



Una Voce

JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC

Patrons: Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)
Mrs Roma Bates; Mr Fred Kaad OBE

At the Annual General Meeting on 02 May 2010 Riley Warren AM announced that, due to some considerable changes in his life, he would step back from the position of President. Dennis Doyle was appointed by the committee to continue in an acting capacity from this AGM until the end of the current term which expires at the next AGM.

Note: Annual Membership List is included with this *Una Voce*.

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON –

This year's Christmas Luncheon will be on **Sunday 05 December at the Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara (Sydney, NSW)**. As usual there will be tables of 10 people, so please think about organising a table of friends to come along. Booking form in the September *Una Voce*.

VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS

The annual spring visit to the Blue Mountains: **Thursday 14 October**. George and Edna Oakes at Woodford are kindly welcoming us back again this year. Full details in September issue.

***for latest news, information and discussion, please visit the **forum**

at: 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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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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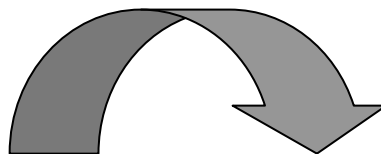
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Please also include your membership number.

Also, if you have a ‘limit’ on your mail box, it would help if you would please clear it at regular intervals.

Thank you to all those who do remember to send on their change of email address. This ensures you get timely notice of any breaking ‘news’.

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The Management Committee and members thank Riley Warren AM most sincerely for his commitment and efforts for the PNGAA. Of major significance was his contribution on the Rules Review sub-committee in 2009.

Further planning has since gone into shaping the future of our association. It has become clear that the work has reached a level which is beyond the time and effort constraints of a voluntary committee. After much consideration it has been decided to out-source some of the administrative functions of the PNGAA to the Northshore Corporate Centre at Gordon, Sydney. This will be closely monitored to ensure that it is an affordable and effective solution.

The Management Committee recently welcomed Phil Ainsworth as a member. Phil lived in PNG for 21 years, initially as a cartographer with the Department of Forests, later becoming an economist in the National Planning Office of the Prime Minister's department of PNG. Currently Managing Director of King & Co Property Consultants in Brisbane, Phil is also President and a foundation member of the NGVR & PNGVR Ex-members Association. He is also co-chair of the Memorial group within the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society.

Many members are aware that the new draft Australian K-10 curriculum has been available for public comment since March. It became apparent that the History curriculum lacked a real connection with PNG and we thank the History and Scholarship Subcommittee for recently putting together an excellent submission to the Australian Curriculum, Assessment and Reporting Authority. You can read it at: <http://www.pngaa.net/news/AcaraSubmission.pdf>

The Management Committee looks forward to sharing the year ahead with you.

Dennis Doyle

CONGRATULATIONS to David Ritchie who has recently been appointed Australia's next ambassador to Italy, replacing Amanda Vanstone whose three-year posting expires in July.

Mr Ritchie is a former ambassador to Indonesia and Deputy Secretary for the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade. He will also take on responsibility for relations with the independent republic of San Marino.

David's parents, Jim and Joy Ritchie, lived in Port Moresby for many years and their sons, David, Ian and Jon, were all born there, attending Ela Beach Primary A School. During his time in PNG Jim was Treasurer and Director of Finance.

HELP WANTED...Location of PNG Historical Material

The PNGAA would like to compile a more complete index of the location of collections of PNG historical material to be placed on our www.pngaa.net website.

Would members who have conducted research or who have knowledge of such collections (either large or small) please advise us (either by email to editor@pngaa.net or by 'snail mail') of its location, the type of material in the collection, its accessibility and any contact information that would be useful.

For example –

Noel Butlin Archives Centre, ANU Canberra, contains Burns Philp records (amongst others), web site <http://www.archives.anu.edu.au/nbac/html/>."

The Management Committee have decided to outsource some of the administration functions to the **North Shore Corporate Centre (NCC)** in Sydney in order to ensure continuity and a good level of service to our members. NCC will be handling membership applications and renewals and maintaining necessary bookkeeping whilst providing regular reports to the Treasurer. Additionally, emails to "admin@pngaa.net" will shortly be transferred over to NCC. As time progresses the level of service and cost will be monitored. NCC are highly experienced with this type of work and keen to get to know our members and our association. Please join with us in making them welcome.

NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY

From Jim Toner

Since 2007 when the Friends of the Pacific established itself in Darwin and attracted a number of PNG persons from the older PNG-Australia Social group it has been somewhat dormant but a new President, a cheerful chap from Vanuatu, plans to bring it back to life by holding an 'Island Night' in June.

Una Voce does not regurgitate stories of illegal happenings in PNG which are available to our members through reports in other media. However it should be permissible to mention something which has not yet happened. To date no diplomatic representative of PNG overseas has sold their country's embassy and pocketed the proceeds. As did the High Commissioner from Sierra Leone with a 5-storey building in a prestigious part of London. The last heard of His Excellency was that he had been recalled to West Africa "for consultations".

The introduction of steel axes to the many areas of PNG where stone still had to be fashioned into axe heads was met, it could be said, with enthusiasm by the recipients. In fact the Mokolkols, feared axemen of the Bainings, were delirious (see *Una Voce* 3/2002). However it was a little disappointing to see photos of tribesmen in the Highlands of West Papua engaged in a primitive inter-clan fight not using the traditional wooden shields suitably decorated but defending themselves with small sheets of corrugated iron. Progress....

A 3.5m snake found itself part of a bride price in the South Wahgi with its destiny being consumption. The recipient preferred cash to cooking and attempted to sell it at the Kudjip market. Unsuccessful, he said that anyone prepared to pay K400 could have it and they should phone him on either of his two mobile numbers. How times change....

Education, education... a standard cry from the politicians with which we must all agree for it is the key to advancement. And the chalkies who applied themselves to uplifting the children of PNG at new government schools during the 1950s-1970s have much to be proud of. Above the former patrol post at Pomio stands a memorial to GOLPAK, Paramount Luluai from Jacquinot Bay who, during the Japanese occupation in WW2 unhesitatingly collaborated with Coastwatchers and rescued several Australian and American airmen who had crashed. Awarded an MBE he was already middle-aged in 1944 and I assume only a simple pidgin-speaker. However his grandson Victor Golpak is a

qualified doctor, lecturer in surgery at UPNG and currently the Co-ordinator of the PNG Cholera Response.

Reuben TAUREKA from Marshall Lagoon was one of the bright products of PNG education sent to the Medical School in Suva where he acquired a doctor's diploma and a Fijian wife. He became Assistant Director of Medical Services in PHD, entered Parliament becoming a Minister and was eventually knighted. His son has already distinguished himself but on a much wider landscape.

Isikel Taureka has sat since 2006 in one of Beijing's tower buildings where he is Chevron's manager for China administering 200 staff. He had graduated in Economics at UPNG in 1976 and spent 12 years rising up the ladder in banking. He then became managing director of the PNG Posts & Telegraphs Corporation until head-hunted from Moresby by the Chevron company which sent him to its HQ in California for two years. He was sufficiently impressive to be posted to Bangkok as managing director for South-East Asia. Now he is responsible for developing a vast natural gas field in mountainous Sichuan which will be the largest foreign development in China's resource industry. A few aged chalkies who taught young Isikel can be enthusiastic about what educated Papua-Niuginians can achieve.

Frank "Biggles" LEIBFRIED has no time for talk of "leisurely retirement". The ex-kiap turned aerobatic pilot has returned to Tasmania after spending three months in Canada where he worked with an Air Rescue team and enlarged his c.v. by learning to pilot float planes on the lakes. Resuming duties as Captain of the Aero Club of Southern Tasmania has entailed him having a word or two with young members keen to handle their planes like a Peter Manser (whose occasional hair-raising flights many Highlanders will never forget). Frank's experience as a former "God's shadow on earth" enables him to be very firm yet paternal.

I find it astonishing as others may that, if he can keep his wheels spinning, Frederick Peter Christian KAAD will on 12 September join the wonderful world of Nonagenarians. An early but heartfelt birthday wish from your one-time *kuskus* [clerk]. ■

The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles Ex Members Association Inc. will be holding the annual **Montevideo Maru Memorial Service** at the Hall of Memories Cenotaph, ANZAC Square, Brisbane **Wednesday 1 July 2010 at 10.00am. Contact Phil Ainsworth email: p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au or phone 0418 730 348.**

PNG...IN THE NEWS

►The University of Goroka is hosting the **19th biennial Pacific History Conference from 12-16 September 2010** at the University of Goroka, Papua New Guinea. Titled 'Pacific at the Crossroads: Reflecting the Past, Adjusting the Present and Directing the Future' there are several sub themes – History and Learning of Pacific History; Cultural Heritage in the Pacific; History of Mining and Resource Development in the Pacific; Health and Well being in Pacific Societies; Global Issues and History's Influence for the Future.

This conference will be held just few days before the famous Goroka Cultural Show so early registration is important. Further information can be obtained from: Dr Sam Kari, Director – Centre for Melanesian Studies Email: karis@uog.ac.pg Ph: 675 5311 834 Fax: 675 532 2620 www.pacifichistoryassociation.com or www.uog.ac.pg

* * *

►**Westpac celebrated 100 years of commercial banking in PNG** on 10 May 2010. Ross Hammond, managing director of Westpac Bank PNG Limited said "When we first opened on May 10, 1910, we were known as the Bank of New South Wales. We're PNG's first bank and the only bank that has provided continuous service to the community for a century and that's a claim no other bank can make. In fact, for many, many years, Westpac was the only bank in PNG. Our success is testament to the commitment of our employees to our customers and the communities of PNG.

"There's been dramatic change in the way we do business in PNG and we've always known that we play a role that's more than just providing simple banking services." Mr Hammon said that 95 per cent of the bank's employees were PNG citizens...We continue to develop our people and get involved in the communities to work towards a sustainable future in an economic and environmental sense and of course, we've been instrumental in bringing commercial banking to the country" he said. Info from: <http://www.postcourier.com.pg/20100510/mohome.htm>

* * *

►**The 2010 Walk Against Corruption** will again be sponsored by Transparency International PNG on 6 June 2010. Held in Port Moresby (beginning at Murray Barracks Oval) and Kokopo annually, the walk raises awareness on the issue of corruption. Encouraging PNG children 'to take a stand for responsible citizenship', business houses are also asked to sponsor school teams.

Contact TIPNG on 320 2188 or email the Events & Outreach Coordinator on walkagainstcorruption@gmail.com for an invoice to field a team of 10 for the 2010 Walk Against Corruption.

* * *

►**In an unprecedented move in PNG, a group called the Community Coalition Against Corruption**, recently initiated a nationwide petition against the Maladina Amendment that aimed to dilute the powers of the PNG Ombudsman to make Ministers and MPs accountable for the way they spend public money. Peaceful protest marches were held in Port Moresby and Lae on 4 May 2010.

Isaac Nicholas in The National on 5 May 2010 reported that the Government decided to postpone the amendments with Prime Minister Sir Michael Somare telling Parliament this will 'allow the Parliamentary Committee [on the Ombusman Commission] to carry out a country-wide awareness and consultation before the final reading.' Sir Michael commented that the amendment was not in any way

removing the powers of the Ombudsman Commission but defining the commission's responsibilities.

<http://hrolandmorris.wordpress.com/2010/05/05/maladina-bill-deferred-by-png-govt/>
* * *

► Lihir Gold has endorsed an increased \$9.5 billion takeover offer from rival gold miner Newcrest Mining whilst retaining the right to continue talks with rival bidders until June 8. A merger between the two companies would create a \$A25 billion company and the world's fourth largest producer of gold. Lihir Chairman, Dr Ross Garnaut told shareholders that both Lihir and Newcrest have a strong track record on responsible environmental management. Lihir expects to increase production by about 50 per cent over the next ten years.

* * *

► On Dr Bernard Narakobi - from The National 15,16 and 19 March 2010:

Paul Harricknen writing about his time as a student of Dr Bernard Narakobi said:

"I remembered his answers to one of his critics against Melanesian philosophy that how can there be a "Melanesian way" in a country and region of many different cultures and languages. His answer was quite simple and yet quite difficult to grasp by the critics – "that (of many cultures and languages) in itself is the Melanesian way".

PNG Law Society President Kerenga Kua said:

'the Melanesian Way ideology was intended to enable PNG to forge its own unique path of development or as a compromise to blend the PNG ways, customs and practices into the western lifestyle, customs and practices.

"Dr Narakobi took that philosophy with him, even to the bench where he served as an acting judge for a short while and during that term he firmly held the view that there was an important role for our customary laws to play amongst the laws of this country".

Dr Narakobi in an extract from his book The Melanesian Way (1980) made "no apology for the controversies he stimulates in his aim to involve Melanesians, from the grass-roots to the elites, in the conscious shaping of their own identity, culture and nationhood."

Another extract says: "There are those who are so ill-informed, simplistic and narrow minded as to believe Melanesians have the choice between the so-called "primitive" past of our ancestors and the "civilized and enlightened" present of Western civilization. The choice is in fact more complex than this. The secret to that choice lies in the dual pillars of our Constitution. These pillars are our noble traditions and the Christian principles that are ours now, enhanced by selected technology. It is my hope that we would not blindly follow the West, nor be victims to technology and scientific knowledge. These belong to human kind. They are not racial or national. It is the same with music and good writing. These are physically located in time, place, and people, but in their use and enjoyment, they belong to all. Thus it is with Melanesian virtues."

Info from:

<http://www.alastairmcintosh.com/general/resources/1983-Bernard-Narokobi-Melanesian-Way.pdf> and The National

Cont over...

► **International visitor arrivals in PNG** picked up in 2010 after the weak growth experienced in 2009. In January PNG recorded an increase of 23.5% over January 2009 with 11,489 international visitors. Strong growth was experienced from the business and employment sectors with 10% and 18% growth respectively.

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► **New Dawn FM 95.3 Community Radio** is a locally-owned and managed radio station based in Buka. In 2009 it won the Communication and Social Change Award from the University of Queensland's School of Journalism and Communication. New Dawn FM began broadcasting in 2008 with the mission of: "Strengthening Bougainville autonomy through radio broadcasting to provide information & community development".

It offers the people of Bougainville an independent source of news, information, education and entertainment'. Local villagers are provided with the latest information about local development initiatives in agriculture, health, social welfare, HIV/AIDS prevention, and gender issues. It supports a range of community projects to promote literacy and assist jobless youth, and encourages the preservation of Bougainville's cultural heritage through music, story-telling and oral history programs. New Dawn FM Community Radio also launched a website, <http://bougainville.typepad.com/>. Information from

<http://www.uq.edu.au/ccsc/index.html?page=115804&pid=106730>

► **The Australia and Papua New Guinea medical ship** docked at Geelong and Portland in March and April this year. Regional students had the opportunity of touring the ship and finding out about PNG; the problems its people face and how Australians can help. The ship was on its way to Port Moresby to provide health care and community development. Its main aim is to address the Millennium Development Goals adopted by PNG in 2000. These goals include the eradication of poverty and hunger, universal primary education, gender equality, reducing child mortality, improving maternal health, combating HIV/AIDS, malaria and other diseases, and ensuring environmental sustainability. Organised by YWAM, a Christian youth-focused organisation, doctors and nurses on the ship donate two weeks of their time. Schools are encouraged to become involved in a practical way such as staging a spectacle drive. For more information about the ships, visit www.ywamships.org

Info from Melbourne Herald Sun 23 Feb 2010

► **'Born to Live'**

Sir Peter Barter who is Chair, National Aids Council PNG, has informed us that he has received a letter from Sister Kinga Czerwonka, the Catholic Health Secretary for Mingende/Simbu Province. Sr Kinga informed him of their work on the prevention, treatment and care of pregnant mothers with HIV and their babies. Double ART drugs and new triple ART therapy for HIV positive mothers has proven highly successful with 26 babies born to these mothers at Migende Rural Hospital testing HIV negative between August and December 2009.

Sir Peter said: 'We thought ex PNG people may be interested in knowing there are some positive aspects of the HIV Epidemic in PNG'.

► **A PNG bid to join the NRL** is well supported by the PNG government with plans to build a new stadium in Port Moresby. The bid team recently met NRL chief executive, David Gallop, and explained it would fill a new stadium in Pt Moresby with paying customers, all watching away games on big screens set around the arena. The PNG government recently made rugby league a mandatory part of the school curriculum.

Info from SMH 10-11 Apr 2010

► **Tribute to kiaps and patrol officers**

This year as we focus on the National Census, I am reminded of some unsung heroes who have contributed much to the development of our country and who formed the basis of our census.

They were the kiaps and patrol officers, the kiaps undertook their service in PNG [before and] after the end of the Second World War when Australian managed territory known as the Territory of Papua and New Guinea. The kiaps and patrol officers were noted for going on patrols. Every village was to be visited at least once per year for annual census. So it was that the kiaps and medical staff, mostly Australians, who saw more or less every person at least once per year. At those times, the census was rural Papua New Guinea's registry of births marriages and deaths. Time and again the kiaps were made aware of how much the people appreciated the annual census revision. In the 1970s the typical kiap in charge of a district such as Koroba, in Southern Highlands Province held a number of powers as one former kiap described: 'he was a commissioned officer of police, district court magistrate, local court magistrate, coroner, gaoler and so on'. They achieved their objectives through cultural empathy, co-operation and understanding, rather than the use of authority and force. The kiaps were an extraordinary group of young Australians and a few Papua New Guineans who performed a remarkable service to our country. Their adventurous spirit was matched only by their commitment to the wellbeing of the people of Papua New Guinea.

Jacob Sekewa, Lake Kopiago, SHP

► **Kokoda Track Safety Package II**

The Australian Government has committed an additional AUD\$3.1 million to fund further safety projects along the Kokoda Track. Australian Minister for Environment Protection, Heritage and the Arts, Peter Garret, said the funding is on top of the AUD\$1.8m allocated in September 2009. The money will fund additional safety project associated with airstrips, roads, bridges, footbridges, communications and trekking health and safety.

Info from PNG Tourism Garamut newsletter No. 3 March 2010

► **Australian Prime Minister Kevin Rudd's Special Envoy on Kokoda**

Mr Sandy Hollway was in Port Moresby recently to announce some major developments for the Kokoda Track including developing remote airstrips to meet aviation safety standards and building proper road access and infrastructure to the track. The Australian Government through the Kokoda Track Authority is also developing livelihood projects in the villages such as chicken and egg farms, rice farms, fruits and vegetable farms for locals to sell to tourists to earn a living.

Info from PNG Tourism Garamut newsletter No. 3 March 2010

► **The amazing Nakanai Caves**

Jean-Paul Soutier, who has written a book titled Nakanai Caves, has just returned after leading a two-month underground expedition to the huge cave system of Nakanai in East New Britain. The Nakanai Caves were given interim recognition by UNESCO's World Heritage Committee in 2006 when PNG asked for the site to be placed on the Tentative World Heritage list, as part of a serial grouping that was titled "The Sublime Karst of Papua New Guinea". Unfortunately, to this day, very little of the Nakanai Caves are formally protected.

Info from PNG Tourism Garamut newsletter No. 3 March 2010

► **Kokoda Porters & Guides form association**

The Kokoda Track Porters and Guides Association is formally in existence and there are already moves afoot to ensure local porters and guides who walk the rugged 96 kilometre wartime track with tourists are fairly rewarded and looked

after. At a recent meeting organized by the Papua New Guinea Tourism Promotion Authority, issues such as: proper identification cards for guides and porters; insurance cover; training programs; maximum allowable weight per porter and guide; and proper rates per day were discussed. All issues agreed to will be forwarded to the Kokoda Track Authority and PNG TPA to enforce in due course.

Info from PNG Tourism Garamut newsletter No. 3 March 2010

► **A post-budget statement released by Australian foreign minister Stephen Smith on 11 May 2010** gave details of its aid commitments to Indonesia, Africa and the Caribbean nations but no mention of aid support to PNG except in reference to its continuing commitment in helping reducing deforestation and carbon emission. Smith said Australia was committed to conducting a review of advisers' effectiveness with partner-governments. Whilst PNG is a partner and the PNG aid component is expected to be over K400 million, PNG used to be the largest overseas aid recipient until recently when Indonesia had become the focus of Australia as its strategic development partner. In the 2010-11 budget handed down by the federal government on Tuesday night, Smith said Australia aid commitment to Indonesia over the next four years will be A\$323 million (K804 million).

