



Una Voce

JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC

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

<p>The Christmas Luncheon will be held at Killara Golf Club (Sydney) Sunday 02 December 2012 Full details on page 3 Guest Speaker: Dame Carol Kidu</p> <p>Please get your replies in quickly. Invite or meet up with old friends from your past - extended families and friends of members are most welcome and we can organize tables to accommodate all ages and interests, or organise your own table of 10.</p> <p>Please RSVP by 15 Nov 2012 On separate yellow insert * * *</p>	<p>In This Issue</p> <p>CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON – 2 DEC 2012 3 PACIFIC ISLANDS EXHIBITION 5 PNG ... IN THE NEWS 5 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 5 UNA VOCE - BADIHAGWA CEMETERY 10 DEDICATION OF RABAU & MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL 11 NOTES FROM THE NT 15 HANK NELSON MEMORIAL FUND 16 CRUISE TO RABAU 17 MEMORIES of INDEPENDENCE DAY 16th SEPTEMBER, 1975 20 RABAU - HUMMING WITH LIFE 24 REVEREND DENNIS TAYLOR 26 NOTES ON A RAW DEAL 27 TED KENNA, VC, FAMILY'S FIRST VISIT TO BATTLEFIELD 31 THE 1954 'MIGHTY' MAGANIS 33 100 YEARS OF PAKAIL CEMETERY, KAVIENG & BOLUMINSKI 34 HELP WANTED 36 BOOK REVIEWS 34 DONATIONS TO PNGAA COLLECTION, FRYER LIBRARY 43 TIMES THEY BEGAN A'CHANGING 46 PRIVATE STOKIE'S WAR 50 THE DIE WAS CAST! 54 The LOSS of VH-VQQ 59 KABUA GAIRO 64 VALE 65 WELCOME to NEW MEMBERS 72</p>
<p>➡ Thursday 4 October, 2012 Visit to the Blue Mountains – see details page 2.</p> <p>***For latest news, information and discussion please visit the forum on our website at: <u>www.pngaa.net</u></p> <p>Now on FACEBOOK too! (See p30)</p>	

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

Please send all correspondence to: **The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 1386, Mona Vale NSW 1660.** Items for *Una Voce* are welcome and should be marked ‘For Attention: The Editor’ or emailed to: editor@pngaa.net By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet unless you advise us to the contrary.

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Advertising is available - please contact the Editor.

Website: www.pngaa.net

Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription - \$25. (\$30 in 2013) 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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Visit to the Blue Mountains

Edna and George Oakes are again very kindly welcoming us to their home in the Blue Mountains for a spring time visit on **Thursday 4 October**. Come for a chat and to enjoy the views from the veranda and garden to Kurrajong and beyond. For the energetic there are short walks to adjacent waterfalls and lookouts. Please bring something for the picnic lunch. Edna will supply soup, buns, tea, coffee etc. The Oakes’ will meet those who travel by train at Woodford Station with transport, but it is only 10 minutes to their house for anyone who prefers the picturesque walk. Their address is: 5 Weroona Avenue, Woodford – phone (02) 4758 8754.

The train departs from Central Country Concourse at 8.55am and arrives at Woodford at 10.28 am. Returns from Woodford at 3.05pm and arrives Central at 4.43pm. Join us! We had a wonderful day with Edna and George last year. Please contact Pam Foley Ph: 9967 2818 by Friday 28 September.

**Deadline for next issue
5 October 2012**

Email Addresses - please notify or update them to: admin@pngaa.net

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CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON – Sunday, 2 December 2012

Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara NSW

11.30am onwards

RSVP 15 November 2012

GUEST SPEAKER: Dame Carol Kidu

We are delighted to announce that **Dame Carol Kidu** will be joining us for the Christmas Lunch on **December 2** at the Killara Golf Club in Sydney. She will speak on the topic **PNG: Looking Backwards; Looking Forwards**. Dame Carol was the Opposition Leader for Papua New Guinea from February 2012 until she stepped down from Parliament ahead of the June 2012 elections.

Members, together with family and friends, are all welcome...so please organise the date now!

The cost is \$60 per person and includes a two course alternate serve meal with two bottles of wine per table. RSVP and payment is required **by 15 November 2012**. Further drinks which will be available from a **cash-only bar**. Anyone with special dietary requests? Please let us know so we can arrange something suitable.

Seating is for tables of 10. If you wish to be seated with family or friends please advise on the order form OR feel free to make up your own table of 10.

For those coming by train please take the exit on the western side of Killara station, walk along Marion Street, cross the Pacific Highway at the lights and turn left for 550m. Alternatively please let us know if you would like transport from Lindfield station which has lifts and a ramp - please phone Harry West on 9418 8793 regarding transport.

For those driving – free on-site parking is available. And to remind you, look for the red and yellow balloons at the entrance immediately after Fiddens Wharf Road on the Pacific Highway as you travel north. Entry to Killara Golf Club is *immediately* after the Noodle Blast (previously Black Stump Restaurant).

An exciting Silent Auction is planned so if any member has a suitable contribution and would like to help please contact Juli Allcorn on Tel: (h) 9416 1430 (m) 0466 521 313 or email: juliallcorn@gmail.com

A list of these will appear in the December *Una Voce*.

For any queries, please also telephone Juli (details above).

Come along, renew those old friendships, and share the familiar experiences once again at this delightful occasion.

Please complete the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow ‘Treasurer’s Corner’ insert and return as soon as possible or by 15 November 2012.

EDITOR – UNA VOCE: Join the Management Committee and be part of a great team! This is a wonderful opportunity for someone who is interested in PNG and enjoys recording a special part of its history. Whether it’s historically important, is anecdotal, contains the ‘things you would not believe!’, or is simply letting people know ‘what’s on!’ – Una Voce gathers it all. If you are interested in any way, please contact Andrea Williams M: 0409 031 889 E: andrea.williams@bigpond.com

OCEANIC ART SOCIETY

Max Uechtritz has been something of the family historian, seeking out, gathering and piecing together documents, photos, letters and books from around the world of Richard and Phebe Parkinson, his great grandparents, who exchanged and sold perhaps thousands of artefacts to major museums in America and Europe. He will pass on some of that research to OAS at our next lecture. We would be delighted to welcome PNGAA members to this meeting.

The Australian Museum, Sydney

Wednesday September 12th

6.30 refreshments 7pm start.

Please use the Williams Street entrance

OAS members \$10, non-members \$15, students with ID \$5.

Bookings essential. Email: oassydney@gmail.com - or telephone Robin Hodgson: 02 9332 3984

Phebe, sister of Queen Emma, moved onto the family plantation, Sum Sum, in New Britain to look after Max's father Alf after his mother left home. Phebe died in a Japanese POW camp in 1944. After 60 years, Alf eventually located her jungle grave on New Ireland - and in 2004 had her reburied next to her husband Richard in the family cemetery at Kuradui, New Britain.

After a career as a foreign correspondent, Max was Director of News and Current Affairs at the ABC, Network News Director at Channel 9, Editor in chief of Ninemsn and Director of Programmes (documentaries and current affairs) at Al Jazeera English. Currently Max is an independent television producer making mostly historical programs for Channel 7. These include the 'Lost Diggers' series last year on a cache of 4000 WW1 glass plate negatives, which had been missing for nearly a century that they found in a French barn. By the time this comes around they will have aired a documentary on the 70th anniversary of the midget submarine attack on Sydney.

FRANK HURLEY: JOURNEYS INTO PAPUA

Location: Female Orphan School, Parramatta Campus, University of Western Sydney, Cnr James Ruse Drive and Victoria Road, Rydalmere (Sydney)

This photographic exhibition, developed and toured by the Australian Museum, includes 90 evocative images of one of the greatest Australian photographers of the 20th century. It features a fascinating selection of Frank Hurley's images of his expeditions to Papua between 1921 and 1923 - an important historical record.

The exhibition was opened by His Excellency Charles Lepani, High Commissioner for Papua New Guinea, on 10 August 2012. It remains open until 26 October 2012, 10am-4pm Monday to Friday.

Entry is \$5 Enquiries to Ph: 02-9685 9187

UNA VOCE NOW AVAILABLE ONLINE TO MEMBERS

See June 2012 Una Voce Page 3 for Password

PACIFIC ISLANDS EXHIBITION: POSTCARDS FROM THE RIM GOULBURN REGIONAL ART GALLERY

Date: Saturday 29 September 2012

Visit the Goulburn Regional Art Gallery and see this wonderful exhibition.

The photographs will have a strong focus on contemporary life in Papua New Guinea as well as some of Australia's other neighbouring countries in the South Pacific - Bougainville; Rarotonga (the Cook Islands), Timor Leste (and represent a number of Pacific Islander ethnicities: Torres Strait Islander, Samoan, Maori). In addition the Gallery will be showing a unique private collection of PNG masks, guaranteed to intrigue visitors.

RSVP to Jane Cush Locked Bag 22, Goulburn NSW 2580 or E: artgallery@goulburn.nsw.gov.au

PNG ... IN THE NEWS

► **Peter O'Neill has been re-elected as Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea, turning a turbulent page in the nation's politics.**

O'Neill won the vote on the floor of parliament 94 to 12 after elections handed him the overwhelming support of MPs. O'Neill was later sworn in by Governor-General Michael Ogio.

► **KIAPS** – The *Police Overseas Service Medal* will now be awarded to 'Kiaps' – the former Australian members of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary between 1949 and 1973... Administration of eligibility for 'Kiaps' will be undertaken by the Australian Federal Police.

A joint press release can be found here:

<http://www.ministerhomeaffairs.gov.au/MediaReleases/Pages/2012/Third%20Quarter/5July2012-'Kiaps'tobeawardedPoliceOverseasMedal.aspx>

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Warren Martin: My father was three years in the army in PNG and jumped at the chance to go back there as a Seventh-Day Adventist missionary.

Rod Pearce's article, in the June edition, about his explorations in the Rabaul tunnels brought back some memories. We left Sydney in May, 1949, on the Bulolo. When we got to Lae, my father took us to the Botanic Gardens and showed us the place where the Japanese hospital entrance had been bulldozed up, when the occupants had refused to surrender. I don't think anyone has ever gone in there since. When we disembarked at Rabaul, My father took us to a large tunnel that had a large cache of torpedoes, railway trolleys and, I think, two sets of railway lines, running down to the harbour. I was told that this tunnel was 600 feet deep. I have been back to PNG three times in the last eight years and have never been able to relocate this tunnel or find anyone who knows anything about it. I'm sure there are many PNGAA readers who have more and correct information about these tunnels, and I'd love to hear other people's stories about them...Ph.02 94895907/0428 727 384

E: warrenjmartin@hotmail.com Post to: 15 Strone Ave. Wahroonga. NSW 2076

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Barry Craig, South Australian Museum: CTJ 'Bill' Adamson

When I saw the photo of Bill Adamson with the diminutive highlands couple either side of him (*Una Voce* 2012, 2: 49), I realised I'd seen the image before. I thought, 'That's FE Williams!' Then I realised that Williams wasn't quite as craggy-faced as the bloke, said to be Bill Adamson, in that photo. To check it out, I went to that excellent book on the photographs of F.E. Williams, by Michael Young and Julia Clark: *An Anthropologist in Papua* (2001). There was the photograph I remembered on page 3 — Williams and a Mundia couple, and the same background,

'... taken by Patrol Officer C.J. ('Bill') Adamson in late March of 1939, during an exploratory patrol of the upper Augu Valley in the Southern Highlands of Papua, an area inhabited by the Wola-speaking people. Craggy-faced and every inch the Australian bushman, Williams dwarfs the anonymous couple of Mundia. His expression says he is enjoying the visual joke for by Caucasian standards he is not a tall man.'



