation or any other matter. Having regard for their own particular circumstances, readers should consult the relevant authorities or other advisers with expertise in the particular field. Neither the PNGAA nor the editor accepts any responsibility for actions taken by readers. Also, the views expressed by any of the authors of articles or book reviews included in *Una Voce* are not necessarily those of the editor or the PNGAA.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 59th Annual General Meeting of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Incorporated, will be held in Sydney on **Sunday 02 May 2010 at the Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara, NSW, (in Sydney)** commencing at 11:30 am. A Luncheon has been arranged starting at approximately 1:00 pm.

AGENDA

1. Members present and apologies.
2. Confirmation of the Minutes of the 58th AGM (circulated in September 2009 *Una Voce*)
3. Business arising from the Minutes
4. President's Report
5. Treasurer's Report and Receipt of Audited Financial Statements
6. Certificate required by Section 27 (1) (b) of the Associations Incorporation Act 1984
7. Correspondence
8. Election of Honorary Auditor (Refer Rule 37 of the Constitution)
Mr Len Bailey, CPA, a Life Member of the Association, offers himself for re-election
9. General discussion

Please note that alcoholic beverages will be available from a cash-only bar. Members together with their families and friends are all welcome – but please let us know if you wish to come to the luncheon by completing the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow insert and returning it as soon as possible. Anyone with special dietary requests? Please let us know so we can arrange something suitable. Again you may indicate if you wish to sit with particular people or pre arrange a table of 8 or 10.

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 for 550m. Alternatively please let us know if you would like transport from Lindfield station which has lifts and a ramp - phone Harry West #9418 8793 regarding transport or further information. Public transport information # 131500.

There is free on-site parking available to those driving – look for the red and yellow balloons at the entrance *immediately* after Fiddens Wharf Road on the Pacific Highways as you travel north.

The cost is \$47.50 per person – this does not include liquor or soft drinks - those attending need to **pay by 16 April**, please, and not at the door. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and confirm numbers with the House Manager, Killara golf Club. If you wish to confirm any seating preferences or that your payment has been received, please ring Juli Allcorn on Ph: 02-9416 1430 Mob: 0405 625 912 or Email: j_allcorn@hotmail.com prior to 26 April.

We are again seeking donations for the raffle. If you are able to assist it would be greatly appreciated. Please contact Juli Allcorn.

Cancellations advised to Ann Graham (02 9999 4490) by Friday 16 April, 2010 will secure a full refund. This is the date we inform the Club of final numbers – after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend.

Please complete the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow 'Treasurer's Corner' insert and return by Friday 16th April 2010 ■

Chris Dierke

It was with great sadness that the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia (PNGAA) learnt of the passing of committee member Chris Diercke on Sunday 31 January 2010.

Chris had been assisting with the PNGAA website since mid-2009 and he was a highly valued and respected committee member whose energy, friendship, loyalty, knowledge and passion for all things PNG was inspirational.

The President, Riley Warren, and the Committee would like to express their deep sympathy to Chris' family - his wife Peta, Emma, Nathan, Kurt and Ryan .

The objects of the Association are:

1. to strengthen the civil relationship between the peoples of Australia and Papua New Guinea;
2. to foster and encourage contact and friendship with Papua New Guineans and promote friendly association among members;
3. to foster and maintain an interest in contemporary and historical events in Papua New Guinea;
4. to provide appropriate financial, material or intellectual assistance to projects of benefit to Papua New Guinea as an Association individually, or in conjunction with other agencies;
5. to publish journals, magazines, newsletters, websites, books and other media to inform and educate people about Papua New Guinea and to provide a means of communication among members of the Association and others;
6. to encourage the preservation of documents, historical and cultural material related to Papua New Guinea; including the production and recording of oral and written histories.
7. to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services in Papua New Guinea.

In pursuance of these Objects, the association:

1. Will not be involved in, nor engage in partisan politics, however this does not prohibit the association from engaging with members of parliament or public servants in pursuit of its objects.
2. May raise funds for its approved projects.

In so far as the original association was formed to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services, including conditions applicable to their widows and dependants, the association shall continue to represent such members, their widows and dependants in all superannuation matters appropriate to their prior service in the former services. ■

John Leake OAM, (posthumously 2010) Congratulations to John's family for the award John received for services to the arts as historian to the Australian Cinematographers Society, an honour and tribute to his service and endeavours to the Australian Film Industry.

John was the photographer and cameraman for the feature film made of Jim Sinclair's New Guinea Patrol (1958) and was instrumental in having it transferred to DVD recently.



Harry West's award of the Medal of the Order of Australia in the June 2009 Queen's Birthday Honours list, for service to the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, was reported in the September 2009 issue of *Una Voce*.

Subsequently Harry was invested into the Order of Australia at an impressive Honours and Awards ceremony at Government House, Sydney on Friday 17th September 2009 by the Governor of NSW, Her Excellency Professor Marie Bashir AC, CVO (pictured with Harry.) ■

► Congratulations to Sir Peter Barter Kt OBE for receiving the Newington Medal for 2009 for going 'above and beyond the call of duty in the areas of community service, international relations and philanthropy'.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES DISPLAY by Donald Hook

The sinking of the Montevideo Maru with the loss of 1,053 Allied prisoners is featured in a major display at the National Archives in Canberra. The display, Memory of a Nation, traces events and decisions that have shaped Australia and the lives of its people. The display includes an extract from the nominal roll of prisoners, a plan of the ship, details from the submarine's log and a photograph of a memorial service in Rabaul on the fourth anniversary of the sinking.

There's also a Territory of New Guinea 'Form of Information of Death' relating to Ernest Charles Bye, 60, a master mariner, who'd been in Rabaul for 18 months before the Japanese invasion.

The informant, his daughter Joan, a schoolteacher in Queensland, stated on 6 April 1946 that her father had been lost when the Montevideo Maru was sunk.

A 'Military Service & Casualty Form' lists Gunner John Eshott Carr, who turned 20 just before the ship left Rabaul, as "missing". In late 1945 this was changed to "believed dead". The display will run until 30 May. Admission is free.

100 NOT OUT – THE CELEBRATION OF A CENTURY

21st November 2009



It was a hot afternoon for the ‘Garden High-Tea’ celebrating the centenary of one of PNGAA’s Patrons and long standing member, Roma Bates (née Bryant), in the garden of her daughter and son-in-law Pat and Ross Johnson. Roma went to Rabaul as a teenager in 1927 and there met and married her husband, Charlie, in 1934. Seventy one guests including family and friends attended and of significance was the presence of Roma’s three sisters – Patsy Weaver, married in Rabaul in 1937, Barbara Morris and Leonie O’Donnell, who were both born in Rabaul pre-war. Barbara and Leonie travelled from Melbourne and Darwin respectively, especially for the occasion.

The guests attending comprised friends and colleagues of Roma both in PNG and Australia and included children, now adults, whom Roma knew as children in PNG. A series of posters of photographs illustrating the many stages of Roma’s life from childhood, teenager, marriage, family, her many travels, and 80th and 90th birthday albums themed ‘This is Your Life’ were on display. These together with the various ‘official’ letters of congratulation evoked much comment.

Son-in-law Ross Johnson recalled some of the many highlights in her life with a short biography toasting Roma with champagne. Roma, in graciously accepting a magnificent floral tribute from PNGAA, thanked everyone for their good wishes and attendance and invited all to return next year! A wonderful afternoon, full of anecdotes, reminiscences and friendship.



The Four Sisters

Barbara Morris, Patsy Weaver, Roma, Leonie O’Donnell

HAVE YOU USED THE PNGAA FORUM YET? HERE'S HOW!

By Nick Booth PNGAA Webmaster

The PNGAA web site mainly consists of valuable archival material from *Una Voce* or from private photographic collections. However, there is also the PNGAA Forum, where anyone can ask questions or make comments on a wide variety of current and nostalgic topics. It is also possible to contact other members through the forum as described below.

To view the Forum, go to our web site at **www.pngaa.net** and click on the "Forum" button. Or you can go directly there at **www.pngaa.net/bb**.

To join the Forum

Anyone can view the Forum, but to make postings you have to become a member. This is easy to do. Immediately below the Forum logo, there are a series of buttons. Click on the leftmost button, which is labelled "Register". You will see a page stating the conditions of use of the Forum. If you wish to proceed, click on "I agree to these conditions".

You will see a form asking for information about yourself. You must provide a User Name (the name by which you will be known on the Forum), an e-mail address, and a password. All the other information is optional. If you do not understand a question, skip it. When the form is complete, click "Submit".

Shortly afterwards, you will receive an e-mail acknowledging your application for membership. As soon as possible, the Forum Administration will activate your membership, and you will be able to post comments.

Unfortunately, many people may wish to join so that they can post messages advertising pornography, pharmaceuticals, and all the other junk that infests the web. These applications for membership are, of course, refused. So that we can identify your application as genuine, it would be helpful if you could provide on the form some information about your relationship with PNG and the reasons for your interest in the Forum.

If you ever need to change your personal information, click on the "Profile" button.

How to use the Forum

Click on the button that reads "Login/logout". You will see a screen that asks you for the User Name and Password that you provided. Provide this information and click "Log in". If you place a check next to "Log me on automatically each visit", you will not have to give this information every time you want to use the Forum. If you have forgotten your Password, you can click on "I forgot my password", and the Forum system will send you an email with your Password.

To post a reply to an existing topic, click on the "Post reply" button at the top or bottom of the topic. A page appears in which you can type your reply. When you have finished, you can click on "Preview" to see how your post will appear, or click on "Submit" to post your message. You can edit your messages by clicking on "Edit" at top right of the message.

If you want to *reply privately* to a posted message rather than posting a public reply, you can click on the "PM" or "Email" button at the bottom of that message. The "Email" button starts your email program, with the poster's

address inserted into the “To:” field. The “PM” button allows you to send a Private Message through the Forum to the poster.

To start a new topic, go to the relevant Forum area (such as “Aviation”, for example) and click “New topic”. Again you will see a page where you can type your message, preview it, and submit it.

You can make your messages look pretty with **bold** or *italic* type, and you can insert links to other web pages or pictures. For information on this, see the Forum areas “For new users” and “Photographs on the Forum”.

What to avoid

The Forum rules prohibit postings which are obscene, which consist primarily of commercial advertising, or which denigrate the PNGAA or any of its members. Any postings of this kind will be removed, and the poster may have his or her Forum membership cancelled. However, this policy does not ban messages which contain a calm and reasoned critique of PNGAA policy.

It is very strongly recommended that you do not include your email address in a posting, as this is an open invitation for spam. It is also unnecessary, as other Forum members can contact you through the email and private message systems, as explained above. If a message containing an email address is noticed, the message will be edited to remove the reference.

For similar reasons, it is recommended that you do not include personal information such as your address or telephone number.

Further information

If you have any questions about the Forum, or about the PNGAA web site in general, feel free to contact me by email at webmaster@pngaa.net ■

PNG WEBSITE UPDATE:

Thank you to Ross Johnson and Nick Booth for updating the vale details on the website. Full details of those who passed away between 1997 and 2004 are now displayed. Ross has gradually been converting the details from archived copies of *Una Voce* (scanned by Keith Jackson in 2008) to a format suitable for inclusion on the website. In uploading the information to the website, Nick has re-arranged the vales to an alpha index on the front page of the vale section enabling easier access.

PNGAA UPDATE

Our Association is about to take another step in the direction it embarked on in 2002 when it changed its name from The Retired Officers Association of PNG to the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia. This change indicated to members and future members that the Association was prepared to move forward, to assume a contemporary look, and to appeal to a younger and broader membership. Eight years on, and after a remarkable increase in membership, we have decided to only use the name the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia on our official documents. We need a lively image that people can relate to, including on our letterhead, business cards, etc. It is time to move on. We have not forgotten our history and the generation that founded and nurtured the Association – it is all there on our website and we are proud of it. Not many organisations grow and prosper as ours has done, and your Committee is committed to doing everything it can to foster the future health and well-being of the PNGAA. ■

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

On 16 January I attended the Remembrance Service at the Shrine, Melbourne, to the 2/22 Btn. These were the boys captured at Rabaul and sent off on the *Montevideo Maru*. Of the near 1400 men of the 2/22nd Btn, attached units and the Brunswick Salvation Army Band, I am lead to believe there are only 13 left and, of those, only six were well enough to attend the service.

There were approximately 80 people at the Shrine service including members of the Old Sappers Association. I hear that there is a group of 'family and friends' from those lost on the *Montevideo Maru* that meet in Ballarat, Victoria. A group, numbering approximately 45 had a service at Ballarat.

John McNabb

Just received the December edition of *Una Voce*.

Bill Brown's letter on P10 was unexpected, and I would like to reassure him re the accuracy of the article on Graeme Carson. Graeme's mother died at Nuguria after a fall from the seawall at night. Her body was discovered by Tetau at daylight the following morning. I still have Graeme's very moving letter describing his mother's burial near the house where he himself now rests alongside her.

The airstrip at Nuguria was built by Graeme and he and I made the first single-engined flight from there to Nuguria in my Cherokee VH-MSA. The strip we departed from was called 'Malekon', but was on Ambitle Island across the Salat Strait and visible from the plantation on the other side. I'm surprised Bill didn't know about the Nuguria strip. It is no longer operational and the jungle has reclaimed it, but you can still see what's left of it on Google Earth. Malekolon airstrip is still operational and it too was started by Graeme using Malekolon labour with a little help from kalabus imported from Namatanai especially for the job.

"Drinks at the Residency" at Kieta when Pam and Bill were entertaining visitors from Canberra are still in my ageing memory bank and I hope my remarks about kiaps and paperwork haven't caused too much offence to a hard working and respected DC.

I expect to see Tetau in a few weeks when she passes through Cairns en route to Darwin where four of the Carson children, (the ones with Aust. Citizenship) work in the Cultured Pearl industry.

Brian Darcey

Reading Brian Darcey's September article re 'King Carson of Nuguria' and Bill Brown's December response triggered memories of several wonderful characters who spent most of their isolated lives on the islands East of New Ireland and contributed much to the local people in the process.

They included Graeme Carson and Ray Lacey on Anir, Dick Lanzarotte at Manmo, Phil and June Bond on Tanga, Yip Chee Fat on Lihir, the Spencers on Tabar, Bruno Kroening on Emirau and Mac Hollis on Mussau.

Whilst on patrol calling on these people was routine and looked forward to. They were usually the only radio contacts, the destinations of most shipping, the source of some cool refreshments, in touch with what was happening around them and in the case of the first three mentioned the agents for real change in their areas.

I can vouch for Nuguria airstrip's existence as happened in the late 60's when Bill Neale (pilot) arrived at Malekolon airstrip on Anir in Crowley's Aztec en route to Nuguria to pick up Graeme Carson. I was camped at the village next to the strip and having finished my kiap duties for the day wandered over for a

yarn with Bill who informed me he was flying empty to Nuguria and I was welcome to join him for the 30 minute flight. As Nuguria was in the Bougainville District one technically should have declined but then again this was a chance to see Nuguria which subsequently did not disappoint.

Upon arrival however Graeme was not that happy to see me as he had a full plane load to return to Anir. It could have been hard to explain to Bill Seale what I was doing stranded on Nuguria but there could have been worse fates. I last saw Graeme in Namatanai in 1995 when it was obvious by then that his circumstances had changed somewhat. My blood boiled (as no doubt many others did) when I read Brian's account of how shabbily Graeme was treated by the Australian High Commission when in need of sustained medical rehabilitation.

It is to be lamented that all these characters have now passed away and with them their wonderful stories and experiences. Those of us there at the time will not forget.

John Brady

Dick Doyle, from the Witu Islands, recently spent a fascinating night on *The World – ResidenSea*. His two dinner companions were Dr Don Walsh and Maj. General Maurie Dodson (Ret'd) a previous Chief of Staff with the NZ Army.

Dick writes: 'These two blokes were on board as WWII historians to lecture the 100 plus 'residents'. The World has apartments NOT cabins. They've visited Kavieng, Rabaul, Walindi, Witu and Madang/KarKar. Witu the highlight (the residents opinion) so far!'

Don Walsh then with the US Navy, together with Jacques Piccard, a Swiss oceanographer and engineer travelled on the *Trieste* (a deep-diving research *bathyscaphe* or 'deep boat') in January 1960 exploring the deepest part of the ocean, the Challenger Deep in the Mariana Trench, located north of PNG and east of the Philippines. They descended 10,916 meters (35,813 feet). *The World* is a community of world travellers with a spirit of adventure whose home is the sea.

Over 40 guests attended Harry Brutnall's 90th birthday at his home in Ravenshoe on 17 January 2010.

A former salvage diver, plantation and ship owner who operated out of Rabaul from the 1950s, Harry retired to Ravenshoe in 2004 where he became an active member of the Ravenshoe RSL sub-Branch contributing to social functions with his skills in Asian and New Guinea cooking. Harry was a tin miner in the Ravenshoe area before joining the navy in 1938.

Martin Kerr

In reference to Jim Toner's comments regarding the old Burns Philp Store in Pt Moresby badly damaged recently by fire. When I was in Pt Moresby on the 6th October it appears that they may be trying to save part of the old corner tower, hopefully to integrate it into the new building.

Work is also progressing well on a new building to replace the "Top Pub" burnt down many years ago.

Work is also due to start on a large shopping centre being built on reclaimed harbour land, which will include multiple cinemas. From memory the last cinema in the CBD was next door to the old Steamships Freezer in Musgrave Street.

It is amazing what the smell of gas will do for an economy.

Noel Wright

A fighter pilot in a Norseman!

Graham Taylor's story (*Una Voce* No 4, December 2009) reminded me of my own experiences with Peter Manser. The first time was when I was a cadet at Lumi. Peter came in on the regular (if your wishes came true) weekly flight and, on departure, ripped the tubby old Norseman off the strip, banked vertically right with his wingtip seemingly balanced on the hospital roof, achieved his 180 degree turn and headed for Wewak. Did he think he was scrambling his old Spitfire, we wondered?

I was due for leave in April 1959 but nearly missed my connections through to Melbourne thanks to the requirement to appear in a murder case before the Supreme Court. However, when apprised of the dilemma, the Chief Justice, Sir Alan Mann, courteously excused me after I had given my evidence. But then, I had to run the gauntlet of Peter's sense of humour before I got to Wewak. Before we took off from Aitape, he asked me - in the right hand seat - to check the right wing tank fuel gauge. This was a transparent tube with a small red float hanging from the bottom of the wing. I told him it was about half full whereupon he selected that tank for take-off. I made a mental note and promptly forgot that it would not last the hundred miles. Sure enough, part way to Wewak the single engine spluttered and stopped. Momentarily somewhat perturbed, I recalled my mental note. Peter, of course, was quite unperturbed; he switched to another tank and the engine started immediately. Not so unconcerned were the few passengers in the windowless back compartment and I believe a good deal of cleaning was required.

Michael O'Connor

MADANG AIRPORT 1972? by Ian Riley

I was Physician and Medical Superintendent at the Madang General (Modilon) Hospital from late 1969 through early 1972 and have clear memories of the PATAIR DC3 landing that Bruce O'Reilly describes in your December 2009 issue. The date of this incident can be no later than April 1972.

I was in the front office of the hospital when the call came in that a TAA DC3 which had lost its hydraulics was returning to Madang requesting an ambulance on standby. The ambulance driver was not to be found and as I was assured this was an emergency I decided to drive the ambulance to the airport myself. The pilot was unable to put down his flaps and the plane made its approach at what seemed to me to be an extraordinary speed. I was parked at the edge of the strip alongside a fire truck and suggested to the driver that I could get the ambulance to the aircraft before he could get his truck there. (I forget if he took up the challenge but do remember that it was nice to be young.)

As the pilot had lost brakes as well as flaps he proceeded down the runway at what appeared to be roughly the same speed as he had made his approach. I assumed that he would finish up in the harbour but he somehow spun the plane to the left and belly flopped into the water at the side of the strip. The plane was still settling when pilot and co-pilot came hurtling out of the rear door, took a leap onto the tail-plane and then jumped to the ground. At this point the pilot, or perhaps the co-pilot, sprained his ankle.

Like most people I made many flights as a passenger in light aircraft but am no aviation expert. I did take the pilot at his word, however, have always thought that his actions were deliberate and, all in all, it was a very fine piece of flying. The key to the incident was the speed at which he was forced to make his approach. Why did he raise the wheels before he left the aircraft? Maybe he was thinking he was landing in water and not mud and maybe the alacrity with which he felt obliged to

evacuate the aircraft meant that he failed to investigate the consistency of the ooze into which the plane was settling. I don't know.
Memory plays tricks on us all but these are my memories.