In direct response to PNG Foreign Minister Sam Abal's recent outburst that much of Australian aid to PNG was 'wasted' on consultants and advisers instead of the needy areas of health and education, Australia's parliamentary secretary for International Development Assistance Bob McMullan said Australian consultants and advisers brought to PNG crucial skills that were often not available locally. 'Australia and PNG jointly decide on the areas of focus of the Australian aid program.

'The PNG government frequently requests Australia to provide technical experts to advise PNG government departments, and approves these appointments. Info from: <http://www.thenational.com.pg/?q=node/9029>

GRANDMOTHER's LOST NECKLACE

My grandmother, Diggeress Te Kanawa, and my Great grandmother Rangimaria Hetet, (who would have been about 90 years old at the time) travelled to Papua New Guinea in 1980 to attend the South Pacific Arts Festival. They were from New Zealand, and were well known weavers, and may have been giving demonstrations of the art of maori weaving, at the festival.

While they were there my grandmother lost her necklace. I am writing on the chance that someone amongst your readers may have found it or know where it is.

The necklace is a *taonga* (treasure) of my family. It is made of greenstone (jade) and human hair, linked together with gold ferrules and chain to form alternating links of greenstone and then hair. The hair was that of my great great grandmother, which was finely plaited in a 12 or 16 strand braid. I don't believe it is of much intrinsic value, however I would gladly pay a reward for its return.

Last year my grandmother passed away, another treasure my family has lost. I know that there is little chance that we can recover this necklace, especially given the passing of 30 years, it is just something I believe we should give a go, no matter how small the chance. I'd be grateful for any assistance. Please contact: Tina Schofield, 8 Clark Street, Williamstown VIC 3016 Ph: ++61 0425729812 ▪

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir Peter Barter writes:

We often forget to thank those people who make a difference - Muriel [Larner] fits into this category and it was really nice to read about her again in *Una Voce*.

Terry Hewett writes:

In 1980, while serving on a "curriculum committee", reviewing a (PNG) teachers' college course in "social science", I objected to the use of the words colony and colonial, pointing out that neither Papua nor New Guinea had ever been a colony of Australia, and suggesting that a discipline that fancies itself as "science" ought to display more precision in its terminology. My objections were overruled and the offending words remained.

Recently I read a collection of pre-independence reminiscences of a group of expatriate teachers, in which words such as native and primitive appeared consistently within inverted commas while colony and colonial were used matter-of-factly, devoid of quotes. This marking and lack thereof may have been all the work of the authors, but the consistency leads me to suspect the editor. And now, Graham Taylor (MY KIAP CONUNDRUM, *Una Voce*, 2010, No 1) uses colonial twice, capitalised on one occasion, but otherwise unmarked.

I heartily agree with Mr Taylor that young Australians ought to be reminded of the contribution of kiaps and others to the development of Papua New Guinea. They should also be reminded that no part of Papua New Guinea was ever an Australian colony.

John Downie tells us 'A LITTLE MORE ON NUGURIA':

It was April 1968 and I was busy flying a desk in the DCA complex at Konedobu when the Regional Director, Kel Barclay appeared at the door asking what I had planned for Easter. I replied "nothing exciting Boss", so he said "right, farm out the kids and bring the missus, we're going to spend the week end at Nuguria". Following my "where the hell is that?", he explained that Graeme Carson had just completed work on the airstrip to improve it to category B standard, which enabled larger aircraft to use it, and had invited Kel to fly in for the week end in the Departmental Piaggio 166, a category B aircraft, and officially upgrade it. The trip was duly made and the airstrip stretching across a small islet at the south east extremity of the atoll was nice and smooth.

Snapshot memories of the week end include the boat ride from the airstrip to the home island up the length of a picture perfect lagoon and the party hosted by Graeme on Easter Saturday where the long trestle tables set up on the lawn were groaning under the weight of fresh caught crayfish.

Nuguria, a magical place, and not just because of crayfish tales.

Geoff Baskett writes:

The March issue of *Una Voce* contains an article concerning the escape of Peter Figgis and others from Rabaul.

On page 28 it states that Peter and his mates eventually made contact with a larger group of escapees and they made radio contact with Port Moresby. They arranged for a boat to rendezvous with them to take them to the PNG mainland. The boat which was sent to rescue them was the *Laurabada*.

It is incorrect to say that the refugees sent the radio message to Port Moresby because the radio message sent from New Britain to the PNG mainland was actually sent by Lt. Allan Timperley (later Captain) and two Army signallers who travelled from Milne Bay to New Britain in a small launch and contacted the refugees. The *Laurabada* was sent to the rescue as a result of this radio message.

The full story of their rescue by the *Laurabada* is told under the heading of "Timperley's Rescue Voyage" on pages 11-14 in the book "MILNE BAY 1942" by Clive Baker and Greg Knight.

I was at Milne Bay with ANGAU at the time and welcomed Allan Timperley and the two signallers on their return. I am wondering if this story has ever been included in a previous edition of *Una Voce*?

If not, I feel sure that the widow of Allan Timperley, Mrs. K. Timperley – a Member of PNGAA – would be delighted if the story is told in Allan's honour.

Somewhere I have seen a photo of the arrival of the *Laurabada* in Port Moresby. The photo shows many of the barefooted refugees in tattered Army clothing. I'm afraid I don't know where I saw the photo, perhaps some of your readers can tell you.

[Just to let you know that we are following up on your suggestion and hope we might be able to bring this story to you in the September 2010 Una Voce. - Ed]

Bruce Hoy writes:

On reading the March issue and Ian Riley's item on the DC-3 VH-PNB that had its accident at the Madang Airport, the following may be of some interest!

VH-PNB was under lease to TAA from Ansett Airlines of Papua New Guinea when it had its accident on 11 April 1972, the circumstances having been as described by Ian. The lease had commenced on 10 June 1971.

This aircraft began its flying career with Papuan Air Transport, also known as Patair when it was registered to Patair on 31 July 1961. It was the third DC-3 bought by Patair. Its first, VH-PAT, was destroyed on 1 October 1958, when part of its cargo caught on fire enroute to Kerema, necessitating a quick emergency landing at Bereina, in the Central District. VH-PNB was given the name "Mt Albert Edward". (Their second DC-3 VH-PNA was named "Mt Victoria" and their fourth VH-PNM was "Mt Murray", all named after peaks in the Papuan region.)

I had four flights in VH-PNB, the first was a charter to and from Rabaul on 27



and 29 January 1968, the third a very short flight of 6 minutes from Jacksons on 29 August 1969 on a flight to Mount Hagen to see The Show when we had to return as the undercarriage would not retract. My last flight was the same day when the problem was fixed (we all hoped!) and we flew to Kagamuga. Our journey home from the show was

packed with excitement - driving from Mount Hagen to Lae which took two full

days, and then home by Ansett Fokker Friendship. Quite a weekend with the show thrown in for good measure!

I last saw VH-PNB and her sister ship VH-PNA (withdrawn from use by Ansett at Madang on 30 October 1972) at Madang Airport on 12 August 1978. When I joined the National Museum the following month to establish the Department of Modern History, initially the War Museum Branch, I entertained an aspiration of saving either of these old aircraft, with a Defence Force LCH as its transportation to Port Moresby but events leading up to their destruction put an end to those plans! (Thanks Bruce and your dozer!!)

I am attaching a copy of a slide, taken of VH-PNB in better days, on 21 August 1971, about to take-off from Jackson's Airport, Port Moresby.

Colonel Donald Ramsay OAM Ret'd advises that there will be a PIR display added to the Infantry Museum at Singleton from late 2011. Four cabinets will be allocated to the display, plus two in reserve. It is likely that memorabilia will be needed. There will be a formal launch.

* * *

John Segal writes –

With reference to the excellent article called “Village Cricket: Hood Peninsula, 1965 by Robert Grieve in the March 2010 edition.

As a follow up to the story, I arrived at Hula PTS at the beginning of 1967 and was immediately signed up for the school cricket team. It was now called “Manea Manea” after the area which was also the name of the local cemetery between the school and Hula village.

Maurice Nixon, the LMS missionary in charge of the area had left and the Hula 1 team was now led by Pastor Age who had considerable influence in the area.

The teams now included, if my memory serves me correctly, Hula 1, Hula 2, Kalo 1, Kalo 2, Kaperoko, Makerupu and Manea Manea.

Every team we played insisted on telling me the story of the cricket stump, probably as a way of suggesting that I didn't umpire any matches. Obviously I was happy to be an interested spectator when I wasn't playing.

In the 2 years that I was at Hula PTS, the ability of the local cricketers improved so much that many of the younger players went on to join Moresby teams.

Umpiring was resolved in the local tradition with each team having to supply one umpire per match. If a player was hit anywhere on the body from the waist down whether he was out was determined by the umpire at the bowlers end. If the batsman and the umpire were from the same team then obviously he wasn't out. If the batsman and the umpire were from opposing teams then he was obviously out. This arrangement worked well and in my 2 years of playing I never saw any disputes.

When I left the area at the end of 1968, the competition was going strong and I am sure survived for many years.

Several years ago I remember watching a TV presentation of sporting life in PNG and they showed a brief excerpt of a cricket match being played on the Manea Manea oval. Unfortunately I cannot remember the show now. ■

Memories of School Days Through the Eyes of a Lapun B4

By Patricia Poircuitte (nee Spence)

At a recent small lunch gathering in Sydney, we happened to be three B4s from the Wau Valley area, together with children and grandchildren. In due course talk came around to schooling in New Guinea. The younger ones were intensely interested in what school was like in the 'olden days' in P.N.G. I was urged to jot down a few reminiscences, if, for no other reason, to compare education then and now in the territory.

My Father, Bert Spence, was one of a few men in the Wau area who, in the early 30s, formed a small delegation to confer with the minister of Queensland Education – either Frank Cooper (1932-38) or Reg King (1929-32) – as to the feasibility of establishing a small school in the Wau area. At this time, the local children were either schooled at home by parents, or by correspondence. Eventually, all the right boxes were ticked and yes, we would be given a school building, teachers and all basic requirements for primary education. Unfortunately, the main criterion for opening the school was that at least eight children of school age enrolled. I say unfortunate because only seven such children could be rounded up. So my sister, Nancy, who was then only about four and a bit years old, and not of school age, was quietly placed on the school roll to make up the head count. I wonder if her name was called at roll call each morning. And Wau had its school, thanks in large part to my father.

Permission to establish a school was one thing but getting a roof over the kids' heads was another hurdle. Government officialdom, being then just what it is today, was pretty slack in providing the school buildings so for some time lessons were given to the kids on the verandah of Burns Philp's Wau store. Eventually, a school house was built, a very small one, but as the township grew and more children were enrolled, the building was enlarged to become two rooms. The photo on page 127 of *Tales of Papua New Guinea*, taken in the front of the school, is the enlarged school, the original building being in the background. By the way, the teacher in the centre of that photo is Jean Stevens.

My earliest memories of this school were of using slate boards and pencils and copy books from which to learn and practice our letters and numbers. Exercise books were probably in short supply and reserved for the older children. We learned history and geography from school readers handed out by teachers who explained and supervised. I recall a photograph of a statue of a Roman Soldier in the front of one of the readers, captioned 'faithful unto death'. I believe it was a statue from the ruins of Pompei. We read stories from Aesop and learned the names of the world's continents and great rivers. Our 'sums' were first learned on the black board, then as we progressed we used the arithmetic card system. These were cards printed with ten simple problems and exercises. I say 'simple', but I hated maths so much that I would pray for a card of easy problems. They were issued randomly and were all different so that when we wrote our answers into our books, no cheating could occur. Not a bad idea, in hindsight. All our teachers were very good and very strict and not averse to using the cane on both girls and boys when necessary. Over a period of about six to seven years, our teachers were Messrs Garvie, Howard, Dooner, Stamper, Woolley and our lady teachers were Mrs Frazer, Mrs Stevens and Miss Tindale. I remember Mrs Frazer teaching us singing whist she accompanied us on a very old 'dulcitone', an instrument that few today would know about. It is a small piano, about two feet long, where the sound is made by small tuning forks.

Some of the pupils came to school from great distances such as Kaindi and Bulolo and would be brought in on the back of a lorry, usually provided by New Guinea Goldfields. At 3pm, they would again be picked up by truck and taken home. The rest of us walked. I clearly remember the day Mr Dooner lectured us that as the 'main roads' had been widened, we were now to walk on the side footpaths and not in the middle of the road. Looking back on it, I can't imagine what difference it would have made as cars were a rarity and the roads were never paved anyway.

We always looked forward to our lunch breaks as mum would have delivered our lunches of freshly made sandwiches and treats, together with '*mouli* water' (lemon juice), all packed up in a Buka basket and dispatched by one of the *haus bois*. The term 'Buka basket' relates to the island of Buka off the east coast from which this style of basket originated. I still have one on my kitchen table. The locals from Buka had quite black skin. Lunch was always eaten under a grass-roofed 'rotunda' with a dirt floor, but later on, a larger tin-roofed, concrete-floored shed was erected for us. We thought it was sheer luxury. We played games after eating, boys kicking a ball around, playing marbles, etc, while the girls played hop-scotch and girly games. We were incredibly unsophisticated and simple, but we knew nothing else.

The last couple of hours on a Friday were for religious instruction, when Padre Sherwin and Father Glover would each have one of the two rooms for their flock, after which they would go to the only tennis court in the town and play a few strenuous sets of tennis. There was certainly no religious rivalry between these two fine gentlemen or in the little town of Wau.

On another afternoon in the week, after school had finished for the day, Major Ayres, a dapper little retired British army major, would come and teach elocution to those children whose parents had elected for them to stay behind and learn the finer points of 'correct speech' in the true British way. Mr Ayres must have been interested in the arts because he became involved with Mrs Hoyle and Mrs Brough in producing school plays and pantomimes.

Clearly I remember the coronation of King George VI in 1936. All the school-age kids were allocated a coronation medal to mark the occasion and these were kept at Rabaul ready for distribution, but because of the violent volcanic eruptions of 1937, the medals, when we finally received them, were very heavily tarnished, probably by the sulphurous fumes from the eruption. But we all thought that the coloured mottling effect made them even prettier. Also, to mark the coronation, each child was given a tree, our own special tree to plant and maintain, which we placed around the school's perimeter. As I recall, they all thrived but, of course, we never saw them grow to maturity because everything came to an abrupt end in 1942 with the Japanese invasion.

Compared to modern teaching methods and facilities, our tiny school was almost archaic, but the diligence of the teachers must have sown the seeds of learning in quite a few receptive minds for our school provided a primary school education to quite a few adults who went on to outstanding careers in various fields.

When the school year ended in 1941 and prizes were given out, mine being a book of Greek mythology that I never got to read, and everything was locked away for the next year, none of us knew that our lives were about to change forever; we were about to be evacuated to cities we knew nothing about and didn't want to live in. I was almost 11 at the time.

As I call a halt to my memories, I am reminded of the words of novelist Graham Greene in *The Power and the Glory*: "There is always one moment in childhood when the door opens and lets the future in. ■

DONATION TO SOUTH COAST ENB SCHOOL CHILDREN LARK FORCE TREK - TOL MEMORIAL

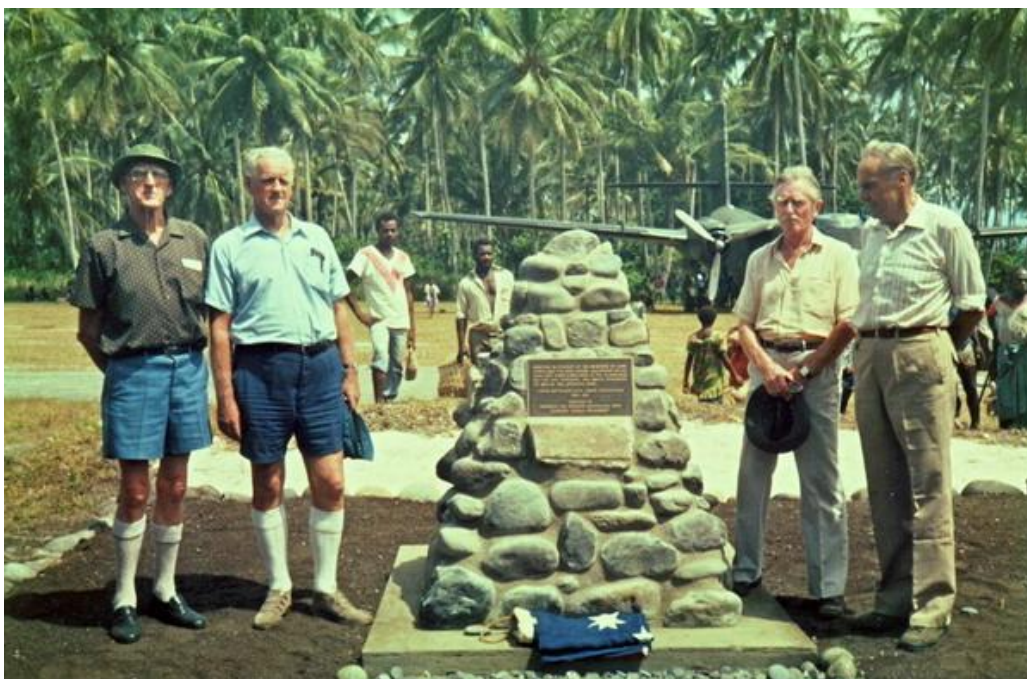
By Frazer Harry

Over the Anzac Day period in April this year, a group trekked from Rabaul to the South Coast of East New Britain, following in the steps of many of the soldiers of 2/22 Battalion (Lark Force) who escaped the Japanese after their landing in Rabaul in 1942 during WWII.

In one of the great tragedies of that war, 160 members of the 2/22 Battalion, known as Lark Force, including members of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (NGVR) who had surrendered to the Japanese at Tol Plantation were tied together in groups of around 10 or 12, and either bayoneted or shot. They were left to die where they lay. This became known as the Tol Massacre.

Sometime soon after the war, a memorial was erected just back from the beach at Tol. This fell into disrepair and was overgrown and for some time its actual location unknown.

In 1987 a group of survivors of the 2/22 Battalion, along with 21 then current members of the 3rd Brigade Australian Army, based at Lavarack Barracks in Townsville, conducted an exercise called "Rabaul Walkabout". It was in part a training exercise, following the escape route taken by many of the soldiers who eventually made it to Tol (and beyond if lucky). At Tol, a new Memorial Cairn was erected, beside the airstrip, with a bronze plaque honoring those killed. (photo below.)



L-R: Cliff Marshall, Charles Perkins, Bert Smith, Bill Harry (my father). All members of 2/22nd Battalion

My father, Bill Harry, who escaped the Japanese, and came across the aftermath of the Tol Massacre several days after it occurred, was an organiser of this exercise (and I might add, at the age of 70, trekked for 9 days through the jungle with the youngsters!). The three other members of the 2/22 Battalion who made the trip were Bert Smith, Bruce Perkins and Cliff Marshall.

Cliff Marshall survived the massacre. He received 5 bayonet wounds and was left for dead. Bruce Perkins rescued him and cared for him for many weeks until they escaped in the *Laurabada* with my father and 125 other troops and civilians.

We are lucky that today, two local Rabaul young men, Alan Manning and Kori Chan, have, with local landowners, set up the Lark Force Wilderness Trek. I went through the area with them about 18 months ago, and saw first hand what a great experience it is, and was privileged to have got to know some of the locals.

The 2/22nd Battalion Lark Force Association of Victoria, have decided to make a donation to the people of the area, partly in recognition of the connection between them, and the troops of Lark Force, and Australian in general, but also as thanks for their friendship and hospitality today.

It is envisioned that the donation be to the school children of two local schools - Karlai Vocational School and Spango Primary School. On a regular basis groups of young school children will work to preserve the memorial cairn, and the area around it. It will help preserve the connection, and be a reminder to the children about an important part of their own history.

A letter of appreciation will be presented to each school, from the 2/22 Battalion Lark Force Association. It is hoped that the donation will be an ongoing one, renewed each Anzac Day period.

The events surrounding the Japanese invasion of Rabaul, and the subsequent tragedy at Tol, among other happenings, are relatively little known to those without Rabaul/PNG connections. The memorial is not recognised as official by the Australian Government and therefore receives no funding from them.