So here we have two photographs of two men, each taken by the other, one craggier and taller than the other, playing out the same visual joke. Whereas Young and Clarke describe the Mundia couple as appearing 'nervous' beside Williams, one could not say that of them beside Adamson — the woman seems pleasantly amazed at Adamson's size. Perhaps Williams's 'benignly paternalistic' embrace was a bit much for them whereas Adamson has kept his hands to himself.

I wasn't the first to be confused by these two images. A few years ago, a PhD student at ANU used the photograph of Adamson with the caption: 'FE Williams and a Mundia couple (n.d., Photograph by CJ Adamson, by permission M Bird 2005).' Which is a bit of a puzzle as the thesis writer several times refers to the book by Young & Clark, and Michael Bird would have passed on the information that the image is of Adamson.

Chris Warrillow: OUTSIDE: CTJ 'BILL' ADAMSON

I refer to the article written by Michael Bird which appeared in the June, 2012 issue. Adamson did indeed contribute greatly to the opening up of the Papuan interior, both as a private miner and as a government officer in the pre-WWII Papuan service. Both he and Ivan Champion, being mariners and given some infrequent cloudless nights in the highlands, generally knew 'where they were'. They were thus each able to leave fairly accurate records of where they had been. Both also had impressive records of 'peaceful penetration' — one of Governor Murray's main policies.

On the other hand often criticized Jack Hides, perhaps better known because of his four popular books, unfortunately had no background of navigational skills. But then neither did Hides have the luxury of an aerial survey before his epic

Strickland-Purari patrol. Nor did he, being the first to contact these highlands people, carry the 'right' trade goods with which to barter.

Champion authored one book ('Across New Guinea from the Fly to the Sepik') but Adamson had nothing published. He was however, as mentioned by Bird, 'an astute observer' and he did keep fairly comprehensive diaries when circumstances permitted.

What Bird does not elaborate on is the extent to which he (Bird) researched those diaries and other material. Nor does he mention that he followed up with some extensive field work himself and conducted numerous interviews. The result of these labours was an excellent nearly 500 page biography of Adamson, published in 2003. It contains many interesting photographs. The book is a must for anyone interested in learning more about the great, but perhaps forgotten and enigmatic, 'outside man' Bill Adamson. Bird's narrative also enables the reader to gain greater insights into pre- and early post-WWII Papua. Further, Bird also touches on the sometimes sensitive subject of the collision of cultures and the interaction between Melanesians ('natives') and Europeans ('mastas').

Details of the book are: Title: 'OUTSIDE The Life of CTJ Adamson'. ISBN 1 86333 216 2 By Michael Bird. (Forward by James Sinclair).

Published by – Crawford House Publishing, Adelaide, S.A. 2003.

Available from:

<http://www.crawfordhouse.com.au/catalogue.php?isbn=1863332162>

Jim Eames: It's great to see Bob Piper still providing us with his always interesting research into such losses as A65-56 which went missing in the Milne Bay area in September 1945. If I could add a little postscript here which might also be of interest.

As Bob pointed out, the captain of the missing C47 was Flight Lieutenant Eric Beer, whose name I came across while researching my book *The Searchers- and their endless quest for lost aircrew in the Southwest Pacific*.

As Bob recounted, Beer had earlier seen action with 30 Squadron Beaufighters who won fame for their part in the Battle of the Bismarck Sea.

My interest in Beer was that he was flying one of the Beaufighters which had attacked Japanese barges off the island of Ceram in September 1944. As they turned for base at Noemfoor, Beer and his observer Jack Fielding watched as the other aircraft, flown by Flight Lieutenant A. J. Moody with Sgt A.G. Aitcheson as observer and obviously damaged by ground fire, lost altitude and crash landed on the northern reaches of the Bomberai Peninsula, in then Dutch New Guinea. Despite circling for some time they could see no survivors and the search for Moody and Aitcheson after the war by the RAAF's Sqn Ldr Keith Rundle became a chapter in my book. He subsequently proved they had been executed by the Japanese.

Fate can be strange and as it turned out, Beer was only at the controls of that C47 because he had decided it would help towards a job as an airline pilot post war. For the same reason there might be interest in a postscript titled *Moody and Aitcheson revisited*, which I wrote about those, like Beer, who had formed part of that chapter:

"Often the most interesting story is the one that unfolds behind the scenes as research reveals aspects of the fascinating backdrop to an event. During

research for Chapter 2 concerning the search for Moody and Aitcheson I eventually located Jack Fielding, who, as an observer on Eric Beer's *Beaufighter*, had watched from above as Moody's aircraft, its engines dead, tore through the tree stumps on the edge of that forest on the morning of 20 September 1944. When the dust cleared they could see no sign of life from where they circled above the crash site, and finally, low on fuel, they headed back to base, relieved to know that Geoff Rose in another *Beaufighter*, was coming to take their place over the crippled aircraft. Rose, too, saw no sign of Moody and Aitcheson.

When Jack Fielding (in the 1990s) first began to describe those events of so many years ago he seemed strangely distant, as if the whole thing was something of a surprise to him. When I began to recount how, in 1947, Rundle had proved that the two airmen were later executed at a village many miles away from where they had crashed, there was a momentary silence on the phone before Fielding responded:

"You mean they got out of it?!"

This response brought home the fact that Fielding, and indeed most of those in the squadron would never have known of the subsequent events surrounding Moody and Aitcheson's fate---- the fighter bomber raid on Idore early in 1945 and the desperate attempts by the Dutch guerrilla forces to rescue the two Australians. They thought they were already dead. It was a big war and more often than not originally interconnected parts are dispersed, never to come together again.

As for Eric Beer. According to No 30 Squadron colleagues he eventually won a posting to a transport unit, gathering valuable flying hours on Dakotas with No 33 Squadron, flying hours which he hoped would lead to an airline job after the war. Tragically his Dakota crashed soon after take from Milne Bay in September 1945, killing three crew and sixteen passengers. By then the Japanese had surrendered and the war was over."



Bruce Hoy: The June 2012 UNA VOCA brought with it quite a surprise for me – the excellent article written by Max Hayes on the *Loch Katrine* whose remains rest near Kokopo. The surprise was that I had incorrectly identified this vessel when I first saw it in 1970.

Attached is a copy of the slide I took of the *Loch Katrine* on 5 December 1970 with the

foreground very similar to the 1930's photograph on page 46. I can only assume the vessel was lying at Kokopo. Perhaps the background may be identifiable if you are able to publish the picture in a later issue of UNA VOCA. I am very pleased that I have been able to correct the caption for my slide, thanks to Max!

George Oakes: Reply to 'A Raw Deal' by Mrs Dorrie Healey. I was surprised to read in Mrs. Healey's letter the following – 'Many articles written lately by Kiaps are far from the truth (they have probably heard a medal is to be given to them).....What really annoyed me in the March *Una Voce* some kiap or Patrol Officer wrote a lengthy tirade about opening Nuku – Lumi airstrip in 1952. NOT TRUE. Father Ferdinand Parer opened the Franciscan Mission and built the airstrip in 1948-49, by handing out razor blades to those locals who worked'.

I am sure Mrs. Healey is referring to the article I wrote, 'Building of Nuku Airstrip' which was included in the June, 2010, *Una Voce* (not in the March *Una Voce*). In the third sentence in this article I state, 'We agreed an airstrip could be built on the site of a small previous Catholic Mission airstrip which was not then used.' The Mission airstrip was about 500m. long and not very wide and followed the land surface and was only a clearing – no ground was moved. This airstrip had a cross slope of probably 5 to 10 degrees which made it difficult to land on. Sometime before I rebuilt the airstrip in 1957 (not 1952), the Catholic Mission abandoned it and moved to Seim about 5kms to the east where they established a much better airstrip. I note Mrs Healey moved from Lumi about 1951 so she would be unaware of these facts. Mrs Healey also appears to dislike kiaps. As an ex-kiap myself I always worked in closely with Medical Assistants who I believe did a tremendous job in PNG. As an ex-kiap I am certainly not looking for medals or anything like that – my memories have always given me a lot of pleasure and I do not need anything else.

Ron Hayman: One of the notable people of PNG since about 1928 is AA (Bill) Bloxham who spent a lot of his life in PNG as a patrol officer, New Guinea Rifles (Major), Gen Douglas McArthur's advisory staff, War Crimes Commission, (Gen Kariapa), Magistrate. There must be some records of Bill – and it would be worth collecting any information. Also, not much is known about Herbert Kienzle and his work with 'the Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels'. These two men should be given a real 'wrap up' as most people don't know of them. I knew John and Wally Kienzle when they were in boarding school at Trinity Grammar, Summer Hill. Bill was Master in Charge of the Junior School – someone should write a book on their life's effort in PNG. If I can be any help, please let me know before 'I am too late'. We had a whole host of boys from PNG there – good kids, all! Ph: 02-6452 4451

Mike Twohy: I very seldom put pen to paper however I am now coming out in defence of Rod Noble (Norseman *Una Voce* March 2012 p25 and June 2012 p8). His article about aviation was very enjoyable to read and I found quite accurate for many people who flew and 'lived' as innocent passengers in aircraft in PNG.

My comments follow those of Mr Phil Latz in the June 2012 *Una Voce*. All aircraft if trimmed correctly will fly themselves in a straight line. A passenger when handed the control column as 'Peter Manser' did with the Norseman aircraft would have appeared to be flying on auto pilot. When I was a child all movement in aircraft was discussed by the general flying public as air pockets (pockets of no air) today referred to as 'wind shear'. I am a pilot approaching 20,000 hours of command time and the story of Rod's made my day! In PNG 'spirit' never let the facts get in the way of a good story is my idea! I could write thousands of stories of my experience in growing up in PNG and most of it gets better each time the story is told and that is how all my friends in PNG (indigenous) like it told (perhaps pale faces too.) I will add I have owned my own DC3. Had a full command on it and operated it for six years. Also I lived in Mt Hagen and Mendi '69-'76 and flew in

command for 5000 hours out of both bases. Some of your readers may have been a passenger with me!

DC4-6's can have Rolls Royce engines and as a passenger I would prefer Rolls Royce engines to Pratt & Whitney and Wright Cyclones - as Rolls Royce, as their cars advertise, never break down. I would feel at ease and emotionally secure if I was under the impression it had four Rolls Royces going for it.

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UNA VOCE - BADIHAGWA CEMETERY

By John Norton

In the Una Voce edition No.3 of 2011, I gave a detailed summary of the restoration project of this historical cemetery that had lapsed into overgrowth since Independence. I have kept the contributors to the fund that I had sought, up to date with the progress Rotary has made during the last year and felt it is timely to inform members of our PNGAA journal, of the current position.

Since the transfer of responsibilities to Rotary, Port Moresby, I no longer have any involvement in the operation, but I do keep a watching brief. I understand that the name Rotary has selected for the cemetery is to be The Badihagwa Pioneer Cemetery. Numerous business firms have made substantial contributions for equipment - 'Field Clearer' donated by Paul Maclaren - to upgrade the maintenance efficiency and supplies that have led to the erecting of the fence which is almost completed. Ernie Lohberger, the Rotary Chairman has been a driving force in providing his time and his labourers to erect the fencing. Village people became engaged to collect pieces of broken head stones and as much as possible have been placing them back with the relevant headstone. I am informed that it is unlikely that the project, as envisaged by Rotary, will be completed before the end of the year and at this stage I am not aware of the full details of their plan. Janetta Douglas of Rotary, is tirelessly supervising the task and has also been carrying any monthly cost of maintenance. Janetta has asked that should readers of this journal have any background to persons buried in this cemetery, she will welcome receiving it in order to build a document of the interesting backgrounds of so many who rest in the cemetery. I have received such information from a number Fund Contributors and will pass it onto Janetta. You may forward it through me or to Janetta Douglas.