* * * * *

Lorna Johnston, from Auckland, says she appreciates her membership of the PNGAA and the contacts that it brings.

PNG...IN the NEWS

Mr Ian Ferguson Kemish AM has been appointed Australia's new High Commissioner to PNG, taking up the posting in early February 2010.

Mr Kemish spent several years in Port Moresby as a schoolboy.

His father Len worked for Elcom in the 1960s and early 1970s and was a commissioned officer in the PNGVR serving in Lae, Rabaul and Port Moresby.

Mr Kemish holds a Bachelor of Arts (Hons) degree from the University of Queensland and a Diploma of Education. He was a schoolteacher before joining the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade in 1988.

Fluent in Tok Pisin, Indonesian and German, Kemish served at Australian diplomatic missions in Vienna, Bander Seri Begawan and recently was Australian Ambassador to Germany.

He's also worked on secondment to the New Zealand Ministry of External Relations as desk officer PNG/Vanuatu/Solomon Islands, and as head of the international division in the Department of Prime Minister and Cabinet in Canberra.

He was made a Member of the Order of Australia for managing the Australian government's response in the aftermath of the 2002 Bali bombings.

Ian is married to Roxanne, and the couple have two daughters aged 22 and 18.

Donald Hook

PNGAA member and long-time PNG aviator J. Richard Leahy is undergoing intensive medical treatment after his aircraft crashed in the Huon Peninsula, north of Lae, on December 30th, following engine problems. The aircraft came down in open but steep terrain and was destroyed, the six passengers unfortunately losing their lives in the accident and Richard sustaining life-threatening injuries. The cause of this tragic crash is unknown and yet to be established.

Richard Leahy is a highly experienced pilot who has a long and respected career, flying professionally in Papua New Guinea for many years as well as holding senior management positions in major regional airlines including Co-Air and Talair. Richard is the oldest son of Jeanette and famous pioneer Mick Leahy, and his aircraft registration carried the initials of his father. He has worked tirelessly for rural and remote air services over many years and is respected by fellow pilots and many people from all walks of life in PNG and in Australia.

Richard is on a long road to recovery. We wish all the best for a speedy recovery to him and his extended family, as well as sadness for those who did not survive the accident. His family are caring for him, and his friends, colleagues and well-wishers have all been in contact. Our thoughts go to everyone affected at this time.

Robin Mead

Former Australian all-rounder Andy Bichel is in his first year of a two year appointment as PNG national cricket coaching director. ■

NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY

From Jim Toner

A reshuffle on the committee of the NT's PNG-Australia Social and Cultural Group saw Christmas slip by without celebration but not to worry - in mid-February the wantoks will hold a 'Welcome New Year' party in lieu.

A PNGAA member having composed his own obituary has lodged it with me for submission to *Una Voce* 'when the need arises'. The motivation is to ensure accuracy of facts and eliminate superfluities. A sound approach bearing in mind an obituary once published in *The Times*. It was for a chap in the Colonial Office, London who had served King and country in Nigeria, the Sudan, etc. for years, was awarded a CMG, and then retired to the English countryside. Having outlined his admirable career the obituary concluded 'Recently he was convicted of an offence in the gentlemen's lavatory at Reading railway station'. Better left unsaid, I felt. But I believe readers can rely on *our* Editor excluding brushes with the Law (for whatever reason) from her *Vale* pages.

Some Western Highlanders will recall Frank CARTER, a Kiwi missionary who worked in that district for seven years in the late Fifties. He imported a 1955 DOT Scrambler to get about, found it ideal for the rugged conditions, and on departure left the motor cycle, now much the worse for wear, with the Mission. In NZ last year at the age of 76 Frank sought to re-live his youth by acquiring another Scrambler. It required a long search but eventually one was found. Which turned out to be his own 1955 machine refurbished. One for your book, Mr. Ripley?

I first encountered Harry COEHN in 1963 when he came back to Rabaul, his home town, after two years teacher training at ASOPA. 46 years later in Darwin we patronise the same cardiologist. In between heart stress tests he told me about his trip to PNG two years ago. Moresby he found depressing. Triple security checks to get inside a bank, gun shots in the night where he was staying in Korobosea, etc. He visited the Bavaroko school (near the Boroko RSL site) where he had been Headmaster to learn that its enrolment had jumped from 200 in his day to 900 - matching the huge increase in Moresby's population over three decades.

However, he found life pleasing in Kokopo with the sight of its Sports Club now a mere empty slab the only sad moment. From there he went up to Raluana where he had taught and experienced the same joyful welcome, quite unexpected but very soothing to the ego, as reported by fellow chalkie Dave Keating after his return to Karkar island where he had been a Head. People, former pupils flocked to meet Harry who remembered some and pretended to know those he did not. He certainly remembered Rabbie Namaliu, a student who went on to become Chief Minister.

Other members have reported on the current sad state of Rabaul after their visits and Harry could only gaze in astonishment at his former home in Sulphur Creek Road. However he found that Chinese from the pre-Independence demographic had contributed to a full maintenance clean-up of volcanic matter from their segment of the cemetery. Harry went over to New Ireland, stayed at the Kavieng Hotel, and pronounced it quite unimproved since last seen in the time of Joe Capy and Mick Gallen. And as the only accommodation available in Kavieng its charges resembled those of the proverbial wounded bull. He then embarked on a

16 hours drive to Manmo plantation near Namatanai, half on bitumen and half on dirt road, in order to visit family graves.

Harry, captain of the Darwin golf club for eight years, still takes an occasional swing at a ball but intends to devote this year to knocking out a biography basically for the benefit of his four grandchildren who, he says, have no idea what life was like in PNG let alone growing up under Japanese occupation. ▪

A Kokoda 2010 Australia-Papua New Guinea Joint Issue stamp collection will be released 20 April 2010 with 4 x 55c stamps and 1 x \$1.45 stamp. The Stamp Bulletin states:

‘This special joint stamp issue includes a prestige booklet with a unique combination of stamps, a limited-edition medallion cover (10,000) featuring an image of a wounded soldier helped by a “Fuzzy Wuzzy Angel”, and decorative gutter showing images of the Pacific medal and a medallion. The issue also includes a joint first day cover, a joint stamp pack containing both the Papua New Guinea and Australian stamps, and a self-adhesive booklet of 10 Australian stamps.’

Details are included in Australia Post Stamp Bulletin # 303 March April 2010
http://www.stamps.com.au/assets/document/1265685120-bulletin303_high.pdf

PNG POLICE SHOULD RECONSIDER NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH by **Paul Oates**

Having been previously involved in the Neighbourhood Watch program in Australia, I wondered why the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary might not consider another trial of this concept in say, parts of Lae and Port Moresby? These programs have been very effective in reducing crime elsewhere.

The current Police Commissioner, Gari Baki, has highlighted how the RPNGC is under resourced. In addition, reports of questionable road blocks and 'on the spot' fines aren't a good way of endearing local police to the general public.

There also seems to be many news reports of instances where PNG police aren't able to respond to criminal activity due to lack of resources and personnel. Effective management of volunteers is a proven way of stretching scarce resources.

Creating a volunteer, Neighbourhood Watch scheme, or some other organised arrangement between public and police, needs to be investigated. According to Port Moresby resident, Reginald Renagi, the RPNGC did have a previous Neighbourhood Watch program however apparently this has not been continued with. The reasons for this are unclear.

If each suburb and settlement had a Neighbourhood Watch program that was the eyes and ears of the police, this intelligence could well help reduce urban crime. It will also make law-abiding citizens aware of how they can assist with their own security. Reports of modus operandi or details of local crime can also help people become more aware of how they can help themselves. It also encourages excellent police/public relations.

The RPNGC could help themselves as well as the public by becoming more proactive rather than just reactive. Members of the public cleared by police can then go about helping their community reduce personal assaults and petty crime. Standing up for public decency and reporting criminals to police without having to physically engage is an effective way of assisting police. Effectively organised, People Power can work wonders. ▪

MADANG VISIT - EIGHT HAPPY PEOPLE

By Marie Clifton-Bassett

My family had been talking about visiting Madang while we still knew a few people there. I spread the word, and after a few hiccups, our little group of eight set off for a six-night stay at the Madang Resort Hotel - the hotel is in a prime location, on the entrance to the main harbour, it has a 25m swimming pool, and lovely gardens. The group was made up of Tino and Sandra Babao, Barry Smith, and five members of my family. I had emailed Sir Peter Barter (owner of the hotel) with a long list of things we wanted to do; he emailed back assuring me that all our interests would happen 'PNG style' and we should rest easy. And happen they did! There was hardly a spare moment – our days were filled with visits to our old haunts and to out-of-town places of interest.

The town still has a peaceful laid-back air about it, though the commercial area is a lot busier. The expatriate population is low, but those who are there are doing well, I believe, and providing employment for a large number of local people. Of course the local people have taken over the jobs expats used to do, and English is very widely spoken.

We were extremely fortunate to meet the President of the Divine Word University (DWU), Fr Jan Czuba, who spoke to us at length about the problems and issues confronting PNG today, and answered our many questions. The DWU is impressive. Fr Czuba stressed the importance of education as a key to PNG's future success. We visited two out-of-town Catholic educational establishments and the Sisters in charge said the same thing – education, education, education. They told us that parents are extremely keen for their children to go to school, and manage to find the high fees (high because money is needed for the generators and the oil to run them, etc.)

The old Madang Primary 'A' School is now an International School, and has had a colourful facelift. Tino Babao had been Headmaster there, and my girls had great fun exploring their old school. We visited Maureen Hill's kindergarten and Maureen talked to us about her work with the local children – she is inspirational!

Our visit to Alexishafen was of particular interest to Tino as he was born there, and his grandfather was buried there. Tino searched the cemetery for the grave without success - the older part was covered in long grass. The cemetery contains a memorial to those who lost their lives on the Dorish Maru, the Japanese ship which in early 1944 was transporting missionary internees from their temporary shelters on islands off Madang. The passengers were packed on deck when the ship was strafed by the Americans killing or wounding many.

We had a full day trip to Bogia, once a Sub-District HQ. Barry Smith had been a teacher there, and was able to visit the house he once lived in. It is now occupied by a local teacher, a real character.

Dylup Plantation, not far from Madang, now has a factory producing floorboards and parquet flooring from the hard wood of old coconut palms. It is environmentally friendly as the trees have to be removed anyway to make way for the planting of young seedlings - and there is no shortage of old trees throughout the country. The product is selling well in Australia and they hope

to export to New Zealand soon. The factory has an English manager and all the machine operators etc are local.

The Chinese-owned Ramu Nickel Mine has had a mixed reception - I am told they are importing labourers (on a fly-in/fly-out basis) instead of employing the local people. Their plans for the disposal of tailings are causing much anxiety. Chinese men occupied row upon row of seats in the departure lounge at the Madang airport.

A highlight of the trip was a visit to Kar Kar island, three hours from Madang - less if one went by 'banana boat'. We visited Kaviak Plantation, home of Brett Middleton and his wife, had a look at the plantation, and went for a trip round the island. For me, a highlight was seeing the plaque erected in the grounds of the Kar Kar Council commemorating the work of the last Australian District Commissioner (my late husband) 1963-73.

The younger ones delighted in swimming/snorkelling and caving, and we all experienced a jungle trek in search of the elusive Bird of Paradise (heard them but didn't see them). Everywhere we went the people were friendly and welcoming. It was great for two of my grandchildren to see where their mother grew up, and to see village life at first hand. All in all, it was a wonderful trip, and we came away with a far better understanding of the country and its people.

PS: The Madang Hotel negotiated reduced fares with Air Niugini for the group. The local driver assigned to us (with the delightful name of Busy Bee) gave superb service. Please contact me if you would like further information on doing a similar trip (02 9958-3408). ■

SECURITY ISSUES IN PNG circa 1970 by Barry Rowe

I worked with the Administration in Port Moresby between December 1968 and May 1977. Part of the time in the late 60's/early 70's I carried the illustrious title of Headquarters Co-ordinator for the West Nakanai Oil Palm Project located in the Administrator's Department and with dotted line responsibility to the head of the Agriculture Department under Bill Conroy and to Stan Pearsall in the Administrator's Department and to a Deputy Administrator.

Mick Mead was the local Coordinator initially based in Hoskins, later in Kimbe. The project reached a stage each year where a ballot was held for Papua New Guineans to be allocated a block of 15 acres in the relevant subdivision of the project. TAA was the carrier in charge of the annual uplift of the new settlers and flying them and their families into Hoskins. When the new settlers arrived, Mick would send me a telex with the block numbers for the new arrivals. Amongst other things this information was used as the basis to verify accounts from TAA. On one occasion there was a delay in receiving this information and despite all efforts at reminders by telex to Mick for this information it had not arrived and TAA were pressing for payment. Eventually I had one of those bellowing conversations by out-station radio with Mick through which I gathered that he had sent the information some time back. What to do? Shortly afterwards one of the Administrator Department's Security Officers walked into my office with a long telex in his hand and asked whether this information was mine. It was indeed the missing telex with a long list of block numbers. I gathered that the security people had had it for some time trying to decipher it! ■

MY KIAP MEDAL CONUNDRUM by Graham Taylor

Reading the commentary about medals for Kiaps afflicts me with conflicting points of view especially given that as an immediate post WW2 Kiap I might be qualified to receive one. .

My first point is that I am not seeking special recognition for the job I did as a Kiap. I undertook it voluntarily and cheerfully and while I carry physical scars inflicted by unfriendly Ramu tribesmen my life and times as a Kiap will forever remain the most rewarding aspect of my life. I am profoundly grateful, therefore, for the opportunity to serve. I do not seek hero status and I do not seek a medal as a further reward. It will not alter my ever-present memories of the past.

But then I remind myself of my long list of fellow Kiaps who lost their lives, were wounded or whose health was irreparably damaged and those whose families – the likes of Harris, Szarka and Emmanuel to name just three – suffered so grievously,

It's then I begin to wonder whether for all of us -the living and the dead- there may well be justifiable cause to award such a medal. Not for its value as a trinket, but as a visual reminder of a noble cause well and truly served. It could be argued that there are three compelling issues.

The first is that Australians should be reminded of the contributions we Kiaps made towards the development of Papua and New Guinea and its evolution as a sovereign self-governing democracy. With the ravages of time and the passing of those of us involved there is reason to believe that much will be forgotten. I see this already in my own family. Might the publicity generated by such an award help Australians retain important memories of we Kiaps as footsoldiers of a colonial past of which all Australians are justly proud?

The second is the vexatious question of entitlement; the view that others who also served in the field should also be recognised. This begs probing questions placing relative values on the courage, dedication, isolation, privation, physical hardship and personal dangers in the lives of Kiaps. Predictably it prompts comparisons as to how many *didimans*, *liklik doktas*, *meri nurses* and *sikul* teachers (for example) faced equally life threatening privations in the pursuit of their duties.

The third is that it could also be argued that wider entitlement would surely dilute the special meritorious and personal nature of a Kiap Medal. Might this prompt a need for a Colonial Service Medal for other Australians who served in less hazardous professional fields?

For many given its evidence of individual recognition a Kiap Medal might seem a poor reward for service so unselfishly given. While it may fall short of adequate recompense I certainly have difficulty in identifying an alternative individually targeted gesture which would achieve the same intended purpose of recognising the personal contributions of Kiaps. ■

THE Manufacturers Council of PNG (MCPNG) has launched an intensified campaign promoting local brands with a 'PNG Made' logo to encourage consumers to buy more locally-made products. MCPNG chief executive officer, Mr Scovell, said 'When you make the choice to buy a PNG-made product, you know that you are making the choice to make a better PNG.' The National

PNGAA 2009 ADELAIDE REUNION
By Graham Taylor and Jan Kleinig

The guest speaker at the annual Adelaide Reunion Luncheon, on Sunday 25 October 2009 at the Public Schools Club, was **Peter Routley**, Headmaster of Keravat Senior High School from 1975-77. Guests were welcomed by the Master-of-Ceremonies, Graham Taylor and a message from PNGAA President, Riley Warren AM was read out.

Peter was introduced by his long time friend and colleague Brian Petersen, former Headmaster of Malabunga High School, who detailed Peter's involvement in secondary education in Papua New Guinea and his work in retirement with various aid organizations in Asia and Africa.

The title of Peter's talk was '*An Island of Gold Floating in a Sea Of Oil*'. His theme by analogy, was the multi-faceted development of schools and nations.

Peter spoke from his experience as the Head of three Secondary boarding schools, one in Western Nigeria and the other two in PNG. The first was a community, grant-aided school in a populous but undeveloped part of the western region of Nigeria. Called the Ila Grammar School, he arrived there to take over a one-year-old school set-up in the best British mould with 30 first year boys decked out in caps, blazers and ties. There were three classrooms and some staff-housing. Very quickly, 30 girls were selected to join the boys, and the British bric-a-brac abandoned.

The students were diligent, the curriculum was academic: good teaching staff was not hard to find, so the school reflected the 60's Nigerian attitude toward education – it mattered. On the other hand, less salubrious elements of Nigerian life loomed large: the 'dash' to lubricate the wheels of officialdom, the bitter fight for influence on the school's Board, and the shameless lobbying for building contracts. On balance, the difficulties of governance out-weighed the pleasantness of the school so that after four years he refused a renewal of contract.

The two schools in PNG were a contrast. Kimbe was brand-new and equipped to the last test-tube and library-book. It had been long-awaited and was the educational focus of the new oil-palm area. Students came, not only from all parts of West New Britain, but from the exceptional families which had settled on the blocks. These people came from everywhere – the Sepik, Papua, the Highlands, Manus, East N.B. and New Ireland. Whole hearted community support, an enthusiastic staff and able students made Peter's four-year tenure at Kimbe High School a pleasure.

Keravat, on the other hand was, as Ivor Lopes said, 'a challenge'. When he started there in 1975 it was Keravat's first year as a Senior High School. There were no longer any junior classes. Students who had been top of the heap and outstanding at their previous schools found themselves among hundreds of equally talented young men and women. All, apart from a few Tolai, were far from clan and home-Province: local Keravat restraints would need to be firm for the benefit of the whole school. With 400 boarders, aged 17 years upwards it was obvious that general law and order to establish a routine was necessary with special sanctions against male/female sexual activity and the consumption of alcohol at the school.

The first offenders against rules imposed in the latter two areas, were expelled with such expedition that the remaining students clearly understood the message. Unfortunately a minority of the staff and some of the male students found Peter's actions to be high-handed and any real unity of purpose at the school became very difficult to establish.

Despite the underlying murmur of discontent, the academic level was high, with much excellent teaching. Sporting triumphs were routine, and the girls knew that they had a safe haven.

Peter then enlarged the scope of his address by making an analogy between these three different schools with their different sets of circumstances, and the similar way in which nations grow according to their circumstances. He invited those at the lunch to consider such countries as Haiti, Fiji, the Philippines, Zimbabwe, Iraq and even Australia in relation to the way in which they are developing as societies. Each country is a creature – perhaps even a victim of its own circumstances.

Papua New Guinea is no exception. Its problems are numerous and needed no listing to the luncheon audience. Each problem has its own origins and its own resolution, but Peter's conclusion was that PNG will be able to tackle problems using the skills and attitudes of an increasingly important indigenous intelligentsia. Younger PNG academics who have studied abroad, see the world through twenty-first century eyes. They want their country to provide a good living for all of its people, not just those in their own clan or Province. Six Universities in PNG, many leading Provincial High schools with year 11 & 12 students, and a passing of the older generation of political leaders point to a PNG which won't be perfect (what nation is?) but which will be led and administered by young men and women of vision – well educated, far-seeing and honest.

In moving a vote of thanks John Kleinig, a former teacher at Malaguna Technical College in Rabaul, said Peter Routley's address had highlighted the view that while there had been some disappointing aspects since Independence in 1975, there were a great many potentially positive and encouraging issues facing Papua New Guinea and its peoples. There was every reason, he said, for us to look to the future with growing confidence.

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Update from Oro Province by John Kleinig

In October 2009 an Oro Community Development Project (OCDP) team of teachers and a medical doctor followed up a similar visit to Oro Province in April 2009.

One of the tasks included the personal distribution of books, stationery and other supplies. The quantum was very substantial as the two schools at Gona and Hohorita had been operating with virtually no stock at all. The storage of these resources was discussed with each of the schools. They both had lockable rooms and this is where the goods will be stored. Systems to regulate the issuing of stock were also discussed.