Chris Diercke, who so sadly recently died, helped us to get this organised. As an ex-school principal and a great supporter of the people of the area (where he was born and bred himself) he would be pleased! ■

Bill Gittins has forwarded some useful information for our members:

In February 2010 Australian mobile phone numbers went public....meaning that these numbers were released to telemarketing companies. To avoid receiving unwanted calls, *and any accompanying underlying costs*, you need to register on the Do Not Call register: www.donotcall.gov.au

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AUSTRALIA, PAPUA NEW GUINEA, AND A COMMUNAL BLINDNESS IN OUR HISTORY EDUCATION

by Dr Jon Ritchie

The teaching of history to Australians has been under the spotlight in recent years as experts, commentators, and politicians vie for command of the uses to be made of the past. This was very evident in the – one hopes – now concluded ‘history wars’ of the last decade or so. But the old warriors are oiling their rusty swords in preparation for what may be yet another battle, perhaps one that will be particularly bloody in this election year. The field for this battle will be broadly centred on the new national history curriculum, being developed by the Australian Curriculum, Assessment, and Reporting Agency (ACARA).

Already some soldiers have sallied forth, decrying the curriculum as too stodgy, or too Asian- or Indigenous-focused, or too political, too left-wing, or too Australian, or insufficiently international. Federal Education Minister Julia Gillard has made an early effort to calm things down by describing the approach as ‘neither white blindfold nor black armband’. With the warriors getting ready for a stoush with apparent relish, it is hard to see – from an historical viewpoint – that her desire for pre-emptive peace in the classroom will prevail.

Fighting, battles, war: is it perhaps too easy to cast the study of history as the study of violence? Yet history shelves in bookshops and the History Channel both attest to our abiding fascination with our violent past.

One aspect of our history that so far hasn’t received much attention – despite the abundance of war and fighting stories included in it – is that of Australia’s long association with Papua New Guinea. It should not be necessary to remind people about some of the key elements of this history – tales of derring-do, heroism, sacrifice, fighting and adventure in Kokoda, Buna, Gona, Milne Bay, featuring ‘choco’ soldiers, the 2nd AIF, *kiaps* (patrol officers), missionaries, gold prospectors and assorted other misfits and ratbags. Even the more recent history including independence in 1975, a long-standing commitment to development assistance since then, and contemporary concerns such as Bougainville, *raskols*, and failing state rhetoric should be known by many Australians. Yet, despite the strong reasons for our being familiar with this story, there seems to be a communal blindness to this part of Australia’s past. We could hope that the new national history curriculum might be a venue for helping to correct this blindness, and yet from the draft consultation pages published by ACARA this might be forlorn.

The draft content descriptions contained in the curriculum documents (available at <http://www.australiancurriculum.edu.au>) include attention to general capabilities, such as numeracy, intercultural understanding, and literacy, as well as cross-curriculum dimensions, importantly featuring Indigenous perspectives and Asia and Australia’s Engagement with Asia. So far, the draft curriculum extends from Kindergarten to Year 10, with material on Knowledge and Understanding, Skills, and Performance Standards at each year level. It is encouraging to see engagement with cross-cultural aspects of our history, including relations between Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australians and the Asia-Pacific region. It is disappointing, however, to dig a little deeper and learn that ‘Asia-Pacific’ really means Asia and not the Pacific. It is deplorable that such mention as the Pacific region gets completely ignores the most populous nation in the Pacific, and the one with which Australia shares the longest (and bloodiest) history, our nearest neighbour (only three kilometres away), Papua New Guinea.

The Pacific region features – albeit in a minor, tangential way only – at three year levels: Year 6, Year 9, and Year 10. Year 6 students will look at how Australia's links to the British Empire and the Asia-Pacific region in the 19th century influenced Australian society. Older students will explore societies in the Asia-Pacific world, with Fiji the solitary standard-bearer for the Pacific (Year 9), and Australia's influence in the Asia-Pacific as an example of international cooperation (Year 10). That, however, seems to be it. It would have been nice – no, it should have been mandatory – if the curriculum had included the impact on Australian history of its close to a century as a colonial power, of its having fought a war on PNG territory with Japan, and of its continuing role as a leading aid provider.

Admittedly the curriculum is draft only, and the consultation process is continuing. It may be too early in the battle to venture a serious sortie, but on the other hand there are good reasons for making a pre-emptive strike. At the time of writing this, the draft curriculum for the later years of secondary school remain unpublished, and maybe there is scope for Australia's long and close relationship with PNG to be included. Ensuring that this happens, and that the Pacific and PNG feature more prominently in the earlier year levels, will depend on what ACARA hears from its current consultations. ■

RABAU CENTENNIAL 100 YEARS

The Rabaul Historical Society (RHS) was formed with the objective of preserving the numerous interesting and unique historical facts and features of Rabaul town. The RHS was set up as complimentary to the more general *East New Britain Historical Society*. The RHS has a small museum in the heart of the old Rabaul Town, (New Guinea Club) serving as a tourist attraction and focal point in the volcano ravaged landscape. Rabaul was a town founded by the German business interests in 1905 because of the deep water harbour, it became capital of German New Guinea in 1910.

Presently the volcanoes are in repose and the RHS is organizing a CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION to be held in September this year, on Independence Weekend with Tolai 'sing sings', a 'Welcome Dinner', street parades of historically themed floats and music concerts.

An important commemoration project for the Centennial is the publication of a manuscript on the **HISTORY OF RABAU** by the long time resident and author Rev Norman Threlfall.

Also a smaller booklet is under preparation. We are looking for anecdotal and other memorabilia, photos and miscellaneous items of historical interest related to the town and adjacent villages, particularly regarding the establishment of the town and life over the last one hundred years. This includes achievements of those who lived there in their chosen professions, politics, social activities, sport or otherwise.

We would like to ask for your support for this project and to help raise funds for the publication of the Reverend Threlfall's important 300,000 word book and for the organization of the centennial celebrations.

If you would like to donate to the publication of this book please contact Steve Saunders or Susie Alexander at: Rabaul Historical Society, PO Box 1, Rabaul Town ENBP Email: rabaulhotel@global.net.pg Donations can be paid into the Society account at: NEW GUINEA CLUB INC. ANZ, Kokopo, East New Britain, Papua New Guinea Account, BSB No #018:905 A/C No. 114 104 15,. SWIFT NO# BPGPX 18905. Major donations will be noted in the publication and all others will be recorded on a roll of gratitude at the RHS museum. We look forward to hearing.

DELOS DISPUTE - Victory for our Papuan brothers **by Jim Toner**

So ran the headline in the Journal of the Seamen's Union of Australia (SUA). The MV Delos traded exclusively between Manila, PNG and Australian ports but was sold to Philippine interests in 1971. It carried Swedish officers, Chinese catering staff and - unknown to most of us Una Voce readers - 26 seamen recruited from the Carteret islands. And thereby hang two tales.

Norm Oliver, with the Land Titles Commission for many years and still carrying out consultations in PNG until recently, has a brother Alan who made brief visits there as a seaman aboard the Bulolo and Malaita. The latter wrote a hugely entertaining account of a subsequent 21 days expedition to the islands commissioned by his union, the SUA. His task was to locate three seamen recently employed aboard the Delos and get them to sign powers of attorney which would eventually secure them some extra pay.

The background was that the policy of the Swedish Seamen's Union for all crew of their nation's ships to receive Swedish rates of pay was not being followed. Ordinary seamen were to collect \$272 monthly whereas PNG workers were getting \$43 monthly. Apparently neither the TPNG Administration nor the ACTU had raised objections to the lower rate. This seemed to overlook the fact that the International Labour Conference in 1970 had resolved that there be a minimum wage of US\$100 monthly and this had been supported by the Australian government.

Back to Oliver's Travels; Alan, on leave in his native Sydney, had wandered into the union's Sussex Street offices seeking only a lunchtime drink with a mate when he was seized by the Secretary and told "You've been to New Guinea. Get up there and find three seamen, two from the Carterets and one from Buin". To encapsulate his travelogue, he knew his way around Moresby but experienced his first gurias in Rabaul not liking them one bit. He thought Sohano beautiful but learned there was no boat to the Carterets for months. So he took a seat next to the pilot on a single engine Cessna bound for Buin via ports only to become somewhat alarmed when four adults and five children also climbed in, one 5-yrs old having to sit on his lap. He hoped the fact that it was a Mission plane would save him and when it did he searched Buin for a Peter Kanku without success. Someone suggested he must be a Siwai so he hired a Landrover with driver and after a lengthy journey across country, fording rivers, etc. was told that this man was actually back at Sohano. Bugger.

Alan caught the Cessna back to Buka and learned that Kanku was working at Urubu? only reachable by boat. Hiring a 10ft runabout and surviving a giant swell met outside the Buka Passage before having to walk miles inland from the beach was now par for the course. Alan's lack of pidgin was a hindrance but the power of attorney was signed and Kanku knew that the next target, Lima Males, was in Buka's Chinatown but thought that he was poised to depart for Lae to join a ship once more. A nerve-wracking sea return in darkness to the sanctuary of Sohano's Bukaluma guesthouse followed.

Alan was then delighted to hear that the Education Department had chartered a boat to visit the Carterets in a couple of days and he could join it providing that he slept on deck and did his own cooking. He boarded the 50ft Arona but found it packed from bow to stern and the only place he could spread his sleeping mat was under the table in the so-called saloon (after the evening card game had finished). One of the fellow travellers immediately asked him if he was looking for Lima Males. If so he was still in Chinatown....which Alan was just about to leave. Bugger again.

Since this was the only chance to get to those offshore isles and locate the third target, Paul Numun, he remained aboard until anchored off Han Island. Ashore there he was delighted with its cleanliness but soon a man approached enquiring if he was from the Delos and how many *boskru* he wanted to hire.... Lots of men began to appear seeking work and producing their Delos discharge books and it began to emerge that for these islanders it was their 'mother-ship' and the main source of an income away from the atoll.

Alan should have bought a lottery ticket that day because out of nowhere in an outrigger canoe Paul Numun suddenly appeared and was duly signed up for Swedish pay. And then while sailing back to Buka on the Arona its Bosun belatedly realised that he was Lima Males' uncle! So he was quickly located in Chinatown and his signature obtained. All three needles in a tropical haystack, so to speak, now found it was then home to a quiet life in suburban Sydney....

The second part of the saga embraced the final visit of the Delos to Australia in September 1971 and I am sure that the resultant excitement escaped the attention of those of us on Highlands outstations or lounging in the Kone Club at that time. The islander crew had been advised that on final return to Manila they would be discharged with two months severance pay at the current rate i.e. they would receive \$86. Following a late night telephone call to ACTU President Hawke in which the SUA secured his blessing to take up the cudgels on the crewmen's behalf an ambit claim for back payment at Swedish rates as from 1968 was submitted and immediately rejected by the shipowner. The Swedish union clearly more interested in speedy resolution than protracted standoff was satisfied with back-payment from July 1971 but the SUA demanded payment of the difference between \$43 and US\$100 for the nine months since the ILO decision of the previous year. The shipowner caved in and the Carterets seamen looked forward to a bonanza in the new savings bankbooks to be issued to them. Unsurprisingly the wharfies had declined to unload the vessel during the days it took to get this result.

Great end to story? No, the Delos still had to negotiate the wharves of Melbourne and its owners had not learned their lesson about Australian unions. They had classified half of the 26 islanders as youths to be paid less than the adult rate. Unloading ceased again until this attempt was withdrawn. Was this the end to the delay? Not likely. The SUA and WWF refused to let the Delos return to Manila until the seamen had the savings books in their hands. The Commonwealth Bank contributed to the delay by mailing the books to Adelaide instead of Melbourne. But eventually the men from those remote islands departed with some \$1200 each, more money than they had ever had in their lives. ■

RABAU'S BEGINNINGS by Neville Threlfall

The town of Rabaul is this year celebrating the centenary of its becoming the capital of German New Guinea, under its present name – it was originally begun as Simpsonhafen. The following information about its beginnings and its history is extracted from the [as yet unpublished] book 'Mangroves to Frangipani: The Story of Rabaul' by Neville Threlfall.

The credit for establishing the town of Rabaul, and making it the capital of German New Guinea, belongs principally to Dr Albert Hahl, who became Acting-Governor of the colony in 1901 and Governor in 1902. At that time the seat of government was Herbertshohe (now Kokopo), but there was no safe anchorage for shipping there. Private companies such as Henssler & Co. had established them-selves on Matupit Island, which had a small sheltered anchorage, but there was no room there for expansion. Hahl saw the larger sheltered anchorage of Simpsonhafen (Simpson Harbour), and the flat land along its shores, as the logical place in which to develop a port and a town which could become the capital.

The German Government would not provide any funds for creating a new port or town. In late **1902** Hahl therefore approached the General Manager of the Norddeutscher Lloyd shipping company, which was operating services to German New Guinea via Singapore, with the bold proposal that NDL should, at its own expense, create a port on Simpsonhafen. This would require a wharf for overseas shipping, storage sheds and one or more tugs.

In return, Hahl promised that a town would be built there, which would attract more shipping business, and NDL would be granted a valuable land concession in the town. There were also hints of shipping concessions in the colony. The company agreed to his proposal, and in **1903** Hahl met with the elders of the Matupit, Nodup and Malaguna villages to discuss the purchase of land for a town. The deal was completed in August 1903, with the payment of 750 marks for 150 hectares of land, (More land was purchased later, taking the total area to the top of Namanula Ridge and the spurs of the North Daughter – Tovanumbatir - and along to the waterfront area later known as Ah Tam.) Payment was made in large silver five-mark coins, which pleased the recipients as these were suitable for a display of wealth.

The shores of the harbour were lined with mangroves, for which the Tolai name is "ra baul". Tolai informants have said that the area was known as Rababaul – the reduplication of the syllable making it mean "Many Mangroves"; but the Germans wrote it down as Rabaul. The merchant Eduard Henssler had already used the name Rabaul Plantation for the coconut plantation he had established just south of Hahl's purchase, in the area later known as Matupit Farm. The NDL company was given 68 hectares of land in the townsite as it was surveyed, while the colonial Treasury kept the rest of the land on the coastal flat and also the land on Namanula Ridge.

Work began on the wharf, at the foot of what became Namanula Street, in **1904**, and at the same time Hahl instituted work on the foreshore and the townsite. Mangroves were cleared away and an embankment was built. Government Surveyor Schmitt began to lay out the streets of the town and sites for Government buildings. The work on the foreshore was done by Melanesian

labourers, but much of the work on the wharf and port installations was done by Chinese artisans who had been brought into the colony as skilled workers.

The port of Simpsonhafen was officially opened on 1 October **1905**, with a timber wharf 270 metres long and wide enough for ships to be worked on both sides at once. There were cargo storage sheds, a tramway, and freshwater tanks for supplying the ships. (The water came by pipeline from a spring on the north end of the townsite.) Houses and offices for the NDL officials had also been built within the town. At the same time NDL took over all internal and overseas shipping services within the colony, freezing out their rival Burns, Philp & Co. This was the company's reward for creating the port at its own expense.

Simpsonhafen was named a Government Station in **1905**, with Herr Vahlkampf the officer in charge. He would have had customs duties to collect as well as keeping law and order. A Post Office was opened in a small weatherboard building near the wharf and several other Government buildings were erected... Private services began to develop: in **1906** Lee Tam Tuck ("Ah Tam") opened a licensed public eating house. In his report to the German Government for the year 1905/06 Hahl told of the opening of the wharf and the creation of a Government Station at Simpsonhafen, and of his intention to transfer the seat of Government there. This was the first the German Government had heard of his intention, and the response was negative. No money was allocated for such a transfer in the budget for 1906/07. However, the budget did allow for the building of a school for boys and for a botanic garden with an experimental plant nursery. Hahl went ahead and had the school built on the Namanula Ridge (**1907**), and the botanic garden laid out in the Simpsonhafen town area (where the Rabaul market, or "Bung", was located prior to 1994). Hahl had other buildings erected in the new town, using the money allocated in the budget for repairs, extensions and maintenance to the existing buildings at Herbertshohe. A Government Printery was established on Namanula Ridge in **1908**, and the Government Pay Office was transferred to Simpsonhafen in that year. Other offices followed in **1909** and more official residences were built on Namanula Ridge, along with a school for European children and a hospital for Europeans. Work began on a Residency for the Governor near the end of the year, high up with splendid views. With the transfer of the District Office from Herbertshohe in October 1909, officials began to call the town Rabaul "on advice from the local settlers"; this may have been because Hearn & Co.'s adjoining plantation was already called by that name.

When Hahl let the Government in Berlin know that, without official permission, he had created a town which was now ready to become the colony's capital, there was a strong initial reaction of disapproval. But Hahl justified his actions with sound arguments: the capital needed a good all-weather harbour, which Herbertshohe certainly did not have; and it would have been wrong to spend any more money on buildings at Herbertshohe when a move from there was inevitable in the long run.

An auditor was sent out from Germany to see if there had been any fraudulent misuse of Government funds, but his report cleared Hahl, and the German Government agreed to the transfer of the seat of government. In **January 1910** the transfer was officially made, and the town, with its new name of Rabaul, became the capital of German New Guinea. But nobody present could have guessed what a colourful and sometimes violent future lay ahead. *Cont over...*

Sources: Hahl, Albert: *Gouverneursjahre in Neuguinea*, 1937, Frundesberg Verlag, Berlin. Translated into English by D. Clark and P. Sack as *Governor in New Guinea*, 1981, ANU Press, Canberra.

D. Clark and P. Sack: *German New Guinea: The Annual Reports* (translated from German and edited) 1979, ANU Press, Canberra.

Tolai Informants: Oral Interviews.

BOILED PUDDINGS By Paul Oates

When I set up a permanent Base Camp at Mindik in the middle of the Huon Peninsular in 1970, I arrived with the usual Patrol gear (Kerosene stove, canvas shower bucket and a 'bedsail'. The 'Bedsail' was a sort of canvas stretcher that was formed when you had two crossed posts standing up on either end and two lateral posts that were fed through a six foot cylinder of canvas and then tied to the cross bars. This produced a sort of bed about two feet wide.

I was extremely fortunate to discover however that a predecessor had left two very important items, a kerosene fridge and an inner spring mattress. While the mattress was good news, the kero fridge was even better. Then some kind soul (or souls) in Lae, I think it was the wives of senior officers, started posting out their old magazines and books to the District's outstations. These were a godsend as they kept you informed of all sorts of goings on in the 'real' world. The real world was the one we left behind when we were posted to the bush. One of the books I was sent was called "Lady Laverack's Country Cook Book" and was produced by the Queensland Country Women's Association. This proved to be a veritable cornucopia of valuable cooking recipes and associated information.

For those who have been never been without the readily accessible culinary requirements of their usual day to day life, the old saying applies. "You never appreciate what you have until you have to do without it."

I have always had a sweet tooth and liked my desert after dinner. For someone brought up on easily available dairy foods, the lack of items like ice cream and milk shakes was felt severely. There were a number of recipes in the cookbook for making ice cream. There was even a recipe on the tin of powdered milk that I was currently using. Despite trying a number of times to whizz the mixture up with a hand beater, the old kero fridge just wouldn't freeze it fast enough however. All I got was a milky ice block for my efforts. Eventually I gave up and decided to try something else.

The cookbook had a number of recipes for steamed pudding. Ah ha! I thought. This is something I can make with my kero stove and a saucepan. I immediately wrote out an order to Carpenter's New Guinea Company Country Orders for some unbleached calico as a pudding cloth to make the puddings in. Alas, no such thing apparently existed in the country I was told. Not to be deterred, I explored the local NAMASU trade store to see if they had anything I could use as a pudding cloth? All they had available was printed laplap however. Refusing to give in, I ordered some household bleach and bleached a piece of laplap. Now I was ready to try the delicious recipes in Lady Laverack's Cookbook. Steamed currant pudding, steamed caramel pudding, steamed fruit puddings. Yummo! The list was quite extensive.

There was only one small problem. The bleach could not remove all the dye in the laplap. 'A fly on the wall' would have observed the keen, young kiap sitting at his collapsible patrol table after dinner, tucking into a brightly coloured blue pudding.

BUILDING OF NUKU AIRSTRIP by George Oakes

In early 1957 I did a patrol of many of the villages in the Palei/Maimai region of Lumi Sub District in the Sepik District. In early February I met up with ADO Frank Jones near Nuku and we cleared and surveyed the possibility of building an airstrip. We agreed an airstrip could be built on the site of a small previous Catholic Mission airstrip which was not then used. However, there would be quite a bit of work involved as the site had a slope of about 8 degrees and also a fairly steep cross slope. Our patrols then went their separate ways finishing at Lumi.