I will keep readers informed upon completion.

John Norton email: outramjn@bigpond.com

Janetta Douglas: dougprop@altron.com.pg ■

DEDICATION OF RABAU & MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL
1 July 2012
AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL CANBERRA



Her Excellency Ms Quentin Bryce
AC CVO Governor-General of the
Commonwealth of Australia



His Excellency Charles Lepani , High
Commissioner of Papua New Guinea lays a wreath
together with Andrea Williams, President of the
Papua New Guinea Association of Australia



DEDICATION OF RABAU AND MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL

By Andrea Williams

The dedication of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial on 1 July 2012 was a most memorable event and a great success with over 1200 people attending. The design by sculptor, James Parrett rests peacefully in the Eastern Precinct of the Australian War Memorial in Canberra, on elevated ground.

Despite threatening clouds, the sun came out just as the flypast of the three WWII aircraft – the Hudson Bomber, the Wirraway and the black Catalina – droned overhead; and the Memorial was blessed with a rainbow after the event.

The Salvation Army's world famous Melbourne Staff Band set the mood with magnificent renditions of Arthur Gullidge's music. The inaugural performance by the band of the Ramale Anthem, accompanied by Rebecca Raymond's beautiful voice, had the audience spellbound. Initially written and composed by Prisoners of War interned in the Ramale Prisoner of War Camp, New Britain, in preparation for their liberation, the handwritten score was handed to Major Charles Bates in September 1945 and is now held by his daughter, Pat Johnson. Bandmaster Ken Waterworth arranged the music specially for the band to play at the dedication.

Rear Admiral Ken Doolan, Chairman of the Council of the Australian War Memorial and National President of the Returned and Services League of Australia welcomed those present. An introduction by Mr Phillip Ainsworth, President of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society was followed by a Commemorative Address by Her Excellency Ms Quentin Bryce, Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia. Reflections by Mr Norm Furness, who escaped New Britain on the *Lakatoi* and who is President of the 2/22nd/Lark Force Association, and Mrs Margaret Henderson on behalf of the families who lost their men, were solemn reminders of the 70 years it had taken to achieve this important national recognition. His Excellency Charles Lepani, High Commissioner of PNG, laid a wreath. I was honoured to lay a wreath on behalf of the PNGAA. John Holland of the PNGVR Ex-members Association read The Ode and The Hon Peter Garrett, Patron of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society, thanked and farewelled everyone.

The 70th Anniversary Commemorative luncheon on Saturday 30 June at Rydges Lakeside Hotel in Canberra saw 630 in attendance.



The Chief of Army, Lt Gen David Morrison, gave a heartfelt speech to those who had gathered.

70th Anniversary Commemorative Luncheon 30 June 2012

Rear Admiral Ken Doolan AO RAN (Ret'd) Chairman of the Council of the AWM and National President of the RSL Australia, Chief of Army, Lt Gen David Morrison AO, the Hon Peter Garrett AM MP, Mr Phil Ainsworth President of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society.

He said:

‘...The sinking of the requisitioned transport vessel the Montevideo Maru by an American submarine the USS Sturgeon forty miles West of Luzon on the 1st of July 1942 was the culmination of a chain of disastrous strategic and tactical decisions.

‘It was folly to send token forces to Rabaul to wave the flag and far too many brave young Australians paid the ultimate price for it. The dead of the Montevideo Maru silently rebuke Australia and remind us some 70 years later of the consequences of neglect of the nation’s Defence - that paramount obligation of the state to its people.

‘We can pay them no greater homage than in ensuring that young Australian soldiers are never again sent overseas-especially into our near region - with inadequate training and equipment and no plausible strategic concept justifying their service.’

Besides the many siblings and children of the men involved in attendance, several with WWII connections were in the gathering: **Lorna Johnston** who had been a Prisoner of War in Japan, **Norm Furness** – President of the 2/22nd/Lark Force Battalion who had escaped Rabaul on the Lakatoi, **Len Wolfe** of Fortress Signallers who escaped Rabaul with the RAAF, **Lionel Veale** of the 1 Independent Coy, **Mr Hugh Ward** of Fortress Engineers who missed the ship taking the men to Rabaul due to illness –unfortunately **Lawrence Sawford**, ex Lark Force, of Tasmania had to cancel about a week before the event and **Matt Foley** was not able to make it from Queensland on the day. Other special guests included Dr Rowley Richards, ex 8 Div Malaya and Singapore, and Life President of the 2/15th Field Regiment Association, who spent time in Prisoner of War camps in Changi, Burma and Japan and ‘Ossie’ Osborne who was with the 2/6th Independent Commando Co. Peter Coote, Henry Martell and Alan Hind, also WWII veterans, attended too.

The speeches from these events can be read at: <http://www.memorial.org.au/>



Members of the joint Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society and AWM Memorial Advisory Board – Phil Ainsworth, Andrea Williams and Don Hook

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These are positions of the Australian Volunteers for International Development program, an AusAID initiative.

NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY

From Jim Toner

In the last issue I commented on *wantoks* who leave Darwin. Pat SOMERS does that but not permanently. When the Wet Season commences he goes South but then returns to enjoy The Dry. The ex-kiap served in Madang, Western Highlands, Milne Bay and Bougainville districts and was able to contribute a Vale notice to *Una Voce* for the late Dave PERMEZEL. Both men with their PNG fieldwork experience readily found employment in NT Local Government concerned with Aboriginal communities (following in the footsteps of such as Jack BATTERSBY, Brian EDE, Bob WELSH, etc.)

Three years ago Dave sent me his self-written obituary with a request that I, as the PNGAA contact man in the NT, have it published 'when the time came'. This was on the grounds that he wanted the details authentic. Sadly, no longer a record-keeping genius, I searched in vain for it this April when it was indeed needed so was mightily relieved when Pat was able to do the job from knowledge of his colleague's history. Thirty-two years in PNG serving in nine districts, a pretty good innings, Dave.

Katrina Kadiba whose jewellery store in Darwin was mentioned previously is the daughter-in-law of Dr. John KADIBA whose autobiography "Night Dreams of Passing Memories" was published last year. Born at Sogeri he was one of the first ten students to graduate from UPNG in 1970, a batch which included such as Vincent ERI, Rabbie NAMALIU, etc. John moved to Darwin in 1986 to teach at a United Church college and was awarded a PhD from the NT University in 1999. He is of course a leading member of Darwin's PNG-Australia Social & Cultural Group.

Some readers will recall Angus HENRY, art teacher at Sogeri High School who walked the Kokoda Track in 1964 in a then record time of 3.75 days. John Kadiba, still a schoolboy, accompanied him to share that record.

Darwin's satellite city, Palmerston, has acquired a GP Super Clinic and a hospital is to be built alongside. Streets around this 'health precinct' have been named after significant persons in the history of public health work in the NT. One such is Kettle Street. Few residents today will know that Ellen KETTLE nursed in Aboriginal communities from 1952-1968 and was made MBE for her efforts. She will be better remembered by former PNG residents for being seconded in 1969 to Port Moresby as Principal Matron in PHD where, working under Drs. SCRAGG and SYME, she helped up-grade the administration of nurses and their training methods until departing in 1974. Subsequently she busied herself writing under the title "That They Might Live" the comprehensive (368 pages) history of Nursing in PNG from the 19th century to Independence.

In the last issue Bill BROWN was able to point out that my memory respecting the bomber plane piloted by Bill KELLY in the days before they both became kiaps was faulty. Since I have now joined those unfortunates who having made their way to the *bokis ais* stand in front of it trying to remember what they had

gone to fetch... I am unsurprised. However I am indebted to him for the account of the two veteran Lancaster airmen, Syd JOHNSON and Des SULLIVAN who became important figures in the post-war TPNG Administration. Apart from a Vale notice for the latter I cannot recall their stories being mentioned in past issues of our Journal. 'Awesome' is an adjective devalued by excessive usage amongst today's teenagers but truly applies to the two survivors of a combined 101 dangerous missions over enemy territory. ■

HANK NELSON MEMORIAL ENDOWMENT

<http://asiapacific.anu.edu.au/blogs/pacificinstitute/2012/06/29/hank-nelson-memorial-endowment>



The Pacific Institute at the Australian National University is delighted to announce the creation of the **Hank Nelson Memorial Endowment**. This Endowment celebrates the pioneering and enduring contribution of Hank Nelson to the study of the history, politics and society of Papua New Guinea.

Hank arrived in PNG in 1966 to teach at the Administrative College, moving in 1968 to become a lecturer in history at the newly established University of Papua New Guinea. In 1973, he took up a research position in Pacific History at the Australian National University, where he remained for the rest of his life. Throughout his career, Hank worked through his teaching, writing, and commentary to promote a better understanding and knowledge of PNG and its peoples. While his interests were varied, his work on PNG remained the hallmark of his academic career. In 2008, he was awarded a Member of the Order of Australia (AM) in recognition of more than four decades service as a teacher, mentor and scholar.

The Hank Nelson Memorial Endowment, established within the ANU, will promote Hank's lifelong passion for Papua New Guinea. Initially, **it aims to support an annual award for the best Higher Degree Research (HDR) thesis submitted by any student, internationally, on any aspect of PNG's history, politics and society.** The Endowment will be managed by a group of Pacific scholars.

Your support for the Hank Nelson Memorial Endowment will help promote better understanding and knowledge of Papua New Guinea – its past and its future.

You may make a tax-deductable donation to the Endowment at this secure site:

<http://philanthropy.anu.edu.au/philanthropy/donate-online/search/?cause=hank-nelson-memorial-endowment>.

A tribute to Hank by Ian Howie-Willis can be downloaded free (for a limited time) from the current issue of The Journal of Pacific History. Other online tributes to Hank have been collated on the Pacific Institute's Outrigger blog.

For further information, or to make a gift over the phone, please contact Dr Michael Cookson, Executive Officer, ANU Pacific Institute on + 61 2 6125 0188 or email michael.cookson@anu.edu.au. ■

CRUISE TO RABAU By Bob Cleland

Despite a cancelled Air Niugini flight, we got to Alotau to join the *Akademik Shokalskiy* with only minutes to spare before she sailed on Saturday 14 April 2012. A converted Russian scientific research ship she was comfortable in a basic sort of way. The crew looked after us well, fed us well and provided all we needed for shore visits by Zodiac, exploring in kayaks or snorkeling on the abundant reefs.

Rabaul on Anzac Day was our destination. Getting there from Alotau would take 11 days, via islands of the south east, the south coast of New Britain and briefly on the southern tip of New Ireland. All areas I'd not been to during my 23 years as a kiap in the 1950s, 60s and 70s. Several places we were to visit had WW II history. It was a commemorative voyage for the 70th anniversary of Australia's and PNG's involvement in the Pacific war with Japan.

We were particularly well served by a cruise director, operators qualified in kayaking and snorkeling, specialists in bird life and sea life, and two hard-to-beat PNG specialists in PNG-born Soc Kienzle, son of Bert Kienzle of Kokoda Trail fame and his wife Robin.

Like most Australians with earlier PNG connections, I was tired of the Australian media's mostly negative reporting of the country. I knew there would be good things going on, so I set out on this cruise to find them. I didn't need to search – 'good things' were all around me.

Dobu Island in the D'Entrecasteaux group was a case in point. As 26 of us, plus tour leaders, experts and advisers, came ashore in the Zodiacs, we were warmly and colourfully welcomed by dancing, comely damsels with most of the villagers backing up. The village was clean and well kept, the school freshly painted and the villagers smiling and alert. When Government services deteriorated, they had realised that they would have to fend for themselves. They had set up an incorporated body to manage and find funds for the school. A similar body kept the village economy buoyant. While critical of and disappointed with the National Government, they were happy with their self-helping lot.