After consultation with the staff at both schools, the appropriate textbooks for each level were decided upon. Books for Language, Mathematics and Health were identified. In Popondetta, the cost of these textbooks is double that of the same books in Port Moresby.

We were fortunate that TNT and Airlines of PNG offered to transport all the library books, teaching aids and other teaching supplies as well as the birthing kits from Sydney to Popondetta. These were transported as air freight at no cost to OCDP although they did incur a moderate customs charge in Port Moresby.

In careful discussions with staff, their frustrations became clear. They are asked to do too much with too little and this is impacting on school attendance. However areas in which we can be helpful have been identified.

Training sessions in the use of birthing kits occurred at or near both the schools. 1000 kits will now be distributed, together with the appropriate advice, by the Mothers' Union on a non-discriminatory basis to expectant mothers in the area.

The impact on schools of typhoid, dysentery, other water-borne diseases and more recently cholera is far greater than anticipated. The provision of clean water is a major issue. At Hohorita, there are no water tanks while at Gona there is only one. Water from the streams is used for washing, cooking and drinking with the inevitable problems particularly during the dry season.

The next team will visit the schools at Gona and Hohorita in early April 2010 when work will continue on helping to develop school communities through an integrated approach involving health, clean water, sanitation, education and agricultural opportunities.

During the forthcoming visit it is hoped to finalise the installation of appropriate water tanks and to update sanitation facilities. In this regard, we are grateful for the advice of the Institute of Sustainable Futures at UTS. The individual health of the school children and staff will be a particular project for the medical doctor as well as further training and distribution of more birth kits. Helping teaching staff deal with a plethora of challenges will exercise the mind.

OCDP remains deeply appreciative of the support of the PNGAA and its members. Further information can be viewed on our website at www.oropng.org or if you do not already receive the newsletter you can do so, by emailing us at info@oropng.org or mailing us at PO Box 219, Hunters Hill NSW 2110.

The Fryer Library at the University of Queensland collects archival material on PNG (photographs, documents, maps and patrol reports). Dr Peter Cahill coordinates this – please contact him on phone 07-3371 4794 or email: p.cahill@uqconnect.net

Help needed: recovery of Japanese war dead from the Islands “still far from over”

Almost 65 years after the end of the Pacific war, Japanese are still working to track down and recover the remains of thousands of Japanese war dead they believe are scattered across the mainland and offshore islands of Papua New Guinea including Bougainville, the Solomons and elsewhere in the South-west Pacific war theatre.

“The task of recovery and repatriation is far from over for a huge number of Japanese families hoping for final closure,” the active and respected Japanese researcher Harumi Sakaguchi, has told *Una Voce*.

Sakaguchi, a PNGAA member, and a former UN worker in PNG, wants to make contact with any Australian ex-servicemen, or others, including Papua New Guineans or expat residents, who may have been engaged directly or indirectly in burials of Japanese servicemen, especially those who became prisoners of war but died despite medical treatment.

Based on his self-financed research in Australia, PNG and Japan, and the study of documents and photographs including a photo of a Japanese war cemetery in the Bomana area of Port Moresby, Sakaguchi suspects the remains of a potentially significant number of Japanese servicemen are yet to be recovered and repatriated to Japan. He hopes that Australian veterans with relevant knowledge can offer critical help in shedding further light on interment that may assist in their final recovery.

Sakaguchi is particularly keen to contact and consult Australian ex-servicemen who had direct or indirect knowledge of the burials of (1) Japanese prisoners who died at the 2/9 Australian General Hospital near Port Moresby; (2) of the remains of Japanese naval airmen recovered after being shot down during raids on Port Moresby; and (3) the Japanese servicemen and war prisoners who were initially buried in a Japanese war cemetery constructed by an Australian force in Torokina, Bougainville.

Harumi Sakaguchi, who has also been assisting the Montevideo Memorial Trust with information, can be contacted at zerosenhs@jcom.home.ne.jp.

After the historic Burns Philp building in Port Moresby was destroyed by fire in mid 2009 NASFUND made a commitment that the Bell Tower would be saved. Tradition, history and continuity are all factors in the decision to preserve this important historical landmark.

Plans have now been drawn up with an additional third story and balcony with views over Fairfax Harbour. The new building is due for completion December 2010. Artists impression of Burns Philp Reconstruction with an additional third story with balcony.



<http://wikimapia.org/13014224/Burns-Philp-Haus>

MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL TRUST

By Keith Jackson

The relatives of the troops and civilians who died as a result of the Japanese invasion of the New Guinea Islands in January 1942 – including those on the *Montevideo Maru* - always felt isolated; their grief compounded by the feeling that those troops and civilians had been betrayed.

During the war they went for years without knowing what had happened to their men and, after the war, felt that their great personal tragedy had gone unrecognised. They came to believe, quite simply, that Australia didn't care.

From time to time, relatives would seek some form of greater solace from government, only to be told – often dismissively -that the government had done what it could.

I'd been in Rabaul in 1970 as a journalist, but it was only in 2008-09 as PNGAA President that I met a number of the relatives and realised there were some hundreds of people for whom there had never been closure in this matter.

They wanted greater recognition for the sacrifice that had been made.

I felt they had a compelling story to tell and a reasonable case to make. So in late 2008, we established a small, informal group – now being incorporated as the Montevideo Maru Memorial Trust.

The purpose of the Trust is to represent the families of those soldiers and civilians captured in Rabaul and the New Guinea Islands in 1942. Our goal is to gain national recognition and greater understanding of the tragedy and its antecedents in the interests of relatives and the historical record.

The Trust has an outstanding committee including Hon Kerry Sibraa AO, former Senate president, as my deputy, Andrea Williams, Phil Ainsworth, Clive Troy, Hooky Street, Liz Thurston, Bob Lawrence and Don Hook. You'll recognise many of these names as PNGAA members.

We've also had the good fortune to secure Hon Peter Garrett AM as Patron, Prof Hank Nelson as historical adviser and leading Canberra lawyer Bernard Collaery as legal adviser.

There are already 200 members of the Trust, who we call Friends. You can become a Friend by emailing me at kjackson@jacksonwells.com.au. Membership is currently free of charge, although this is likely to change in the near future. The Trust produces a monthly newsletter.

Our objectives include:

1. To appropriately memorialise the tragedy of the fall of Rabaul and the sinking of the *Montevideo Maru* to facilitate comfort and closure in the minds of the victims' relatives.
2. To secure national recognition and stimulate action to provide greater knowledge of the events that led to the fall of Rabaul and the sinking of the *Montevideo Maru*.
3. To locate the nominal roll brought back from Japan and deposited with Central Army Records that is believed to include the names of all the prisoners on board the *Montevideo Maru*.
4. To engage the Commonwealth in declaring the site of the sinking an official war grave.

We are pursuing major projects in each of these areas. One of particular importance is the construction of a memorial within the grounds of the Australian War Memorial in Canberra. The Director of the Memorial, Maj Gen Steve Gower AO, is enthusiastic about this proposal and is extending considerable assistance to the Trust to realise it.

One of the earliest decisions made by the Trust was not to seek an underwater search for the *Montevideo Maru*. The coordinates of where it sank are well known - indicating its position within a 2km radius - and the cost of a dedicated search would be prohibitive. While deciding not to seek a search, however, the committee did seek the declaration of the site of the sinking as an official war grave – and this is being currently pursued through the Office of Australian War Graves.

The Trust is ensuring that the story of the *Montevideo Maru* becomes better known to Australians through the media. In 2009 we were helped in this regard by:

- a Parliamentary speech by the Minister, the first time many relatives had experienced national recognition of the tragedy
- the dedication of a plaque at the Hellships Memorial at Subic Bay in the Philippines on 1 July, the 68th anniversary of the sinking
- the broadcast by Foxtel of a documentary produced by John Schindler, *The Tragedy of the Montevideo Maru*

If you would like to become a Friend, or find out more about the work of the Trust, just drop me an email [kjackson@jacksonwells.com.au]. ■

CROSSROAD TO JUSTICE

By Sinaka Goava and Pat Howley

Both Sinaka Goava and Goava Oa were well known in Port Moresby before independence but for very different reasons.

Sinaka was outstanding for his integrity and honest and was the darling of the administration moving to Independence. His father Goava spent 32 years in jail because he was feared by the Judges, the colonial Administration and the White population of Port Moresby. In this book both Sir Sinaka and Sinaka Goava get the chance to tell their own story.

Cost: \$A 30.00 incl postage

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ABS# 000062063 a/c 25410281189 Doncaster Shoppingtown.

Email phowley@dwu.ac.pg

Did you know? The International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) archives may be able to assist you if you are seeking information about a person who was held as a prisoner of war or civilian internee in connection with a conflict in the twentieth century.

See: <http://www.icrc.org/eng/contact-archives>

VILLAGE CRICKET: HOOD PENINSULA, 1965

By Robert Grieve

It seemed like a good idea at the time. The teaching staff at Hula Primary 'T' School reasoned that the benefits of a village cricket competition far outweighed the problems it might create. We thought village cricket would be an enjoyable social event, provide the men with something to do in their abundant leisure time, and permit the Europeans on the staff to have greater interaction with the parents of the children they taught.

The competition began in the dry season (May to November) in 1965 and involved five teams that played each other once, with the top two teams playing a 'Grand Final'. Hula, the largest village on the Hood Peninsula provided two teams, Makirupu further inland from Hula provided another, the School XI (made up of staff and students) another, and Kaparako, west of Hula, completed the quintet of teams. The people of all the competing villages were predominantly London Mission Society adherents and were happy to play on a Saturday. The people of Irupara, the village closest to Hula, were mainly Seventh Day Adventists, and unfortunately could not play on Saturday, otherwise they too would have joined in the fun. The villages of Kalo, Babaka, and Kamali did not field teams in the competition.

Most players, if not all, in each team were not very good batsmen from a technical point of view; straight bats were not much in evidence, but what they lacked in technique was well and truly compensated for by their 'good eyes' and their willingness to hit the ball hard. Not for them the defensive prod!

In my opinion the Hula 1 team was the best team in the competition and far superior to Hula 2, which raised the suspicion that all the best players were in the Hula 1 team and their less talented players relegated to the Hula 2 side. Not only did the Hula 1 team have depth in their batting, but they also had a high quality leg spin bowler. From a distance the Hula 1 'leggie' looked innocuous enough; he gave the ball 'plenty of air' and from the security of the outer his deliveries looked very easy to hit. To face him out in the middle was much more difficult: if the batsman came down the wicket to hit a delivery on the full, he found it would dip and drop disconcertingly, leaving him swinging or groping at thin air. If the batsmen played him from the crease, the Hula 1 'leggie' would bamboozle them with his superbly controlled 'wrong un', which spun a prodigious distance on the concrete pitches.

The School XI consisted of myself, Jim Tarr (our Head Teacher), Barry Field, Frank Bakskai, four local teachers and three Grade 6 students. I was appointed captain, on the basis that I had played some competitive cricket in Port Moresby before I took up my posting at Hula. Frank had fled the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 when only a teenager, and although he knew nothing about cricket, he cheerfully attempted to learn the rudiments of the game.

The teams were reasonably well-kitted out with bats, balls, stumps, pads and wicket-keeping gloves, all of which were provided by the generosity of Government Stores. However, we did not have the luxury of batting gloves and protectors; if a batsman suffered a blow to his delicate bits and pieces, it was expected of him to wince in pain, curse his bad luck, and then immediately get on with the game.

Each game was played on a Saturday starting at about 10.00 a.m. with each team completing one innings. The games were a major social event and all the villagers attended to watch, give advice and laugh at the antics of the uncoordinated European teaching staff. Hosts and guests provided food for lunch, which was invariably fish, rice, and copious quantities of very sweet tea. On one occasion a jovial Hula matriarch attempted to show off her western culinary skills by baking a cake for the visiting School XI. Either the matriarch's cooking skills were not up to scratch, or more likely, she could not afford or find the necessary ingredients, as her 'cake' was more functional as a Frisbee than something that was edible. Bless her though - the thought behind it was charming.

At the conclusion of the four games played by each team, Hula 1 remained undefeated, Makirupu lost only one game to Hula 1 and the other three teams had one victory each: Hula 2 defeated the School XI, the School XI defeated Kaparoko, and Kaparoko defeated Hula 2. This meant that Hula 1 and Makirupu would play in the Grand Final, a match that posed certain problems. There had been long standing tension between Hula and Makirupu over land claims and each village thought it was superior to the other. It was agreed, therefore, that the match would be played on neutral territory at the School ground known as Manea Manea. Not a pretty place - situated on one of the rare stretches of coastal sand dunes on the whole south coast of Papua, and exposed to the persistent, strong and dry south east trade winds. There was very little vegetation except for grass and some miserable specimens of pandanus palms, which offered little protection from the monotonous winds. I jokingly referred to the School ground as the Manea Manea desert and its desolation was probably the reason that the Hula people allowed the School to be built there. The grounds at Hula and Makirupu were far more pleasant than Manea Manea, as they were well protected from the south east trades by many coconut trees and had a lush green look about them. Unfortunately, these grounds were not considered, as it was imperative to play the match on a ground where there was no perceived advantage to one village over another. Neutral umpires were also appointed with Jim Tarr, Barry Field, and me sharing the duties.

Hula 1 batted first and reached a good score of about 160, which would have been significantly larger on a field with a harder surface than sand. The Makirupu innings started badly with two men out for very few runs; both were clean bowled, which pleased the umpires, as these were dismissals that no one could dispute. Gradually the Makirupu innings started to build with their star batsman making most of the runs, while his partner somehow contrived to stay at the crease.

At this stage of the narrative it is important to comment on the Hood Peninsula method of running between wickets. Not for them the time honoured system of calling 'Yes', 'No', or 'Wait'; not for them the equally time honoured system of the striker calling for anything hit in front of the wicket and the non-striker calling for anything hit behind the wicket. Rather, the players of the Hood Peninsula preferred what I call the 'mind reading' method of running between the wickets. This method involves the batsmen starting tentatively for a run while intently looking at each other in the hope that

they could read each other's mind and come to a decision about whether they should run or not. Needless to say this method is fraught with danger as mind reading is not an exact science.

Just as the situation was looking brighter for the Makirupu supporters, disaster occurred - the Makirupu batsmen failed to read each other's minds and the inevitable mix-up in the middle of the pitch occurred. The Makirupu star batsman eventually ran towards the striker's end but he was well short of his ground by about two metres. All the Hula 1 players appealed vociferously, whether they had a good view of proceedings or not, as they knew the Makirupu star batsman was a critical wicket for them. It was an easy decision for the poor unfortunate square leg umpire (Yours Truly) to make, for the Makirupu star batsman was so far out of his ground that even today's timid test umpires would have given him out without resorting to the help of the third umpire and television replays. I raised my finger to indicate that the innings of the star Makirupu batsman was over and with it the chances of a Makirupu victory. In hindsight I shouldn't have given him out. Perhaps, I should have lamely claimed that I wasn't paying attention and didn't see the incident, but unfortunately I had no way of knowing the repercussions of my decision.

There was a large crowd at the match, very befitting of a Grand Final; most of the Makirupu supporters were in the northwest corner of the ground and the Hula 1 supporters were at the southern end. When the Makirupu supporters realized I had given their star batsman out, they swarmed on to the field in an angry rage. One of them - I can still see his face, big and round like a Halloween pumpkin - seized a stump out of the ground and menaced me with it. Fortunately for me there were some London Missionary Society native pastors in the crowd, men of influence throughout the Hood Peninsula and their wise counsel prevailed. My would-be-assailant, who I found out later had just been released from gaol for murder, relinquished his makeshift weapon, calm was restored and the match abandoned. This was a reasonable result for all concerned: Hula 1 had a moral victory, Makirupu didn't suffer the ignominy of losing, and more importantly, I lived to tell the tale!

Maurice Nixon, the LMS missionary in charge of the area, was not an enthusiastic supporter of our cricket competition in the first place and he used his considerable power to prevent it from happening again. A pity, because the Hula teaching staff maintained that it seemed like a good idea at the time •

SUPERANNUATION REPORT

You will have received your ComSuper report some time ago and found that the CPI increase for the 12 months ending 30 September 2009 was 1.3%. This amount is shown in the second line of the summary of your existing and new pension details as:

Your gross fortnightly pension increase is: \$[amount]

For those entitled to and wondering where the \$0.52 per unit bi-annual increase is shown, look at the line under the heading "Taxable components":

Your new taxed fortnightly component is: \$[amount]

Remember this increase only applies to pensions that commenced on or before 30 June 1973. I have received enquiries about what happened to the Undeducted Purchase Price (UPP) but have not been able to get a satisfactory answer to my telephone enquires to the ATO. I am pursuing this matter with ComSuper and the ATO.

Fred Kaad

A TRIBUTE TO PETER FIGGIS MC by Patrick Lindsay

Patrick considered it 'a great privilege' to be asked to pay tribute to Peter Figgis' remarkable wartime service at Peter's funeral. He said: 'I hope I can do justice to an extraordinary man'. The following is what he said.

Some months ago, as I looked at this gentle, cultured, handsome man ... in the sitting room in his nursing home ... I remember thinking: I wonder whether the staff here have any idea of how much this old man risked and what he did for the freedom we all enjoy in Australia today.

They say that in wars, individuals rarely play a significant role. But, let me tell you, individuals like Peter Figgis, and his small band of comrades in the Coast Watching service, played a role far, far in excess of their numbers in the Pacific War.

In fact, I reckon if Peter had been a Yank, they would have made ten movies about him and his exploits by now ... with everyone from Gary Cooper and Jimmy Stewart through to Brad Pitt playing him.

In fact, Peter was straight out of Central Casting ... tall, dashing, handsome, with a movie-star smile and piercing eyes. Yet he was self-deprecating and unflappable under pressure.

I remember looking into his eyes - once windows into the mind of a warrior - and seeing eyes brimming with the compassion of one who has seen the unspeakable horrors of war and who has learned life's enduring lessons. He radiated integrity.

Peter left his job with the wool firm, Grazcos, to join up in Caulfield, Melbourne on July 4 1940, aged 24 years and 8 months. At that stage he wouldn't have realised how many of his skills and early life experiences had combined to prepare him ideally for his future roles in the war.

He was a fine athlete, and in particular, an outstanding long-distance swimmer. He was an accomplished sailor. A natural leader, he had served with the Melbourne University Regiment before the war.

Within a month of enlistment, Peter was commissioned a lieutenant with the 2/22nd Battalion and then appointed as the battalion's Intelligence Officer ... at aged 25. Peter and his battalion hoped to join the rest of the AIF in the Middle East but in the early months of 1941 they were sent to Rabaul on New Britain Island as Lark Force, a garrison for the town, which was in those days Australian territory.

Initially, Peter and the other 1400 troops thought they'd been stuck in a tropical backwater while the war raged elsewhere. But then came Pearl Harbour and the Japanese onslaught through Asia and then the Pacific and Rabaul was suddenly a vital strategic location.

As Intelligence Officer, Peter repeatedly warned headquarters in Australia that Japanese troops were on the way and that they would overrun the small and pathetically poorly-armed garrison. His warnings were ignored.

On January 23 1942, an overwhelming Japanese invasion force covered the horizon with ships. They landed and swept aside Lark Force in a single day. Peter's commander was forced to issue the order 'every man for himself!'

For Peter, this was the start of 79 days on the run through the jungles of New Britain as he and his mates tried to evade the Japanese and somehow get

themselves back to Australia. They had been abandoned by the high command ... one communique even referred to them as 'hostages to fortune'.

One of those who travelled with Peter on this odyssey was his life-long friend, Hugh McKenzie, later best man at his wedding and godfather to his son and after whom his son was named.

During their escape, on Friday 13th February Peter's group almost ran into a Jap patrol and then Peter and Hugh McKenzie stumbled across a terrible sight at Tol Plantation. Here they found the mouldering remains of 120 Diggers who had surrendered to the Japanese ten days' earlier and who had then been tied together with wire in groups of ten, then taken into the bush and bayoneted or shot to death.

So Peter and his mates knew what awaited them if they were caught. That only served to redouble their efforts. They found a small abandoned dinghy, repaired it and sailed it down the south coast in an epic journey ... four men in a 12 foot dinghy. After a month or so battling the seas and hiding from Jap planes and patrols, they made contact with a larger group of escapers. They eventually made radio contact with Port Moresby and arranged for a boat to rendezvous with them to take them to the PNG mainland.