The Palei/Maimai area had been patrolled prewar but some of the villages in the southern Maimai approaching the Sepik River had not had much contact with the outside world. In about 1938, Patrol Officer N C Elliott had been killed near a village a few miles north of Nuku. About this time, the Maimai Police Post was established not too far from Nuku. After the war the area had been patrolled a few times. Recruiters had been through the area and many of the men had worked on plantations mainly in the New Guinea Islands. In early 1957, the estimated population of the area was about 15,500. At the time of my visit many of the people still wore traditional clothes – men wore a small shell covering the tip of their penis and tied around their scrotum, and, especially in the lower Maimai, nearer the Sepik River, single women wore a short grass skirt about 50mm long and about 200mm wide – married women wore nothing!

In March we received word at Lumi for me to go ahead and construct an airstrip at Nuku where a new Patrol Post would be established. I had some previous experience with airstrips. In 1952, I spent 6 months in National Service with the RAAF when I trained as a pilot on Tiger Moths. Part of the course was a study of airstrips. I had also spent sometime in 1954/5 at Mendi reconstructing the Mendi airstrip. I realised I needed an instrument to check levels as we built the airstrip. No clinometer was available. So I made one. I got a thick piece of plywood and cut out a triangle about 200mm high and about 400mm long shaped like the roof of a house. I then drilled a hole about 10mm diameter near the top of the triangle. Through this hole I put a large nail so that the triangle could swing. When it stopped swinging I got a spirit level and marked along the bottom a line representing a level surface. It was then easy to mark in various slopes. The important ones I needed were 8 degrees representing the slope of the airstrip and approximately 1.125 degrees, representing 1 in 40 for the cross slope of the strip. I then put in little nails into the wood representing the various slopes. Then by holding it up by the nail and waiting for it to stop swaying I was able to sight the angle I wanted.

I then moved to Nuku where I had arranged for a Haus Kiap and police quarters to be built near the side of the proposed airstrip. The first job was to put a centre line down the strip keeping the slope fairly steady at 8 degrees and putting in pegs at intervals. The strip would be when completed about 730m (800yds.) long. The width when completed would be 76m (250ft.), however, in the early stages only about 60m (200ft.) would be available until filling had settled. Most of the work involved cutting on one side and filling up the other side to get a 1 in 40 cross slope. To do this, trenches were dug at right angles to the centre line and pegs put in every 3m. Trenches were 3m apart. The first thing was to dig out

the trenches then we were left with islands 3m by 3m to be dug out. Some of these islands were over 2m high.

Every village in the Palei/Maimai became involved in the airstrip work. Villages which were close to Nuku were given the job of growing food rather than working on the strip. Further away village people then came in for several days work and were fed from the food grown by nearby villages. This system worked quite well. The only equipment we had for the strip building was 120 spades. The people made stretchers from bush materials in order to carry the soil from one side of the strip to the other. As we were short on spades, many people used sharp pointed sticks to break up the clay. Others used the base of limbon fronds to carry the soil to the other side. As the lower side gradually filled up we arranged singsings when the men stomped the ground to help it settle. The daily attendance to the strip work was about 500 to 600 although on some occasions we had over 1,500 men working on the strip. Work went on from Mondays to Saturdays each week from April until October. I estimated that by the time I left Nuku over 30,000 cubic metres of soil had been moved from one side of the strip to the other. One of the big advantages of so many people working on the strip was that enmities between villages seemed to stop and everyone got on much better with each other. When the soil and clay had all been moved over we then put a thin layer of black soil over the surface into which we planted grass. This work had to be checked regularly as when it rained, rivulets of water would cut into the surface and the soil had to be replaced.

On 8th October, 1957, a Cessna 180 landed with Bishop Arkfeld at the controls and the District Officer, Fred Kaad. The people were ecstatic. Also I was surprised to find that most of the people who came to see the plane land were wearing laplaps. Then on 4th November, the Cessna 180 came in again with the Bishop in control and 3 passengers – Fred Kaad, Mr. Ungan, the District Airport Inspector and Mr. Digby from Dept. of Works. The airstrip was then opened to Cessnas and I was told would be opened to Norseman and other aircraft when the filling had hardened and some more work had been done.

Before I left Nuku to go on leave and then to the Patrol Officer's 1 year course at ASOPA I marked out 130 acres to be purchased for the new Patrol Post. I had spent a total of 214 days at Nuku building the airstrip with just patrol equipment. One of the comforts I had while I was at Nuku was having about 2kg of freezer meat air dropped to me once a fortnight by an MAF plane on its regular run to Green River. Sometimes this landed safely wrapped in its small bag while on a few occasions it was splattered across the strip. However, it was always cooked up quickly and if I did not finish it within 24 hours it went rotten. But it was always nice to look forward to it. I also learnt a good way of finding out when a patrol from Lumi was on its way to Nuku as I had no radio contact with the outside world. When a patrol entered the Palei area, the village garamuts would beat a message which would be sent down through the villages to Nuku usually just after the sun had set. Each village would have their own introductory message beaten on the garamut followed by the message. Although the patrol was still over 3 days away I would know about them in less than half an hour and often who was on it. It was cleverly done like morse code.

I appreciated the comment that Fred Kaad later wrote. He said, " The difference between the Palei-Maimai people I saw in the Dreikikir and Seim area in 1956 and the same people I have seen on my three visits to Nuku over the last two

months is astonishing. Whereas before they were naturally hostile and non-co-operative, even with the Administration, they are now, at least on the surface, friendly and helpful toward one another and anxious to aid the government as far as possible”.

More recently I have been in contact with Michael O'Connor who has written, *New Guinea Days*, describing his time as a Patrol Officer in New Guinea. After I left Nuku, Michael spent several months there and as requested by the District Airport Inspector had to construct 5 big drains 4 feet deep diagonally across the strip and fill them with stones. Following the completion of these drains Norseman aircraft were allowed to land.

I have been able to compile this story from my patrol reports, from the many colour slides I have, and from about 15 minutes of 8mm. movie film I took during 1957 and of course, from memories. ■

2010 AGM LUNCHEON KILLARA GOLF CLUB



L-R
Jeanette Leahy, Harry West
OAM, Anne Collins – and
Stuart Inder MBE (below) -
long time friends and
members of PNGAA



Left - PNG lunches
wouldn't be the same
without Joan Stobo and
those magnificent hibiscus
arrangements!

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

By **David J Craig**

Henganofi Primary (T) School 1959, Gon Primary (T) School, Kundiawa 1960.61

In 1960 I was appointed Principal at Gon Primary (T) School on the outskirts of Kundiawa in the Eastern Highlands after twelve months at Henganofi.

Students came from all over the district and slept at school during the week only going home at the weekend. The few girls that attended school were day students. There were about 150 students attending each day but early in the year a new government carpenter was appointed to the Kundiawa station. His wife, Bettina, was a teacher and had been offered a position at Gon. This meant that a new class of five year olds needed to be enrolled. I approached the local government council at Wandi and arranged that they would communicate with the local villages and tell them that an enrolment day would be held at the Gon School. In the meantime I asked the station administrators for advice. I was told by Jim Kent that I should expect many hundreds of young people to arrive at school. They would be aged between three and eighteen and would be accompanied by their parents and possibly their grandparents. I was offered four *policebois* to help control the expected crowd. Reluctantly I agreed but I couldn't see why we needed police to enrol new students. The day dawned and I arrived at school about eight o'clock to make last minute preparations. I then saw the wisdom of the *policebois* as there was a huge crowd of people milling around the school yard. The police had arrived very early and had mounted guard at the entrance to school. As the families arrived they were asked to leave their bows and arrows, their spears, their axes and any other weapons outside the yard where they were piled in a large heap. Inside people were everywhere. The coastal New Guinean teachers were looking most uncomfortable and quite unsure of what might happen. Using a *policeboi* as an interpreter I was able to separate the children from the adults and then lined them up in their village lines. This was to ensure that any one village did not get an unfair advantage.

The week previously a government dentist had visited Kundiawa and I had quizzed him about the teeth development of an average five year old as no one was aware of their true age. On the day I proceeded to examine each child's mouth and exclude those who appeared too young or too old. Some had beards so they were easy. Eventually the group was more manageable and thirty children were chosen to form a new class. There was much rejoicing among these children's supporters although the children themselves looked quite frightened and bewildered. The others quietly left school looking very disappointed. Of course, choosing children for school in this manner was not at all scientific and we would have liked to have accepted them all.

Fortunately, Chimbus were very supportive of each other and the rest of the school soon helped the young ones to settle down. On their first day they looked so woebegone in their village dress of small grass skirt or arse grass. We soon had them kitted up with new lap laps and a bright red cummerbund. Some of the new students were five miles from their home village and slept at school only going home at weekends. An incident one Wednesday brought

home to me the adjustment needed by these very young pupils. Not long after the new class had started there was a series of loud coughs outside my classroom. This was the accepted way to announce yourself at the door. You did not knock as that was considered rude. When I went to the door there were three men and a very sad little boy waiting on the doorstep. It eventuated that the lad had been playing truant and the men had marched him to school. One of the men had a large stick and he thrust this into my hand and said, "*dispela manki em i lusim skul nau yu pela mas paitim arse bilong im*" (This boy has run away from school and you must smack him.) I thanked the men and promised to duly punish the lad but took him down to the school cook instead to get something to eat, have a bath and go to class.

Later in the year another incident occurred. A village about 10km from Kundiawa had been promised a teacher if they built a school. The school was built very quickly but as there was a shortage of teachers no one was appointed. The villagers kept asking when a teacher was to be appointed. Three years after the school was built I received a radio telephone call from Goroka informing me that a teacher would be on the plane on Saturday and would I take him out to school and help him to choose his first group of students.

The teacher duly arrived on Saturday and we set off to the village. I took a *policeboi* along with me to act as an interpreter as well as having the law with me in case of problems. We found all the villagers with their children assembled in front of the school. I lined the children up and inspected their teeth so I had some idea of their age. I started to pick the children I felt would be the students. After picking about ten I noticed one old chap with his bow and arrows starting to look very agitated. I asked the *policeboi* what was wrong and he said that the old man was getting angry because he was the head man and I hadn't picked his children. The *policeboi* pointed out the children concerned. Both of them were in their teens and one had the beginnings of a beard. I continued to choose children and the old man got very agitated and started to pull the kunai grass from the roof of the schoolroom. Again I questioned the *policeboi* and he said that the old man had supplied the grass for the roof and had helped put it on and if I wouldn't pick his children he would take his grass back.

I thought fast and then threw the teacher's bilum into the Landover and told the teacher and the *policeboi* to get in. The *policeboi* asked me what I was doing and I said that if the old man took the grass from the school roof I would take the teacher back to Kundiawa. The *policeboi* told the villagers what I had said and they got angry with the old man. I unloaded the teacher again and finished choosing the children for school.

As I was leaving I called the teacher aside and told him that after I had left he was to take the headman's two children as he wouldn't get any cooperation from him if he didn't take them. I also told the teacher to tell the headman that I had said he wasn't to take them. In this way I was hoping he would get the cooperation necessary to make the school a success. It worked and the teacher settled down very well.

At the end of the year I spent some time in the Goroka Education Office during the Christmas holidays and during this time Siwi, a community leader

from near Kerowagi, came into the office and requested that a university be built on his land. It appears that Siwi had asked a visiting education officer what the best school was and had been told that it was a university.

Gordon McMeekin, the Education Officer, in Goroka had to explain to him that it was not possible to have a university but if Siwi wanted to build some school buildings he would be supplied with teachers to open a primary school. He was told that it had to be a proper building with a galvanized iron roof not a kunai grass roof.

Three weeks later, Siwi was back asking that 'Rosco, the numba one man bilong education' in Port Moresby should come and open the school now that it had been built. Gordon explained that Mr. Rosco was 'a lapun tru' (an old man) and he couldn't climb up the big hill to the school.

Two weeks later Siwi was back to inform Gordon that his village people had built a road so that Rosco could drive up the hill. Eventually Gordon McMeekin went out to Kerowagi and performed the opening himself.

After Siwi found that he could not have a university built at his village he asked that his son be allowed to go to Australia and attend university. His son was 18 and had had very little schooling. Gordon persuaded him to allow his son to go to teacher's college which was one of the highest forms of education in Papua New Guinea at that time. Siwi agreed but insisted that his son attend the teacher's college in Port Moresby as they spoke English there. Eventually it was agreed that he attend college in Lae but he only lasted a few weeks before he ran away. ■

Ed: This is a terrific response to our request in the March Una Voce (p 44) for tales from less mentioned areas of PNG. Can we encourage some more so that our members learn of experiences in other parts of PNG to those they are familiar with?

Website walkabout:

PNGAA Submission to the Australian Curriculum, Assessment and Reporting Authority:

<http://www.pngaa.net/news/AcaraSubmission.pdf>

Pacific History Association

www.pacifichistoryassociation.com

The PNG aviation forum has some great photos from 1940-1942, including Wau and Salamaua aerodrome, at:

<http://www.pngair.com/photopost/showphoto.php/photo/689>

<http://crimeandcorruptionpng.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.actnowpng.org/content/about-us>

REUNITING LES & IRIS MCMANUS

by Megan Kimmorley (nee McManus)

In October 2009 my husband Will, my Aunt Valerie Ryan (mum's sister) and myself, with my Dad's ashes, embarked on a cruise which sailed from Sydney to Fremantle with a day in Port Moresby. Our aim being to reunite my parents, Les and Iris McManus. My sister, Belinda, and her husband Alan Powell flew to Port Moresby and stayed with Betty Whitton and Ray Thurecht. Thankyou to them for their great hospitality along with everything else they did.

Betty and Ray were instrumental and totally dedicated to bringing Mum and Dad together. It was a complicated process involving finding Mum's grave in Hanuabada Cemetery, which was no mean feat as most of the graves have been badly desecrated with headstones being stolen or trashed. After much searching they were told that a man living in the village at the cemetery had a map marking where each person was buried. The process of having her exhumed and cremated was a delicate operation as in those days (mum died in 1969) people were buried quickly as they had no morgue and the coffins were quite flimsy, consequently they had to dig by hand. A few of the villagers helped and when the coffin was opened her hair remained. For those of you who knew my mother you would know her hair was red and after 40 years it was still red. Quite amazing. I also wondered if it was really her, until I was told the story.

When we arrived in Port Moresby all the hard work had been done and we mixed Mum and Dad's ashes together and took them to Ela Beach and scattered them on the water. This is something Belinda and I have been wanting to do since Dad died on August 7, 2005, and it was what he had requested. It was a very emotional journey for my sister and I as we didn't attend our mother's funeral because of our age, and also for our Aunt, as she was not able to attend Mum's funeral because of distance. It was closure for us all.

We are forever grateful to Betty and Ray and don't have enough words to thank them. We also had some very much appreciated help from Janetta Douglas and would like to thank her also. She was very patient driving us around Moresby showing us our old homes and a few of our old haunts.

After the ceremony we had a wonderful lunch at the Royal Papua Yacht Club, which has changed considerably since we left Moresby in 1974. It was good to see some familiar faces on the wall as life members, Ray Thurecht of course and my dad's good friend who we are still very close with to this day, Greg Sheehan. Also Will's best mate's father Don McIntosh was listed as a past commodore. Will and Don's son Bruce are still best of mates to this day.

As you can imagine the whole journey was very emotional for Belinda, Will and I (Will was also raised in Port Moresby, we went to Boroko East Primary School together) as we have been gone from Moresby (except for a short visit) since 1974. Will was a little disappointed as the place did look a mess, but for me the heart and soul were still there, the people, who we also wanted to spend time with. Thanks to Ray we were able to go to mum's gravesite and speak to and thank the villagers who helped exhume mum. Will was in his element and his pidgin came back to him as if he had never left. It was very hard to leave.

It was truly a wonderful experience brought about by Betty and Ray, Janetta and the villagers at Hanuabada cemetery. We're forever grateful. ■

HELP WANTED

The late Sir Ebia Olewale

Dr Jonathan Ritchie is researching and writing a biography of the late **Sir Ebia Olewale (1941-2009)**, in collaboration with two PNG academics at the University of Papua New Guinea.

Jon would welcome any recollections, photos, letters, or other information that PNGAA members may have about Ebia Olewale. This could include, among other aspects of his life, material about his family, his village (TureTure in the Western Province), Daru primary school in the early 1950s, Sogeri High School in the late 1950s-early 1960s, the Port Moresby Teachers' Training College, and the public service wages case in the mid-1960s.

All information very gratefully received and properly acknowledged in the book! Please get in touch with him by Email: jonathan.ritchie@deakin.edu.au, or by phone on 03 5227 8424, or at the following address:

Dr Jonathan Ritchie, Alfred Deakin Research Institute, Deakin University, Geelong Waterfront Campus, 1 Gheringhap St, Geelong Vic 3217 Australia.
* * *

Sir Peter Barter is interested to hear from anyone with some knowledge of old **Yali** who was mentioned in **Louise Mourata's and Peter Lawrence's** book. Does anyone know if he had any biological or adopted children? We know he had 3 official wives and perhaps some unofficial wives but Jared Diamond is also interested in making contact with a 'son of Yali' he met at Long Island in 1964 and this was not the infamous James Yali. The people from Sor Village have been asked. If you can help, please contact Sir Peter at: PO Box 707, Madang or Email: pb@mtspng.com
* * *

Dr Peter Cahill has been asked to locate maps of the **pre-WW2 Chinatown area** and the post war **Chinatown Matupit Farm** area of Rabaul and would appreciate if anyone can assist. Please contact Dr Cahill on Ph: 07-3371 4794 or E: p.cahill@uqconnect.net
* * *

C. Hoffman purchased a number of properties from the Expropriation Board in 1927 in New Ireland and elsewhere. I now suspect it was Miss Caroline Hoffman of Kensington, N.S.W as Carl Wilde of Emira held a Power of Attorney from her. At this late stage is it possible that anyone knows anything about this lady and her New Ireland and New Guinea connections, if any?' Jim Ridges can be contacted by Box 86, Kavieng, NIP, PNG or through pmcewan@global.net.pg
* * *

Dinah Halstead, from Alotau, Milne Bay is very keen to find any information regarding a Mrs Honorah Katherine Driver who purchased a plantation called Hihila near Alotau sometime in 1940 - 42. The land originally belonged to Dinah's great-great-great grandmother.

Anyone with any information regarding this wonderful lady would be most appreciated. Please respond to: POBox 141, EARLVILLE, QLD 4870
Ph: 07 40331954 or Email: dinah@halsteaddiving.com
* * *

If anyone knows of **William Robert CAHILL** who was a plantation manager in Madang before and after WWII, who enlisted in January 1942 in Port Moresby with ANGAU and whose wife was Kathleen Agnes Cahill, could you please contact **Helene Cronin**, 69 William Street, Buderim QLD 4556. Ph: 07-54769509 Email: hcronin@bigpond.com ■

BOOK NEWS

Gordon Thomas's book, *Rabaul 1942-45*, is at last being published – more than sixty years after he wrote it. Clive Baker, of Sydney, is publishing it under his War Books imprint, and says he expects to announce details of its availability in *Una Voce's* September issue. Gordon, respected long-time pre-war editor and publisher of *The Rabaul Times*, was a civilian POW in Rabaul for three-and-a-half years. With two or three other civilians he was put to work operating Rabaul's commercial freezer and ice plant for the military occupation, and thus his little group were not put aboard the *Montevideo Maru* with other civilian and military prisoners in June 1942. After his release, and up to his death in Sydney in 1966, Gordon wrote the popular Territories Talk-Talk column in the *Pacific Islands Monthly* under the by-line of *Tolala*.

Policy Making and Implementation: Studies from Papua New Guinea Edited by **RJ May** ISBN 9781921536687 \$29.95 (GST incl) ISBN 9781921536694 (online) Published September 2009 Available from: http://epress.anu.edu.au/policy_making_citation.html

Papua New Guinea has had its share of public sector reforms, frequently under the influence of multinational agencies and aid donors. Yet there seems to be a general consensus, both within and outside Papua New Guinea, that policy making and implementation have fallen short of expectations, that there has been a failure to achieve 'good governance'.