It was good to see, with all the education and modernisation, that a major tradition with a history of hundreds of years was being maintained. The Kula Ring is a ceremonial system of exchange of valuable ornaments involving many villages in the D'Entrecasteaux, Louisiade, Woodlark and Trobriand island groups. The latest event had been completed just before we visited. Many of the necklaces and armshells, some of great age and value, were on display at several villages we visited.

Kitava village, in the Trobriands, was similar. A warm welcome, a well cared for village, and a display of carvings and artefacts for sale. The carvings, from ebony wood, were of excellent quality. Wild-grown ebony is becoming quite scarce so some families have planted mini ebony plantations to ensure future supply.

Sailing north from the Trobriands, our first landfall on New Britain was in Lindenhaven, near Gasmata. The ethnic difference between the south-eastern islands populations and the south coast New Britain people was immediately obvious. The Gasmata people accepted us in a neutral sort of way and I found it

less easy to strike up a conversation in *tok pisin* with the older men. We were not imposing ourselves on the villagers. Our tour leader always preceded our landings and came to an agreement with village head men with a cash payment and a box of school books. I think it is just that these people are not as demonstrative.

The snorkelers enjoyed themselves here – good reefs and several wartime wrecks. And around Gasmata airstrip were several aeroplane wrecks and other rusting remains. The kayakers enjoyed exploring up the abundant small creeks flowing in to the sea. Here too, eight Australians fleeing from Rabaul in 1942 were captured and executed by the Japanese.

A highlight for most of us was a refreshing swim in cold, fresh water gushing from a spring in Jacquinot Bay. The volume made it dangerous to approach the source but the pool receiving the water was very welcome in the heat and humidity of the day.

Calling at Karlai Plantation was interesting. A singsing group welcomed us ashore and escorted us to an open area surrounded by the dilapidated buildings of the old plantation. It had been owned and operated by the Catholic Mission for many decades. When the Mission departed, they left the plantation in some sort of trust for four village groupings in the surrounding area. These people were spasmodically and half-heartedly working the plantation, but it seemed to me that it would take many millions of kina to return it to its former high-yielding position.

[Two weeks after I returned home, it was announced in PNG that the local Parliamentary Member was accused of ‘diverting’ 3.5 million Kina earmarked for Karlai. The matter is still pending. In the meantime the member has been re-elected.]

From anchor in Wide Bay, we were out of bed and into the Zodiacs before dawn to be at Tol for a dawn remembrance service. This is the site of the infamous ‘Tol Massacre’. One hundred and sixty members of the Australian 2/22nd Battalion were murdered by the Japanese while prisoners of war. There’s a small cairn there now with a plaque erected in 1987 by members of the Australian army while on exercises in the area.

A priest and a young choir joined us from the local church and held a simple, very moving ceremony in remembrance of those 160 soldiers.

A town is being built there now. The old Tol Plantation is no more. The old coconut economy of the area has been replaced by logging. We saw huge piles of logs stacked awaiting shipment to ports in southern Asia where conversion of those logs into lumbar will enhance a foreign economy. I wonder if the local village people have seen any benefit.

That small cairn and its plaque will probably disappear. Those murdered men deserve better.

At Lamassa village, close to the southern tip of New Ireland, we were met by a decorated canoe crewed by costumed men who escorted us to the landing beach. When clambering our inelegant way out of the Zodiacs, we were attacked by fearsome warriors thrusting spears and crocodile jaws at us. This surprised me. It was so like the ‘welcome’ one receives in many highland areas. The

warriors' fake aggression soon turned to smiles of welcome amid peals of laughter from scores of children.

Once ashore I saw a tall, beefy, costumed and mud-painted man standing alone in the small clearing behind the beach. He had the bearing of a chief. Hanging around his neck, strap-like, was a length of short bamboo sticks fixed horizontally. Just like a Mount Hagen *Moka*. This man was indeed from Mount Hagen and he was very much the village chief. He had married into the village several decades ago and was now fully accepted. I chatted with him for some time.

We sailed up St George's Chanel to Mioki village, off the northern tip of the Duke of York islands, with the Gazelle Peninsular and the Rabaul volcanoes in clear sight. The snorkelers found Japanese tanks under water encrusted by spectacular coral with colourful fish darting through. Ashore we were welcomed warmly and heard stories handed down of how the people in 1942 sheltered in caves when bombed by the Japanese. One enterprising family offered a home stay for tourists in very acceptable accommodation. Others found an income from copra, cacao or fishing. Here, as in some other villages we'd visited, the preferred form of transport is the Banana Boat, a shapely, fibreglass, open hull driven by a modern outboard motor.

And so, on 24 April, we arrived in Rabaul, a bunch of happy, suntanned people, probably fitter from shore walks and clambering into and out of the Zodiacs. I found lots to interest me wherever we went. With the advantage of having still-passable but 35-years-outdated *tok pisin*, I would engage the older people in conversation and on some occasions reveal myself as an ex-kiap. Almost universally, I found nostalgia for the 'good time before' or the 'time belong kiap', mild to deep resentment of the present government with special criticism of the general corruption, an eagerness for the upcoming elections and the hope that a new government could set PNG on a better, fairer path for the future. ▀

On a visit to Madang c 1985 I photographed these Boston Bombers that had just been recovered by, if I recall correctly, members of Australian Defence Forces.



They were being stored (possibly prior to shipping out) in a local hanger.

If anyone knows any further information please contact the Editor.

Derek Flannery

MEMORIES of INDEPENDENCE DAY 16th SEPTEMBER , 1975
WEWAK, PAPUA NEW GUINEA
By Charles Betteridge

The following is taken from my own personal notes I wrote up just four days after PNG's Independence celebrations in 1975 at Wewak.

It is Saturday afternoon 20th September 1975, and as I sit on the front porch of our home on Wewak Point looking out over the sea to Muschu and Kairiru Islands, I ponder over the events that have changed this nation's course in history.

Four days have passed since Papua New Guinea became an independent nation and I know I must put pen to paper to describe this most historical event as seen through my own eyes.

I have been a resident of Papua New Guinea since April 1960 and throughout these years I have witnessed the very beginnings of its achievements to become an independent nation in its own right.

I was in Port Moresby in 1961 when the very first Legislative Council was formed in which for the first time Papua New Guineans became members of this Council. The total membership of this Council was just 37.

In 1962 the United Nations recommended that the Legislative Council increase membership to at least 100 to represent all 19 Provinces.

In 1964 the first general elections were held. A true national parliament was formed with 64 members including 10 official members.

In 1965 the Legislative Council became the Papua New Guinea House of Assembly and its very first meeting under the new name took place in Port Moresby in September of that year. I was there too to witness this great event.

By 1973 several political parties had been formed by Papua New Guineans themselves and the three strongest parties among the 101 members were the Pangu Party, Peoples Progress Party and the National Party. Michael Somare, head of the Pangu Party was elected government leader and on Independence he became PNG's first Prime Minister.

On December 1st 1973, Self-Government was proclaimed throughout Papua New Guinea. I was in Kieta on Bougainville Island when this event took place.

In July 1974 I was transferred over to Wewak on the north coast of Papua New Guinea together with my wife, and fourteen months later we were to witness an historic event that was to change Papua New Guinea forever - Independence.

It is now 4.30pm on Monday afternoon 15th September 1975, and a crowd of approximately 2,000 people from many different indigenous races and nationalities have gathered on the foreshore opposite the main post office in Wewak to witness the lowering of the Australian flag to mark the official end of Australia's administration of Papua New Guinea.

The weather was perfect. A gentle breeze wafted in from the ocean to stir the tall pine trees that line the shore. The sun was gradually lowering in the west over the mountain ranges and the tall high frequency transmitting towers which form part of the post office structure stood out stark against the clear, steel blue sky.

From this tower streamers and flags were attached from the upper most section down to the roof of the post office. In addition to the flags and bunting, myriads of gaily decorated fronds of palm leaves fluttered in the cool sea breeze.

The people themselves added to the vibrant colours. The many and varied PNG groups mingled with each other dressed in their cultural costumes of grass skirts, arm bands of bone, highly decorated head gear consisting of numerous bird of paradise plumes and sea shells or, the ordinary office worker, truck driver or mechanic, dressed in western style clothes of shirt, shorts and long socks and shoes, or bare-footed in most cases, then to the school children in their simple yet eye-catching uniforms, and down to the much younger children who looked on in awe and amazement wondering what this was all about.

To add to this historical event an armed contingent of approximately one hundred personnel representing the army, police, and corrective institutions were smartly turned out and standing to attention in front of the main dais. The pipes and drums of the 2nd Pacific Islands Regiment supplied the music for this special ceremony.

After an address by the East Sepik District Commissioner (Mr Anthony Bais), the two soldiers and two policemen who stood guard around the flag pole where the Australian flag was already at full mast, came to the "On Guard" position, and, as the pipes and drums of the 2 PIR played a solemn tune the Australian flag was slowly lowered. The atmosphere all around was very quiet and all that could be heard was the chattering of birds in the branches of the trees nearby and the occasional cry of a young native baby in its mothers arms as she too looked on in awe at this ceremony unfolding before her.

At the precise moment the Australian flag was halfway down the mast a single-engine aircraft flew some 100 meters above the crowd and released from its fuselage thousands of tropical flowers of Frangipani, Bougainvilleas and Cannas.

What a truly beautiful sight to see, all these flowers falling out of Heaven as to say against a clear twilight sky to eventually land amongst the throngs of people down below. The last flower came to earth at the same time the Australian flag was taken from the rope holding it to the flag pole. The flag was then escorted under armed guard and handed over to the District Commissioner, Mr Bais, who after a short and solemn speech handed the flag over to the representative from the Australian government - the former District Commissioner of the East Sepik Province, Mr Edwin George Hicks. Mr Hicks came back to Wewak especially to attend this ceremony in a district he lead for many years previously.

After the flag was handed over to Mr Hicks, the armed contingent marched off and the crowd began to disperse. Soon after, the sun finally set in a blaze of colour behind the mountain range and the few clouds that lingered over the mountain tops were outlined in gold, then orange, then red, as the sun set lower and lower 'til finally a dull red glow was all that was left of a day which ended many years of Australian administration of Papua New Guinea.

Being an Australian myself, I felt a twinge of sadness as the day closed to an end, but I also knew that tomorrow was the birth of a new nation that I was privileged to be living in during this history making moment.

At midnight on that Monday the 15th September 1975, a fireworks display was to be held to herald PNG's declaration of Independence. Every town and village was

taking part in these celebrations and Wewak was to hold its fireworks near the government offices on the hill behind Wewak.

At approximately 11pm that night the heavens opened up with a storm and a heavy tropical downpour of rain. What a dramatic change to just a few hours previously when you could not have wished for a more beautiful evening. However, these sudden tropical storms are most common here and can happen at a moment's notice.

My wife and I waited until 11.50pm hoping that the rain would cease so that we could drive up to the hill at the back of Wewak. Armed with my 8mm movie camera loaded up with special night film, and with my cassette radio, we made a dash for the hill four kilometres away in our car. The rain kept pouring down and when we neared the top the rain suddenly stopped. The time was now 11.59pm.

Was this downpour of rain God's way of cleansing Papua New Guinea of its old ways so that it could be born fresh and clean? I've always wondered about that ever since.

We just made it to the fireworks area when the Governor General Designate, Sir John Guise, was about to read out the proclamation of Independence from the NBC broadcasting studios in Port Moresby. The time was now one minute past midnight on Tuesday morning 16th September, 1975. I recorded his proclamation on my radio/cassette recorder.