The boat was the official yacht of the Administrator of Papua, the *Laurabada*. It was 30 metres long with beautiful lines. But it had just four cabins and was designed to accommodate eight passengers. Peter and 156 diggers jammed themselves on board and sailed to Moresby, arriving on 12th April 1942.

Of those 1400 troops of Lark Force, about 200 were killed in action, around 400 escaped and 800 were taken prisoner.

Some months later, the 800 POWs were put on board a ship bound for Japan. *The Montevideo Maru* was torpedoed by an American submarine near the Philippines. All 800 POWs went down with the ship ... still today, Australia's greatest maritime disaster!

You'd think that, having survived such a shattering experience, Peter Figgis would have opted for a quiet desk job somewhere out of the action. Not Peter, he volunteered for the M Specials, a secret intelligence group, and then accepted an offer to return to New Britain ... back to the nightmare from which he'd escaped ... this time as a Coast Watcher.

The Coast Watchers were a select band, formed early in the war, who watched and reported on enemy movements, initially from Australia and the surrounding Pacific Islands but, after the Japanese occupation, from behind enemy lines.

They were codenamed 'Ferdinand' after the mythical bull which would rather smell the flowers than fight in the bullring. They were to observe and report, not to fight. But, of course, they were in constant danger, being hunted by the Japanese, by land and by air. Some 36 of them were captured and executed by the Japanese.

It was during his training, on the Gold Coast, where he worked alongside the heroes of the Singapore Z Special raids, that Peter met his beloved Nerida.

A year after his escape, Peter was aboard an American submarine heading back to New Britain with another Coast Watcher, Malcolm Wright and four PNG native soldiers, including Sergeant Simogun Pita, another of Peter's lifelong mates. They secretly landed at Cape Orford, about 80 kilometres from Rabaul and began reporting on Japanese operations.

Like all Coast Watchers, Peter communicated by using the then state of the art AWA Teleradio ... a cumbersome, complicated apparatus that had a separate transmitter, receiver, tuner, amplifier and petrol-driven engine to charge the battery. It took between 12 and 16 men to transport it ... and this was the 'portable' radio that the Coast Watchers had to use while trying to evade the Japanese.

For more than a year, Peter lived this bizarre life on the edge. Always alert for Japanese patrols, who would try to home in on his radio signals and hunt him down. He and his mates lived largely off the land, with regular but rare supply drops by Catalina flying boats. Many of the pilots became cherished friends and they often dropped special gifts of tobacco or whisky, and the occasional letter from home or newspaper or magazine.

Peter and his fellow Coast Watchers saved countless allied lives by giving early warning of bombing raids. Their warnings allowed the Americans and the RAAF time to scramble their fighters and attack the bombers from out of the sun, often decimating the unsuspecting Japanese.

The Coast Watchers were also responsible for saving the lives of many downed airmen, including the future president of the United States, John F Kennedy, who was rescued by an Australian Coast Watcher, Reg Evans, after his PT 109 was sunk.

During his time on New Britain and on subsequent assignments, Peter and his comrades had many narrow escapes from capture. On one occasion he swam out to sea in pitch darkness to find and guide in an American submarine.

This was a remarkable man.

Peter had a special kind of courage, perhaps of an even higher degree than the hot-blooded courage we often see of extraordinary valour in action. To have witnessed the dangers, to have seen first-hand the merciless actions of his enemy – who at that stage appeared unstoppable – and to have escaped them once, meant that returning to the nightmare demanded a level of courage unimaginable to us mere mortals.

Peter's superiors recognised his bravery. He was recommended for the Military Cross. His recommendation read:

"Whilst in enemy occupied territory (Japanese) T/Captain Figgis furnished most valuable and timely reports of Japanese shipping, submarine and aircraft movements which enabled allied aircraft to inflict considerable loss on the enemy.

He organised and maintained a native intelligence system which has supplied GHQ with information regarding the enemy's strength, dispositions and installations. Since the 2nd October 1943, Captain Figgis has been in charge of the allied intelligence bureau party of which he was previously 2 IC.

The presence of the party was known to the Japanese, whose reconnaissance planes and land parties have searched continuously in an endeavour to locate

it. With a total disregard for personal danger, Captain Figgis has continued to report enemy movements until 19th November when he was instructed to withdraw further inland so as to avoid capture and be available to resume his original role when opportunity offered. Captain Figgis is still in enemy occupied territory.”

Peter was given a ‘periodical’ award of the Military Cross for bravery. That’s reserved for those who display numerous acts of valour over a long period.

The citation for the MC read, with wonderful brevity: “for exemplary courage with allied intelligence bureau.” awarded by the NSW Governor on 27 February 1947.

Peter was delighted after the war to know that his great friend Simogun had been awarded the British Empire Medal for his bravery. He would become a PNG Parliamentarian and would later become Sir Pita Simogun.

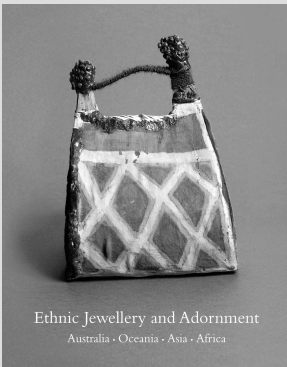
Peter Figgis was a special member of a special generation of Australians. As Hugh [Figgis] will tell you shortly, his war service was only one shining part of his life. But it was an inspiration to all those who know or learn of his story.

Peter and his comrades risked so much and sacrificed so much for us. Their sacrifices will only be in vain should we fail to keep their stories alive.

Peter Figgis’ story is part of our dreamtime. We must pass it on to future generations. May Peter’s spirit live on.

See vale page 61

Patrick Lindsay is currently writing a book titled ‘The Coastwatchers’. ■



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On 12 January 2010 PNG experienced its worst road accident when two 25-seater buses collided on the Highlands Highway about 100 kilometres from the provincial capital Lae, near Mutzing. 43 people died. It is alleged that speeding, while trying to avoid the highways’ infamous potholes, contributed to the crash. Police Superintendent Peter Guinness said “There are so many potholes along the highway - some of these potholes are like craters - and they basically wanted to avoid those potholes’.

<http://www.abc.net.au/news/stories/2010/01/14/2792267.htm>

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Bruce O'Reilly sent in these photos of the plaque (above) and frame of the Glider flown into Telefomin to mark Telefomin's dependence on air transport and the first flight there by Stuart Campbell in 1936.



Please refer *Una Voce* No. 4 December 2009 page 44 Szarka and Harris Memorial at Telefomin'.

HELP WANTED

Dave Lornie, in Port Moresby, is currently **documenting the more unusual and interesting traditional practises (initiations, body modifications etc)** around PNG – both current and extinct for a magazine series. If any members could help Dave with photos and recollections of any such practises from their time in PNG please contact him at: dlornie@spp.com.pg.

* * *

Philip Selth is writing a biography of **Eric Miller QC** (1903-1986), a prominent Sydney Silk in the 1940s-1960s. Philip is particularly interested in Miller's defense of his cousin **Captain John Joseph Murphy** at his court martial at Lae in 1946 on treachery charges and of two trials of the Nauruan constable Agoko on charges of murder following the so-called '**Chinese riot**' in **1948**. At the first of these trials the presiding judge was Chief Judge Frederick Beaumont Phillips from PNG.

Philip would appreciate any assistance members of PNGAA may be able to offer to locate information outside the National Archives of Australia about the court martial and trials. If you are able to assist please contact Philip at: PH: 02 9229 1735 (W), E: pselth@nswbar.asn.au or NSW Bar Association, 174 Phillip St, Sydney, NSW 2000.

* * *

Alexander (Sandy) Gilliland is searching for information about his grandfather, **Robert Dugald BERTIE**. He has been told that Robert Bertie owned the first motor vehicle to be registered in Port Moresby, a Rolls Royce with the number plate 'PM1', and that this vehicle was subsequently commandeered by General MacArthur in WWII. If you have any information which would confirm this could you please contact Sandy at: 127 Kenmore Road, Kenmore, 4069 by phone: 07 38157611 (Business hours) or 0418782582 (Mobile) or Email: sandy.gilliland@aceinfo.net.au

* * *

Ron Patton, a former history teacher at Kwikila High School (down the coast from Moresby) is doing research on **the history of Australian involvement in TPNG**. He is collating the history of all who lived and/or worked there and welcomes all who were there at the time to contribute their personal accounts of their lives in that era.

Ron is interested in many factors concerning initial expectations of life in PNG and experiences, challenges and achievements in both personal and working life there. He is interested in hearing impressions about the differences in lifestyle between life in PNG and how life was in Australia at that time. Additionally he is interested in how working experiences in PNG contributed to the development of the local Melanesian population, particularly in the economic, educational, political and social fields. Ron is focusing his campaign in NSW and southern Queensland at the moment and will expand to the other states shortly, writing Letters to the Editor in local papers to advise people. He has a detailed guideline sheet on request. Once the information is collated he intends passing it on to a suitable repository for future historians and researchers.

Please contact Ron Patton Ph: 02 9484 7120 or at 35 Thorn St, Pennant Hills, 2120 Email: ronald_patton@yahoo.com.au

* * *

Carole Frayne (nee Wilkinson) seeks information about her uncle, **Jack Wilkinson**, who went to Australia in the 30s or 40s. He was born in West Derby Liverpool. If you have any information could you please email: michael.frayne1@btinternet.com or contact the Editor.

FILM NEWS

The DVD: **The Tragedy of the Montevideo Maru** produced by **John Schindler**, is now available. Following the launch on Foxtel last November 2009 of the documentary, the DVD has bonus material in addition to the extended version of the documentary, which runs for almost two hours.

There is coverage of the service at the Hellships Memorial Subic Bay for the 1 July 2009 dedication of the shrine to those lost on the *Montevideo Maru*. This coverage includes excerpts from all speeches and shots of the magnificent wreaths containing many beautiful flowers.

The extended DVD is on sale for \$40 including packaging and posting.

ORDER YOUR COPY: Cheques for \$40 to 'Montevideo Maru Memorial Committee' at PO Box 1743, Neutral Bay NSW 2089. Or make a direct deposit to the Committee's bank account: BSB 082-401 Account No 16-083-2367. If you make a direct deposit, let Teddy Haryjanto know by sending an email to tharyjanto@jacksonwells.com.au

Note: Anyone who has an interest in the *Montevideo Maru*, or the fall of the New Guinea Islands, can become a **Friend of the Montevideo Maru** by emailing Keith Jackson at: kjackson@jacksonwells.com.au

* * * * *

Discovery channel has featured many TV documentary films showing Western palefaces visiting the world's native people in their natural habitat. But it produced an amusing trifle when it took two Southern Highlanders to France for four months. A pair of genial, quite chubby, Hulis were selected and their demeanour caused me to christen them Mutt and Jeff. Their reactions to heavily built cities and motor highways were predictable but several observations were made which stick in the mind. Always 'coming and going' said Mutt as he surveyed the busy Paris streets. Then as he made quick little steps like someone heading for his office he called to Jeff 'Look at me, I am walking like a white man'. Indeed, something quite different to the gait of a Highlander on a mountainside track.

At a grand chateau in the Dordogne where they wore full bilas including a bone through the septum they were shown how to lay the table for a formal dinner. Gazing at the assembled cutlery Jeff commented 'they need as many tools to eat as you need to fix a car'. And Mutt visiting a Retirement Home remarked that some old people had a little car (a wheelchair) to get about whereas at home the aged had to be carried on somebody's back. At a pig farm - of great interest - where the animals did not wander freely through gardens but lived within a tight *banis* [fence] Jeff thought that the swine resembled cars side by side in a parking lot. Moving on to St. Malo on the coast of Brittany the two viewed a giant war cemetery the epitaph to fighting by Allied forces after the D-Day landing in France in 1944. White headstones stretched in endless lines and contemplating this Mutt said "The white man has many ways to kill". Advantage was taken of access to the beach to take the Hulis out to sea for the first time. In a small craft which bobbed up and down with the waves they sat hunched up in their life jackets far from thrilled by the experience. Then to cheer themselves up they broke into a familiar Highlands chant 'Ee-yaah, ee-yaaah!'

I was obliged to smile when the pair were taken to a gymnasium and invited to sample a health drink. Mutt sipped at it and pursed his lips before pronouncing it excellent. He then handed the tumbler to Jeff who took a swig at it, screwed up his face, then spat it out. Mutt dissolved in laughter chortling 'I made him drink it....'. What is Huli *tok ples* for "Gotcha"?

Jim Toner ▪

BOOK NEWS

Big Road (A patrol officer in the New Guinea Highlands 1953–56) by **Bob Cleland** ISBN: 978-0-9806720-2-2 Red Hill Publishing 2010 Paperback 224pp plus two 16pp picture sections Cost: RRP: \$29.95 plus \$5.4 p&p within Aust. To order: Email – sales@redhill.me Ph: 07 3137 1799 Fax: 07 3367 1637 PO Box 22, Paddington Qld 4064 Or visit www.redhillpublishing.com

Bob Cleland arrived in the New Guinea Highlands as a cadet patrol officer in 1953. In the early 1950s there was no way into or out of the Highlands except by plane or on foot. Yet the region was densely populated, home to hundreds of thousands of villagers, and alluringly fertile. A road connection had to be built, and it had to be constructed by hand. Right from the start Bob was sent to work with Rupe Haviland building the Kassam Pass on the Big Road, now known as the Highlands Highway linking the Highlands with the coastal city of Lae. A month later he was charged with building Daulo Pass. In *Big Road*, Bob describes building the two passes and other challenges and problems that faced him as a patrol officer in 1950s New Guinea.

Food and Agriculture in Papua New Guinea Edited by **Bourke, R.M. and Harwood, T.** (2009) has been published on-line by ANU E-press, The Australian National University, Canberra. ISBN 9781921536601 (pbk) ISBN 9781921536618 (pdf) The book can be read on the web or downloaded in part or all (for free).

The URL is: http://epress.anu.edu.au/food_agriculture_citation.html

The book can also be purchased from ANU Epress for \$80 plus postage.

Postal orders to: The Co-op Bookshop, Union Court, Building 17, The Australian National University, Canberra ACT 0200, Telephone: (02) 6249 6244 Email: anu@coop-bookshop.com.au

AusAID have agreed to fund publication of 4000 copies of the book, and these will be widely distributed in PNG once printed. This process will take some months yet. For the moment, the book is available on line and can be downloaded or printed from the ANU E Press website.

Many aspects of agriculture in PNG are described in this data-rich book. Topics include agricultural environments in which crops are grown; production of food crops, cash crops and animals; land use; soils; demography; migration; the macro-economic environment; and gender issues. The history of agriculture over the 50,000 years that PNG has been occupied by humans is summarized. The book contains results of many new analysis, including a food budget for the entire nation. The text is supported by 15 tables and 215 maps and figures. Total length is 666 pages. Eight authors contributed to the book.

Mike Bourke

Fryer has severe space limitations and usually cannot accept books kindly offered by PNGAA members. But there are exceptions. Books (eg *Up the Sepik By Foot And Elephant*. Brabant, Leipzig, 1893) published during the German New Guinea period (1875-1914), and a drop copy of *new* books (published, say, within the last ten years) with a strong PNG flavour would be of interest. Please email details of author, title, place and date of publication to Dr Peter Cahill (p.cahill@uqconnect.net) for checking with the library's catalogue. He will get back to you with a firm answer. If taken into stock books will be acknowledged in the next issue of *Una Voce*.

Crossroad to Justice by **Sinaka Goava** and **Pat Howley** ISBN 9980-9956-0-2 Published 2009 Divine Word Publishing soft cover 135pp 26 photographs 1 map Cost: \$30 incl postage within Australia. Available from Brother Patrick Howley, Marist Brothers PHD Account ABS# 000062063 a/c 25410281189 Doncaster Shoppingtown. Email phowley@dwu.ac.pg

Both Sinaka Goava and Goava Oa were well known in Port Moresby before independence but for very different reasons. Sinaka was outstanding for his integrity and honest and was the darling of the administration moving to Independence. His Father Goava spent 32 years in jail because he was feared by the Judges, the colonial Administration and the white population of Port Moresby. In this book both Sir Sinaka and Sinaka Goava get the chance to tell their own story.

New Guinea Days by **Michael O'Connor** ISBN 978 1 921509 186 First published 2009 Australian Scholarly Publishing Pty Ltd, 165pp, Map, Foreword (Peter Ryan), Preface, Introduction, Contents (Chapters), Aftermath, Black and white photos Cost \$33 incl p&p within Australia (Note 17% discounted rate for PNGAA members) Ph: 03- 5428 0538, 0413 824 929 (mob) or email: kotali61@bigpond.com

New Guinea Days is a personal memoir of Michael O'Connor's life as a kiap in Papua New Guinea over 50 years ago. In his Foreword, well known PNGAA member, columnist and author, Peter Ryan, writes: 'In plain language, O'Connor describes the challenging and varied daily work of the kiap: life (with a young and growing family) on godforsaken outstations; the hot, mosquito-ridden swamps of the immense Fly River; the freezing cold of the high central range; the hair-raising hazards of pioneer "bush" aviation; snakes in the house and crocodiles lurking in the streams. O'Connor and his Colleen received as wedding presents many modern electrical appliances. They remained for years in their gift wrapping, until at last they were posted to a station where there was electricity. Yet, in spite of it all, the steady extension of law and order, basic hygiene, primary education, even the inculcation of elementary notions of representative government – all these things went ahead.'

The book is something more than a personal memoir. The author also discusses policy changes driven by what he calls 'the clever people' who lacked an understanding of Papua New Guinean culture and whose Australian cultural solutions for that very different world have contributed to Papua New Guinea's current difficulties.

Eleven Bloody Days - The Battle for Milne Bay by **Brian Boettcher** ISBN: 9780646 506821 Self published 2009, soft cover 160pp, b&w photos and maps Cost: \$25 plus \$1.30 postage within Australia and \$8.50 to PNG. Available from: PO Box 391, Wahroonga NSW 2076 Ph: 0408 071239 www.battleformilnebay.com.au

Author's note: I wrote the book because too few Australians appreciate this battle which was a turning point for the Battle for Australia. Many issues have not been well known and I have endeavoured to clarify the great achievement this victory was for Papua and New Guinea as well for Australia as a whole. The soldiers who clearly turned the tide of war were mainly Australian and ANGAU with some US soldiers initially.

Whilst I have worked at the Port Moresby Hospital pathology department for three months, the book was inspired after a visit to Port Moresby, Rabaul and Milne Bay.

BOOK REVIEWS

Hell and High Fever by **David Selby**, National Library of Australia 978 207 12225 5 1st Ed published by Currawong 1956, reprinted by the Selby family 2008, soft cover, one map. Cost: \$30 incl p&p within Australia. Available from: ralbert@albertmusic.com or by post: Robert Albert, GPO Box 4899, Sydney 2001

This historically significant and compelling World War Two memoir was first published in 1956 by Currawong and has now been reprinted by David Selby's family. It is a valuable first-hand account of the invasion of Rabaul in 1942 by the Japanese forces who vastly outnumbered some 1400 Australian men of Lark Force - the 2/22nd Battalion - and the small civilian population who were left to suffer the consequences of the brutal and carefully orchestrated invasion of New Britain on 23rd January by 5,500 Japanese army troops supported by a strong naval force.

That Selby, who commanded the only anti-aircraft artillery the defenders possessed with 54 officers and men, mostly under the age of 19, escaped the Japanese is a testament to his leadership and courage and the sheer dogged determination of those who managed to survive the appalling conditions of jungle warfare.

Aware of their perilous situation after the first Japanese air raids, Selby writes: 'Again about the middle of January,[1942] I went down to headquarters and asked what the plans were should a withdrawal become necessary. Despite my lowly rank, I had been present as a unit commander at various conferences, but this particular matter had never been raised. The reply I received to my question was disconcerting - "That is a defeatist attitude Selby!" I was referred to an order of the day which had been promulgated on the first of January. This order which I learned later had come from Australia, exhorted every man to fight to the last, and ended with the words underlined and in capitals - "THERE SHALL BE NO WITHDRAWAL."

'...isolated and vulnerable as we were, we were later to regret bitterly the absence of a comprehensive plan for a fighting retirement.'