This volume, which brings together a number of Papua New Guinea and Australian-based scholars and practitioners with deep familiarity of policy making in Papua New Guinea, examines the record of policy making and implementation in Papua New Guinea since Independence. It reviews the history of public sector reform in Papua New Guinea, and provides case studies of policy making and implementation in a number of areas, including the economy, agriculture, mineral development, health, education, lands, environment, forestry, decentralization, law and order, defence, women and foreign affairs, privatization, and AIDS.

Policy is continuously evolving, but this study documents the processes of policy making and implementation over a number of years, with the hope that a better understanding of past successes and failures will contribute to improved governance in the future.

Love In a Hot Climate by **ACT Marke** ISBN 9780646519401 Frogmouth Press 2010 Paperback 340 pp Cost: \$25 plus \$5 p&p within Australia; Available from Frogmouth Press, PO Box 90, Ainslie, ACT 2602 Mob: 0428 833 212

Publisher's Note: 'On the rare occasions when he had one, Temlett Conibeer liked to isolate his women to stymie competitors. As part of this process he would take them with him into the bush. When he took pretty Holly Rabjohns on a non-existent road across half of New Guinea from Madang to kainantu, against departmental rules, he was asking for trouble and the tip develops into a sinister and life threatening situation. How can so much disaster happen to one hapless field officer and how can Temlett Conibeer, often surrounded by women, still manage to end up without one?'

BIRD OF PARADISE by **Rosemary Esmonde Peterswald** ISBN 978-0-9807807-0-3 Published by Ballynastragh Books 2010 357 pp Soft cover Cost: \$29.95 (not including postage) Available from: Most bookshops or www.dennisjones.com.au

Set in Papua New Guinea during the period of the Vietnam War, against a backdrop of evocative tropical heat, menace and intrigue, Bird of Paradise explores the tangled emotions of love, loss and betrayal, climaxing in dramatic and unexpected consequences.

Rosemary Esmonde Peterswald lived in Papua New Guinea during the 1960s and 70's where her husband, Rob, was with both the first and second Pacific Islands Regiments and Rosemary worked for STOL airlines.

A CD, titled "Genealogical Index to Australians and other Expatriates in Papua New Guinea, 1888-1975": ISBN; 978-1-921171-13-0: Version 1.01 was produced in 2007 and is available from the Queensland Family Historical Society, <http://www.qfhs.org.au> Ph: +61 733533662.

Joan Ainsworth, a librarian and keen family historian who lived in PNG for 21 years and served as librarian and/or cataloguer in many PNG libraries including the Public, Education Department, Administrative Services and National libraries, researched and published this information in three volumes in 1981. Joan has permitted the QFHS to produce the CD to ensure as wide a distribution as possible.

REUNIONS

A Samarai/Milne Bay Reunion will be held in September 2010 at the Kirribilli Club (Kirribilli RSL) 11 Harbourview Crescent, Lavender Bay Tel: 9955-2245. There will be a meet and greet cocktail party on the Friday 24th September and a lunch on the Saturday 25th September 2010. For individuals who wish to attend both functions the cost will be \$70.00. For those who only wish to attend the lunch on the Saturday the cost will be \$40.00 for the meal, with beverages an individual expense. Interstate visitors will need to organise their own accommodation – the North Sydney/Kirribilli area would be convenient. Please RSVP by 30th June and final confirmation and payments are needed no later than 30th July 2010. Please forward to me at: 12/55 College Street, Drummoyne 2047. Should you have any queries please do not hesitate to contact me. Andrew Cadden Ph: 02 9719 8604 Mob: 0413 993 046.

* * *

The PNG Chinese Catholic Association is sponsoring a **Hamamas 101010 Dinner Dance on Saturday 9 October 2010** from 7pm – 1am at the North Sydney Leagues Club, Cammeray (Sydney). A three course dinner is included with music and dancing. Tickets can be purchased as a table of 10, individually or in small groups. Cost is \$80 per person and replies are needed by 31 August 2010. Please send payment with your order to:

Josie Chung: 10 Dindima Pl, Belrose NSW 2085 Ph: 02-9975-3524 or Mob: 0402 407 916 Email: chaschung1@bigpond.com

Or: **Kathy Ng** Ph: 02-9419 5873 Mob: 0403 016 992 E: kathyng62@hotmail.com

Or: **Ellen Lee** Ph: 02-9412 1947 or Mobile: 0412 455 288

* * *

Lorraine Lane nee Briggs gathered together as many as possible of **Stuart Woodger's Court Street class of 1962/63** as possible in a few short weeks in February to celebrate Stuart's 70th birthday in Brisbane. A day full of memories and fun was enjoyed by all.

Kiaps and friends 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 and mention “Kiap Re-union”. 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.

A 2010 PNG Independence celebration will be held in Melbourne on 18 September at the Chelsea RSL Club. Please contact Peter Milburn for further details: Ph: 03-9801 6180 or Email: milburnp@yahoo.com.au ■

NGVR Photos from John Owen-Turner

Could you help identify any of the men in the photos please? Is it possible that these photos are pre 1942 as the Bandoliers were apparently not worn after 1941? Please contact John Owen-Turner at PO Box 21, Burrum Heads QLD 4659 Mob: 0427 629 360 Email: johncot@bigpond.com



Front row, 4th from left is Jim Pomeroy and second row far right is Mr Wilson

Left of section is Eric Owen-Turner and on the right: Mr Wilson
Photo taken Healy Street, Samarai, in front of AH Bunting's pre-war house. .



DONATIONS TO THE PNGAA COLLECTION IN THE FRYER LIBRARY

June 2010

From members of Gold Coast PNG Club Inc.: Norm Anderton: Pamphlet and Address at unveiling/dedicating plaque at Burleigh Heads Memorial Park 150110 commemorating Australian doctors and dentists on Burma/Thailand Railway. **Ted Beard:** 2 disks *Taim Bilong Masta* and accompanying booklet; CD of Joe Bourke's *Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden*. **Olive Siggs:** photographs including Rabaul fire station, Jap war criminals, PIR soldiers, concert party no.6 Squadron RAAF, and Jap occupation money. **Ray Cornell:** history of the Wewak Yacht Club with black & white and colour photos. **More donations from the Club have been promised.** Other donors: **Trevor Middleton:** rough draft hard copy, and CD of *Taubada: the life and times of Stanley G. Middleton 1925-1940* (experiences as a Papuan kiap). **H.E. (Lynn) Clark:** copies of patrol reports nos.1 and 2 1926/27 Karius /Champion, Across New Guinea up the Fly River and down the Sepik river; Kerema/Lake Kutubu /Strickland-Tomiu/evacuating Kutubu police camp Kikiori/Lake Kutubu, evacuating personnel from Jacquinet Bay, New Britain. *Kiaps* involved were Brown, Champion, Humphries, Adamson, Timperley, Bramell, Turner, Marsh covering period 1923 – 1942; also patrol reports Otibanda-Salamaua 1933 McCarthy/Black/Ballam, Salamaua/Salamaua McCarthy, unexplored country between Albert mountains and Dutch New Guinea border, bound volume of Bamu/Purari patrol reports 1935-1936 Champion and Adamson with maps and album of photographs; Strickland/Purari patrol report 1935 Hides/O'Malley; 28 antique maps of PNG 1845-1918 includes Orangerie Bay to Bramble Haven 1874, Fly River to Aird River 1845, Morehead River to Dutch New Guinea border 1899, Eastern British New Guinea 1898; material for an unfinished History of the Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary; material for an unfinished biography (drafts of Chapters 1 to 7 only) of Ivan Champion OBE; bound volume of British New Guinea *Annual Reports 1886-1891*; personal papers – school days and others 1914-1981; personal file of father H.W. Champion 1902-1943; a record of the history of small boats, patrol boats, especially the *Laurabada*; assorted maps – Including Marshall Lagoon census division, Port Moresby to Hood Point 1965, Papouasie Districts of De La Mission Catholique En 1935, Papua/Indonesia border 1962; exploratory flight by Champion Western and Delta divisions 1935; aerial reconnaissance from Mt Hagen of Strickland/Purari patrol area; diary of Donald Mackay Purari river 1908-1909; personal and ANGAU correspondence of Tom Grahamslaw including recollections of ANGAU; Jack Wilkinson diary of the Kokoda track 060742+; NGVR war diary 210142-250542; M.C.W. Rich report search -ing islands north of Samarai for survivors of Coral Sea battle May 1942, includes maps and documents relevant to Milne Bay area battle; general photos to be listed in next *Una Voce*. **J.R. Hicks:** patrol reports 1961/1962 Tauri River (Kukukuku peoples), Tauri patrol post/Kaintiba, depositions of massacre at Yaba village; 1962/1963 Middle & Upper Waria/Bubu/Ono valleys, 1963/1964 Porgera/ Laiagam/ Porgera, 1964/1965 Pai'ela Valley Laiagam, *Annual Report* 1964/1965 Patrol Post Porgera, DDA staff postings 010166. **Ron Focken:** CD of patrol reports Milne Bay/Mendi/Koroba/Nipa/Komo – full details in next *Una Voce*. **Charles Betteridge:** *At the Movies in Port Moresby** – dated ticket-butts from Papuan, Nita, and Arcadia theatres and Skyline Drive-in 1960-1962. **Lu Read:** beach and tennis scenes, Kairuku, general scenes Mendi including raising the PNG flag, inside

the district office and surveying work; list of crew, native pilot and passengers (including approximately 70 half-castes) of BP's *Mamuru* sunk by Jap submarine off Murray island 070842.

*a possible companion to Professor Hank Nelson's Collected Papua New Guinea movie posters 1976-1985 (PMB Photo 28)

Special note for *kiaps*: As discussed at a recent meeting of *kiaps* in Brisbane Fryer welcomes patrol reports. They're an invaluable and irreplaceable record of Australian influence and achievements in PNG and highly prized by researchers. Please send them to me (to pass to Fryer, or to copy) by Express or Registered post; I'll return them the same way if you want them back.

BUK BILONG PIKININI, (<http://bukbilongpikinini.org/>) is an independent charity based in Port Moresby which aims to foster children's enjoyment of books. It was founded in 2007 by Anne-Sophie Hermann, President, and Anna Mukerjee, Vice-President and it is proud to have Christine Anu as the charity's patron.

Many children in PNG do not have access to books and there are few functioning libraries outside the school system. The purpose of *Buk bilong Pikinini* is to focus on early learning 'through the creation of small libraries in children's hospitals, orphanages, clinics and later in settlements and village schools'.

In all *Buk bilong Pikinini* libraries there is a teacher - librarian employed to mind and secure the books, but also 'to fulfil the intention of this charity, which is to introduce the children to books and to read to them'.

Pre-loved gently used children's books or cash donations are welcome.

Kaikai bilong Pikinini is a subsidiary of the *Buk bilong Pikinini* charity organization

Buk bilong Pikinini has an arrangement with Seafast for free shipping from Melbourne, Brisbane or Sydney to Port Moresby.

It is requested that books are placed in lots of 300 or more for transportation.

Books can be dropped off at the following depots:

Melbourne - Secon Carriers 288 Blackshaws Road, Alton North, Victoria, 3026

Brisbane - Cottpak Storage and Transport, Shed G, 93 Gossport Street, Hemmant, Queensland, 4174

Sydney - Patrick International Gate B30, 55 Friendship Drive, Port Botany, New South Wales, 2036

Please contact Syd Thomson, Operations Manager, SEAFast to let him know that you will be dropping off books to one of the above depots.

Telephone +61 07 3865 2944 or Toll Free on 1300 556 767

Fax +61 07 3865 4233 or Toll Free on 1300 881 393

E: syd@seafast.com.au

Please mention that the books are for *Buk bilong Pikinini*, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea and label appropriately. ■

A STORY ABOUT PUMPS AND FUEL by Jim Eames

One of the nice things about being editor of the New Guinea Times Courier in Lae in the '60s was the close relationships you forged with some of the people in the aviation industry. Because roads were few and far between it was handy to have those in the industry on the lookout for what might make a good story, and, importantly, provide you with the means to go and cover it.

Thus the Phil Stedman phone call one afternoon in 1966. Phil, as general manager of Ansett-MAL had a sharp eye for a news story and this occasion was no exception.

"Stu Middlemiss is coming up from Sydney. He wants to see whether the Trobriands would work as a flying boat tourist destination - so we're going down to take a look. Would you like to come?"

Middlemiss and his own Ansett subsidiary, Airlines of NSW, ran flying boat services out of Sydney to such places as Lord Howe Island so he thought the Trobriands might have some tourist potential for his Sandringham flying boats. From my point of view it was certainly worth a story.

Early in the morning of the appointed day Phil, or Steddy as he was universally known, his wife Betty, Stu and myself boarded the Cessna 336 Push Pull ---- that version with one engine in the front and the other at back---- and slipped off the airstrip at Lae to the south across the remains of the wreck of the Tenyo Maru, towards the fabled 'Islands of Love.'

Recall tends to drop details as the years go by but my memory was that the Push Pull was one operated by Ansett MAL's light aircraft division and the pilot they referred to as Smithy.

The flight plan called for a refuelling stop at Dobadura en route which turned out to be where the fun started.

Unfortunately someone hadn't done their homework and through some circumstances or other it transpired that Dobadura boasted a pump, but no fuel.

After a quick conference between this small gathering of aviation leaders, none of whom had probably personally faced such a dilemma before, it was decided that we should head for Popondetta where, we were assured, all the requirements we needed would be in place.

So we boarded again and the Push Pull thundered down the runway and into the air until, around thirty seconds or so after take off, the front engine spluttered and the propeller stopped.

"That'll be the fuel," I heard Steddy gasp, a statement which probably didn't need to be uttered.

"Or the lack of it" was the laconic statement from Betty Stedman in the back.

Anyway, fortunately for us, a long held belief among some that the Push Pull type flew like a brick on one engine, didn't really come to pass and it wasn't long before we could see the airstrip at Popondetta appearing from beyond the rigid front propeller. Smithy made a textbook one engine approach and we landed smoothly.



Phil Stedman and Stu Middlemiss tilting the 44 gallon drum which a squatting Smithy directs into the bucket.

Now I have no way of knowing just why it was the case on this particular morning at Popondetta but it turned out that, unlike Dobadura which had a pump but no fuel, Popondetta had fuel but no pump!

Anyway, for anyone who doubts this story the proof surely lies in the photos I took at the time.

They show two of Australia's and PNG's most senior aviation executives helping in the transfer of fuel from a 44 gallon drum, into a plastic bucket and then helping Smithy pour it into the Push Pull's tanks. Fortunately there were no DCA types around to observe the operation.

So, on we went to the Trobriands to be kindly hosted for the day by the folks there who ran the hotel and to bounce our way around potted roads to allow Stu to assess its value or otherwise as an Australian tourist destination before setting out on the return flight to Lae.

As it turned out, that wasn't to be without its dramas either.



Smithy at work with the fuel on the wing while Middlemiss and Betty Stedman look on.

By the time we were scudding back along the coastline it was very late in the day and we were still some miles out from Lae. With darkness closing in, Lae air traffic control suggested we find somewhere else to spend the night but, given the day's experiences, there was no way Popondetta or

Dobadura would be a popular alternative. So, with the light fading Smithy pressed on, by now flying low along the coastline, until another call from air traffic control suggested that if they didn't see us soon we had a problem.

Smithy, who fortunately had years of experience, quickly assured them we had 'Lae in sight' but I do need to point out he was certainly the only person in the aircraft who could see it. At that point the rest of us couldn't even see Salamaua!

But he knew his onions, as they say, and a few minutes later, in darkening skies, Salamaua and then Lae came in sight across the waves.

Given that these were the days when flying at night in PNG was strictly forbidden, the vague outline of wreck of the Tenyo Maru never looked so good!

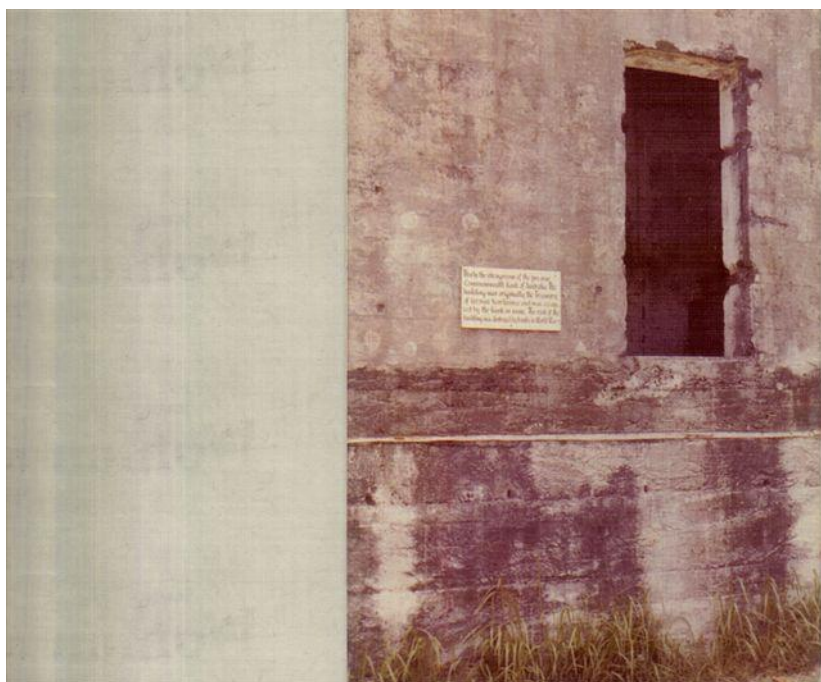
(When he later saw the photos, Steddy, who remained a good friend years after our PNG days, made me promise I would never use them in a newspaper. I've honored that pledge for the nearly fifty years since but I think if he could see them now he'd get the same belly laugh I do. He'd probably put the rudimentary refueling exercise down to 'management initiatives.'

As for the Stu Middlemiss' ideas for future Trobriand tourism with flying boats out of Sydney--- Well, those of us in Lae never heard much more about it. Maybe Stu became a little worried about some of the 'operating procedures' which the local aviation industry employed in those days.) ■

CBA STRONGROOM

previously the TREASURY of GERMAN NEW GUINEA

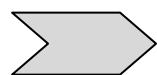
Jim Van der kamp



This is the strongroom of the previous Commonwealth Bank of Australia. This building was originally the Treasury Of German New Guinea and was occupied by the Bank in 1916. The rest of the building was destroyed by bombs in WW2.

The strongroom or 'Vault' survived two wars, earthquakes and the destruction of 1994! It is still standing in Rabaul today.