The Proclamation read, "Distinguished guests, visitors from overseas, people of Papua New Guinea. Papua New Guinea is now independent, the constitution of the independent state of Papua New Guinea and with all power rests with the people is now in effect. We have at this point in time broken with our colonial past and we now stand as an independent nation in our own right. Let us unite with Almighty God's guidance and help in working together for the future of a strong and free country."

"God Save the Queen" was played just prior to and directly after the declaration.

After the declaration was read, the fireworks display commenced and what a spectacular display it was to see rockets and star shells etc shot hundreds of feet into the air to suspend in a kaleidoscope of colours and to illuminate all the surrounding hills all the way down to the sea. I recorded all of the fireworks display on my super-8 movie camera - the only person to do so.

Within twenty minutes or so it was all over, and amazingly within minutes after the fireworks had finished the heavens opened up again with another tropical downpour (that was to last until 4am), and the new Papua New Guinea is now but half an hour old.

Tuesday morning 16th September, 1975. Independence Day.

The morning has turned out sunny and warm and at 8am floats, marchers, soldiers, police, and school children have assembled to head towards the main post office where just the evening before the Australian flag was lowered for the very last time.

There were over seventy different floats in the parade and what a parade it was. Wewak has never seen anything like this before - and possibly never will again. The atmosphere was full of excitement as thousands of people gathered to get the best advantage points to watch the floats and marchers go by.

This was an international parade in its true sense, for not only were Papua New Guineans represented, but people from Australia, Philippines, Germany, England, the United States of America and many other countries also.

Native groups from hundreds of miles around had come into Wewak to celebrate their special day, and what a spectacular sight they made as they came into view with some of the most elaborate dress I have ever seen. Words alone could not describe the colours and workmanship that went into making the special head-gear worn by the different tribal groups.

Some of the native dress, (*bilas*), I saw were extremely rare indeed and worn only by native chieftains. Most of these would have taken weeks, if not months, to prepare. The headgear worn by the chiefs stood over ten feet tall and perfectly balanced on top of their heads so as to keep in rhythm with the movements of their bodies. Rare Birds of Paradise plumes of unbelievable colours adorned many of the head pieces. My movie camera was working overtime to record this historic event.

The official raising of the flag of Papua New Guinea took place at 10am on the same spot and the same flagpole as was used in yesterday's lowering of the Australian flag.

As the flag was being raised, the new National Anthem was being played via a radio link-up from Port Moresby over 500 miles away. At precisely 10am the flag reached the highest point of the flagpole and immediately unfurled to display its four colours, the red triangle on the top right with a gold coloured bird of paradise on it, and on the lower left triangle coloured in black, were the five white stars that make up the Southern Cross constellation.

This same ceremony was taking place in hundreds of other towns, villages and remote communities at precisely the same time throughout Papua New Guinea.

It was a very proud moment for every Papua New Guinean as this was their special day. Within seconds of the flag unfurling another single-engine aircraft swooped low over the assembled crowd and dropped thousands of flowers from its fuselage. The flowers drifted down gently from a clear blue sky to mingle with the large crowd gathered below. Soon, people were gathering up the flowers and in particular the young children who gazed in amazement at this most unusual sight. As I looked at these children I wondered what their future will be for them under a new independent nation.

Shortly after the flag raising ceremony was over the District Commissioner, Mr Anthony Bais, the commander of the 2 Per Defence Force, Colonel Ted Dior, and a PNG member of parliament, planted trees on the lawn outside the post office to symbolize the new found nation of PNG.

On Wednesday morning 17th September, His Royal Highness, the Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, The Rt Hon Sir Kumises Mara, Prime Minister of Fiji, and The Rt Hon WE Rowling, Prime Minister of New Zealand, together with the new Prime Minister of PNG, Michael Somare, arrived in a special Air Niugini charter flight at Bram Airport, Wewak, at 11.45am. A full guard of Honour was formed by the 2nd Pacific Islands Regiment at Bram airport to greet the dignitaries and HRH Prince Charles took the salute and an inspection of the Honour Guard.

His Royal Highness, Prince Charles later inspected the Wewak Local Government Office, the Wewak Yacht Club and at 4.15pm he officially opened the new Wewak Sporting Oval and unveiled a plaque commemorating this special event.

Thousands of people attended this special opening ceremony and no doubt the local people were quite awed at seeing a Royal Prince in Wewak.

An Independence Celebration Civic Welcome was held at the 2 PIR Modern Barracks Headquarters to meet up with HRH Prince Charles and other dignitaries and both Penny and I received an official invitation to attend. I had a good chat with Prince Charles for several minutes during the evening as well as meeting up with the Pam's of Fiji, New Zealand and PNG.

On Thursday morning 18th September at 9.30am the official guests departed Bram airport thus ending the official celebrations of PNG's Independence at Wewak.

Just four days have passed since the Independence Day event took place and I wonder what the future will be for this very young nation. Will there be peace and prosperity, as many local leaders said there would, or, will the nation go through a series of turmoil and unrest? One thing is certain; Papua New Guinea gained its full independence in a very peaceful way as compared to other third-world countries who got their independence through the barrel of a gun.

The "celebrations" for my wife and I did not finish on the 16th September 1975, for just eighteen days later on the 4th October 1975, my wife gave birth to our beautiful daughter Ursula in the Wewak General Hospital. Whenever I see my daughter I see in her a historical link to Papua New Guinea, for both will have the same age - no matter what the year. ■

RABAUL - HUMMING WITH LIFE POST ERUPTION

By Peter Routley

The first glimpse of Rabaul after an absence of 35 years was astonishing. Press reports, and the occasional visitor had painted a picture of desolation, dust, and permanent destruction. The lovely Rabaul that we had known was, by report, gone. Yet, there it was. Seen from the deck of a very large ship, anchored in Simpson Harbour, Rabaul and the surrounding hills were green, lush and as beautiful as ever. There were buildings, too. Tavurvur, certainly was ash-coloured. Wisps of dust rose from fissures at its base, and in the crater a small white plume of steam lacked menace, but warned. Mt. Vulcan, which had erupted at the same time on the other side of the harbour, looked harmless.

In that magnificent harbour, the 'Beehives' still loomed out of the water, dangerously. Houses and activity were visible in Matupit, and ten large mother-ship fishing boats lay at anchor. Several other vessels of various sizes were moored at the docks. There is now an important movement of coastal passenger ships around PNG. Without even going ashore, it was obvious that the harbour was still busy, and that the vegetation had recovered completely. Rabaul was still alive.

The ship's tenders landed us at a little wharf at the site of the former Yacht Club. The black volcanic ash had been dampened for our arrival, there was a marquee and dozens of PMV's waited. Some were for pre-arranged tours, others took passengers on numbered routes round the Gazelle. Fares charged were opportunistic. Entrepreneurs sold *bilums*, shells, caps made in China, trinkets, fruit, flags, t-shirts, post-cards and books. Pikininis roamed around in their *bilas* of feathers, grass and shells, posing readily for photographs. Many children had taken the day off from school to enjoy the spectacle. That special Tolai welcoming friendliness was almost palpable.

The Press reports of the eruption damage were correct. There was the Kaivuna Motel still standing but deserted – and the Travelodge with a few squatters in it. The Rabaul Hotel functioned, but most of the buildings on the eastern part of the town no longer existed. The shops had gone along with the New Guinea Club, but a ten-minute walk along a very dusty Mango Avenue and a left turn into Malaguna Road revealed that Rabaul was far from dead.

A large new market replaced the old one: PMV's waited in an orderly manner to ply their numbered routes: #1 to Kokopo, #7 to Matupit, #6 in the direction of the volcanological observatory. Various businesses appeared to be flourishing and the area thronged with people.

Around the corner, with a view of QM2 in the harbour, lay Mal Tech with 1000 students (300 boarders). Notices (ignored by the hopeful) on the Administration block asserted that no more students could be admitted. The compound had been re-furbished at a cost of several millions of dollars. Under the leadership of Mrs Eva Magaga it was conducting all of its normal courses as well as housing Keravat National High School students during the renovation of their compound. In an attempt to prepare young people for employment, short courses (6 months) in tourism/hospitality, computing, and auto mechanics amongst other things were also being offered. The school hummed with life.

From Mal Tech the Tolai 'grape-vine' began operating. (Nowadays by mobile phone). In rapid succession I had the privilege of again seeing some of my former Keravat National High School students from 1975-1977. The first was Anthony Lilo, (Manager of Bridgestone Tyres) then Frank Turpat, manager of Westpac Bank in Kopopo. Dulcie Wartovo (nee Piniau) and Puline Puipui are now teaching at OLSH. Kokopo, another school with no vacancies, and as it always was, a model of effective teaching and learning – large classes but lovely girls.

Keravat town is growing in size and importance as an administrative centre for the Gazelle. The buildings of the National High School are under repair by a small army of tradesmen. The role of the school from 2013 will be the same as it was in the 70's; to educate exceptionally talented students from all parts of P.N.G. En route to and at Keravat we met Isimal Puipui, Ehab Pidal and Philip Kapotis who are all typical of their generation of Keravat N.H. School students who have made significant contributions to an independent P.N.G. Not the least of these was a former School-captain, Akulia Tubal, Administrator for the East New Britain Provincial Government who nobly rose from his sick-bed to greet me at the Queen Emma International Hotel at Kokopo.

Eruptions notwithstanding, Rabaul is alive and well. Plans are being made to re-build at least parts of the town. Lacking only a couple of major bridges, the road from Kimbe, via Bialla to Kokopo and Rabaul – the New Britain Highway – is almost completed. Interestingly, this completion is not seen as a universal blessing in the Gazelle because it will facilitate movement of 'bad people' from Kimbe.

The Tolai 'love for country' and progressive spirit are still strongly evident. The welcome which awaits visitors is as warm and genuine as it ever was. Excellent tourist accommodation is available on the Gazelle and cruise-ships call there regularly. The Rabaul renaissance is worth seeing. ■

REVEREND DENNIS TAYLOR by Doug Robbins

Sources: The Canberra Times at trove.nla.gov.au, anglicanhistory.org and www.pngaa.net

July 2012 I went for the first time to the South Pacific Islands gathering at Toowong. In an informative talk on the eruption of Mt. Lamington on 21 January 1951 Bob Blaikie made mention of Rev Taylor whose good work in the Northern District I've been following in connection with my current volunteering there (Internet: doug robbins papua new guinea):

"The Rev Dennis James Taylor, first reported casualty in the Mt. Lamington eruption, left a widow and four young children. It is not known yet whether his family is safe. An Englishman, Mr. Taylor was in his late thirties. Ordained a priest in 1936, he went to the islands in 1937, serving at Dogura, Wanigela and Sangara. When the Japanese advance in the Pacific threatened New Guinea, Mr Taylor and a party evacuated his family by foot across the Kokoda Trail (in reality, from Wanigela via Safia to Abau and on to Moresby), carrying his eldest son, then a baby, in a box. Then he raced back over the Owen Stanleys to his station, where he became well-known among Australian troops serving there."

"In the middle of 1944 the Rev Dennis Taylor responded to his call and left Wanigela where he had been in charge for some years. It was not small sacrifice for him to leave a station where he had been so happy, and which, until the war, had been also a home for his wife and child, and to take up residence as Priest-in-Charge of Sangara Mission Station."

"A graphic account of the destruction and devastation (of Mt. Lamington) was given by Mrs Fred Kleckham who got out with her three children, one a baby aged six months."

Mrs Kleckham said "It was terrible on Sunday morning when the mountain erupted. It was an earth-shattering explosion that sent a great wall of fire and blackness into the air." Mrs Kleckham continued, "It seemed to be seven or eight miles high. We were at Popondetta, and from there could see the mountain of pumice that was falling on Higaturu."