Knowing the 'dim grey ships [Japanese] on the horizon would disgorge their troops by the thousand,' Selby prepared his men for the inevitable onslaught. The Battle for Rabaul was over quickly and operating under the orders of 'Every man for himself', Selby set out to escape the Japanese by leading his party south from Rabaul on a gruelling walk through swamps and rivers and malaria-infested jungle. The route took them through Lamingi, past Wide Bay and Jacquinot Bay and on to Drina plantation on the south coast, some hundreds of miles from Rabaul. Drina belonged to Jack Thurston, who at the time was on the mainland, evacuating civilians from the Sepik. The place had been looted, the manager murdered and his wife raped. Against this sombre backdrop, Selby set up his headquarters in the homestead and it was from Drina, that the remains of the party finally escaped on the vessel Laurabada anchored at Palmalmal.

As his family state, 'David Selby did not glorify war, his book is a factual account of the reactions to the worst side of war of normal men who volunteered to serve in defence of Australia.' His understated style only serves

to enhance the pathos, humility and courage of not only those men who made it to safety, but of those who died a futile and gruelling death in their comrades' arms after giving every ounce of moral and physical strength to the service of liberty and democracy.

There are moments of wry dark humour in the book when the men discuss making their own headstones. 'I am sure it was by trying to treat matters flippantly that we managed to keep going and assume an air of confidence which we did not always feel.' And in one of his more lyrical reflections Selby writes poignantly,

'We spoke of our wives, of philosophy, art, literature and music and, on fine nights when the stars burned with cold brilliance we tried to find our way around the heavens.'

David Selby, a barrister in civilian life, wrote his memoir while recuperating in hospital. After the war he continued part-time service in the Army as a Legal Officer at Eastern Command retiring in 1955 as Chief Legal Officer with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. After a term as Acting Judge of the Supreme Court of Papua and New Guinea, he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales. He was created a Member of the Order of Australia.

The reprint of David Selby's story brings back an important voice to the contemporary debate and re-examination of the fate of those civilians and soldiers at the frontier of the Japanese attack on Australian mandated territory. Over 800 members of Lark Force were captured by the Japanese and boarded onto the Montevideo Maru bound for Hainan. The ship was torpedoed off the Philippines by the USS Sturgeon and along with 208 members of the civilian population of Rabaul, they perished in Australia's worst maritime disaster.

Hell and High Fever is available through Robert Albert, GPO Box 4899, Sydney 2001 (\$30.00 incl. postage).
Elizabeth Thurston

Ethnic Jewellery and Adornment - Australia, Oceania, Asia, Africa by **Truus Daalder** with photography by **Jeremy Daalder**, edited by **Joost Daalder** ISBN: 978 1 921394 28 7, co-published by their Ethnic Art Press and Macmillan Art Publishing in 2009, with prefaces by Dr Barry Craig and Dr Philip Jones, hard-cover, 420 pp, 704 Full colour large format photographs incl 119 photos from PNG. Cost \$155.00 incl p&p within Australia. Available from: Ethnic Art Press, c/38 Dew Street, Thebarton SA 5031. Ph: 08-8379 7954 See the website: www.ethnicartpress.com.au for a detailed description and order form.

I am most privileged to have the opportunity to review this recently published book. This extraordinary publication of non-European jewellery and items of adornment is a heavyweight by all counts and definitely a collector's item in its own right.

The book in its dust jacket weighs in at 3.7 kg, hardbound in linen and printed on excellent paper with large format professional colour photographs of over 700 items of human adornment and jewellery - 500 from the Daalders' private collection augmented with 200 pieces from the collection of the South Australian Museum in Adelaide, many of which were especially brought out of storage for this purpose and are not usually seen by the public. The volume presents almost 50,000 words of carefully researched, scholarly and interesting comments on the

culture of the Australian and Oceanic regions, represented with illuminating details of the items themselves. Happily, due to the self-publishing component, it costs a mere \$155.00 incl. postage.

The particularly important and unusual element of this book is that, probably for the first time anywhere, it presents, as a significant portion of the whole, Australian Aboriginal objects of adornment, rather than the usual offerings of boomerangs and implements: 40% of the book, with 272 photographs, covers indigenous Australia and Oceania.

From my own point of view I am delighted to see such care and attention given to the large Oceanic section, particularly to objects from Papua New Guinea. The book is a treasure trove of body decorations, some familiar, others extraordinary, all of them fascinating. There are even one or two which came from my own gallery in Lae over the years.

The sections on Asia and Africa are also wide-reaching and stimulating. A visit to the web sites of: www.ethnicartpress.com.au or the entertaining: www.imagescience.com.au will give you a good insight into the superb pieces, the splendid quality of the photographs, and the background dedication and work of the eight years which went into the making of this publication. This is a momentous and memorable book.

Robin Hodgson

Tambaran, Others and me Written and Published by **Tommy Leahy** 2009
ISBN: 978-1-921514-67-8 soft cover 150 pp incl 18 photographs Cost: \$25.00 incl p&p within Australia Available from Tom Leahy, Corowa II, MS 999 via Dalby, Qld 4405 Ph: 07 4668 2163 or mobile: 0427 132 590 Email: markhamtom@skymesh.com.au

Tommy Leahy has done it again!

In a self published, soft covered book of just 150 pages, illustrated with 18 black and white photos, Tom takes us on an armchair journey through his highlights of having lived side by side with the occupiers of the Markham Valley and its surrounding ranges, of coming to know the people themselves and the spirit who alternatively terrified and protected them, with all the strengths, weaknesses and the mysteries which befell them as they lived on and worked the ground – mysteries inexplicable to outsiders but perfectly obvious to those in tune with the spirit of the land.

European and Chinese men and women who came as the years went by to live and work in the Markham and surrounds have also provided Tom with a bunch of highly memorable characters and events, as did a visit by the Australian opposition leader, all of them sidelining and highlighting the history of the place.

Tommy became a master of Pidgin English which he has used liberally to spatter his exclamations and explanations, giving the reader the full feel of the moment as he describes crop growing, trading, gold mining and road building with the gentlemen and larrikins and the ladies who matched them; of emotional partings and thrilling returns – it's all there. His joyful memories jump unceremoniously from paragraph to paragraph and it's a good idea to take a deep breath in between so you don't get left behind.

At the end of it all I'm sure you'll agree with Tommy – "How marvellous! What a wonder it all was!"

Robin Hodgson

REUNIONS

► PNG Reunion 2010 BIKPELA PATI

7 pm - Saturday 8 May 2010, Gold Coast Convention Centre, Broadbeach, Gold Coast. Cost: \$85 includes dinner and dancing. Cash Bar available

Tickets go on sale 1 February 2010 (last year there were 1200 revellers and 200 had to be turned away in the last week)

For information and bookings: e-Kiddna Event Management

Ph: 07 3893 1988 Email: info@e-Kiddna.com.au www.pngreunion.com

► Graeme O'Toole advises that Gan Donker is organising an **E Course Reunion** in conjunction with the Gold Coast PNG Club. Details are:

Date: May 8, 2010 Time: 6.30p fpr 7pm

Place: Convention Centre, Broadbeach, Gold Coast RSVP: mid March

Please Contact Gan Donker by email: helgatiger@ozemail.com.au

► **Kiaps gathering Cairns 24/25 July 2010.** Meet at Yorkeys Knob Boat Club mid afternoon Saturday 24 July followed by informal dinner at same venue around 6pm. Recovery breakfast next morning at nearby Golden Sands Resort which will offer discount on accommodation but only if contacted direct – email info@goldensandsresort.com.au or Adam on 07 4055 8033. July is high season so booking accommodation early is recommended. For further details email Deryck Thompson dandy51@bigpond.net.au or phone 07 4055 9397.

► **Just when you thought it was all all over.....**Canberra 12- 14th March Those still in touch with the Aussie Rules competition in Port Moresby will be interested to know that the great rivalry which was developed in the 60s between **Koboni** and **The Moresby Demons** (now 'Swans') continues.

Peter Michael, father of Brisbane Lions Three-peat full back **Malcolm Michael**, reports that the 2009 PANFL grand final was, once again, fought out by Koboni and The Swans – and ended in appropriate controversy. The Swans had taken the direct route to the Grand Final leaving it to Koboni to fight its way through the Preliminary Final which it succeeded in doing. There was nothing in the game right up to the bell with The Swans less than a goal in front when a Swan supporter, protesting an umpire's decision, entered the field and commandeered the ball. The umpire awarded a free kick against the Swans which Koboni used to kick the winning goal. 2009 Premiers – Koboni.

Regular readers of *Una Voce* will have noticed the regular 40th Reunions of The Moresby Demons' eight senior, lightning and summer comps of the 60s.

Well it is now a further ten years down the track and, thus, the first of 50ths has rolled around. This event will be held in Canberra on 12th to 14th March, 2010 and will be used to reminisce over Moresby's first Premiership, won in 1960 – after an initial drawn final. Legendary 1960 Captain, **Brian Sherwood** will be there with bells and whistles ringing and is expecting more than a third of his team to roll up.

In preparing a record of the First 20 years of the Demons (1955-1975) earlier Demons players have been tracked down and players from the original side through to the mid 70s will also make it to Canberra.

Cont. over →.

Based on the past three reunion events, more than 120 players and partners are expected to gather to remember just how good they were, how far they could kick and how high they could fly.

Interested parties can contact co-ordinator and well known ex DCA man Jack Moffatt who has designed a programme which will cater to all - ranging from 'cheeky young' to 'struggling reserves'.

There is plenty of 'resting time' planned among the major reception event, coach tour, bbq, and 'hair of the dog' events.

Jack can be contacted on: e-mail jack_moffatt@hotmail.com

Ph: 02 91536543 Mobile 0417278810 Fax 02 91539054

A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE by Janet Whish-Wilson

In the mid 1960s I was living in Mt.Hagen with my husband Maurice who was Regional Surveyor of the Western and Southern Highlands and raising my four lovely children - Jane, Anne, Ian and Philip - when a young man came and knocked on our door. He said he was from the ABC in Port Moresby and that Dawn Levy had given my name in to take over as the Mt. Hagen correspondent while she was on leave and possibly didn't want to continue with it on her return. I was completely taken by surprise and asked what it would entail. He said get in the news by doing the rounds of departments etc. and attending any functions and send off news items by telegram (at that stage Frank Mollinger was still sending telegrams by Morse code! Although it was soon replaced by more up to date equipment). I said I could not possibly do that as I had no training for it but invited him back to dinner. Of course he ended up persuading me.

As the saying goes I took to it like a duck to water and thoroughly enjoyed the contact with people and found it a very interesting and exciting time with much to report on with all the developments taking place with the establishing of Local Government Councils, coffee and tea schemes, Court Cases, rounds of Departments and businesses and so on and even amusing items. Most people were very supportive and helpful and even Tom Ellis liked to get Hagen in the news. I soon began sending sport, social and general news to the Lae Times Courier as Jim Eames was keen to get more coverage of the Western Highlands (as mentioned by him in *Una Voce* No. 4, Dec. issue 2008).

When Dawn Levy returned from leave in three months time I asked her how she came to give my name to the ABC to be the Mt Hagen correspondent? She looked rather surprised and said 'I don't think I did.' I said 'Well the ABC said you did'. She pondered on this and then said 'I think I meant to say Jane Belfield (She was the Highlands correspondent for the South Pacific Post) but I must have got mixed up and said your name instead!' I was really struck by this extraordinary twist of fate that had opened up a totally new interest and challenge in my life. Years later when we settled here on the sunshine coast I took up writing again but this time about the local birdlife and other wildlife here on the coast. I have been involved with wildlife columns in the Daily Paper and the Noosa News over the years and still write some articles for wildlife periodicals and have made many wonderful friends through it all. And all this came about because Dawn said Janet instead of Jane!

DONATIONS TO THE PNGAA COLLECTION – FRYER LIBRARY – MARCH 2010 by Dr Peter Cahill

Albert Speer MBE: photocopy of 3 photographs of Coronation ceremony at Saiho, Northern District; Maternal and Child Health trainee nurses; rock carving commem-ceremony, note postwar native material hospital buildings in background; total staff of Saiho hospital. Key to 128 reduced size colour slides of scenes and individuals in Papua New Guinea ca.195?-1970 mainly dealing with medical matters on outstation hospitals and aid posts; CD of the above all dated and identified; large quantity of correspondence dealing with locating the *Montevideo Maru*, the recovery of the surviving crew member; correspondence with Sister Berenice and Kim Beazley (senior), Nominal Roll transcript of POWs from Rabaul embarked on the *Montevideo Maru*, list of members of the New Guinea Public Service, January 1941. **Lucy Read:** photos of the late David Read LL.B PSM of Western and Central Districts centres; DDA staff postings lists 010166, 010168, 150173; letter of appointment as CPO, miscellaneous correspondence concerning career with the PNG Administration; photograph of ASOPA Long Course attendees 1963; CD detailing career in PNG with excellent colour photos and subsequent career as Tax Commissioner in Northern Territory Public Service; photographs: voters/polling booths/scenes 1968 House of Assembly elections Lufa, EHD; various photos of Lufa station; lakatoi races/sports day at Kairuku; PIR pipes & drums Kairuku with marching soldiers; Watabung patrol post, EHD; Duke & Duchess of Kent at Lufa strip; road-building Lufa area; views of Lufa; Hanuabada village, Port Moresby; dancers Goroka Show 1960s. **Mary McDonnell:** colour brochures Highlands Tours & Treks, Goroka; PNG Tourist Authority; *Paradise* magazine 116 July-August 1996; PNG *Insight* Issue 6 April/June 1966. **Peter Cahill:** Papua and New Guinea information folder; RPNGC magazine *Vigilance* vol.4 no.3 May/June 1970; *Strategies for Nationhood – Policies and Issues* December 1974; *Workers' Compensation* drafting instructions for a new Act 197. **NGVR/PNGVR Museum:** History of Museum pamphlet; photographs: post-Mt Lamington eruption 1951 (some identified by Albert Speer MBE); Highlands native in knitted/woven "pyjama suit"; Anglican Church, Rabaul, 1950s/60s; Kokopo Show 1957; natives with unusual head gear Mt Hagen Show. 19??; 6 crowd scenes Mt Hagen Show 19??; young girl with food basket; woman scraping coconut; children beside large canoe; 4 photographs making cane fish trap Kokopo; 2 colour postcards Highlands women in *singsing* costumes; young woman picking coffee cherries; postcard native men in costume, Madang; man panning for gold; beach scene (?Kavieng); Catholic convent, Rabaul; garden view Rabaul with power house in background; 2 colour postcards Goroka mudman, young woman; eight facial studies. **Janet Dykgraaf:** photos of Nerang funeral service for Paula Wolff; **Dorothy Braxton:** copy of *Liklik Buk*: a source book for development workers in Papua New Guinea 2003.

Correction: in the December 2009 *Una Voce* donations the DVD of Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary photos 1938-1963 taken by Senior Inspector David Crawley (Bandmaster) was wrongly attributed to AM Sinclair. Apologies to Ms Doreen MacGowan (nee Crawley).

Reminder: Space limitations prevent the Fryer Library accepting books on PNG; or PNG newspapers which are held on microfilm/fiche. Some magazines (e.g. Pacific Islands Monthly) are missing copies to complete sets and these would be welcomed. ■

THE KIAPS REUNION AT KAWANA WATERS

Sunday 8 November 2009

By Chips Mackellar

Just like the last reunion in 2007, the Kiaps Reunion of 2009 was a resounding success. 227 kiaps, family and friends attended, the majority (142) as you might expect, from Queensland. However we also welcomed one from Tasmania, four from the ACT, 9 from South Australia, 15 from Victoria, and 56 from New South Wales.

With the now well established protocol for these reunions, the emphasis was on informality. There was no guest of honour, no boring speeches, no set-place table seating arrangement, no program, no start time and no finishing time. People just arrived when they wanted to, sat wherever they liked, moved around whenever they wanted to, ate what they chose, and nobody told anyone to sit down and be quiet. This accent on informality has proved to be the nub of success for these reunions, since many of us had traveled from far and wide at considerable expense to be together, and we didn't want our valuable time together to be interrupted by speeches or announcements which nobody wanted to hear. The whole purpose of these reunions is to catch-up and meet old friends, and that is exactly what happened.

One innovation since last reunion was the smaller tables. This allowed smaller groups to sit privately if they wanted to, or larger groupings to shunt several tables together to make more room, whenever more room was required. There was no set cost involved, there being no charge for the use of the quite spectacular premises of the sun-deck of the Kawana Waters Motel. This sun deck was partly open-aired for those who wanted to sit there, and partly closed for those who wanted shade, and people moved between both areas at will. We paid for our own drinks and food, at normal Motel prices, but the Motel accommodation was offered at discount prices and for the purposes of this reunion, this accommodation had been reserved in advance, with the result that kiaps occupied every room. There were however some administration costs incurred. These mainly involved telephone calls to interstate and mobile phones, but these costs were recovered on the day, by a voluntary one-gold-coin donation by each person attending.

Keith Jackson was a welcome guest at the re-union. Being a former President of the PNGAA, he came up from Sydney to say hello to members, and to greet old friends and to meet new ones. Others of us met other old friends we hadn't seen for years. For example, Bob Becke came over and said hello to me. I had not seen him since we were both at Esa'ala in 1965. Yet we recalled events which happened then, as though they happened yesterday. And those of use who used to take our leave in the Philippines were happy to see John Balderson again. From 1975 to 1987 he was part-owner of the Kangaroo Club in Manila, which became a home away from home for kiaps who spent their leave in the Philippines. Remember that the Administration used to pay our leave fares to Australia, well, after Qantas established its route to Manila via Port Moresby, the same fare south could be applied to go north, and many kiaps did go north for their first adventure into the East, lured there by its maze of contradictions, of paddy-fields, and poverty, and plenty, where the girls had Malay faces, and Spanish names, and spoke English with Mexican

accents. Some of us married them, and some of us, like John Stuntz and Frank Falkner, still live there.

The main gathering of kiaps was on Sunday 8 November, for lunch. However, some kiaps drifted in beforehand on Saturday afternoon and stayed the night in the Motel accommodation, and of course, the Sunday reunion spilled over into Monday, with some sixty attending a very long breakfast at Bellissimo's Restaurant on the waterfront at Mooloolaba. So, from Saturday to Monday, it was a memorable occasion, but there were a few notable absentees. Peter Salmon who maintains the kiaps website (www.exkiap.net) could not attend because of work commitments in PNG. He had played a major role in organising the reunion through his website connections, and we express our gratitude to him for this, and we were sorry he did not make it to the reunion. Bill McGrath did get back from PNG in time to attend, but we were sorry that Chris Makin and other kiaps still in PNG could not get to the reunion. Other notable absentees, were those who are no longer with us: Bob Cole, war hero, kiap and Police Commissioner: Bob Bell, war hero, and the last Australian District Commissioner in the Highlands: John Colman, kiap, trader and planter, all attended the last kiaps re-union, and this time were sorely missed, but fondly remembered. Joan Colman and Barbara Bell did attend with friends and family members, and we were grateful that they came

It was a magnificent reunion, and we owe it all to the tireless efforts of Bob and Heather Fayle, and Denys and Helen Faithful. They have our sincere gratitude for bringing us all together on this memorable occasion, and we hope they will continue to organise more of these spectacular reunions in the years to come.



Mt Lamington eruption January 1951

Photo: Fred Nott, Qantas Aircraft Engineer, flew with Syd Wood, a Fox Movietone News Cameran, who had chartered the DC3 to do the cover story. On previous flights, Fred, along with others had been tossing out bags of rice and blankets to the survivors.