Photo: Jim Van der kamp
1966



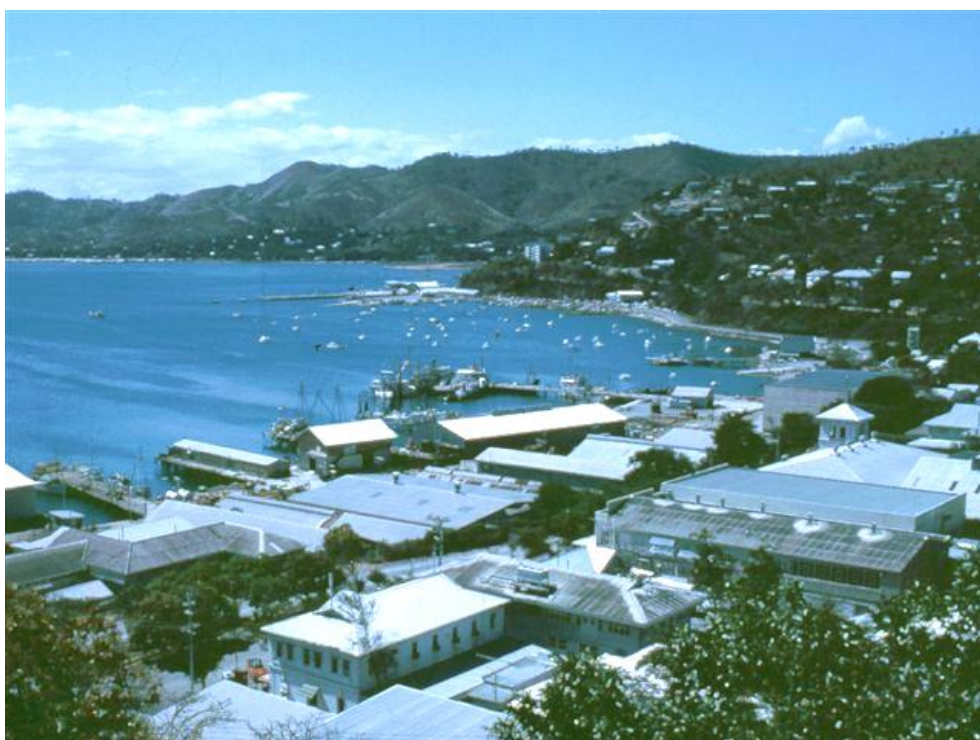
Jim Van der kamp, at 70, is once again participating in the Cairns to Cooktown Cardiac Challenge to be held from Saturday 25 September to Monday 27 September 2010. The bicycle ride, travelling over 300kms, raises funds for the Far North Queensland Hospital Foundation. If you would like to support Jim please visit:
http://www.everydayhero.com.au/jim_van_der_kamp

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

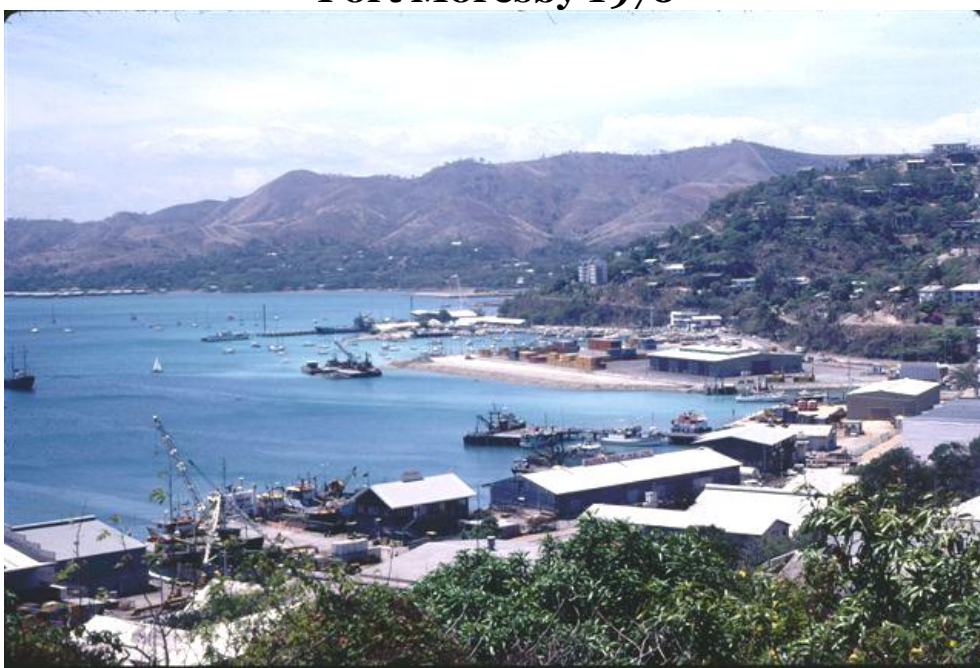
PORT MORESBY – Compare the photos!

By Bruce Hoy

Port Moresby foreshore has undergone tremendous changes since this picture was taken on 28 June 1970! Land was reclaimed to provide a container terminal which ultimately resulted in a container shipping wharf being built at this location. The shed on the reclaimed land was doubled in length and more land was reclaimed towards the yacht club. There has also been land reclaimed in the foreground as well, as one of the wharfs shown was dismantled according to a slide I took in 1987 looking in the opposite direction.



Port Moresby 1970



Port Moresby 1978

MORTLOCK ISLANDS by Jim Van der Kamp

I am referring to the story by Leen van Lien in the 2009, No 4 December issue of Una Voce on page 18, about his visit to the Mortlock Islands.

I too was fortunate to be invited by the District Health Officer, Bougainville, to join a Health team to visit Mortlock and Tasman Islands in 1974. Although I was with Malaria Control and there never had been Malaria on the atolls, I quote the late Dr. Jan J. Saave as saying: "Negative evidence is also of utmost importance". I noted down, the voyage on the Government trawler took 16 hours to reach Mortlock Islands. It seems the islands have no less than three names; Mortlock, Takuu and Nukutoa. The inhabitants seemed all healthy; there was no mission and no law and order problem. Houses made mainly of pandanus and on the ground, none above ground but there was one permanent material house that of the teacher, expatriate Len Murray. Len had the local brew which I at first thought was called "Gravy" but the spelling "Gereve" was more appropriate, stored in his refrigerator. I didn't dare to try out this brew that looked like sour milk. There was an abundance of rats on the island. When starting tests for health purposes it was announced that we attend to the women and children first. Once all the women and children had been attended to we asked: "Where are all the men?" There were only teenagers and old men that did not add up to a great number. The young and able men were by then employed by the Davara Hotel at Toniva, Arovo Island Resort, National Bank Kieta and the Harbours and Marine Department. In fact the Captain of the trawler may have been a Mortlock Islander, there certainly were Mortlock crew. One of my staff, Lesley Taitai was a Mortlock and I brought him along. The Islanders had stories of fishing with their wooden hooks and home made rope in the very deep spot in the middle of the horseshoe shaped atolls and took hours to haul in huge "Oilfish". Being pretty tired at night and still on the island, a boy named "Spear", a bit long long offered to take me to the trawler in his "canoe". He must have known the damn thing was leaking and before reaching the M.V. Bagana I was head deep in the ocean having to shout to the boat's crew to please haul me up.

As far as I can recall, the rough voyage from Mortlock to Tasman or Nukumanu Islands took no less than 24 hours. Very luckily I never get seasick but all the others did. The Tasman Islanders were much more Polynesian not having been affected like the Mortlocks by Queen Emma's "Soldiers" as described in the book "*Queen Emma*". Tattoos were very popular; one man had a shark tattooed from his throat to his groin. Again, no mission, no law and order problem. Rats roamed the island. The houses were built in a straight line opposite each other with a well broomed "street" in between.

As it was full moon that night we were treated to a sing sing, the singers and dancers moving gradually from one end of the street to the other. I was persuaded to try some freshly fermented Gereve brew. It was quite okay until at the end of the sing sing I got up and crashed into a pandanus wall of a house. The houses did not have doors but rather a pandanus or bamboo curtain. Doing some tests during the day one of these flung open on a house nearby and a most stunning, bare breasted woman with ravenblack long hair strode out. "Look at that" I exclaimed but the doctor, bent over the patrol table didn't seem

interested. When finished work Lesley got this lass to cook us some rice which tasted delicious. The woman could have fitted perfectly in a Hollywood Pacific Island movie. Not only the language was similar to Maori but on departing, noses were rubbed. A very tall, handsome Tasman Islander was a Flight Attendant with AIRNIUGINI and had come to see his family. I watched him rub noses with them before leaving. I met the Aid Post Orderly “Bernard”, a bald New Britain man. On the way back to Kieta we were supposed to call in at Mortlock again. However, whether the sea got rougher or whatever reason, the crew standing on the bow could not find it so after searching the waves for some time we returned to Kieta. As I was to visit family in Holland soon after, I decided to drop a line to the Tasman beauty Queen from my home city to see if she would get it and how long it would take just addressed to her at the Tasman Islands, Bougainville District TP&NG. I knew from my staff Lesley Taitai that she did receive my mail but it was destroyed by a lover. Everyone knew that during our visit we slept on the trawler. Some years later I visited Arawa Hospital and bumped into the old, bald Aid Post Orderly from Tasman, “Bernard”. I asked if he knew how this lady was. “She is here, right behind me”, he said. Blimey, the Polynesian lass had married old, bald Bernard. ▪

WOULD ANYONE KNOW THE ARTIST?



The attached photo is of, what I would call, ‘a copper beating’, which was presented to me when I resigned to ‘go pinis’ [go finish] from the Papuan Turf & Equestrian Association, Polocrosse Club and from Port Moresby in 1974.

As the Club's founder and first president in 1972-3, I was thrilled to receive this very attractive piece of art, which has been admired by many over the past 36 years. However, I have never known who the artist was and would be interested to know if he or she has produced other works in a similar genre. I know it was commissioned for the occasion and had thought it may have been done by a student at the University Art department. (The copper is 280mm x 720mm.) To have the meaning of the figures depicted would also be nice to know so maybe some *Una Voce* readers may be familiar with this artist's work and could throw some light on the matter.

I have lost touch with the Vice President of the Club, who took over from me and was the instigator I believe of the artwork presentation. Ian Edwards and wife Johanna Bell-Booth were ex-New Zealand and they did return here so someone may be able to put me in touch with them. Please contact Owen Genty-Nott at: 24 Luculia Drive Mt Maunganui New Zealand Email: Owen Genty-Nott

thejackaroo@gmail.com

HANDCUFFS: PAPUA NEW GUINEA VERSION

Maxwell R. Hayes

Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary 1959-1974

One of the world police forces' simplest yet effective form of handcuffs was in use in Papua New Guinea for over half a century. This was about a metre of ordinary brass chain such as many of our seniors might have pulled to flush a toilet in earlier days.

The British New Guinea Armed Constabulary (BNGAC) was formed in 1890 and over the next years made many wide ranging contact patrols, sometimes in the field for 3 or more months. British New Guinea was to be later known as Papua. These superbly loyal native police patrolled through the primitive uncontrolled Papuan hinterland under the leadership of a Resident Magistrate.

Many inland natives had never seen a white man before. In many areas cannibalism of victims was the normal result of inter tribal warfare. These very primitive natives were literally "headhunters" and when encountering, and sometimes ambushing, such police patrols it was often necessary for the police to fire with deadly effect when under attacks.

From the very first days of the BNGAC patrols any prisoners taken would have been roped together or tied with native vines and brought back to Port Moresby. This method generally proved unsatisfactory and supplies of a regular pattern of Hiatt handcuff were imported. A c.1900 photo shows a native policeman wearing a handcuff pouch on his uniform belt. No chain can be seen.

It is not known precisely when the force was equipped with the Hiatt handcuff but I have a handcuff key from the early 1900's. The Hiatt handcuff required a key, the barrel of which was internally threaded to fasten the hinged arm. Hiatt handcuffs, of which there were several patterns, were manufactured in Birmingham, England from the late 19th century. I have been told that the odd Hiatt handcuff in very remote patrol posts may have still been in use in Papua early post World War 2.

It would not be difficult to imagine that many keys, being so small, would have been lost thus rendering the handcuff use impossible until further keys could be obtained. It is quite probable that some handcuffed natives (particularly if they had escaped from police captivity), would have remained handcuffed without any means of release, or of being cut loose. This would especially be so in the remote areas of Papua where there were no cutting tools available for iron handcuffs. It became necessary to devise a simple system of restraint which did not depend on a key.

The solution was simple and, when applied properly, foolproof. Thus, the brass chain method of restraint was devised. It is not known precisely when the chain was introduced into general use but photos of c. 1906-07 show native police wearing the chain.

A photo taken by Frank Hurley in July 1921 shows the chain worn suspended and looped from the customary rifle cartridge belt. Photos c. 1935, 1940 and others show the chain worn as part of the black serge sulu (jumper), laplap and cartridge belt uniform. When arrested, the offender was handcuffed behind his back by means of the chain being wound around the wrists several times and the end link of the chain fastened to another link.

The last time I saw the chain used as a restraint was out of Rabaul in 1962 when, with other officers, I attended a very large riot with my native police. We had a box of regular handcuffs but these were quickly used up and the chain again came into use probably for the last time in Papua New Guinea.

In 1906 the BNGAC became known as the Papuan Armed Constabulary and variously referred to as the Armed Native Constabulary throughout the intervening years. King George V recognized the many years of arduous and hazardous patrolling by dedicated police since the very first days of 1890. By Royal Warrant of August 1939 this unique police force was renamed as the Royal Papuan Constabulary (RPC). It thus became one of only three “Royal” police forces in the world. During the Japanese occupation of the New Guinea Islands and much of the mainland between 1942 and 1945, the RPC native police joined with native police of the New Guinea Police Force to form a comparatively small fighting unit as part of the Australian Army. Their bravery resulted in the awards of 28 Loyal Service Medals, 5 British Empire Medals, 1 Distinguished Conduct Medal and 1 George Medal.

With the resumption of the post-war civil government administration in 1946, both former territories of Papua and New Guinea were administratively joined. The quite separate pre-war police forces of Papua and of New Guinea were joined to form the Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary. Police continued to wear the pre-war RPC uniform and in 1953 a contingent of the RP&NGC was invited to attend the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in London.

Native police continued to wear the brass chain with the RPC uniform until 30.9.1964. On 1.10.1964 it was replaced by a new in line blue uniform for all ranks and the brass chain ceased to be worn by native police. It was replaced with a regular key operated police pattern handcuff (and keys still continued to be lost.)

Many people seemed to think that the brass chain was just an unnecessary adornment *bilas* (pidgin) to a police uniform which had been in continual use from 1890 with the brass chain from around 1906-07. Little did they know that this simple brass chain, always worn on the left side and suspended from the cartridge belt, had served a very useful and practical purpose for over half a century. My thanks to Jim Sinclair and Rick Giddings for their notes. ■

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MARJORIE KLECKHAM'S ARRIVAL IN POPONDETTA 1947

Two children; lost plane; torrential rain; soggy suitcases; barefoot trek and a missing husband!

Marjorie Kleckham's father, Geoffrey Sheldon, was a surveyor in PNG. He surveyed the Bulldog Road which eventually became the Wau to Salamaua road. The family stayed back in Australia while he was in PNG and Marjorie eventually went to PNG in 1947. After WW2, Fred Kleckham (snr) applied for agricultural jobs in Fiji and PNG. Fiji didn't reply so he went to PNG six months prior to Marjorie. This is the story of Marjorie's arrival when she landed on a disused war airstrip in the middle of the PNG jungle.

Near the end of the war my husband returned to Australia and when war finished he was discharged and we faced the task of settling down and deciding our future. As my husband was a trained agriculturalist he decided to try and join one of the island agricultural departments and when the New Guinea position came up first he accepted that and once more left me while he went to the islands.

It looked as though it was going to be a case of my own family history all over again. However, after almost a year of this separation word came that I was to join him in Papua at a place called Popondetta.

I immediately rushed over to my family with the letter to be told by my brother in law that I would be glad to get away from it before long. He had fought over the Kokoda Trail and had been carried out from Popondetta on a stretcher to be forever on a full military pension.

Little did I realise how right he was to be.

By this time we had two small babies and my family was horrified at the thought of my taking them to such a primitive place. However, this was to be our first real home, and I was determined to go. I packed two years supply of clothing for us and all my trousseau linen which had not been used, all beautifully embroidered linen done by my aunts, and set off on my journey.

There had been considerable formalities to go through - taxation clearances, permits to enter New Guinea, air passages to be got from Canberra and a guarantee that there was a family gathering to farewell me at Mackay when I left for Townsville to board the New Guinea plane. At last I was away. After spending a night at Townsville, we left for Port Moresby, calling at Cairns on the way. I was to land at Port Moresby and transfer to a small plane to fly me through the gap in the Owen Stanley Range to a strip near Popondetta.

However, this was not to be. Port Moresby was completely clouded over and we had to continue straight on over the range to Lae.

This meant climbing to a height of 17,000 feet over the Owen Stanleys and at this height the children both collapsed from lack of oxygen. Young Fred went out first and I called the steward, who brought an oxygen bottle and mask.

He no sooner attended to Fred than Betty passed out and he had to attend to her, then it was my turn.

At this stage the pilot came along and told us that we had to fly at this height to get over the range safely under these conditions. However we were now over the range and were starting to lose height on the other side. Soon we were in Lae, a town well known to my father in pre-war years, now a makeshift town of army huts and scrap materials, and a population composed almost entirely of men.

Being expected in Port Moresby instead of Lae, I had no one to meet me and no accommodation. However, I was taken to the Lae Hotel which gloried in the name of the 'Hotel Cecil' and the owner, an old friend of my father's, soon had me installed. This hotel was really something to see. It was a former AWAS quarters built of very temporary materials, mostly paper, and well spread out.

These old army huts were built for maximum hearing and a minimum of privacy.

Partitions of paper stopped a foot short of the floor and were only six feet high. This went for the bathrooms as well. Outdoor privvies were scattered about at some distance with little to indicate whether they were 'ladies' or gents'.

At night, life in the hotel was really interesting. Conversation and sounds would float down the length of the paper building for all and sundry to hear and comment on.

Some of the comments were as entertaining as the conversations and little was left to the imagination. The toilet facilities were equally as matey. Shower cubicles had the same partitioning and anything was liable to happen at any time. I remember my husband telling me about one of the times he stopped there.

Having a shower one day, he noticed a cake of soap slide under his partition and then to his surprise heard a very feminine voice asking for the soap back. Did she want it delivered? Oh, just kick it back under the wall!

Lae being almost entirely a men's town, the kids came in for a lot of attention. So many men wanted to do things for them and take them out, that it became embarrassing, and the first night in Lae we arrived at the picture show - a great barn of a place built of corrugated iron, surrounded by a company of men, all eager to entertain us. The children thought this was wonderful.

Next morning began the serious business of trying to get to Popondetta. The air company which was to fly me from Port Moresby to Popondetta did not have a plane free in Lae to do the job. Eventually, after a lot of trouble, they succeeded.

This proved to be disastrous as the pilot did not know the area we were to go to. After what seemed an interminable delay we eventually got away from Lae in an old "Dragon" DH 86 aircraft headed in the general direction of Popondetta with the pilot spending most of his time gazing at a map of the area on his knees. After about an hour's flying, the pilot put down on a strip where to his surprise there appeared to be no sign of life whatever.

After waiting a few minutes he apparently decided that he was on the wrong strip and took off again. He flew around for a while and then spotted another strip; down again. This time there was a European waiting who was just a little intoxicated and quite deaf. When the pilot asked him where Popondetta was he waved an arm in the general direction and said, over there! Once again into the plane and off, headed in the general direction. We were hardly up when a strip came into view. The pilot put us down again and 'Well, here we are'.

This was a tremendous bitumen strip which appeared to be about a mile long. There was no sign of a soul or of anything else. However, out I got with the children and my luggage and sat down to wait for my husband. This was at four o'clock in the afternoon and the pilot took off again for the last strip to pick up the European we had met there. Shortly after they flew over again, gave me a wave and headed for Lae.

I settled down to wait. Time moved on, the sun started to go down and there was no sign of my husband. The children were hungry and I started to worry about the

night ahead. I walked around the strip and found a few empty benzine drums and a few sheets of corrugated iron. These I gathered together, and standing the drums up put the sheets of iron across them to make a little shelter for the night. Also, I put a sheet of iron on the ground, covered it with clothing to make a bed for the children and eventually got them to sleep. I was worried about snakes and wild pigs, but soon my thoughts were changed, a thunder storm was brewing and before long it was upon us. Thunder and lightning and Pouring rain for the rest of the night took my thoughts off everything else.

The water ran inches deep on the ground. My suit cases with all our clothes and linen were completely saturated, there was not enough room for them under the shelter, and my cigarettes and matches were soaked. Through it all, the children slept soundly, thank God.

By daylight, the rain had slowed to a slight drizzle and I set off around the strip to look for a track which might lead us somewhere. After a while I found one and collecting the children set off to follow it, leaving all our things at the side of the strip.

After some time, I came to a fork in the track and had to decide which track to follow. I chose one and set off again, however, it was not long before it became obvious that it was very seldom used, the grass was high and there were dead trees across the path. I turned back and coming to the fork again, took the other path.

After walking for about half an hour, I suddenly came into a native village. I don't know who got the greatest shock. Imagine a wet, dishevelled and dirty woman with two children suddenly coming into a village and picture if you can, the surprise of the natives. Imagine, too, how we who had never seen natives before, felt when suddenly surrounded by a mass of natives, some with knives, some with axes and spears and all talking and waving their arms twenty to the dozen. We were scared to death. After a while we were led to an empty house where we sat on the floor, waiting for God knows what next to happen.

There was a lot more excited talk by the natives and to my great relief, a native came to us with a bunch of bananas and some green coconuts to drink. Not having had anything since lunch time the previous day, we were ravenous and really appreciated this scratch meal.

Feeling a little better, I was determined to make the effort again to get to Popondetta. Not being able to talk to the natives, I kept repeating the word Popondetta and pointing in what I hoped was the general direction of the place. They got the idea alright, but were loathe to make a move, it was still raining slightly.