"The Rev Dennis Taylor was on his way to Popondetta when the explosion came. He turned back to Sangara to try to rescue his wife and four children."

"Later our menfolk picked him up on the road. He was staggering along with his legs almost burnt off."

"When we helped him out of the truck at Popondetta he managed to stagger to the trade store between two of us."

"As he let go of us the skin on his arms peeled off like rubber gloves. His flesh just seemed to be peeling off, yet he remained cheerful about his pain."

"He kept worrying about his wife and children. It would have been impossible for him to have got through to them."

"He said there was a wall of fire between him and Sangara."

"About ten minutes before he died we asked him if he would like a cup of tea. He said 'That seems a jolly good idea,' but died while Mrs Morris was helping him drink it."

■

NOTES ON A RAW DEAL – SOME ERRORS AND OMISSIONS

By Bill Brown

Raw Deal, an article in *Una Voce* No2 - June 2012, claims ‘many articles written lately by Kiaps are far from the truth,’ and states ‘in the March *Una Voce* some Kiap or Patrol Officer wrote a lengthy tirade about opening Nuku-Lumi airstrip in 1952. NOT TRUE. Father Ferdinand Parer opened the Franciscan Mission and built the airstrip in 1948-49’.

The unnamed Kiap was George Oakes, but his article ‘Building of Nuku Airstrip’ relates to NUKU in 1957, not to Nuku-Lumi in 1952, and it appeared in *Una Voce* in June 2010, not in March. In his article, George writes about marking out a strip on a new alignment ‘on the site of a small previous Catholic Mission airstrip, which was not then in use’, and how he supervised the construction. He tells of the landing of a Cessna 180, piloted by Bishop [Leo] Arkfeldt [SVD], on 8 October 1957 with District Officer Fred Kaad as passenger, and of the second landing, on 4 November 1957, with, ‘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 Cessna ...’

One might have thought that the reference to Fred Kaad, (OBE, PNGAA Patron, long-time PNGAA member, and avid *Una Voce* reader) would have established the story’s veracity, but not so.

Oakes did not claim to have built the first airstrip at Lumi-Nuku. He could not have done so, as Lumi-Nuku was never a place, and there was never an airstrip named Lumi-Nuku. Lumi was a place, and there was an airstrip there. Nuku was another place, and it too had an airstrip, but they were more than 50 kilometres apart, even measured as the crow flies. They were not connected by road – there was no vehicle, and, as late as 1957, it took three to four days, walking over the rough bush tracks, to travel between them. ‘A medical survey, a three hour walk to Nuku Mission ... take the family ...’ was a physical impossibility.

Raw Deal concludes with: ‘Dr Scragg, I sincerely hope you don’t mind me putting pen to paper but Medical Assistant’s received a raw deal at the hands of the Kiap’s. I have many more stories but they will keep. Especially Kundiawa!!’

Roy Scragg once wrote: ‘Survivors win wars - but records show the truth.’ So lets look at some records:

Lumi

In November 1949, in the Lumi Monthly Report, Patrol Officer G B Gilbert, OIC Lumi writes:

Prior to the arrival of Mr L R Healey of the Department of Public Health at Lumi there was no provision for made for the establishment of an administrative post here ... Since the commencement of the Lumi building programme much has been accomplished ... The first task undertaken in this direction was the Medicals Assistant’s house, which is built entirely of native building materials and took about two weeks to complete. ... The PHD has a lengthy job ahead of it ... Mr Healey has got the task well in hand ...

Phil FIENBERG [not Feinberg] was not ‘a young kiap.’ He was an ex ANGAU Lieutenant, and about to turn 30 years of age, and in the monthly report for June 1950 writes:

From early December until 15 March when I took over duty as O.I.C., there was no District Services officer at Lumi. The necessary duties needed to keep the post functioning had been carried out by Mr. L. R. Healey, EMA ... For the first two WEEKS [my emphasis] after taking over from Mr. Healey it was necessary to concentrate on the building of a house for the O.I.C. and family, and this building was completed with the maximum speed. ... Married quarter for the O.I.C. and family were completed during the first days of the month. The building is of similar design to the EMA's house ...

In 1950, David Fienberg [not Fenberry] was an acting ADO at Headquarters. Neither his lowly rank nor the Lumi posting suggest that he obtained special treatment for his brother. David Fienberg changed his name to Fenbury in 1960.

Outstation families always provided assistance to new arrivals, sometimes for long periods as Kiap Des Martin records in the Dreikikir monthly report for September 1951:

Mr G. Lansdowne arrived late in the month to take over the Native Hospital from Mr Wilson who will eventually proceed to another station. At present Mr. Lansdowne, wife and child, are living with writer. ... It is hoped that a native material house will be completed within a month or so to relieve the congestion in the O.I.C's house and also relieve the strain on the food supply of the O.I.C.

A month later the Lansdownes were still living with the Martins, but 'it is expected that the house for them will be completed in the next few days.'

Vanimo

When I (Bill Brown) was transferred to Vanimo Patrol Post, in August 1955, the Medical Assistant, Reg Collins, had been acting as OIC Vanimo for over six months. In response to a radiogram from the DC Wewak dated 17 August 1955, advising Collins of my pending arrival, he replied two with memos:

Arranging to have the house cleaned, refrigerator running etc for Mr Brown. He will perhaps stay with me for the first night so he can get settled in. ...

... Have been busy trying to get the house for the PO a little tidier than it was and hope that it will be reasonably presentable when he gets here. However as soon as he comes I can then get to and help him a little and hand over the cash to him and everything will be jake ...

The EMA's house, adjoining the hospital, was virtually waterfront, a permanent material building painted white with royal-blue trimmings. That was where I spent the first night, and then moved into the house that, in Raw Deal, is described as "a nice sawn timber mansion on the hill." A mansion it was not. It was a long narrow house with a high hipped-roof. It may have had a sawn timber frame, but the exterior and interior walls, and the push out shutters that served as windows, were of locally woven cane. There was no ceiling – the interior walls gave little privacy and sound travelled between rooms.

Telefomin

District Officer, Horrie Niall, did not fly to Telefomin for the opening on 2nd December 1952. Writing on 3rd December 1948, ADO Desmond Clifton-Basset, records:

The writer accompanied Cpl. Tokoruru of N.G.P.F. arrived at Telefomin on Thursday 21st Oct. ... Thursday 26th saw ... the arrival of the District Officer Mr H. R. Niall, and Mr. Patrol Officer Rogers and Mr. R. Healey, E.M.A. ... After an inspection of the site the District Officer departed for Wewak. ... (Report For month Ended 30th November 1948, Telefomin. D. Clifton-Bassett a/ADO)

Strangely, Raw Deal contains nary a mention of Rhys Healey's role following the 1953 massacre. The first news of that tragedy were radioed to the DC Wewak at 11 a.m. on Friday 6 November 1953. Almost immediately, ADO George Wearne and EMA Rhys Healey flew to Telefomin by Norseman aircraft, remained there overnight, flew back to Wewak the next morning for patrol gear, and returned to Telefomin. EMA Rhys Healey, together with Kiaps George Wearne and Brian Corrigan, then accompanied DC Allan Timperley's patrol to the Eliptamin valley, where the murders had occurred

Reflections

The medical officials in Wewak obviously knew there was no house at Lumi, but was there some lack of communication in the other transfers? There was house at Vanimo, maybe they were not told it was of native material? They were not expected at Aitape, there was no house, the ADO was absent, but the young Patrol Officer moved out to give them his house, and the Kiaps were at fault again? The ADO did not return from patrol, "so [they] returned to Wewak on the first available plane. ... there was no house in Wewak either." Maybe Wewak did not know that they were coming?

Mrs Healey does not tell us that she actually worked with Kiaps, as District Clerk in the Angoram Sub-district Office, in 1947, when Rupe Haviland was ADO. Perhaps this was a happier time?

There are many examples of kiap's wives doing it as tough, but one may suffice? Patrol Officer Laurie Doolan was married in 1946 and posted to Madang, but had to leave his wife to follow, when housing became available. In December 1947, they were posted to Bogia, to live in a native-material house, with a bush-timber frame and a limbom floor. (Limbom: the outer skin of the black palm split into long lengths provided slightly convex strips, and a rough, springy floor with open gaps between each strip.)

Circa May 1949, the Doolans were posted to Dreikikir, in the Sepik District, and occupied another native-material house until October 1950, when they moved into a newly completed Bulolo-style bungalow. Having been the first expatriate wife to live at Dreikikir, Robin Doolan next became the first expatriate wife to live at Telefomin, arriving there with her husband and child on 3 May 1951. At the time, Telefomin was probably the most remote posting in the Territory, but the native-material house, a unique design by Harry West, with a raised earth slab floor, was dry and warm.

Kiaps and Medical Assistants had their foibles, and a few kiaps may have given some Medical Assistants a hard time. Those kiaps were unusual, gave their own staff a harder time, and were not popular.

On the two-man outstations, staffed by a Kiap and a Medical Assistant, they kept each other sane, drove each other mad, and on rare occasion got into very serious trouble together. Generally outstations were happy communities, where the

residents depended on each other for help, for enjoyment and for social activities. The Medical Assistants were an essential part of the community.

Between 1949 and 1974, I worked with some twenty Medical Assistants, and there wasn't a 'black sheep' among them. Some, like Barry McGarry, at Maprik, were outstanding in the community, and I will never forget the kindness of the Burchett's at Kairuku when I was a cadet in 1950, nor the assistance and friendship extended to my wife, by Ian Lightfoot and Andrew Hoffman, when I was absent on patrols from Telefomin in 1959/60. ■

Jim Burton sent the following photo from PIM 1937. If anyone recognises any of the people could you please contact Jim at E: burtonjf@bigpond.com or Ph: 07-3376 3356



Pacific Islands Monthly April 1937 P 62

Some of the 40 residents of Port Moresby who in March attended the opening night of 'Taldora' a new country club six miles from Papua's capital. One of the territory's most popular ladies, 'Mac' (Mrs E McGrath) was hostess at the enjoyable function. The club will be a boon to tired business folk said Mr Brian Molloy, well known Moresby barrister, at the opening, and added that the club proposes to lay out a golf course and possibly install a swimming pool.

PNGAA has a new Facebook page – see:
http://www.facebook.com/permalink.php?id=402065443176872&story_fbid=334928303252641#!/PNGAA
Please take a look and add your comments, anecdotes, events etc

TED KENNA, VC.
‘FIRST VISIT’ TO THE BATTLEFIELDS BY FAMILY;
Wewak, ESP, Papua New Guinea
April 2012 Reg Yates

Rob and Alan Kenna, sons of the late Ted Kenna, VC and their brother-in-law Ian Day visited Wewak, Dagua and the Sepik River during 28 March-8 April 2012 with Reg Yates of “Kokoda Historical” as guide. The group flew to Port Moresby and Wewak and stayed at Alois Mateos’ SurfSite Lodge just across from Boram airport with fine views of Wewak harbour.



The first part of the visit examined the battlefields. We identified the ridgeline or spur along which Pte Ted Kenna’s A Company, 2/4th Battalion, 6th Division AIF advanced to seize the former Wirui Mission, (usually called ‘Boystown’ nowadays) on 15 May 1945. We walked onto the top of nearby Mt Kawakubo (named after the Japanese commander; above Koigin village) where Ted Kenna was severely wounded in the face and back on 5 June 1945, some 3 weeks after being awarded the Victoria Cross. Later we visited Dagua near Tokoku Pass where Lt Bert Chowne, MM of 2/2nd Battalion, 6th Division AIF was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross on 25 March 1945.