Tambaran, Others and me by Tommy Leahy

Describes Tom's life in the Markham Valley with the villagers who befriended him and the spirit which both terrified and protected them as they worked the ground. Crop growing, trading, gold mining and road building are intertwined with stories about the gentlemen and larrikins and the ladies who matched them. Cost: \$25.00 incl p&p within Australia

Available from Tom Leahy, Corowa II, MS 999 via Dalby, Qld 4405

Ph: 07 4668 2163 or mobile: 0427 132 590 Email:
markhamtom@skymesh.com.au

Tubo Eco-Tourism Lodge, Lake Kutubu, Southern Highlands by ex-Patrol Officer Doug Robbins

Lake Kutubu has become well known for the Oil Fields and more recently the Gas Project. Last year I spent eight weeks there for a different reason. The village owners and operators of Tubo Eco-Tourism Lodge towards the other end of the nineteen kilometre long lake requested a volunteer to assist in Management, Guest Services and Tour Guides. This was my first of what will hopefully be more PNG Assignments with Australian Business Volunteers. Perched high on a peninsula forming a fork in the lake, the views from the Lodge of the lake and surrounding forested mountains in all directions are breathtaking. The whole area is of high natural and cultural significance. A search on the internet will reveal the unique natural features too numerous to list here, such as twelve fish found nowhere else in the world and over twenty newly discovered orchids, most not yet named. Birds of Paradise were seen regularly in the trees outside my house as were birdwing butterflies and fireflies at night. World Wildlife Fund (WWF) has a permanent base at Moro at the northern end of the lake, next to the airport and Oil Search base. WWF is closely involved in monitoring activities in the area and ensuring funding, largely from the oil company, is put to the very best use for the communities. Their work extends all the way to the coast at Kikori, the whole of the Kutubu-Kikori Catchment and Wetlands Areas. Tubo Lodge is out of sight of all this other activity and far removed – about an hour in all by a sometimes rough road then on the lake by dugout canoe, probably passing through one of the very localized showers of rain which almost daily fall somewhere on the lake. Unlike the rest of the Highlands, Lake Kutubu's climate is less predictable – rainy or sunny any time. Yet, it is perfect. While at the Lodge, guests are taken on a tour of the Lake to hear the legends and see the traditional Men's Longhouse at Yo'obo and Burial Caves on the cliffs beside the lake. Canoe-making combined with garden planting is an everyday activity in the jungle as is Sago processing and Tigaso Oil extraction, traditionally traded to outside areas and used in ceremonies. I was honoured to be invited as an official guest at the Elementary School end-of-year Graduation and Prize Day with the young boys and girls outfitted in their respective traditional clothing. It was a beautiful occasion to mark my last few days at Kutubu. Then again, the people and everything about Lake Kutubu and Tubo Lodge is absolutely beautiful. My genuine thanks goes to the very good friends I made from the villages of Tugiri and Yo'obo and others who I hope to see again one day soon.

WHERE THE HECK ARE YOU?

The submissions and quality of stories of past and present PNG experiences which inform and entertain our readers so far has been quite wonderful.

To avoid any suggestion of geo-centricity in our stories and articles, could those who have interesting tales from less mentioned areas please put pen to paper or key to board?

Until recent times there was little day to day communication between people in different districts. As a result, many PNGAA members have a minimal knowledge of other parts and people of PNG, and are very keen to learn of your experiences.

We encourage you to please share with us your stories about places and activities little mentioned in recent Una Voces. ■

SOME NOTES ON THE TRADITIONAL SHELL MONEY (AND OTHER CURRENCIES) OF THE GAZELLE PENINSULA

Maxwell R. HAYES

On arriving in Rabaul in 1959 my wife and I were quickly introduced to the local currency, particularly at the native markets, and found it to be known as 'tambu' or sometimes as 'tabu'. In July 1965, I was asked by Eliakim Touvana Toposa [see photo], an elderly former *luluai* (government appointed official) of Lunga Lunga village about 20 km from Rabaul on the north coast road, to photograph his immense holdings of this form of currency which made him a wealthy man. Then a Councillor of the Gazelle Peninsula Local Government Council, he lived in a substantial house, ran two trucks and had interests in copra and cocoa plantations. He was born in 1904 during the German administration. His wealth in tambu alone then was estimated at about Au\$6,000.

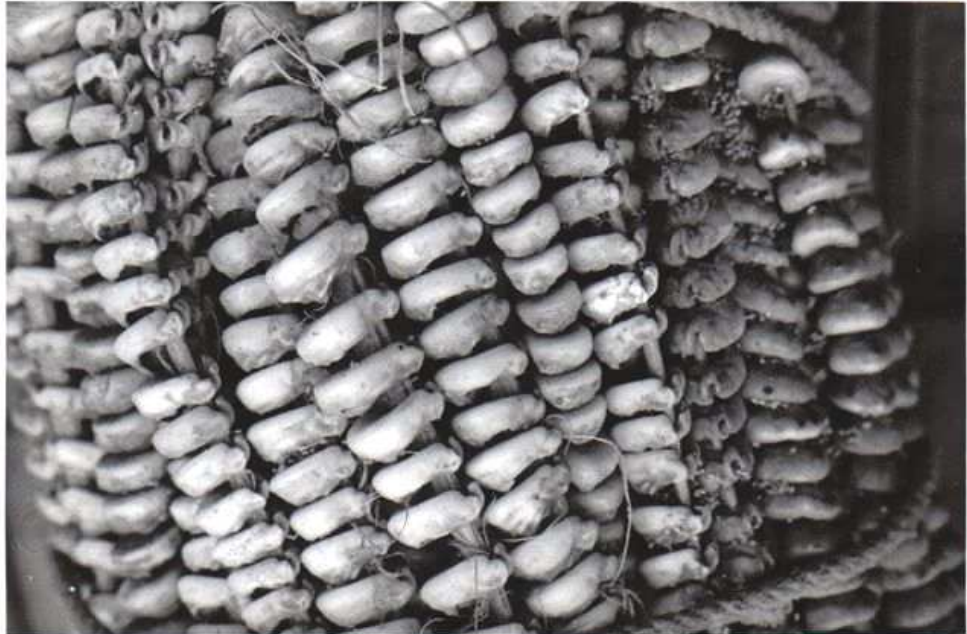


Of all the various varieties of shells used as money by indigenous natives of the Pacific, one of the smallest would be the rock snail of New Britain. Throughout PNG larger sea shells such as the trade store item the white egg cowrie (*ovula ovum*), the large gold lip pearl oyster 'kina' (*pinctada maxima*; from which the 1975 PNG currency takes its name) and the much rarer golden cowrie (*cypraea aurantium*) were to be seen, along with the common shell arm ring laboriously fashioned from the giant clam (*tridacna gigas*) worn by males, all of which could not be regarded as currency but largely as adornment.

Compared with those we have the almost minute rock snail (*nassarius arcularis jonasii*) which grew to a maximum length of about 15mm. It also abounds in other areas of New Britain, Bougainville, New Ireland and the Admiralty Group, in which villagers show little or no interest as a form of currency. Living in abundance in the shallow waters around the Nakanai area of the north coast of New Britain the collection of this shell provided a lucrative livelihood for villagers. Shells when collected contained a small living mollusc which was removed by boiling or by burying for weeks to allow ants to dispose of the flesh and then sold through the medium of Chinese traders for about Au\$3.00 per small tin to Gazelle Peninsula Tolais. The women then methodically removed the top of this tiny shell by placing it in the eye of a coconut shell and prising the top off by means of a knife. The residue, or mouth, of the shell was then threaded onto a freshly cut thin length of rattan cane to about 75 shells per 30cm, boiled with native roots and left to fade after becoming reddish in colour. The usual length was a *param* (pidgin; a fathom in nautical terms) or *pokono* (Tolai *gunantuna* or *kuanua* language) generally regarded as the length between outstretched fingertips of an adult male of approximately six feet or a little less than two metres and should contain about 320 shells. Many such lengths were spliced together into a continuous length and rolled into great hoops about 2 metres in diameter (Tolai: *loloi*) consisting of between 100-300 (or sometimes more) *param* or smaller hoops of about 30cm in

diameter, or they have remained in single *param* lengths to be bagged in native material (usually banana or pandanus leaf) and slung onto a pole, placed in baskets or with smaller amounts carried in pouches. Smaller lengths of up to about 3-10cm were commonly seen in markets particularly used to purchase betel nut (*buai*) (*Areca catechu*) from the abundant betel nut palms, the pepper vine bean (*daka*) (*Piper betel*) and small bags of powdered white lime (pidgin: *kambung*) (hydrated calcium oxide) obtained by burning dried coral, the psychoactive ingredients commonly used to get a 'high' (causing the familiar red mouth which often led to cancers of the mouth and oesophagus) before and after drinking alcohol became legal on 2.11.1962 for PNG indigenous citizens. The bean was dipped, by males and females alike, in small bags of lime and chewed with the betel nut, with the red residue later spat out, a sight many would be well familiar with along with the smiling stained blacked teeth of the users.

Tambu, also known as *diwarra* at the adjacent Duke of York Islands and on New Ireland, played a very important part in the life of Tolai villagers being used for settling



disputes and 'payback', bartering for produce, as part or the whole of the traditional 'bride price' as well as being regarded as a symbol of prestige, and along with goods and cash was the customary method of acquiring land. Usually, older male Tolais had acquired some holdings of *tambu*, which on a man's death, was distributed to relatives and friends in accordance with one's status who came to mourn the deceased, accompanied by much feasting and wailing. Large amounts of *tambu* were usually kept in a special *tambu* house (Tolai *a pal na uvuvung*).

Missionaries and traders in the Gazelle Peninsula documented use of the *tambu* as a currency in well established usage by the mid 19th century. Later the German Imperial Government tried to ban its traditional use by allowing access to the then German New Guinea mark and pfennig to Tolais and allowing them to open bank accounts but failed. Its usage continued through the Australian era of sterling and decimal currency, the period of Japanese occupation and now ranks unofficially alongside the kina. Naturally it is not quoted on international money markets.

In the early 1960's, the official rate of a *param* was 2/- or later as 20c, but such was the importance attached to it as a symbol of prestige that the effective valuation placed it at £1.0.0 or later as Au\$2.00. In 1968, the Gazelle Local Government Council passed a rule that the 'bride price' should be no more than 100 *param* of *tambu* or Au\$300.

Alongside the PNG monetary system of kina and toea introduced in 1975, *tambu* is still highly valued. In the Gazelle Peninsula in 2001 the provincial government accepted the payment of taxes and local courts award restitution and settlement of disputes, etc, in *tambu*. In February 2002 a 'Tolai Exchange Bank' commenced exchanging *tambu* into PNG currency at the rate of 4 Kina per *param*. Circulation of shell money then had an estimated value of K8,000,000.

PNG people have little faith in banks (and who can blame them). I well remember the Saturday morning bank queues in Rabaul, when locals would come in and present pass books, withdraw their deposit in the TNG or Australian shillings, count it, and then redeposit. On one occasion our house boy showed us some old gold German New Guinea 10 mark coins asking if these would be still 'good' when our new decimal currency was introduced on 14 February 1966. Knowing nothing about these old coins, we told him, 'we suppose so' so he reburied them in his village at Natamanai along with many others, where they may still well be. With later knowledge we could have been sitting on a rare fortune if we had some appreciation of the value of gold German currency.

I recall having seen in fairly common usage the 'fuse' (a name literally appertaining to a plug of dynamite) consisting of a tightly rolled stack of 100 shillings to the value of £5.0.0. The first TNG currency of a penny and a halfpenny was introduced in 1929 (these two coins now being exceedingly rare and now worth many thousands of dollars) and in 1936 another issue of a 1d, 3d, 6d and 1/- (8,875,000 were minted in sterling silver with many millions later melted down into silver bullion). I once saw a large flour drum full of the TNG shillings owned by a senior police officer in the Commonwealth Bank vault. The interesting thing was that he had persuaded the bank to regard this bullion as a bank deposit and pay him interest on.



The word '*tambu*' is not exclusive to the Tolai language and appears in the Pidgin English dictionary of John Murphy (1943- 1962 eds) and the dictionary of Neo-Melanesian (Mihalic (1957). The main thrust of the word is to mean 'forbidden'; however it also refers to 'brothers and sisters-in law', relatives whose name may not be mentioned, may be used as a friendly term of address or when referring to the Bible '*Buk Tambu*', and so on .

Reportedly in 2009 during the world global financial crisis and the devaluation of the kina, the *tambu* also depreciated, but, none the less, is very commonly in use in the 21st century. So, is the *tambu* to be replaced by plastic credit cards, or the kina. I think not.

Sources available on file. ■

CSIRO in TPNG By John McAlpine

After the Second World War the TPNG Administration was under considerable pressure to hasten economic development utilizing the country's abundant natural resources. The first requirement was for a national mapping, inventory and assessment of natural resources. This was a mammoth task and beyond the capability of the existing TPNG resource agencies which were wholly committed to getting immediate development projects off the ground.

In Australia, CSIRO had developed a survey technique to meet similar development pressures in northern Australia, and so the Organization was asked to undertake the task in TPNG. Initially it was reluctant to do so due to lack of staff with experience in the wet equatorial tropics and the likely costs involved. Eventually by 1951 a unique set of arrangements were instituted to enable CSIRO to carry out the PNG Resource Survey. The project was funded wholly from the TPNG budget. For operational and cost reasons the CSIRO staff were based in Canberra but when operating in TPNG became a direct part of the TPNG Administration.

My own involvement with the PNG Resource Survey began as a kiap on transfer to CSIRO in 1956 (as occurred with Paul Healy a little later). It ended as research scientist in charge of the project when CSIRO ceased this line of work at the end of the century. This is a brief account of the survey during the pre-Independence period.

The essential technical tool for the survey was air photography. Initially wartime reconnaissance photos were used. Subsequently Adastra Airways was commissioned to provide high quality air photography with no cloud cover over the whole country. Given the rarity of clear skies in TPNG over reasonably large areas, the initial build up of photography was slow. Each year, from air photography obtained to date, the Administration chose an area of about 10-15,000 sq km which CSIRO was to survey. The survey team consisted of scientists with expertise covering geology/landforms, soils, vegetation/forestry/plant taxonomy, climate/hydrology, land use, population and cartography.

The procedure for each survey was to firstly carry out a detailed air photo interpretation (API) to map out patterns of natural resources called land systems (e.g. old raised coral reefs typical of the north coasts of Madang, New Ireland and Buka; swamps and floodplains) and secondly their individual components, called land units (e.g. slopes, terraces). The API provided the basis for field survey of soil and other resources.

A traverse plan was laid out for the field survey so that the identified land systems and units could be visited on the ground. The plan made use of all available patrol reports and maps of the area. Patrol maps could be corrected by reference to the air photos. Census data in the reports was also used to compile population distribution maps so that the intensity of use of any resource type could be calculated. This preliminary work took about 6 months and was carried out in Canberra.

The subsequent field survey in TPNG usually lasted about four months without a break ("24/7" in modern parlance). Survey access to well populated areas was straight forward. However one of the problems faced in the traverse planning was that all areas had to be visited, including those large parts of the

country which are unpopulated or only sparsely occupied. This created significant logistical problems as the moving survey party consisted of 4 or 5 scientists plus 15 permanent technical assistants from Madang and a mass of scientific and camp gear. In these areas 70 or more permanent carriers were required.

A system was put in place to establish ration dumps to allow for continuous traverses of 6 days' duration between dumps. A field rule was adopted that the rate of specimen collection (soils, rocks, plants, wood) could not exceed the rate of rations consumption. Main dumps were laid out by utilising the many airstrips that existed throughout the country and occasionally old wartime strips were reopened for that purpose. Subsidiary dumps in "deep bush" were established with the help of DDS and NA kiaps and RPNGC members, a group of the latter being permanently assigned to the team for the duration of each survey (including the famous Corporal Beroro). These logistical problems were largely overcome from 1964 when helicopter-based surveys were commenced.

Some of the kiaps who were directly involved included Jim Hannan, Jack Battersby, Frank Howard, Denys Faithful, Ron Focken, Bob Blaikie, Pierre Donaldson. Particularly supportive in the early period were DCs Ian Skinner, Tom Ellis, Ian Downs and Des Clancy. As could be expected, Treasury and Stores arrangements were somewhat unique but the greatest co-operation was received from local officers such as Ron Storer, Terry Turner and Clive Troy.

When the field survey was completed the preliminary API was reworked with the knowledge gained from the extensive field observations to produce an inventory and maps of the natural resources of the area and assessment of their current and potential use. The CSIRO mapping was based on accurate topographic maps of the area prepared by the Commonwealth National Mapping Office from the air photography.

By 1970 some 20 areas had been surveyed, covering more than half of the country. More importantly, all of the major resource types that existed had been identified. Thus the basis was laid for completing the remainder of the country rapidly. Given the developing political situation this was quite fortuitous. It was agreed that CSIRO would now amalgamate and synthesise all existing information and produce an overall inventory of the nation's natural resources, and their current and potential uses. The first step was to produce national overviews of the separate disciplines involved namely, geology/geomorphology, soils, climate/hydrology, vegetation, forestry, current land use intensity and agricultural potential. A comprehensive set of publications - books, maps, technical reports - was produced and distributed.

Over the years, the traverses covered about 25,000 km., conducted mostly on foot, with helicopter use simply extending the range of traverses. In general, the CSIRO personnel involved stayed with the project for many years. It was an oddly dislocated life, working in Canberra but concentrating on TPNG each and every day, and then undertaking intensive and lengthy field work which ranged from the coasts to Mounts Wilhelm and Giluwe, from the Sepik swamps to the dry zones of Moresby, from the heavily populated Wahgi valley to the vacant rugged karst mountains and high altitude swamps of the Southern Highlands. A number of the staff went on to complete the overall national survey in the period from 1975 to near the end of the century. But that is for a subsequent story "CSIRO in PNG". ■

**“MERRY CHRISTMAS, BE BLOWED!
THE LORRY IS CALLING FOR YOU IN AN HOUR!”**

By Pat Murray (nee Stanfield)

This long letter that Patricia Murray (nee Stanfield) wrote from Sydney in February 1942 to her older brother Jim Stanfield, then serving with the RAF in Britain, recalls the hardships faced by very many established PNG families who were forced to flee their homes following Japan's wartime attack. Not only was their evacuation often difficult, but families were then faced with having to establish a new life in Australia, where they might have few or no connections, or money. Here, the young Pat describes how she escaped New Ireland with her mother – Audrey Stanfield – and younger siblings Diana and John, who were both born in PNG. The family had no relatives in Australia. Pat returned to PNG after the war, moving back to Australia permanently in 1982. She is a longtime PNGAA member.

Flat 21, Windsor House,
Challis Ave, Potts Point, Sydney

10-2-42

Dear Jim

There's so much to write about that I hardly know where to start. I do hope that long before you get this we'll hear that you're safe and well. Sir Donald Cameron told us on January 26 that you were reported missing. Poor old boy – we are waiting so anxiously for news and hoping you are well, even if you're a prisoner.

You'll have guessed that we were evacuated even before getting our radio (hope you did get it) to say our address was c/- Carpenters, Sydney. On our arrival in Sydney we were temporarily billeted at a hotel near King's Cross, but have been in this flat about three weeks now. Today the kids went off to school for the first time – there's a little school called St John's Grammar in Darlinghurst Road. John looks so respectable in his grey suit you'd hardly recognise him. Di's uniform is quite a nice colour – pretty nearly RAF blue, but the poor kid has to wear long black stockings and says she feels “like a box of chickens all cooped up!” She doesn't like her suspenders. John, in braces, says he feels his trousers will drop off any moment as he's not used to them feeling loose at the waist.

I haven't taken on a job as I'm training to join the Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force. I'm learning wireless telegraphy and started my training in the middle of January. Our class, the beginners, are the most promising class they've had yet, they have told us. We (my class) have now reached a stage where we can go for extra practice to lunch-hour classes in town. The hours are a bit of a nuisance to me – but are made to suit girls who are working all day. Sonia [McLean] is also doing this training. One keeps oneself till trained (the tuition is free) and trainees get paid 3/6d a day! With nothing coming in from Bolegila [their plantation] these days, the three-and-sixpences are more than ever a big consideration.

But I've told you nothing yet about our evacuation. Of course when it seemed certain that Japan would enter the war, we felt sure that women and kids would be sent South. I got leave from the office [in Kavieng] to go and live at home with Mum. I went back to town on the Sunday after the Pearl Harbour attack and went to work on Monday. On Monday evening we heard that definite orders had been issued for the evacuation of all women and children. On Wednesday, Mum and the kids came to town for a general settling of affairs and the four of us went home on Thursday night after a farewell party. All the women were invited to the Round Table and regaled with cocktails, savouries and complimentary speeches. Our

lorry being still out of order, we'd borrowed Claude Chadderton's for plantation work and still had it then.

On the Friday all the town women plus the women from Lavongai and the islands, left Kavieng in the Navanora – Captain Mackellar in command. They had a terribly rough trip to Rabaul and were all seasick. Mrs Goad “threw out” her teeth! The rest of us proceeded by lorry to Namatanai – that is, all women and kids from Ashby's place down. We left home on the Saturday morning – Di and John and I sat on top with our luggage and Snap and a new house boy, Tarmun, also asked to come. They'd never seen Namatanai, but saw quite enough of it before they'd finished.