Then I asked for the 'Police'! A native came forward dressed in a black serge lap-lap and I pointed to the track out of the village and said 'Popondetta! Now'! He got the message. I later learnt that this man was the local policeman. There is one in every village appointed by the Government. There was considerable talk and a man appeared with a pole about seven feet long.

On one end of this they tied my handbag and then indicated they were ready to start. They wanted to carry the children too, but they were so scared that they would not leave my skirt. I had no option but to carry Betty.

Fred was alright while we were on a wide clear track, but once it narrowed down and the grass got thick, then I had to carry him too, on my back.

Once the rain stopped, the day became hot and steamy and even moving was a burden. We travelled through tall Kunai grass and then through real tropical

jungle. We crossed swiftly flowing streams, on one occasion chest deep with smooth round boulders underfoot, and climbed, scratched and. slipped up and down slippery banks. The journey was a nightmare.

Periodically I'd say "How far" and every time I'd get the answer "Close to".

After about an hour we passed through another village which was really frightening.

The natives were all painted up, wearing great headdresses of hornbill beaks, bird of paradise plumes and parrots feathers and wearing large strings of white cowrie shells and strikingly designed 'tapa' cloth skirts. Later I learned that this was the time of dancing and feasting to celebrate the taro harvest and that all the people of the area spent this period in dancing and feasting all night long from village to village. Every night the air was alive with the sound of their drums thumping away until daylight. On and on we went through more villages until we came to one where I found a native who could speak English. He was an Anglican mission teacher and he and his wife ran a native school in the village.

I was all in and had to rest. Much to my surprise, after a little while, the teacher's wife brought me a cup of strong black tea. Nothing was ever so welcome.

The teacher, his name was Phillip, told me that he would send a message to Popondetta, still two hours away - to let my husband know I was here.

Here, I wrote a note with my lipstick on an old envelope.

After a rest I decided to push on and Phillip said that he would come with me to help me. I was really grateful to this man and his wife for their kindness to me.

After what seemed an age, we met a band of natives coming the other way. These turned out to be a portion of my husband's labour line led by the boss boy Ingaripa, a colourful character with legs like logs, a royal blue lap-lap and a bright orange singlet. He was wearing beads, earrings and arm and ankle bands of woven fibre and carried a huge bush knife. He had quite a personality and finally succeeded in separating the children from me and getting them carried by some of my husband's boys.

The children, of course, had been frightened by all the attention that had been shown to them. White children with straight blonde red hair were something that few if any, of these natives had seen before, and they all wanted to touch the kids and feel their skin, their hair and their clothes.

We pushed on and on and on, the track seemed never ending, but at last we came to a house and here I was delivered with ceremony to my husband, so some of the natives said, but alas it was the wrong man. However, I was glad to be safe somewhere at last. This man proved to be a great friend and was the manager of the trade store in the area. Jack Scurrah is quite justly famous in Papua, and he told me some of the story of the past twenty-four hours. When I did not arrive at Popondetta the previous evening, and hearing the plane fly back to Lae, my husband thought that I had gone back with it. At daylight he had sent off a message to be radioed to Lae to find out what had happened. Then he had gone to the Dobudura area to await the next plane in. The Dobudura area, I learnt, was a maze of old wartime airstrips. No wonder the completely new pilot had been bushed.

During the day a message had come back from Lae to say that I had been left at Popondetta. It had been sent to Jack and as I had not turned up a search party was being organised to search for me.

While Jack was talking to me, my husband came in. He had walked the sixteen

miles to Dobudura and there found a native who had been on the strip when my plane had come back to pick up the deaf European. The native said that he had helped to put the man's luggage in the plane and that there was no white woman or children in the plane when it took off for Lae. My husband then decided to search all the airstrips in the vicinity, starting fortunately, with the Inonda strip where I had been left. Here he found my suitcases and pushed onto Inonda village where they told him the story of my coming in the early morning and departure for Popondetta. He had followed on and almost caught up with me.

It was fourteen miles from Inonda to Popondetta and I felt every step. It seemed like forty!

When my husband arrived I kicked off what was left of my shoes and started to relax.

"Don't do that", he said, "we still have half a mile to walk to get home". I walked the half mile in bare feet.

Two days later I got our luggage, and what a mess! Everything was mildewed beyond redemption. There was nothing for it, I had to buy material from the trade store and make a complete set of new clothes for the lot of us.

The patrol officer who delivered the luggage from the strip told us that when he saw the drums and corrugated iron and the suitcases beside the strip, he stood to attention and saluted them. My first real compliment in the Territory! ■

FUN TIMES IN PNG BROADCASTING

By Richard Jones

I'VE been broadcasting either from the studio or from outside locations since the mid-1960s. When I started calling amateur boxing tournaments from ringside for the ABC's 9PA Port Moresby-9RB Rabaul radio network in the late 1960s the apparatus and the way in which we worked was fairly rudimentary.

The finals of the Papuan Amateur Boxing Association tournament always went to air, topped only by the national championships of that particular year. The national titles were staged on the New Guinea side in Rabaul, Lae or Madang and in Moresby every alternate year.

To get the fighters and officials representing Papua to the national title bouts on the other side of the country we chartered old DC3s, the workhorses of the air in Pacific island countries of the time. I have no doubt that in some out-of-the-way places in Asia or Africa the occasional DC3 still rattles down the runway before lumbering into the air.

But back to the commentating. Located as we were square on to the ring with the ABC technicians in close attendance behind, at the end of each round we needed to watch which way the boxers were spitting. The corner attendants would hold out buckets for their charges to spit into.

The highlights of the PNG fight game came when professional boxing really grabbed hold of the public imagination in the early 70s. We had two fighters --- Martin Beni and Johnny Aba --- who were ranked in the Commonwealth's Top Ten in their weight divisions. I've written about Beni's exploits for *Una Voce* before. He was loved by Moresby fans and the general public.

But what about live broadcasts of other sports?

Rugby League was regularly broadcast. Papua New Guinea is believed to be the only nation on the planet where rugby league is the national code. It has been huge there since the late 1950s. Every year two inter-Territory matches were played between Papua and New Guinea.

As for boxing and other sports, Moresby was the venue when it was Papua's turn to act as host. The towns of Lae, Rabaul or Madang would host the big match when it was New Guinea's turn, taking it in rotation. Occasionally the Highlands towns of Goroka or Mt Hagen would serve as the New Guinea venue.

Anyway, for about three years I was the rugby league scribe for the twice weekly South Pacific Post, later the national daily Post-Courier. And from time to time I was asked to help call the Inter-Territory league matches: the highlights of the PNG sports year.

As a Victorian writing rugby league (long before there was a Melbourne Storm playing in the NRL) it caused Queenslanders and punters from NSW a lot of heartburn and angst --- but that's a story for another day.

One year we were in Rabaul for the first match of the series. A flimsy bamboo and kunai grass structure had been erected, and that's where the broadcasting headsets and paraphernalia had been arranged. Standing up to call the action down the far end of the field, my over-enthusiastic co-broadcaster leaned out to see if a tackler had taken the ball carrier over the sideline. He stood on a key component of our 'broadcast house' structure and the whole thing went on a tilt. Not quite as severe as Pisa's leaning tower, but alarming nevertheless.

Perched some metres above the crowd below us we remained seated for the rest of the afternoon no matter where the ball or the players went. No comfort stops at half-time, either.

As it was we had to align ourselves somewhat unnaturally just to ensure the whole thing didn't collapse. A relieved three or four blokes scuttled down the ladder onto terra firma at the end of proceedings.

I have an idea Papua won the game although personal safety, rather than match statistics, remained our prime concern. ■

Articles submitted for *Una Voce* are greatly appreciated and enjoyed by our readers. It is important that our members contribute memories of their time in PNG to preserve an important part of its history. Space is increasingly being challenged and we ask that contributors limit submissions to between 100-1800 words enabling variety in our journal. Longer articles will take longer to appear. Sometimes it may be possible to include an 'extract' in *Una Voce* whilst the longer article is published on the PNGAA website. For members not on computer, the longer article can be personally requested. Thank you for your assistance and understanding.

Port Moresby Australian Rules Football Club Reunion – The First of the Fiftieths by Henry Bodman

Readers of *Una Voce* will be well aware of the persistence with which Port Moresby Australian Rules Football Club (PMARFC) reunions continue to pop up. What a vice-like grip PNG has on all of us when we snatch at every opportunity an excuse to share more time with those who know PNG as we did and do.

1960 saw the first of the many premiership trophies won by the Port Moresby Australian Rules Football Club and from this start followed those of 1961 (Lightning, summer and main seasons) 1962, 1964, 1966 and 1968.

With the last of the 40th reunions conducted at Maroochydore in 2008, **Jack Moffatt** offered to host the first of the 50ths in Canberra. And thus, as captain, coach and sole selector, Jack turned on a weekend which will be well remembered by every one of the 100+ in attendance. From the collection at the airport by **Hughie Maher, Wally Cook** and **Roger Evans** to the final evening under the gum trees, the weekend flowed smoothly from one venue and ambience to the next – in all, three; and each quite different and catering to all tastes and expectations..

The ever present and reliable **Brian “Tangles” Pearce** and **Max Palmer** ensured everyone was properly welcomed, watered, fed, and informed on the three day programme.

Of interest is the fact that not one of the five members of the triumphant 1960 Demons’ side - Captain **Brian Sherwood, Barry Whish-Wilson, Rod Sergeant, Derek Sholl, and Noel Kenna** - could remember playing a draw in the grand final and having to win a ‘play-off’ the following weekend to claim the cup. Fifty years can do things like that but all remembered being personally presented with the “Best Man Afield” trophy in the same game.

By contrast, **George Bottriell** played in Moresby’s first team in 1955 and his memory remains as sharp as a tack which it needs to be to keep up with wife **Dulcie** who, approaching 90, is still playing competitive tennis on the Bellarine Peninsula. Equally impressive was **Jim Thomas**, resplendent in a mint condition Papuan Rules Blazer of 1956 vintage. It fitted him like a glove and there is no stoop evident in this youthful 80 + year old. The opportunities for the ‘newbies of the seventies’ to meet these ‘legends of the fifties’ was not lost and was particularly exploited on the second evening which was conducted at the swank Gungalan Golf Club where the all important tucker was a further reflection of the great management of the Canberra committee.

The initial reception and gala evening of the weekend was conducted at the Ainslie Australian Rules Club which had all of the facilities and service needed for the exceptional night which followed. Club memorabilia was spread over a number of tables. With the original burnt in the Colts Club House in Boroko, **Bill Vivian’s replacement Honour Board** was on show for the first time.

With the discovery of some of the 'legends of the fifties', Bill had to start from scratch after his first completed Board was, necessarily, revised.

At this function all in attendance were issued with a copy of the PMARFC story "Long Taim Bilong Port Moresby Australian Rules Football Club 1955-1975." This expensive 60 glossy paged production is already a collectors' item – anyone looking for one will need to approach **Jack Moffatt**. Those who can remember **John Ilian** (DIES) will know what a professional job has been done of this important record. John's efforts were recognised on the weekend with the coveted "Red Ribbon Award".

While the opening night and weekend will be remembered by all as an enormous success and thoroughly enjoyable, few will remember it as fondly as **Henry Bodman** who was awarded a Moresby Past Players' Association Life Membership – the first issued in 35 years.

Predictably, there is a Grey Nomads component to the Demons ranks and on the third night all gathered under the gum trees on a hill behind Canberra and got stuck into the rich brown suds and pizzas. **Rose and Jock Collins**, for the third successive reunion, presided over our 'last supper event' and co-ordinated the regular and constant supply of suds and pizzas This was probably as near as the weekend came to parties as we remember them in Moresby - though this occasion remained 'couth'(versus uncouth) to the end. Such was the enthusiasm engendered, that **Kerry and Graeme "Moose" Tilyard** offered to host the 2012 Demons Reunion in Tasmania.

Late press indicates another case of blood rushing to the head with **Noel and Bev Kenna** looking at 2014 in Warrnambool.

Those years in Papua New Guinea can be blamed for a lot - including these great get togethers. Don't you pity those who didn't experience life and living in Papua New Guinea? ■



This small tanker was used to empty local household septic tanks in Madang I warned him about getting too close to the edge of the ponds - the old "*Me Savvy Masta*".
Bruce O'Reilly

MINUTES OF THE 59th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE PNGAA

HELD AT THE KILLARA GOLF CLUB, SYDNEY, ON 2 MAY 2010

Meeting opened at 11.35 am

Members Present: Riley Warren, Fr Kevin Kerley SM, George and Edna Oakes, Marie Bassett, Julianne Allcorn, Stuart Inder, Colin Huggins, John O'Dea, Dennis and Jane Doyle, Harry West, Alan Johnston, Graham Egan, Pamela Foley, May Gomez, Bob Creelman, Vicki Walshe, Ross and Pat Johnson, Ann Graham, Eric Johns, John Groenewegen, Ian Reardon, Barbara Jennings, Anne Collins, Joan Stobo, Peter Coote, Andrea Williams, Terry Chapman

Apologies: Fred Kaad, Gima Crowdy, Phil Ainsworth, Will Muskens, Florence Cohen, Laurie Williams, Joe Nitsche, Philip (Hooky) Street, Pam Warren, Les Harvey, Roma Bates, Clive Troy, Jeff Baldwin, John Logan, Marie Day

Motion that the Minutes of the 58th AGM be confirmed

Moved Pam Foley, seconded Harry West – Carried

Business Arising: Nil

President's Report: Received with acclamation – reprinted at the end of these Minutes.

Andrea Williams commented that Riley came in as President at a time when the Association was undergoing rapid change. On behalf of members she thanked him for giving us a sense of continuity and for his enormous commitment and dedication.

Financial Report: Treasurer, Will Muskens, provided a financial report for the year ended 31 December 2009. This included statements covering Income & Expenditure, Assets & Liabilities and the Auditor's report. (An abridged version of these financial statements is shown on p59) Riley Warren pointed out that the extra expenses incurred in connection with the Constitutional Review in 2009 meant that we did not have the large surplus which we had the previous year – in fact we had a small deficit.

Motion to accept the Financial Report – Moved Ross Johnson, seconded George Oakes - Carried

Correspondence:

Marie Bassett said that most of the correspondence had been of a routine nature, a lot had been to do with membership and the sale of DVDs and any matters needing special attention had been handled by the Management Committee.

Certificate required by Section 27(1)(b) of the Associations Incorporation Act 1984

Ross Johnson *moved* that the meeting authorise Will Muskens, Treasurer, and Dennis Doyle, Committee Member, to sign the documents required by the Department of Fair Trading concerning incorporated organizations. *Seconded George Oakes – Carried*

Appointment of Public Officer: Ross Johnson *moved* that the person holding the position of secretary, at present Marie Clifton-Bassett, be appointed Public Officer, *seconded George Oakes, Carried*

Election of Honorary Auditor

Riley Warren said that Mr Len Bailey, CPA, had been a wonderful help in auditing our financial reports over many years and added that Len had offered himself for re-election as Honorary Auditor.

*Moved George Oakes, seconded Nancy Johnston, that Len Bailey be re-elected.
Carried*

General Discussion

Riley Warren drew members' attention to some leaflets we received from the University of Goroka advertising a History Conference to be held in Goroka in September 2010.

Ross Johnson gave notice to members that he would be putting a motion to the next AGM recommending that Fred Kaad be appointed an Honorary Life Member of the PNGAA. He listed the many activities that Fred has carried out over many years - and continues to carry out - on behalf of the Association.

Bob Creelman commented that many descendants of Germans who settled in PNG are now living in Adelaide and suggested we should invite them to join the PNGAA. Ross Johnson suggested the South Australian group might supply them with application forms.

The meeting closed at 12.10 pm

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

It is my pleasure to present the President's Report for 2009/2010 – the 59th AGM.

The report will be in three sections; General Comments, Management Committee Activities and some further Substantive Matters.

General Comments:

Towards the end of 2008 and early in 2009 it would be fair to say that the PNGAA was in an unsettled state – both within the Management Committee and in the membership generally. Great expectations had been raised and in some members' eyes they had been dashed.

A complete review of the Rules that govern our association was undertaken in early 2009. These new Rules were adopted enthusiastically at a Special General Meeting in the first half of 2009. The revised Rules allowed for all members to vote for the Management Committee, rather than just those who turned up at the AGM. As a result there was great interest in who would form the new Management Committee.

Indeed interest was so strong that there was talk that behind the scenes lobbying was going on. Certainly the positions were strongly contested with many more people putting their names forward than could fill the positions. Sadly however that was not the case for the hard work positions of Una Voce Editor, Secretary, Treasurer and President. I must say that I am not sure that such a situation is at all healthy for the Association – if nothing else it smacks of predeterminism. We must avoid the situation where a particular office holder appears to “own” his or her position, and so I encourage members to be willing to stand for all positions on the Management Committee at next year's election.

Having said all that, I want to say what a fine committee we have. All the unsettledness and turmoil of twelve months ago has gone. A united and purposeful Management Committee is now in place and is getting on with the business of the PNGAA. Its members come from Sydney, the Central Coast, Canberra and Brisbane. There are equal numbers of men and women and there is a wide age range as well. Sadly earlier this year Management Committee member Chris Diercke passed away. The Rules allow for the Management Committee to fill casual vacancies and Mr Phil Ainsworth of Brisbane accepted the committee invitation to join it.

It has been my pleasure over the past twelve months to represent the PNGAA in different ways. I have met with the High Commissioner of Papua New Guinea, the PNG Consul General in Sydney, the officer occupying the PNG desk in Dept of Foreign Affairs and Trade (Mr Colin Milner). I also represented the PNGAA at a number of Independence Day functions.

As the Management Committee consisted of many new members they took the opportunity to look afresh at how the PNGAA operates. It would not be stretching things to say that in many ways the PNGAA, on a day to day basis, immediately prior to 2009 has been kept afloat by two people – Ross Johnson and Andrea Williams and we owe them a great debt. The new committee has brought in changes to the administration of the association – and I will go more into that in the Substantive section of this Report.

The sub committees of the Management Committee have continued and a new one formed to promote the PNGAA. Some of these have functioned satisfactorily, others less so. I think it would be useful for the Management Committee to re-examine the concept and value of the sub committees in the year ahead. One valuable aspect of sub committees is that they bring many ideas together for discussion and action and at the same time can prevent individuals going off doing their own thing.

PNGAA Activities:

I will now touch on a number of the Management Committee's activities over the past year.

Pam Foley continues to send out birthday cards to members of certain ages and Ann Graham condolence messages – these are both very much appreciated by our members.

The promotion of Papua New Guinea art and artists has been promulgated by Juli Allcorn with a view to holding an Art Exhibition. The plan is now to hold this in conjunction with a PNG cultural display at the National Museum in 2013.

Lapel Pins have been designed and struck for members to wear if they choose with a view to promoting the Association. Also by way of promoting the Association to new members is to no longer use the Association's former name on documents etc. except where we are corresponding on behalf of our members who are Superannuants.

PNGAA members have been at the forefront of securing a Memorial to the Montevideo Maru victims at Subic Bay in the Philippines. Indeed the PNGAA appropriately helped pay for the erection of the memorial and members of our association attended the service of dedication. Since then there has been formed a Montevideo Maru association and that organisation will now take the lead in promoting knowledge and recognition. Not surprisingly that association consists of a number of PNGAA members.

There has been quite some discussion during the year on the use and appearance of the PNGAA website. Most members of the Management Committee are generally happy with the website as it stands, and there are ongoing improvements being made. In this regard it is appropriate to acknowledge Nick Booth who oversees and contributes to these improvements.

A lovely Christmas Function was once again held at the end of 2009, with a very happy and friendly atmosphere in the attractive surrounds of the Killara Golf Club.

The annual subscription has been raised by \$5.00 per annum from this year onwards after many years of no increase.

The Management Committee is exploring ways to ensure a more formal relationship with the Fryer Library at the University of Queensland where the PNGAA Collection is held. While Dr Peter Cahill is at the Library the relationship is excellent. However the PNGAA needs to ensure that the relationship is properly set up and a Memorandum of Understanding is being explored. This matter is ongoing.

Substantive Matters:

Administration Changes

It has become clear to the Management Committee that there is a need to secure administrative assistance particularly in the areas of bookkeeping, sales of items and payment for functions, banking and updating membership records. In the past volunteer members have seen to these matters, but as volunteers age they are less willing or able to undertake these duties and younger members do not have the time. Therefore we have engaged a secretarial service to assist us. The Management Committee believes this will be a real benefit to the good management of the Association.