The second part of the visit was a simple adventure, with some physical effort! We were driven for 4 hours to Pagwi on the Sepik River, for a 2 hour motorised dugout ride up-river to Ambunti Lodge, also owned by Alois Mateos. The following day we travelled further up-river to Yambon village, hired two 30’ dugout canoes and paddles and set off paddling (with a River Guide steering each dugout from the stern) for half a day to the far side of Wasu Lagoon and stayed at Wagu Guesthouse. That evening, by motor canoe, we went looking for baby crocodiles. A spotter with a powerful torch stood in the bow, backed by a hunter with a multi-pronged spear; when the spotter saw red eyes amongst the reeds the helmsman closed on them and the hunter speared the baby croc through the meaty part of its

tail (which does no lasting harm and heals readily). One small croc was returned to



the river; the other, about 40cm long was bagged and handed over to the local croc farmer. Next morning we paddled 15 minutes to see Raggiana Birds of Paradise chorusing and preening in the forest canopy atop a nearby knoll. Then another half day paddling via a short-cut back to Ambunti Lodge; beers all round; we bought traditional Sepik carvings and souvenirs from local women.

During the third part of the visit we paid our respects to Ted Kenna and Bert Chowne as Victoria Cross recipients in the 6th Division AIF Aitape-Wewak Campaign, 1944-45 with a simple ceremony involving Lt Col Steven Dom, Commanding Officer 3rd Battalion, Royal Pacific Island Regiment, PNGDF and his staff from Moem Barracks, representing Warrant Officer Yauwiga and Sergeant Major Simogun and all the local people

who were guides and carriers or fought alongside the Australians during the war. A wreath was laid at the Memorial on Mission Hill and tribute paid, 'Lest we forget'. Pork roast lunch and beers followed.

The visit closed with an invitation to a round of 'Mongrel Golf' from expat' Chris Rose whom Reg Yates had met some 20 years previously at Tari, which led to a helicopter ride next morning, courtesy of Tod Petherick of Niugini Helicopters, over Wirui Mission, Cape Wom (site of General Adachi's surrender) and Wewak Hill, including Kenna Avenue. The actions of Ted Kenna, Bert Chowne and 6th Division AIF are well remembered in Wewak. We thanked our generous hosts and flew to Moresby and home. A description of the two Victoria Cross actions follows:

Adapted from "The Proud Sixth" by Mark Johnston; Cambridge University Press:

"19th Brigade troops were embroiled in hard fighting at Wirui Mission, a steep hill nearly 100 metres high, covered in thick kunai grass and overlooking (Boram) airfield. With tank support the 2/4th Battalion captured its eastern slopes and summit (destroying 6 Japanese artillery pieces with obvious fragment damage, still on site today) on 14 May but the Japanese kept firing from bunkers on the north-western slopes. The next day, as 2/4th Battalion's A Company sought to eliminate these bunkers, several men were hit and its leading section became pinned down. Private Ted Kenna, who was with the supporting section just 50 metres from the bunkers, stood up in the kunai grass, in full view of the enemy machine gunners and fired his (Bren) light machine gun at them. (Bullets passed through his clothing but missed him. He said to his No 2 gunner, "They've got a bead on me. Give me your rifle!") with which he was a crack shot. With 4 bullets he silenced the enemy (machine gun) post. Then, taking the Bren again he silenced a second

(machine gun) post. A photo in the above book shows one of the Japanese machine gun posts. Two dead Japanese were also found there, one of whom had been shot between the eyes. Seizure of Wirui Mission allowed the Australians to (dominate Boram airfield and) secure the Wewak coastal plain.”

Also, 2 months earlier:

“The 2/2nd Battalion had the important task of clearing these Japanese (in well-prepared positions south of But, pronounced as in ‘put’) who threatened the flank of the advance on Wewak. Some of the campaign’s toughest fighting ensued, especially around Tokuku Pass. On 25 March the leading platoon advancing on one narrow ridge near Dagua was pinned down. Lt Bert Chowne, MM (well regarded as a fearless leader) was commanding the reserve platoon and now took action. Running up the steep track, he threw grenades that knocked out two machine guns. Then, firing his submachine gun from the hip, he led his platoon in a charge that took the feature and, after he had killed two more Japanese, cost him his life. Chowne was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross, the first for the 6th Division. That the award came so late reflected not the lack of valour in the Division’s men, but excessive parsimony in their senior officers.” ■

THE 1954 ‘MIGHTY’ MAGANIS RUGBY LEAGUE TEAM IN PORT MORESBY By Rod Noble



In those days locals were very enthusiastic supporters but were not invited to play. Rod Noble, front row right, remembers the heat and the gravel rashes from the not too well grassed Konedobu oval. His ten minutes of fame occurred when the South Pacific Post noted on the back page that he had kicked a field goal from his own half (he’d played Aussi Rules at school). There were better footballers in the 1954 CPO intake, e.g. Neil Grant, but Rod was the one left behind in Central District, the others posted elsewhere.

100 YEARS OF PAKAIL CEMETERY, KAVIENG & BOLUMINSKI

By ©Jim Ridges

Considering that the German New Guinea 'Draft Annual Report for 1913-14', covering the year 1st July 1913 to 30th June 1914, says that a cemetery "was laid out" for Europeans during that time at Pakail - on the coast road along the harbour from Kavieng to the hospital today - as well as a cemetery east of Kavieng for natives and Chinese - near today's prison - it is often reasonably assumed that this was as a result of the death in Kavieng on 28th April 1913, and his burial at Pakail, of Franz Boluminski, the first German government official to live in New Ireland and the most influential of all the colonial administrators to have worked there.

In his thirteen years there he was directly responsible for the transformation of much of New Ireland from fierce and cannibalistic fragmented tribal societies into a thriving 'modern' agricultural society, with German laws enforced to maintain peace, health services, a rudimentary school system, regular international and domestic shipping services to Kavieng, and a 170 kilometre coastal road called the Kaiser Wilhelmstrasse, that for years was the longest in the Pacific and the envy of all. After the Australians took over at the end of 1914 it became the East Coast road and it was slowly extended, until in 1935 it eventually linked with Namatanai, a distance of 265 kms. Following PNG's independence in 1975, it bore his name - the Boluminski Highway.

Of course Europeans had died in New Ireland before Boluminski in 1913, ever since the first traders lived in remote isolated locations from about 1880/81, and without the benefit of any enforced law - other than their own - before the arrival of Boluminski. Many had died, quite often in their disputes with the local clans, but their final resting places were usually unmarked and near the trading post, and remain unknown. After Boluminski arrived on 30th April 1900, Kavieng for years was still very small and those who died on their young plantations were usually buried there, but again their resting places are now forgotten.

It seems likely however that it was not Boluminski's death that made the obvious need for a cemetery necessary - in a growing and important German settlement - but that his death hastened the official approval that probably had to come from Berlin, and therefore took time to be considered and the decision made.

It is likely that the question was first considered after the sudden unexpected death in Namatanai on 25th May 1908 of Dr Emil Stephan, leader of the German Marine expedition, and the need to then quickly create a small clearing in the jungle surrounding Namatanai for an immediate burial that established Namatanai's cemetery. If not that, then events in 1911 certainly would have raised the issue of a cemetery for Kavieng town. The first officer, Paul Drewke, of the steamship *Sumatra* that operated regular services from Rabaul to Kavieng and other ports, died on 24th August, either at Kavieng or when the ship was approaching Kavieng. He is buried at Pakail and is almost certainly the earliest of the graves there, before Boluminski, and his obituary appeared on page 176 of the German Amtsblatt¹ for 1911.

Within days a second death occurred when the wife of the German doctor in Kavieng, Dr. William Hoffmann, gave birth to a stillborn son, Gustav, probably on 30th August 1911. That is the only date on a granite gravestone slab originally

¹ German New Guinea government gazette published in Rabaul from 1909.

placed where the child was buried in the beautiful botanical garden that was then thriving behind the large house of Boluminski, inland of the ridge overlooking Kavieng harbour. Dr. Hoffmann was Boluminski's next door neighbour on the ridge and no doubt asked that his first son could be buried there, in the garden he and his wife would have known well. This is unlikely to have been approved if Pakail where Paul Drewke was buried only days earlier was already the official cemetery.²

Both headstones have suffered over the years. After the war the area of the botanical garden was devastated and, probably in the 1950's, the area was levelled for a playing field and today's Tabar Terrace road. The heavy stone was moved out of the way and discarded. Today it is overgrown and hidden.

Paul Drewke's impressive monument, second only to Boluminski's at Pakail, comprising a base, plinth with inscription (now eroded and unreadable) cap and surmounted by a stone cross with an anchor at the centre, is now in pieces. It was undamaged until about ten years ago, protected by a large tree, but vandals started a fire at the base and the tree fell, breaking the grave into its parts. Even Boluminski's impressively large concrete cross has history. After his sudden death and obituary, at page 109 of the *Amtsblatt* for 1913, an appeal was made, at page 155 of the *Amtsblatt*³, and a fund was established to collect money for a memorial but the arrival of Australian troops in 1914 and the rapid removal of all German government officials meant that other than a wooden cross, nothing happened until about 1921 when some money was still available, administered by the Australian district officer. As German private persons were then being expropriated and deported, no doubt there was pressure to erect something before they left.

The cross was toppled during the 1942-45 Japanese war and stood up again afterwards, but it suffered a similar fate to Drewke's grave about fifteen years ago when a large tree branch fell after fires being lit, and the end of the left crossbar was shattered, revealing a thick galvanised rope reinforcing in very good condition. Quick action by PWD repaired the damage. Another time it was painted white by an unknown person, but fortunately using an inferior paint that quickly deteriorated and disappeared.

As for the other cemetery 'laid out' in 1913 for natives and Chinese, it was in constant use mainly for the workers brought in from other provinces as well as the local Chinese, but no headstones date before 1945, and there are no records of the plots used.⁴ In the early days it appears that little control was exercised as a visitor to Kavieng in 1918 commented that pigs were diggings up remains from shallow graves that were scattered everywhere. As the Director of the South Australian Museum⁵, and as was the practice at that time, he was interested in digging up remains, especially skulls, and did so also at Lakurafanga plantation where some Mussau workers had been working and had died and been buried.

The centenary of Franz Boluminski's death, and Pakail pioneers cemetery, deserves to be remembered, but as the centenary of his arrival in 2000 was not, the chance of promoting history for today's generations may again be missed.

² An unknown child was earlier buried in the garden of the first German hotel at Sect. 5 Lot 17, but is now lost.

³ Sponsored by District officer Stubel, planters Macco and Krockenburg, and Dr. Hoffmann.

⁴ Pre-war records (if any) would have been destroyed in the war, but after 1945 are also not available, despite Cemetery Act. Once in an El Nino drought year when the grass died, rows of depressions in the Chinese section could be seen, as well as elsewhere.

⁵ Edgar Ravenswood Waite visited New Ireland June/August 1918.

HELP WANTED

When transferring funds by electronic payment to PNGAA please also email: admin@pngaa.net to advise your name, your membership number, the amount and what it's for...Thank you.

* * *

I loaned both these books to people and never saw them again.

I would like to buy a copy of **Tales of Papua New Guinea** edited by Stuart Inder and a copy of James Sinclair's **Balus - The Aeroplane In PNG. Vol.2**

Warren Martin Ph.02 94895907/0428 727 384

E: warrenjmartin@hotmail.com Post: 15 Strone Ave. Wahroonga. NSW 2076

* * *

I was wondering whether your association has names or any photos of people of the Wau area of New Guinea in the 1930-1942 period? My father lived on the Morobe goldfields over that period, particularly around the Bitoi River and Black Cat Creek areas. My father's name was **James Peter Burns** known on the goldfields as **Jim Burns**. He also went to New Guinea with a friend called Bernard Gordon he was known on the goldfields as **Mo Gordon**. Both were miners and they had claims near each other. If you have any information about my dad or someone has photos of him I would be most grateful to receive copies. I am quite prepared to pay the costs of any information. I hope that you can help me or advise me please. Thank you.