Practically all the way down it rained. We on top were soaked through and Mum, who was in front, got pretty wet too. All the trucks on their way down called in at Lamerika and we all had a cup of tea and sandwiches with Claudie. We got to Namatanai at dusk. Old Joe Kenny nearly had a fit when he saw us all rolling in, as he wasn't prepared for so many.

The weather was terrible as there was a strong nor'wester in full swing, and talk about rain! You know how it can rain. Well, it did. The Paulus (Catholic mission boat) was supposed to be at Uluputur for us, so we all set off for the west coast on Sunday morning – it was still raining and blowing and within a minute we were all soaked. I was sitting on a carved camphorwood chest, and on that ride I felt as if I'd be patterned with sailing boats, etc, for life!

At Uluputur there was no sign of our boat and the weather was terrible – the schooner simply couldn't get there and was hiding out at the Duke of Yorks. We sat and waited for it. From 10am to 5pm we sat. There were 27 women, 13 kids and assorted husbands and other menfolk and the accommodation was one copra shed – empty but rather leaky – two very leaky old sak-sak places – and the Catholic Mission's house, to which the Father invited anyone. But it is on the very top of a frightfully steep climb of well over a hundred feet, so most of us didn't tackle it.

We had quite a lot of *kaikai* with us – sandwiches, biscuits and so on, and the Chinese who runs Uluputur plantation kept up an almost continuous supply of boiling water for tea, so we didn't do too badly. The kids were marvellous – there wasn't a single howl out of the whole 13 – and none of them even quarrelled. Five were tiny babies, and even they didn't cry.

At 5pm it was obvious that we simply couldn't leave that night even if the schooner did put in an appearance, which was highly unlikely. So off we started back to Namatanai, and the whole cavalcade arrived on Joe Kenny's pub doorstep just at dark and the poor old blighter nearly had a fit! He thought he'd got rid of us. He'd no food ready and all the bedclothes had been taken off, and so on. I daresay everyone slept in someone else's sheets that night but that's a detail.

Next day we were all out of bed at 4am and, dressed and breakfasted, set off again in the cold grey dawn for Uluputur. It was still raining so was very cold and grey. By the time we got to Uluputur the rain had stopped and it looked quite clear. But even before the next truck arrived, which was close behind us, the weather was as bad as ever again. By 8am it had obviously set in for the day (at least) and the Paulus was hardly likely to venture out. So we went back to Namatanai again, and this time Kenny more or less expected us. He just said to his cook '*Cookim bello kai kai belong all.*' [sic] [Cook lunch for everyone.]

And then the ADO, who had been in touch with Rabaul, was told that the shipping transport in Rabaul couldn't wait any longer for us, and, as the bad weather might continue indefinitely, we were all to go home pending further notice!

But by this time we were heartily sick of rain, wind and Uluputur and cheered loudly! We had lunch at Kenny's and then started for home. Ours was the first lorry away from Namatanai on the homeward trail, and we were so weary that we decided to beg lodgings at Lamerika. We only had two nights at home and we did absolutely nothing. We needed it!

14.2.1942

I'm afraid this letter is being written in spasms. Well, to continue the tale of the evacuation. It was now Christmas Day [1941], and the Warrants (Lossu manager), who'd been to Kavieng since the last Uluputur effort, called in on their way home. "Hullo and Merry Christmas!" we said. "Merry Christmas be blowed!" said they. "Bell's lorry is calling for you in an hour!" We were expected to be in Namatanai by 9 o'clock that night!

You should have seen us hurry. We'd had breakfast, but none of us had bathed or dressed, though it was nearly 12 o'clock! Well, we hastily packed, bathed and dressed – and before the hour was up we'd even had the inevitable cup of tea! We set off in Bell's big truck and this time we had good weather for it. When we got to Karu it was about 7pm and to our surprise there was a light in the house. Thinking they may not have heard the orders for us to be at Namatanai at 9 o'clock, we called in, and found out that "someone had blundered". It was on Saturday morning, not Friday morning, that we were to leave Uluputur!

We had some tea and listened to the news at Karu, and then went on to Namatanai. Of course, we had to put in all of Boxing Day doing nothing in particular at Namatanai. On the Saturday morning we set off for Uluputur for the third and last time. The weather was fine and the Paulus was waiting – also the Teresa. We travelled in the Paulus, which is a nice clean little ship and the Brother put on tea and biscuits twice during our 5½ hour trip to Rabaul.

We spent the night in Rabaul – and had to do a bit of luggage rearrangement, as we only heard when we arrived that we were to depart by air and could only have 30 lbs per adult and 15 lbs per child. The rest of our luggage was left to follow (and we got it only two or three days ago). When we were packing at Bolegila we put in all your photos, stamp albums, letters, school magazines, prizes and photos – in fact everything of yours except ancient clothes.

On Sunday morning at about 9.30 we left Rabaul from the Rapindik 'drome, which received its first Japanese bombs six days later. As you know, I'd never flown before and I enjoyed our trip very much. We flew in a Douglas – and we were very lucky as we had a very comfortable journey which only took a day, instead of being part of the awful crowds being crushed on the ships.

We saw Dad en route. Of course he didn't know that rain had stopped us leaving with the rest of the Kaviengites, and wasn't expecting to see us. We only saw him for about an hour, but it was great to see him at all.

Our plane-load arrived at Cairns at about 6pm and were billeted in various hotels. We were lucky and went to Hides, which is the best hotel there. Several of the women struck a dud. They had to carry their own luggage upstairs, etc.

Next day at noon we started on the next stage of our journey – by special train to Sydney. Our lot made up two Douglas loads, but there were also about 200 others who had previously arrived in Cairns and had been kept two or three days

awaiting us. They included a large number of German Lutheran women and children from the mainland. They received exactly the same treatment as the rest of us.

Many of us didn't have sleepers for the first two nights – only women with very small babies, old women or ill ones had sleepers. Our trip down was very well arranged – good meals were ready for us at suitable stopping places and we had a number of conveniently spaced shorter stops when we could buy any refreshments we wanted. The main meals were supplied.

There were two VAD's travelling on the train, and doctors and nurses were on many of the stations in case they were needed. At several stops Red Cross helpers and members of the Country Women's Association met us with milk and biscuits for the kids and magazines for us. At one or two places too, they supplied complete changes of clothing to some women and children whose luggage had gone astray.

The funniest part of the whole show was the bath parade for babies! At Rockhampton and Gympie about 40 or more VAD's and some Red Cross workers met the train. They dashed up to all the carriages as we pulled in – "Any babies in here?" – grabbed the babies and small children and rushed them off to be bathed, dressed in clean clothes, fed and returned to their parents! The poor kids were startled and almost all yelled loudly. A few took it complacently, but you can imagine the general uproar. There were about 90 of them! The German babies were the most inconsolable, as they couldn't understand a word the poor girls said when they attempted to calm them down. When the rush was over, one of the VAD's offered John a bath. Thinking he would be forthwith stripped and washed, he fled. However, I chased him and brought him back and he got a private one! When we got to Brisbane we had lunch provided at The Canberra and also hot baths, which were very welcome.

Altogether, we had three nights in the train. For the first two, Di and John shared a long seat to sleep and Mum and I each had one of those seats that accommodate two sitting up. We both had "permanent waves" in the back for days. The third night, however, we were very comfortable in bunks, for quite a number of folk left the train at Brisbane. On New Year's Day we finally arrived in Sydney – just one week before, we'd been loafing comfortably on the front verandah at Bolegila!

We were temporarily billeted here at The Kirketon – a private hotel in Darlinghurst Road, quite near Kings Cross. It was really quite good. clean and comfortable rooms and good food, which are the main considerations. Like most of such establishments, it is full of old women.

I will probably be going back there soon, for since I started this letter, Mum has had a letter inviting her and the kids to stay on a station at Stockinbingal, near Cootamundra. The Davidson's (the people I was out with the day I broke my leg!) have asked them. Margot Davidson was a good friend of mine at school and soon after we arrived here I wrote her a letter to apologise for not having written earlier to thank her for a Christmas present – I told her about the evacuation so she'd realise why I hadn't written before. Now Mrs Davidson has asked Mum and the kids up there, saying that perhaps they'd like to as the powers-that-be are wanting to get children into country places if they can, and she has set no definite time. It is awfully kind of them as they want them to go as guests – though owing to the difficulty of getting servants they'd naturally have to do their own work and help generally.

It is not yet settled but they will very probably go. Well I think page 22 is quite a good page to say cheerio on. I think I've exhausted all the news. I should have by now, anyway.

When you write, the address for Mum or me is [care of] Carpenters, O'Connell St, Sydney – or care Head Office, Bank of NSW, Sydney.

We are hoping and praying that you are safe and well, Jim, and that we'll hear from you soon. I hope we hear long before this letter reaches you – and we'll radio when we do. Keep smiling, old boy.

Tons of love,

Pat

Pat's letter was returned. Jim was missing with the RAF, presumed dead. but the family never heard the details. ■

MI MERI TOLAI: BORN AND RAISED IN RABAUL **By Mrs Muriel MacGowan Larner**

Jim Burton runs regular monthly gatherings, at Toowong Library, Brisbane, titled: 'Memories of the South Pacific Islands Are Being Recalled'. Each gathering has a guest speaker.

The following is an excerpt from an address presented by Mrs Muriel MacGowan Larner MBE on 22 September 2009 who was born in Rabaul, later living in Port Moresby and Kainantu PNG. Two of Muriel's school friends from Rabaul were also in attendance.

In 1925, my parents worked for the Government in Canberra helping to build the new Parliament House. Daddy was an architect and my mother was a draftsman. He was a Scot and she was a Tasmanian. In 1927 they asked for a transfer to New Britain mainly because my father was interested in the German architecture there, which was quite startling.

I was born in 1929 and three brothers followed over the next ten years. We were on leave in Tasmania in 1937 when Rabaul blew up. My father was still in Rabaul, but my mother, brother and I were on a ship sailing back towards Rabaul. When we got to Rabaul, it was just like it was going across land. The Pumice stones must have been many feet thick and we just went across it without a ship's wake that they usually made. Tidal waves occurred shortly after we arrived back. We had to wear masks and dampened handkerchiefs around our faces and sun glasses because of the dust flying around. Swimming - we used to go down to the swimming pool every morning. We'd be dropped off with some sweetened condensed milk because I didn't drink milk, but I did eat the sweetened condensed milk. We had to write our names on the bottom of the pool, the Rabaul pool, where the dust had settled during the night. We would write our names on the bottom of the pool before the swimmers disturbed it.

My brother Kenneth was born in 1939. Shortly after he was born we had another eruption which was quite severe and we were evacuated out to Kokopo again. Vunapope's Catholic Sisters there looked after the people very well. In 1940 we were on leave and returning via Melbourne on a ship where they loaded all these young Army fellows who I believe were the Militia and the Lark Force going up to Rabaul in 1940 because the war was advancing towards us. They didn't know where they were going and went up to Mother and Father asking 'Where is this

ship going?' My mother and father realised that they must keep quiet. So they waited until the gangplank came up and [then] told them. They said 'Where's that?' Nearly every one of those lads lost their lives.

Christmas 1941 we were on board Burns Philp's *Macdhui* being evacuated from Rabaul – women and children, Diana (Coote Martell), Doreen (Crawley MacGowan) and myself. Somebody – I think it might have been Diana's mother - organised for the RSL and BPs to give us a Christmas present each which was a water pistol. So you can imagine when all children got a water pistol each! We were fighting. The only person who didn't get one was Diana as they were one short. She and my brother Douglas, who eventually married Doreen, got into a dreadful fight. Douglas had his water pistol and Diana wanted it. She had his bottom lip in a tight grip and he had a handful of her hair. I do not remember who ended up with the water pistol.

Anyway, we arrived in Sydney and then we departed in different directions. Many of the English women with their children had no where to go and took jobs looking after boarding houses so that they had accommodation, a job, and were able to look after their children. Diana's mother settled in Sydney; Doreen's mother in Tassie, and mine in Adelaide. During the war years we kept in touch. When we were boarding the ship for the evacuation, Diana remembers something about the lifeboats.

Diana recalled – 'Not long after we started out, a couple of days out, someone said that the ropes of the lifeboats had been cut. Now that stuck in my mind. Why would I think of it, even if I was only a child? There was a hush-hush and little talk about it. I don't remember who told me. We were sitting at the table having a meal downstairs and I heard that someone had said they had been cut and looked at the kids and looked away.'

Muriel continued - Yes I asked someone later on who knew something about sailing and they said that probably what happened was there might have been a bit of a scare or an alert. Quick evacuation is where they prepare by cutting the ropes. Under darkness we set out from Rabaul expecting to be back in a couple of weeks.

Diana recalled – 'I hadn't even said goodbye to Dad (Philip Coote – Burns Philp's Manager in Rabaul). I didn't even kiss him.'

When we arrived in Adelaide we were like fish-out-of-water. My younger brother couldn't even speak English. We couldn't catch trams or trains or anything like that. It was dreadful actually. Then my hearing deteriorated. That was the end of my formal education, so I had to go on to art school and ballet etc. My brothers and I excelled at swimming and diving. We won all of the swimming contests for our school. Our father eventually escaped by walking down the coast of New Britain and came to Adelaide with a bank loan for a house with a business - a poultry business.

Christmas 1946 I received a Christmas present; a plane ticket to go to Port Moresby as the war had ended, and for what was thought to be just for the school holidays. My intentions were not to leave again. I was going to stay there. My mother and brothers were still in Adelaide. The boys were still only little. When I got to Moresby, in those days, it was all American Air Force, Army, and Navy. Everybody was having a good time and I had a job. My first job was to unpack all these Court records for the Public Library. I found that very difficult - to keep my nose out of those books and papers. My father didn't realise that I was staying and didn't know that I was a good cook. I could cook dehydrated potatoes and

onions, tin meat and fish etc. Then I got a permanent job with the Oil Search Company – APC – The Australasian Petroleum Company – as a draftsman. There I met my husband-to-be who was a labour recruiting officer. He decided I was too young and fickle and stuck up his nose and looked the other way. He enlisted and went off for 15 months to Korea. On his return we became engaged and later on we were married. We had our first baby, Bronwyn, in 1953.

We saw that movie 'Elephants Walk' and when we left that theatre we were going to become planters. We looked for a block of land, applied for it, and we got it – Arau plantation outside Kainantu in the Eastern Highlands. My husband went ahead to build a nursery and a hut for us while I went to Australia to have the next baby. Somebody said to him 'How did you know anything about coffee?' He said 'I don't know anything about coffee. If they had given me a thistle we would have been the first commercial thistle growers!' So we started planting coffee, cardamom and pyrethrum out of Kainantu.

I can remember my first pay in 1946 from the Oil Search Company - £25 for a month's work. I went home and said to my father 'Here Daddy, here's £5 of my pay for my keep' and he said 'How much did you get?' I said £25 and he said 'I'll swap you mate – you keep the five and I'll take the twenty.' Briefly, I was heart-broken, but I didn't have anything to spend my money on anyway.

In 1957 we flew in by this little chartered Cessna on Kainantu's dirt airstrip; we were in uncontrolled territory with hundreds of chanting villagers on the airstrip. We had nothing on our plantation but for the kunai house that my husband had built for us. I arrived with a four-year old Bronwyn and a two-week old baby girl Rosalie. It was quite an adventure actually. I had half of a 44-gallon drum as a stove, a pulley shower and a thunder box and all the usual things, though no electricity. Ah, it was beautiful. I loved it. It was four years of development before we had communication with anyone or a road. Our first transport was a tractor which of course we had to carry ourselves and everything else on. I'd sit on the battery box with the baby Rosalie. Bronwyn sat beside me, with the rotor blades out the back trimming down the road. That was about it. We had plane supplies about once a month when food supplies and mail would be thrown out of the aircraft. If the aircraft landed it would pick up the veggies we would supply to the veggie shops in Lae.

Then the time came for Correspondence School to start – teaching your own children; I don't recommend it.

Eventually we chartered a larger DC3 aircraft once a month. It landed at Arona - Arona Cattle Station in the next valley. We got a Land Cruiser, and we got a generator, and we got a fridge, a kerosene fridge – great excitement when we got the fridge. But then the day came and my husband decided to go down to Lae and buy electrical appliances which we did not have. I had trained house staff and they were real bushies. They were startled to see a hot water jug – to boil water in a jug – they just couldn't believe it. Looking underneath trying to see an egg cooking in a frying pan – well. And we had a toaster which my husband said: 'Now there's a man in that toaster, and when the toast is cooked it will shoot it out'. And out came two slices of burnt toast. We had not noticed a button saying (light or dark). Our *haus kuk* boy stuck his nose up and said 'I'm better than he is'.

In 1967 my husband passed away on the plantation and then the coffee flush came in. I was very busy and didn't have time to feel sorry for myself. Two years later I

had to send the children to boarding school because I just couldn't cope any longer.

In 1969, digging toilet pits and drains, I found clay - first class clay. So I began to play around with that on weekends and the native children started to get interested in what I was doing. I taught them pottery, then I taught them how to do screen printing and then to sew by hand. That was the very beginning of what became the Eastern Highlands Cultural Centre. It started to grow to such an extent that the Government came to me and asked me if I would move into Kainantu.

I carried on for a little while until I could get a manager to come. A gentleman, an ex-India tea planter, arrived with a monocle in one eye, boots up to the knees, toupee hat, pipe etc. His name was Mansoor. He used to meet me every night at the shower bathroom door with a glass of Scotch. I used to say 'I don't drink Scotch in the shower' and he would say 'Oh who's ever heard of a woman who doesn't drink Scotch in the shower?' Eventually I handed it all over to him but still stayed on there for a bit longer before I moved into Kainantu. I bought four houses in Kainantu ready to move.

People would ask me 'Were you ever scared?' and you know the greatest thing I was ever scared of was if I stood up to speak when taking a labour line role, only to find that my fly was undone. There was this funny old man and he decided that he was going to look after me and be my guard. He used to walk around with a big machete, a beautiful sharp knife, a thong on one foot and a boot on the other foot, and he'd salute me every time I'd walk out the door with the foot with the boot hitting the foot with the thong and would nearly trip over himself.

I learned how to do lots of things. I learned how to put Golden Syrup on the belting, because we had run out of belt dressing. From the exhaust pipe on the generator, I could put some starter fluid on a cloth to assist getting the generator to spark. One day it sucked in the piece of cloth. And when it back fired we were covered in black soot. One day I couldn't get any power from the generator at all, so I called a friend of mine in Lae, Laurie Crowley [who] ran Crowley Airways. He said to me 'Now if you get in any trouble just call me, any time.' So I called him up and I said 'Laurie, I can get the generator going but there is no electricity being sent out.' He said 'Listen to me. Now do this. Get some Wet and Dry. Go down to the factory and get someone to crank the handle and rub the Wet and Dry up and down the exciter'. So I did what I thought he meant. I called Laurie again on the 1.30 sked. He said to me 'Now tell me exactly what you did' I said 'I went and got half a bale of newspaper, took it down to the factory, tore it into strips, put half of it into a bucket of water and kept the other half dry, had a fellow turn the crank handle while I alternated with first the wet newspaper and then the dry'. You should have heard everybody from Kainantu to Lae on their radios. They were saying for years 'Do you know what Wet and Dry is?'

The only visitors we had in the old days were the kiaps, the *didimen* [agricultural officers], the *lik-lik* doctors etc. They were lonely young fellows and we would always put them up, as well as anthropologists and archeologists too. When school holidays would come the children would come home for Christmas and once we got bogged way out in the bush. I was well and truly able to get myself out most times, but this time I was well and truly stuck. It was getting dark and wet and rainy and in the back of the Land Cruiser; we had to fish into the Christmas presents and shopping - chocolates, rum, brandy. We had a lovely meal and then the next day my staff came looking for us. With my tree walla jack they pulled us through.

The elephant – remember the elephant coming? When the elephant came in 1973 it was sponsored by SP Brewery. When it arrived it weighed five tons. When it got diarrhoea, it lost one ton – one ton less. My staff had been working very hard and were very loyal to me, and as a treat I gave them the day off when the elephant came. The younger ones walked to Kassam Pass and the older ones I took in the back of the Land Cruiser. We got to the top of the Pass and there thousands and thousands of people, like ants, were crawling around waiting for the '*bikpela pik*'. We waited and waited and nothing happened so I thought I'd drive down. When we got to the bottom of the Pass, there was the '*bigpela pik*' grazing there. The truck carrying him had broken down and they were waiting for someone to come from Lae to fix the truck up so that it could get going again. Eventually they got it going again but, while waiting, they gave me a ride on it. You should have seen and heard the people shouting '*Mama bilong mipela ridim bikpela pik*'. It was too late by the time it arrived in town to proceed to the plantation that night, so we all booked into the hotel. The trainer had the elephant chained up outside my bedroom window and all night long I heard 'clang clang clang clang ...' as it moved about.' People were so fascinated when it went and opened a tap and had a drink. I thought it was wonderful.