Former Kiap Recognition

We were approached by Chris Viner-Smith to consider supporting him in his endeavours to have Kiaps recognised by the Australian government for their service in PNG. Will Muskens was asked by the Management Committee to look into it and canvass the opinions of a number of our Queensland members who were former Kiaps.

There were two areas that Mr Viner-Smith sought our support for –i) a form of National Medal under the Australian Honours system and - ii) Research into the work of Kiaps in bringing PNG to nationhood with a display at the National Australian Archives and articles in an appropriate journal etc.

The former proved very contentious among former Kiaps and it was considered by the Management Committee that it could not support such an endeavour as our membership was divided on the issue.

The latter we were happy to support and Deveni Temu, on behalf of the PNGAA is working closely with Mr Viner Smith and others, including staff of the National Archives, to bring that to fruition. It is expected to be ready for viewing by the 16th September, coinciding with PNG's 35th Anniversary of Independence.

The National Australian History Curriculum

Members may know that the Federal Government is promoting a national school curriculum to be used across the nation and to replace the individual states curricula. Naturally this has caused both delight and distrust. The PNGAA Management Committee became interested in the History Curriculum when we became aware that there was no mention of Papua New Guinea or Australia's role either as a colonial administrator or in helping that country to nationhood. It seemed to us that this was a gross omission of a highly significant part of Australia's history, so we sought ways to address it. Here I must pay tribute to Andrea Williams for her determination in following this up and bringing in many others, including Deveni Temu to put together an excellent submission to the Australian Curriculum Assessment and Reporting Authority.

It is our hope and I believe our expectation that this submission will bring about appropriate change to the national History curriculum. If it does, then the PNGAA has played a major role in ensuring that our school students learn about Australia and its citizens' unique and outstanding role in Papua New Guinea.

President

I need to inform the Association that since taking on the role of President last year there have been some significant changes in my life. While one matter is private, another is that I have been given the opportunity to undertake research at Sydney University – this requires a full time commitment. I do not believe that I can properly hold the position of President while undertaking these other commitments. Therefore I will be stepping down as President of the Association from today. I am pleased to say that I believe the PNGAA is in a far happier state now than it was some twelve months ago. If I have played some part in this positive change then that has been a worthwhile contribution.

I informed the Management Committee of my intention to step down in February this year so that it could have time to find a replacement, which it has done. I am delighted to be able to hand over the Presidency to Mr Dennis Doyle who will give a far more dynamic leadership than I believe I have been able to give. He is a fine man and the Association will benefit greatly from his leadership.

I would like to thank those who voted for me as President, but as the position was uncontested, I can't. I do thank those who have made me welcome and have encouraged me as President, especially our older members and members of the Management Committee.

Concluding Thanks:

The Management Committee members have worked well and purposefully this past year, serving on various committees, attending various functions or meeting on behalf of the Association – I thank them for it. Particularly I need to express my thanks to our Office holders, Marie Clifton-Bassett, our secretary, Andrea Williams, who edits *Una Voce* and Will Muskens our Treasurer. Each of these three contributes hours and hours of their precious time each week for the benefit of the PNGAA and its members.

It is good to be a member of the PNGAA – I think functions like this that bring us together are a delight.

Our Association continues to flourish! ■



Have you used our **PNGAA Forum yet?** Just click on the top tab in the left hand menu bar on the home page of the website: www.pngaa.net

There are a variety of articles and comments and, if you register, you have an opportunity to have a say too! It would be great to see more contributions from our members!

<p>Our Events Co-ordinator, Juli Allcorn, is looking for wonderful prizes to raffle or to include in a silent auction at the Christmas Luncheon. If you have something you could donate, it would be appreciated. Please contact Juli on Ph: 02-9416 1430 or Email: Juli Allcorn [j_allcorn@hotmail.com].</p>
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ABRIDGED AUDITED ANNUAL ACCOUNTS

For year ended 31 December 2009

1. Statement of Income and Expenditure

2008 (\$)	INCOME	2009 (\$)
373	Donations	649
15,705	Functions (gross receipts - AGM & Xmas)	13,474
1,848	Interest	2,181
27,879	Membership Subscriptions	30,776
1,492	Raffles	391
6,323	Trading activities – Book and DVD sales (net)	2,745
53,620	TOTAL INCOME	50,216
	EXPENDITURE	
7,523	Administration Expenses	9,143
155	Caring Committee	140
-	Constitutional Review Committee	8,909
846	Depreciation	865
15,253	Functions (expenditure – AGM & Xmas)	12,914
1,887	Income Tax	976
2,567	Membership Listing	1,386
130	Subscriptions	130
985	Donations and Contributions	600
14,107	Una Voce – printing & distribution	16,512
43,453	TOTAL EXPENDITURE	51,575
10,167	Surplus / (Deficit) transferred to Members Funds	(1,359)

2. Statement of Assets and Liabilities as at 31 December 2009

2008 (\$)		2009 (\$)
40,182	Current Assets	25,212
29,570	Cash at Bank	17,106
10,582	Stock on hand	8,115
	Accounts Receivable	
30,029	Investments - Term Deposits	45,029
2,539	Fixed Assets (written-down value)	1,674
72,750	TOTAL ASSETS	71,915
23,377	Current Liabilities	23,377
638	Accounts Payable	2062
350	Provision for Audit Honorarium	350
1,887	Provision for Income Tax	976
8	Provision for Oro CD Project	-
20,494	Subscriptions in Advance (Year 2009)	22,082
10,556	Long Term Liabilities -	8,987
10,556	Subscriptions in Advance (> 2009)	8,987
33,855	TOTAL LIABILITIES	34,457
38,817	NET ASSETS	37,458
	Represented by –	
22,820	General Reserve (<i>see Note over page</i>)	30,552
5,830	Historical Preservation Reserve	8,264
10,167	Net Surplus (Deficit) for Year	(1,358)
38,817	TOTAL MEMBER FUNDS	37,458

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

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

Chris DIERCKE (31 January 2010, aged 62 years)

Chris was born at Vunapope Mission, Kokopo, and raised in the Gazelle Peninsula – on Induna, Reiven, Takubar and Rapopo Plantations, run by his father, Rudi Diercke.

Chris was schooled in New South Wales, Australia, and graduated to become a teacher. Chris was soon promoted from classroom teacher to Principal where he succeeded in the role for nearly thirty five years. Chris was one of the finest, most successful educators to work for the Department of Education, retiring in 2008 after an extremely fulfilling career. As a result of many major achievements he was a recipient of Australian Council of Education award.

Chris' love, passion and knowledge for Papua New Guinea was extraordinary. Being a direct descendant of Phoebe Parkinson and with Phoebe's sister Queen Emma being his Great Aunt kept Chris busy, as he educated and informed many about the history of his family which he loved and respected dearly.

In 2007, Chris returned to PNG for the first time in nearly thirty years and since then, was visiting the country upwards of three times a year. Chris worked so hard in his retirement to help and support the PNG community in any way possible; teaching literacy and numeracy to children, educating the locals about the history of his well known and respected family, and lifting the country that he loved so dearly in any way he possibly could.

Chris played an enormous role in the development of the Lark Force Wilderness Track (LFWT) in East New Britain. His easy manner enabled him to connect with Lark Force diggers and their family members and he was fascinated with their history, regularly presenting the Lark Force story to service clubs and interested groups. He carried the role of PNG representative of the International Porters Protection Group, an NGO aiming to protect the welfare of porters worldwide. His mentoring role with the LFWT porters will be one of his many legacies.

Chris' energy greatly inspired the work of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society of which he was a committee member. He worked tirelessly to raise awareness of the role played by civilians and the 2/22nd Battalion in defending New Britain and New Ireland from the Japanese invasion of 1942.

Chris was a highly respected committee member of the PNGAA from mid 2009 and had been giving valuable assistance with the PNGAA website.

Chris always put the well being of others before himself, and those lucky enough to have known him will tell you he was a kind, sincere, honest and caring gentlemen who loved his family, his home country of PNG, and loved helping others. He leaves a wife Peta and four children Nathan, Emma, Kurt and Ryan.

Kurt Diercke

Margaret STUART-RUSSELL (30 October 2009)

Margaret and John Stuart-Russell had a long connection with Burns Philp and Samarai.

Peter Dowling

Bill WHITE (4 February 2010, aged 69 years)

Neville THOMSON (5 April 2010)

Ken BROWN (25 April 2010)

John Roger McALPINE (2 March 2010 aged 79 years)

We hope to have further details next issue.

Mabel HOLLAND (7 February 2010, aged 90 years)

Mabel grew up on several small crop and dairy farms in the 20s and 30s. Living conditions were basic and every family member had to work – as a twelve-year old Mabel had to be up at 4.30am, catch and saddle the horse and bring in the cows. Mabel left school at 16 and went to work as a cook on a cattle station. This is where she met her future husband, Frank. They married in 1938 and set off on the SS *Montoro* for New Guinea. Mabel and Frank fell in love with Rabaul. Frank found work and they moved down the south coast of New Britain to Wide Bay. Their home was built from native materials, split bamboo for the floors, plaited sac sac for walls and grass thatched roof. 44 gallon fuel drums were used for water storage and, of course, there was a deep pit toilet. In early 1939 Mabel returned to Australia to have her first child, but because of trouble with the Mokolkol tribe, she was not permitted to return for 12 months. Her 21st birthday was spent huddled under a bed with her two children as the Mokolkol conducted a raid - the two bull terriers kept the raiders at bay until Frank came home. While at Wide Bay it was Mabel's job to send daily weather reports to Rabaul on the tele-radio. In August 1941 the family moved to Pondo Plantation on the North Coast of New Britain, a large plantation with its own timber mill, workshops, electric generators and a freezer. Immediately after the declaration of war with the Japanese in December 1941, all women and children were evacuated from New Guinea. The first part of Mabel's journey with John and Anne was by boat from Pondo to Rabaul, and then by aircraft from Rabaul to Port Moresby and Cairns. This was a trying time for families in these circumstances and Mabel did not know what had happened to Frank until three months later. Mabel and the children returned to live at Toboi, on the shores of Simpson Harbour, Rabaul on Christmas Day 1946. There was still war devastation everywhere; trucks, jeeps, tanks, piles of Japanese rifles and the wharf and harbour were a mess with bombed and sunken ships. There were about 10,000 Japanese prisoners still in Rabaul and they were used to help clean up the mess. The house at Toboi had a tin roof, tar paper walls, shutters, a cement floor and electric lighting. Fruit and vegetables were available at the *bung* (market). Burns Philp sold frozen meat from the shell of a store that had been bombed during the war.

Mabel learnt to drive an old wartime Willeys Jeep whilst living at the Warangoi River. This enabled her to run into Rabaul for shopping and to socialise with her friends at the New Britain Women's Club. In 1948 her husband Frank was awarded an MBE for his wartime rescue operations in New Britain, his service in 'Z' Special Unit in Timor, and for service in Borneo. In the early 60s Frank and Mabel purchased a citrus orchard at Howard in Queensland and the couple decided to return to Australia a while later. Back in Australia they received a letter from the Vatican thanking them for all the help and assistance they had given to the Vunapope Mission. Mabel often remarked on how fortunate she was to have led such a varied and interesting life. She is survived by her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

John Holland

Ronald Thomas ROGERS (3 January 2010 aged 68 years) died after a long illness at Golden Beach Qld. After service in the Plymouth City Police from 1960-1966, he migrated to Australia and joined the Queensland Police Service briefly before joining RPNGC on 8/8/1967. He served at Moresby, Bomana, Lae, Goroka, and Rabaul and on expiration of his six year contract on 7/8/1973 at rank of Inspector (3/c) returned with his family to Queensland. Between 1975 and 1984 he served with the Royal Australian Air Force as a Sergeant in the Air

Police unit and later worked with Wormalds Security. He is survived by his second wife of 33 years, Joy, and two sons. MR Hayes

John BOWDEN (27 October 2009)

John was born at Laura, S.A. in 1932 and later attended Adelaide High School and Adelaide University. After he gained his B.Sc in 1953, he applied to work as a teacher in the Territory of PNG. He first attended ASOPA in Sydney and in May 1954 set off for Rabaul. He ended up teaching at the Keravat Education Centre. The students included Paulias Matane, Alkan Tololo, and Ronald ToVue, and many other excellent students now well known in the history of PNG. Sir Paulias Matane, the present Governor General, remembers his teacher John Bowden as *a brilliant teacher, tough but fair, who was an extremely hard worker, not only in the classroom but also in the gardens, and that he was interested in the community as a whole. He says "he put a lot of sense into me."*

John taught at Keravat for 5 years then had a year at Tusbab High School in Madang. He returned to Keravat to be Headmaster, 1960-1965. These were very important years in the history of Secondary schooling in the Territory, and Keravat was the first high school in New Guinea. In 1965 a group of twelve boys including Bernard Narokobi, Pearson Vetuna and Minson Peni, sat for the NSW Leaving Certificate, while another 30 boys including Rabbie Namaliu, William Kaputin, Sinai Brown and Kubulan Los sat for the new NSW School Certificate. Many of these Keravat graduates from 1965 went on to universities in Australia and to UPNG. Since Independence many of John's pupils have played a major role in the running of PNG.

John married Helen Lawrence, a teacher at Tavui, in 1961 and by 1965 they had a young family so, after 12 years in the Territory, they decided to return to Adelaide. Here John took up a job teaching Maths and Science at Prince Alfred College and he remained there for 25 years. He was a very kind and thoughtful husband and parent, and a teacher to the end. John is survived by his wife, Helen, and his three children Judith, Christine and Simon and their families.

Barbara Short (nee Neasmith)

Bernard Mullu NARAKOBI (9 March 2010, aged 72 years)

The late Dr Narokobi served as a Member of Parliament: Member for Wewak 1987-1997; Government minister: Minister for Justice (1988-92), Agriculture Minister (1992-94); Attorney-General; opposition leader: 1998-2002; speaker and, most recently, the PNG High Commissioner to New Zealand. Educated in both PNG and Australia, Bernard graduated in law from the University of Sydney and went on to play a significant part as an architect of PNG's National Constitution. He was involved in the Bougainville talks against secession in 1975 and later during the 1989 crisis. He developed the Melanesian Philosophy course at the University of PNG. Dr Narakobi in an extract from his book *The Melanesian Way* (1980) made "no apology for the controversies he stimulates in his aim to involve Melanesians, from the grass-roots to the elites, in the conscious shaping of their own identity, culture and nationhood." PNG Law Society President, Mr Kerenga Kua commented that Dr Narakobi "has set a very high level of moral, ethical and professional standard and all young lawyers should aspire to set such standards." See further information: page 7.

Edward Donald (Don) CLARKE Ph. C MPS (23 January 2010, aged 81 years)

Don was born in Brisbane shortly after his English parents settled there. He studied Pharmacy at the Brisbane Technical College, worked for a time at the Brisbane General Hospital, and then spent two years as Chief Pharmacist at the Base Medical Stores in Rabaul. He then accepted an offer from Steamships Trading Company to open the first post-war pharmacy in Rabaul in a corner of their new store. The business thrived and in 1962 he built Rabaul's first modern pharmacy next door to Steamships. Don employed both expatriate and Tolai salesgirls – he usually had four or five storemen and five or six salesgirls plus a book-keeper/office girl as well as another Pharmacist. This was when plantation owners provided medical care to their labourers, often numbering over 100. Don's customers were from all over New Britain, New Ireland and Bougainville. In 1969 he and pharmacist Mike Wilkinson opened a pharmacy in Kavieng and later in Aropa when Bougainville began operating. Don quickly became involved in Rabaul's commercial and social life as the town underwent a big increase in population and commerce. He had a good rapport with his customers - expats, Chinese, Ambonese, mixed race, Tolais and people from the mainland. He was appointed a member of the Rabaul Town Advisory Council and a Magistrate of the Children's Court (both Government appointments). He was President of the Chamber of Commerce several times and was a Police Reservist during the Mataungan troubles. As well, Don took an active part in practically every voluntary organisation in town. He had many interests including travel and photography, and was an avid collector especially of coins, books and artefacts. In 1982, after 30 years in the business, Don sold up and he and his wife Margaret retired to Queensland. He is survived by Margaret, three children, and nine grandchildren.

Margaret Clarke

Paula WOLFF (aged 97 years)

Paula was born on Lungatun Pltn in New Hanover, German New Guinea, on 5th April 1912 to a German father, Fisher. Paula and her sister, Annie, were educated at Vunapope Mission with the German nuns. Paula had been a nursemaid to Marjorie Ross' family prior to their 1941 evacuation but stayed in Rabaul to care for her husband Otto and their daughter Marie Louise. Paula suggested her sister Annie be evacuated with Marjorie which she did. Paula moved to Cairns in 1980 and in recent years had been living in Golden Grove Home, Southport, QLD. Paula's funeral was on 31/12/2009.

Jan Dykgraaff

Peter Leonard TATTERSON (7 January 2010 aged 66 years)

Peter grew up in the Gippsland area of Victoria. At 18 he went to PNG as a cadet patrol officer with the 1962 course. His first posting was in the Sepik Province, at Angoram, and at Imonda, a patrol post on the then PNG/Dutch New Guinea border. Foot patrols would last anything from two weeks to three months, dealing with issues such as health, law and order, and political education. Peter helped establish local government at Imonda. In late 1966 he returned home to marry his high school girlfriend Merrilyn Bond. A posting to Karkar Island was followed by one to Rabaul where he was transferred to Vunadidir Local Government Training College as a lecturer. In late 1973 he returned to Madang as an adviser to the Ambenob Local Government Council. As PNG drew closer to Independence in 1975 the Tatterson's decided to return to Australia. His

work in PNG had given him a commitment to local government and he had been studying part-time to become a town/shire clerk. Peter worked with local councils eventually becoming chief executive of the South Gippsland Shire when four councils were united into one. Peter had an irrepressible sense of humour. With a touch of the larrikin and a fine sense of the absurd he was a delightful source of one-liners. Peter is survived by Marilyn and three daughters, Shannon, Abbey and Holly.

Info from Melbourne Age 10 Feb 2010

John Henry PURCELL (17 April, 2010, aged 79)

After service in the Queensland Police Force between 16.2.1948 and 3.10.1955, he joined RPNGC on 7.10.1955 as a Sub Inspector and served at Port Moresby and as a/Inspector at Wewak in charge of the Sepik police district.. With the formation of the Corrective Institutions branch within the Department of Law, he was promoted to Superintendent within that branch on 13.8.1959. His first appointment was to Boram, Wewak, where he introduced farming, animal husbandry and similar interests in making prisons self sustaining.

During his years with Corrective Institutions he travelled widely within PNG and was an Australian Government advisor on prisons and penal reform to Japan, Taiwan, Malaysia, Singapore, Philippines, Fiji and the British Solomon Islands. In 1970 he represented the Australian Government at the 4th United Nations Congress on treatment of offenders at Kyoto, Japan. He was promoted to and retired at the rank of Commissioner, Corrective Services and returned to Australia around the time of PNG Independence in 1975. After retirement he was appointed Executive Director, of the Australian Crime Prevention Council where he remained for some 10 years before retiring.

He leaves his wife, Marcia, and children Madonna, Michael, Patricia and Francis.

M. R. Hayes and the Purcell family

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Name	Address
Mr John Banbury	1/49 Hind Avenue FORSTER NSW 2428
Mr John BARRETT	Address withheld by request
Mrs Margaret CLARKE	Unit 20 27 Harbour Road HAMILTON QLD 4007
Bishop Austen CRAPP ofm	58 Veales Rd DEERAGAN QLD 4818
Mr Sandy GILLILAND	127 Kenmore Road KENMORE QLD 4069
Mr John HOLLAND	62 Formigoni Street RICHLANDS QLD 4077
Mr David HULL	12 Strehlow Place FLYNN ACT 2615
Mrs Rosemary PETERSWALD	PO Box 539 TRINITY BEACH QLD 4879
Mr Graham WATTS	PO Box 37404 WINNELLIE NT 0821
Mr Ian WHYTE	Address withheld by request
Mr. Wayne Bienvenu	2/9 Maude Street SHEPPARTON VIC 3630
Mrs. May Gomez	6 Amor Street ASQUITH NSW 2077