All this time I was developing the Cultural Centre which was built by the Provincial Government, plus running the plantation. Then I had to take on a manager when I moved into town permanently. In 1982 the Cultural Centre was officially opened. I had employed a manager and his wife who settled onto the plantation for the next four years. In 1986 the coffee prices dropped so I again returned to running the plantation again, so back and forth... I sold Arau in 1993 and went into Kainantu permanently and a month later the house on Arau collapsed in a *guria* [earthquake]. There was nothing left of the home I had built and loved so much.

I stayed on the plantation and in Kainantu for 50 years. I've never been back to Kainantu though I have been back to Lae and Madang. I came to Australia twelve years ago (1997) and moved straight away into the Retirement Village where I still live. I did not marry again.

Since you have asked me, yes I do have, and have been greatly honoured to receive an MBE from the Queen in 1983. 1982 was the year of the Disabled. By then the Centre was going quite well and I had a manager working the plantation, so I decided to branch out and help the disabled. I sent word out asking for all the disabled to come in and I would interview them. I had everybody – no legs, one leg, three legs, all arriving at the door and it carried on for quite a while. Some of them became permanent staff there and I am told it is still a thriving business producing beautiful pottery.

Thank you for listening to my story.

* * *

We thank both Muriel Larner and Jim Burton for sharing this with us.

Jim writes: '*Former Island residents are invited to gather and contribute to a nostalgic trip down memory lane by sharing some of their experiences, stories, photographs, and books or written papers. Morning tea is provided.*'

Please email or telephone Jim (a former resident of Fiji, Vanuatu and PNG) Email - burtonjf@bigpond.com Telephone – 07-3376 3356 (leave a message if necessary)

The next two gatherings will be in March – on the first Friday, 5th March, and later, Tuesday 30th March (replacing Good Friday). Following that, the monthly gathering will be in Toowong Library on the first Friday in May through to December 2010. ■

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

Don DUNBAR-REID (9 October 2009, aged 73 years)

Don was born at Kabakaul (Kokopo) to Jack and Jean who later moved to Mavalu (Open Bay). Long after Japan entered the war Don, his parents, and brother Dick, sailed to Rabaul. After many days with bombing Jean, Don and Dick evacuated on the *Malaita* to Australia through many anxious bombing attacks. When Jean and Dick returned to PNG Don remained in Sydney to complete his schooling and later attend Barker College. He returned to PNG when he reached 17 and worked with Jack at Kabanga. In the mid 50's Don was sent to develop Clifton Plantation in the Warangoi. Later he married Irene, and Sally and Scott were born.

Don was an avid sailor and enjoyed many happy sailing days with the Takubar Club. He became a member of the Gazelle Council and received the Independence Medal in 1985. He also presided as President and Vice-President of Planters Association.

Don later re-married and, with Shirley, experienced many happy years sailing and fishing and sharing the many tumultuous political PNG times. They left PNG in 1990 and moved to Australia. Don worked until retirement when he and Shirley then spent many happy times touring Australia in their caravan. Don left this earth the way he wished – in his own home and surrounded by his loving wife and family.

Shirley Dunbar-Reid

Hank Johannes MUSKENS (28 January 2010, aged 72 years)

Hank was born in Tilburg, Netherlands, educated in Jakarta (1947-1950) and Melbourne (1950-1955). From 1958 to 1971 he worked in PNG in various departments, ie Treasury, Education, Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries, and the Public Service Commission. He lived in Port Moresby, Lorengau, Mt Hagen and Rabaul. On arrival in Port Moresby in 1958 Hank was recruited by the Port Moresby Australian Rules Football Club, and became Treasurer as well, almost immediately turning the Club's precarious financial position around. He was a 'pretty good footballer' according to Jack Moffatt of the Port Moresby Australian Rules Football Club, however his playing days were hampered by a knee injury which eventually led to his retirement from play in 1967. Throughout these years he had been active in the Club's administration and was made a Life Member of the Club in 1968. After 'going finish' in 1971, Hank worked for CSIRO in Sydney and Griffith. Later he moved to Sawtell NSW and specialised in book-keeping for small business. Although plagued by ill-health from an early age, Hank never failed to make the most of every day, maintaining an enviable golf handicap right to the end. Hank is survived by his first wife, Pam, four children and three step-children, plus twelve grandchildren. His second wife, Leslie, predeceased him in 2006.

Will Muskens

Allan JONES (8 May 2009, aged 70 years)

After graduating from the Australian School of Pacific Administration in 1963, Allan taught at Daumagini (1964-68) and Hula (1969-74) and later, after gaining a Bachelor of Education degree, he was headmaster at Karkar High (1979-86), Popondetta High (1989-93) and finally Cameron Secondary School at Alotau in Milne Bay. He retired from teaching in December 1999 after spending 35 years in PNG. He then continued to work there with AESOP Business Volunteers until 2002 when he retired to Adelaide.

Louise Jeffery

Rev John May OBE (24 January 2010, aged 95 years)

John was chaplain to Lark Force in Rabaul at the time of the Japanese invasion in January 1942. After being captured, he was sent to Japan on the *Naruto Maru* and was imprisoned in Zentsuji POW camp until August 1945.

After surviving World War II he became an important link between the relatives of the men who died and the events on the Gazelle Peninsula in the early months of Japanese occupation.

Soon after he returned from captivity in Japan, John spent some time at Oxford in England and later he became chaplain at Royal Military College Duntroon.

He is survived by his wife, Mary, and family members. The men lost in the New Guinea islands were always dear to his heart and in place of flowers at the funeral Mary asked that donations be made to the Montevideo Maru memorial fund.

Sharyn Joy McKENZIE nee HEALY (4 February 2010, aged 60 years)

Formerly of Noosa and Papua New Guinea, late of Manly. Beloved mother of Samantha, Gemelle and Melindah, daughter of Dorothy and Rhys. Funeral at Macquarie Park Crematorium, Camellia Chapel, on Wednesday February 10, 2010.

Christine LOCK 19th November 2009

Christine was born and bred in South Australia. In 1969, husband Brian accepted a position as a High School teacher in Rabaul and with him spent the next 34 years in Papua New Guinea.

From East New Britain Brian was posted to Brandi High School in Wewak where Christine now with four daughters resided for six years. A two year posting to Arawa in Bougainville followed and then on to Alotau in Milne Bay where the Lock's spent the next six years. It was this posting that Christine described as the most idealistic and wonderful of her long tenure in Papua new Guinea. Finally Christine spent her last years back in Rabaul, where their PNG life began with Brian teaching at George Brown High and Malaguna Technical High School. Christine witnessed the power of a volcanic eruption and the destruction of Rabaul and many friendships were cemented under the volcanic ash.

Christine's perhaps most important job was raising four daughters and giving husband Brian her support. However she had a real passion for helping when required and was a good and certainly enthusiastic organizer. She was involved in various sporting clubs, voluntary work at the Schools where Brian taught and the social life of the community.

In early 2003 whilst visiting Australia Christine was diagnosed with bowel cancer and she and Brian returned, after 34 years in Papua New Guinea settling back in South Australia where they jointly took up the position of custodians of Olivewood, a National Trust property at Renmmak. Christine became a community icon with her enthusiasm for local history and heritage matters and enjoyed showing thousands of visitors over the property.

She finally succumbed to the cancer leaving husband Brian of 43 years, four daughters and 9 grandchildren. She will be sadly missed.

David Showell

We hope to have further details in the June *Una Voce* on:

Chris DIERCKE (31 January 2010)

John BOWDEN (27 October 2009)

E Don Clarke (23 January 2010)

Edward Ted DURKAN (21 January 2010, aged 88 years)

Mabel HOLLAND (7 February 2010)

Clarrence (Clarrie) Roy JAMES (13 February 2010)

Peter Leonard TATTERSON (7 January 2010, aged 66 years)

Neil McLaren MOCKETT (8 October, 2009)

Neil was raised in Wandin, Victoria, and travelled to PNG in 1967 to become a Cadet Patrol Officer initially posted to Kavieng, New Ireland. Subsequent postings were to Musau - Emira then several postings in the Highlands before he returned to Australia to study to become a Geologist. Neil ran a small but successful geological survey company out of Townsville – he is survived by his wife Rosie and children and grand children by a previous marriage.

Peter Edwards (same CPO intake as Neil)

Peter FIGGIS MC (20 November 2009, aged 94 years)

In early 1941 Peter travelled to Rabaul with Lark Force. After the Japanese invasion on January 23 1942 Peter spent 79 days on the run through the jungles of New Britain, eventually escaping on the *Laurabada*, the official yacht of the Administrator of Papua. Peter then volunteered for the M Specials, a secret intelligence group, and accepted an offer to return to New Britain ... this time as a Coast Watcher.

The Coast Watchers were a select band, formed early in the war, who watched and reported on enemy movements, initially from Australia and the surrounding Pacific Islands but, after the Japanese occupation, from behind enemy lines. They were codenamed 'Ferdinand' after the mythical bull which would rather smell the flowers than fight in the bullring. They were to observe and report, not to fight.

A year after his escape, Peter was aboard an American submarine heading back to New Britain with another Coast Watcher, Malcolm Wright and four PNG native soldiers, including Sergeant Simogun Pita, another of Peter's lifelong mates. They secretly landed at Cape Orford, about 80 kilometres from Rabaul and began reporting on Japanese operations.

For more than a year, Peter lived this bizarre life on the edge. Always alert for Japanese patrols, who would try to home in on his radio signals and hunt him down. He and his mates lived largely off the land, with regular but rare supply drops by Catalina flying boats. Many of the pilots became cherished friends and they often dropped special gifts of tobacco or whisky, and the occasional letter from home or newspaper or magazine.

Peter and his fellow Coast Watchers saved countless allied lives by giving early warning of bombing raids.

Peter was given a 'periodical' award of the Military Cross for bravery. That's reserved for those who display numerous acts of valour over a long period.

The citation for the MC read, with wonderful brevity: "for exemplary courage with allied intelligence bureau." awarded by the NSW Governor on 27 February 1947. Excerpt from *A Tribute to Peter Figgis MC* by Patrick Lindsay p20

John WAGUO (Wagua) (22 August 2009)

Former school teachers at Kerowagi high school in the early 1970s will remember John Wago (Wagua) as one of the original students. John was a talented football player and he often spoke with great affection of the balanced education he received at the hands of Messrs Holden and Connors, the former teaching him Rugby, and the latter teaching him Australian Rules. I also knew John at Kerowagi at that time, but had the pleasure thirty years later of working with him at Ok Tedi Mining Ltd. John transitioned successfully into the corporate sector, and among other achievements became a Senior Purchasing Officer with Ok Tedi Mining Limited.

John married twice and had two children with his first wife and three from Kwina, his second wife. He was a true gentleman. Laurie le Fevre

DAVIS Lesley Leone (3 October 2009, aged 78 years)

Lesley looked back on her years in PNG as some of the best in her life. In 1958, following the death of her husband, Alec Black, she arrived in Rabaul with her 18 month old son Stuart. For a short time she stayed with her cousin, John Foldi, who was District Commissioner at the time. She then moved to Port Moresby where she worked for Steamships. There she met Leo Davis, a Patrol Officer. They shared a love of tennis (Leo captained the PNG tennis team in the 1963 South Pacific Games in Fiji) and they were married in 1960, moving to Boroko. In 1962 they moved to Rabaul, and in early 1965 their son Andrew was born. Sadly Leo died of lung cancer later that same year, shortly followed by Andrew who had caught Golden Staph while Leo was in hospital in Rabaul. Lesley moved back to Sydney in 1966. She later remarried, and had two daughters, Lisa and Leckie. Leckie was born with Downs Syndrome and her husband walked out leaving her and his two young children. She later moved to Canberra where she worked as a real estate agent and campaigned for improved opportunities for people with disabilities. One of the groups she worked with established Abbeyfield, the first group house in Canberra, where Leckie now lives. Lesley is survived by her three children, their partners and her four grandchildren. Stuart Black

KENYON Rev. Colleen 'Dawn' (2 November 2009, aged 81 years)

From being a loyal wife and mother, Dawn Kenyon rose to become the first woman Anglican priest to take charge of an Australian parish. Too young to enlist in WWII, Dawn joined the Red Cross and trained as an Occupational Therapist; then in order to support her husband through Theological College she trained to become a teacher. The couple had a desire to become missionaries and in 1955 went to Taupota in Papua and then to Goroka. There Dawn taught the local people and assisted as a trained linguist in translating the Bible into Wedawan. Back in Australia, they settled in Ballarat but tragedy befell them – Dawn's husband died and Dawn was left a widow at 40 with two small children and an elderly mother to support. She joined the Commonwealth Teaching Service and served in the Northern Territory at the Yirrikala Mission School and later as Principal at Numbulwar. After her retirement and with both daughters married, Dawn pursued her long-held desire to enter the Priesthood. This she accomplished in 1987 and took up her ministry in New Zealand, later moving to Western Australia as rector to the parish of Southern Cross-Westonia in the WA wheatlands. Sadly she had to leave there to nurse her younger daughter who was seriously ill. Dawn later moved back to Queensland and continued with her Ministry as Rector in the Parish of Millmerran, finally retiring in 2005. Dawn is survived by her daughter Elizabeth, and grandchildren. Her younger daughter Margaret (Meg) predeceased her. Elizabeth Banks (nee Kenyon)

HANIGAN Peter (11 March 2008, aged approx. 63 years)

Peter Hanigan was born in Sydney and grew up on the Georges River where he learned to sail and developed resilience and independence. While in his teens, his interest in PNG was sparked by a trip there with a friend. He studied at ASOPA and began his 12 year career as a teacher in PNG when he was 19. He worked in many remote areas and often helped build the classrooms. After his marriage in 1973 to Robyn Elliott (also teaching in PNG) he moved to a high school in Madang and extended his skills in teaching Commerce and Agriculture. During his time in PNG Pete was very interested in the history and culture of the people and travelled extensively. His daughter Kylie Malinda was born in Lae in 1975. After Independence, and a stint as a restaurateur, Pete and family (now including son Ivan) moved to Wilcannia where he spent two years working in Menindee, Ivanhoe, White Cliffs, Tibooburra and Bourke. He later taught at West Wyalong. From 1992 onwards he changed career and began to study history and cultural heritage management and worked as a museums guide in Canberra. His death (of a sudden heart attack) was far too soon.

Ivan Hanigan

'Mac' VINES (11th December, 2009, aged 67 years)

Headteacher TPNG Outstations 1970's

Mac was always fun to be around. He provided another dimension to outstation life. Those who knew him at Kabwum can remember his energetic Highland fling and his sense of the ridiculous that constantly had you in stitches. Mac could walk into a door and make it seem like an accident. On one notable occasion, he helped organise a 'stir' for a expat Welshman at Kabwum that had a group of us men standing under the house humming Men of Harlech and hammering the metal pylons while Mac in a mining hat complete with lighted candle and a blackened face, ascended the ladder of the fire escape and opened the trap door to wake the occupants not long after dawn and say hello. Mac's opening statement in a Welsh accent was, "Is this the way to Aberystwyth?" His substantial omelettes were also a good remedy for a previously 'heavy' night.

When faced with a real problem of long grass and snakes at his school, I can remember his methodology to find out why the school's lawnmower was not being fixed and sent back quickly. In the days when swearing on the radio was a 'no no', Mac's inventive telegram to the School's Authority in Lae went some thing like this : Where / the / (next group) 'B" next Group "L", next Group "O" etc. and spelt out 'Bloody Hell' in single letters before ending the signal, "is my lawnmower". It got immediate results too.

Mac was famous for his Phantom jet takeoff impression. This involved a full speed run down the hallway of an AR20 house with the front door open, then launching over the verandah. The landings differed depending on the terrain and amount of rain but were always remedied with a nice Red.

In later years, his cartoons in the Courier Mail were enjoyed by many.

See you later Mate.

Roger Fryer and Paul Oates

Bernard Richard PORTER (22 September 2009, aged 88 years)

Bernie was born, educated and lived in Brisbane for much of his life. He trained as a carpenter and joiner and, amongst other jobs, he worked on the Story Bridge and various primary schools throughout Brisbane. He used to reminisce about riding his bicycle from Brisbane to the Gold Coast and back of a weekend for a surf. He enlisted in the 2nd AIF and saw service in the Torres Strait and PNG. He was in Lae when the war ended and returned to Australia. Bernie returned to PNG in 1953 and finished up staying for another 20 years. He worked in Madang

for some years for the Public Works Dept. He moved to the Sepik District in 1956 and settled in Maprik. He worked as a private building contractor for the Administration building houses on outstations. He was a competent and reliable tradesman.

He was also an active sportsman. He played golf off a low handicap and excelled at tennis. He was for some years a selector for the New Guinea rugby league representative team. He finally returned to Brisbane just before Independence. He loved to travel around Australia and enjoyed meeting up with his friends for lunch at the Irish Club in Brisbane each Wednesday. He enjoyed a beer and a bet but never to excess. He had many friends and while health problems began to catch up with him towards the end of his life, he was never heard to complain. Bernie died peacefully in his sleep at home in his apartment. He is survived by his nieces, his nephew and their children. Ken Hanrahan

John BLENKIN (13 December 2009, aged 84 years)

John was perhaps the youngest man to serve with the wartime coastwatcher organisation. Joining the navy at 17 he had two months at coder school before being sent to Guadalcanal. His new boss, Commander Hugh Mackenzie, wanted a couple of leading coders so he took one look at John, who looked 14, and sent him away. A few days later John was back again. John served on Guadalcanal, New Georgia, Treasury Island and New Britain, and later still on the north of New Guinea as a coxswain on a unit supply boat, supporting 36 Battalion operations. In 2005 he was chosen as a member of a group of veterans accompanying the governor-general, Maj-General Michael Jeffery, on a pilgrimage to PNG and New Britain marking the 60th anniversary of the end of WWII. SMH 21 Jan 2010

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mrs N WIGHTMAN	3/1 Dockside, 1 Cherry Street BALLINA, NSW, 2478
Mrs C NICHOLSON	12 Herbert Street, NORTH FREMANTLE, WA, 6159
Mr T LUMME	2/25 Cambridge Drive, GOONELLABAH, NSW, 2480
Mrs J LUCAS	9 Bickerton Street, KUMBIA, QLD, 4610
Mr D B CRANE	21 Sunrise Drive, Ocean View DAYBORO, QLD, 4521
Ms S K MINNS-MCDONNELL	21 Woodlands Drive, STAPYLTON, QLD, 4207
Dr R YOUNG	248 Bobbin Head Road, TURRAMURRA, NSW, 2074
Mrs M E YOUNG	248 Bobbin Head Street, TURRAMURRA, NSW, 2074
Mr V W FAULKNER	60 Stewart Street, LENNOX HEAD, NSW, 2478
Mrs IE PURVIS	PO Box 173, INDOOROOPIILLY, QLD, 4068
Mr B J TRUSS	21 Janda Street, ATHERTON, QLD, 4883
Mr R I BARCLAY	11 Harold Street, BLACKBURN, VIC, 3130
Mr K EVANS	PO Box 8114, BARGARA, QLD, 4670
Mrs J R KELLY	Unit 14, 'Linnear Apartments', 32-36 Queen Street CALOUNDRA, QLD, 4551
Mr A G PRIOR	17 Capstone Way, MARANGAROO, WA, 6064
Mr R C HILL	125 Dean Road, Verrierdale, QLD, 4562
Mr W J GITTINS	244 Bli Bli Road, BLI BLI, QLD, 4560
Mr T DOOLAN	7 Centenary Drive, MALENY, QLD, 4552
Mrs S DUNBAR-REID	57 School of Arts Road, REDLAND BAY, QLD, 4165
Mr A S HOWIE	51 Clearview Drive, GLASSHOUSE MOUNTAINS, QLD, 4518
Mr G M O'TOOLE	PO Box 190, AGNES WATER, QLD, 4677
Ms K BARRITT	99 Husband Road, FOREST HILL, VIC, 3131
Mr R C BLACKBURN	14 Cassowary Court, CABOOLTURE, QLD, 4510

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March 2010