Harry Burns

E: harryburns@bigpond.com

* * *



I am trying to identify the two men, who I believe were KIAPs on the Sepik River in 1950, in this photograph taken by the Australian artist William Dobell. The artist spent several weeks in 1950 on the Upper Sepik, around the area of Kubka I believe (from other photographs taken by Dobell), and I would like to try to find more information about his journey (when exactly he was

there, where exactly he travelled, his companions, etc). I think the photograph may have been taken aboard the *MV Rouna Falls* as it travelled along the river.

If you can assist Natalie Wilson from the Art Gallery NSW please contact her by e: natalie.wilson@ag.nsw.gov.au Ph: 2 9225 1603

BOOK REVIEWS

NEEDED BUT NOT WANTED: CHINESE IN COLONIAL RABAUL 1884-1960 by Dr Peter Cahill ISBN 978-1-876344962 Published 2012 by Copy Right Publishing, Brisbane, 316pp, hard cover, maps & photos included, cost: \$Aus35; or \$Aus40 includes postage & handling within Aust, available in October from p.cahill@uqconnect.net OR telephone (Australia) 07.3371.4794 overseas calls; payment by cheque to ANZ Bank account advised when ordered

This is an in-depth, intensely researched, well-illustrated study of the history of the Chinese in Rabaul, from the first arrivals in 1884 to 1960. It is an ambitious and readable account, which should find a place in the library of anyone interested in PNG affairs. There has been a Chinese presence in New Guinea from the very earliest days of the colonial era. The New Guinea Chinese have been mentioned in passing by many writers – including the present reviewer – but there has been only one previous book-length attempt to tell the full story, Dr David Wu's *The Chinese in Papua New Guinea 1889-1980*, published in Hong Kong by Chinese University Press in 1982, and not easily obtainable. It is, moreover, a much more specialized account than Dr Cahill's book, and it has not been unreservedly accepted by all New Guinea Chinese.

The book covers the story to 1960. Since that date the Chinese presence in PNG has dramatically increased and this is a trend that will undoubtedly continue, given the scope and scale of mining development in the country. Dr Cahill's book should assist decision-makers to better understand the mainland Chinese who will be among them in increasing numbers in the years to come.

Dr Cahill lived in Rabaul as a schoolboy, and his sympathy for and understanding of the New Guinea Chinese is apparent. Most New Guinea records were destroyed or lost during the Pacific War, and the researching of this account must have been a herculean task. The story unfolds in chronological order, from the cruel beginnings in the era of Neu Guinea Kompagnie in 1885 to the movement of most Rabaul Chinese to Port Moresby and Australia in the years before Independence.

The New Guinea Chinese were treated as second-class citizens – both by government and the white majority – for most of their years in New Guinea, and Dr Cahill examines this situation with care and objectivity. There is no doubt that the Chinese – hard-working, frugal, fruitful, pragmatic – achieved a very significant position in the business world of Rabaul (and later, Port Moresby). Some (and notably the early pioneer, Ah Tam) became very wealthy. This commercial success is one reason why there is still resentment of Chinese store owners in PNG, as indeed is the case in many other parts of the world where Chinese have settled and thrived, usually at the expense of local merchants seldom prepared to work as hard as the Chinese. There is also not the slightest doubt that the Australian Government treated the Chinese in shameful fashion at the outbreak of the Pacific War. White women and children were evacuated to Australia in the nick of time just before the Japanese invasion, while the Chinese – men, women and children – were mostly left to their own devices. Despite this, there are many instances of New Guinea Chinese helping Australians during the war, often at the risk of their lives. This section of the book will be of particular interest to many readers. Another fascinating section deals with the eventually successful struggle by the Chinese to achieve Australian citizenship. I commend this book to all who have lived and worked in PNG.

James Sinclair

PORT MORESY: TAIM BIPO by Stuart Hawthorne. ISBN 9781921920196, 320 pages, 446 photos, 4 appendices and index. Published by Boolarong Press 2012. Available from <http://www.stuarthawthorne.com>. \$45 includes postage anywhere in Australia.

Papua New Guinea has not been kindly treated in the Australian media since achieving independence in September 1975. The only accounts that Australians usually read in the newspapers or see on television are about crime or corruption. Few positive stories are ever told.

Yet there are many thousands of us who spent the best years of our lives there retain fond memories of PNG, and it is undeniable that it still exercises a spell.

In this book, Stuart Hawthorne has written an affectionate account of his boyhood years in Port Moresby, capital city of PNG, during the two decades before Independence, and of his eventual departure as a young man. The outstanding feature of this well-produced book is the more than 400 photographs, in colour and monochrome, that illustrate the narrative. Some were taken by the author, others by many contributors, all of whom are acknowledged.

They are well selected, and of generally excellent quality: all too often photographs are included in books of this type purely because of their historical significance, but a certain minimum quality level is really essential if a book is to succeed. This has been achieved here. Hawthorne has also included a useful selection of brief articles from contemporary PNG newspapers, which add to the experience, and maps of the town.

The author takes his reader on a nostalgic journey through the Port Moresby of yesteryear. His chapter headings tell the story to those who knew the Port Moresby of the 1950s and 1960s: At Home, Weekend Diversions, A Paradise for Kids, Good Sports, Bomana War Cemetery, A Working Port, Hanuabada, Hiri Voyages, The Yacht Club, Gemo Island, Ela Beach, the Streets of Port Moresby, Koki Market, Sogeri Show, and Town and Country, Going Finish. It is hardly necessary to make any further comment, the headings say it all.

Hawthorne devotes one chapter to an attempt to explain why the fortunes of PNG, and Port Moresby, have so dramatically changed since Independence. This is the least convincing part of the book, for it is manifestly impossible to do justice to such a huge and complex subject in a matter of 20 pages. Yet he does make some telling points. I am pleased to note that he has given considerable credit to the late Sir Donald Cleland, Administrator of PNG during most of the period covered in this book. I believe that historians of the future will be kind to Sir Donald.

This is a book that should find a place in the libraries of all who lived and worked in the old Port Moresby. It is lively, well presented, and of a handy size. I recommend it to all PNG old-timers, and to those who want to know a little bit more about the fascinating country lying just off the tip of Australia.

Australians should know more about PNG: we administered the country from Federation to 1975. What happens in PNG should matter to us. You can literally almost throw a stone from the northernmost point of Queensland to the southern shore of Papua New Guinea. How many Australians realize that? **James Sinclair**

PRISONERS IN RABAUL by **Gordon Thomas** ISBN: 978-0-9807774-2-0
Published by: Australian Military History Publications July 2012, Soft cover 280 pp, Contains many old photographs and has maps. Cost : \$39, incl postage within Australia) Available by Visa, Mastercard, cheque or money order to:
War Book Shop. 13 Veronica Place Loftus. 2232. 02-9542-6771 (fax: 02-9542-6787)

As I was about to review this important book I was rushed to hospital and can't do it. But no matter. Because, simply, there should be no PNG old hand without it. Marvellous account of Aussie prisoners in wartime Rabaul, written more than 70 years ago by one of them, Rabaul newspaper editor Gordon Thomas, yet only now published. GET it!

Stuart Inder

Publisher's Note:

Hours after the Japanese invasion of Rabaul, Gordon Thomas and other civilians were prisoners. Thomas and several others were made to work for the enemy, operating Rabaul's commercial freezer and ice plant. Most of the other civilian and army men imprisoned in the town were doomed when they were put aboard the Japanese ship, *Montevideo Maru*, to be sent to Japan. On 1 July the ship was torpedoed by a US submarine with the loss of 1,186 lives.

The four men at the freezer were left behind and spent three years under Japanese rule – but not in a camp. They were under 'open arrest' in a building near their work but were not free to roam too far. This account also tells how the freezer crew escaped death from the heavy almost continuous Allied bombing of Rabaul from late 1943 to early 1944, during which the ice works was destroyed. His is a laconic account and makes it easy to overlook their luck in many ways – including when the dreaded Kempei Tai started to take interest. This book is a window into Rabaul during the bomb-blasted years of WW2 and a rare view of Japanese soldiers in their own backyard, stripped of ceremonial veneer and artificial smiles. Here is a very interesting study of the Japanese and the civilian prisoner experiences.

STITCHES IN TIME by **David Watters with Anna Koestenbauer**

ISBN: 1-4535-5473-4 Paperback ISBN: 1-4535-5493-9 (eBook) Published 2012 by Xlibris 804pp Cost \$39.99 (soft cover) to \$59.99 (hard cover) Available from <http://www.xlibris.com.au/bookstore/bookdisplay.aspx?bookid=500201>, Book Depository or any bookstore.

David Watters spent 8 years in Papua New Guinea from 1992-2000 as Professor of Surgery at UPNG. Like many others he became fascinated with the PNG story and with the help of his German speaking daughter has put together an 800 page encyclopaedia of PNG medical history into which he has woven the genesis, growth and maturation of PNG surgery. The two forewords and the preface by PNG professional leaders and the hundreds of photographs help set the scene.

The tables, "Journals and Books written by Whaling Surgeons in the South Seas 1820-60" and "French Naval Expeditions to the South Pacific", indicate the depth of the study. Anna has translated many original German documents of the medical story of the German Years. Her sources match those of Jackman on Koch and malaria in Burton Bradley's medical history.

The first section covers first contact and the initiation of health services through to the beginning of the Second World War. The unfolding story of the pioneers

includes surgical events that faced those who in the past and through to the present worked alone and were required to attempt surgery outside their experience and sometimes outside their competence.

The achievements recorded in Sections 3 and 4 confirm my 1948 assessment of the innate intelligence of the people of PNG when my principal assistants in Sohano, with only primary education, were able to handle theatre management, nursing care, laboratory investigations and clerical records. They cover the mushrooming of surgery from Dr Maruff in 1948 through to the acceptance by the community of the innate abilities of the graduates of the medical colleges and UPNG. Those who questioned the ability of educated and experienced young men and women of PNG to fill the many roles in the medical hierarchy quickly found themselves out of place.

At times the book wanders into areas of medical history unrelated to surgery where the author occasionally gets lost. Those with long memories need to document their story while they can rather than have the past lost in conjecture. Overall it is an essential read and reference for all doctors and others with a PNG interest will be fascinated by the collation of past events and the mass of historical information.

Dr Roy Scragg

BOOK NEWS

EBIA OLEWALE: A Life of Service by Jonathan Ritchie

ISBN 978 9980 86 954 8 Published by University of Papua New Guinea Press and Bookshop 2012 Hardcover 292 pages Colour and Black and White photographs Cost: PGK80 Available from: John Evans, University of PNG Press and Bookshop, PO Box 413, University PO, NCD, Papua New Guinea Ph: +675 326 7375 Fax: +675 326 7368 Email: upngbooks@gmail.com Web: www.pngbuai.com/buybooks

Sir Ebia began his life in a village, attended school in Daru and then Sogeri, the only government high school in existence at the time. Trained as a teacher, he quickly became involved in the world of nationalist politics; when PNG acquired its first elected government led by Papua New Guineans in 1972, he took office as the first Minister for Education. Over the next decade, other ministerial posts followed, significantly including Foreign Affairs in the post-independence era.

Information from Outrigger: Blog of the Pacific Institute: <http://asiapacific.anu.edu.au/blogs/pacificinstitute/2012/06/18/ebia-olewale-a-life-of-service-by-jonathan-richie/>

'This book encapsulates his years in the teachers college, his leadership and influence as President of the Tertiary Students Federation and his membership of the Bully Beef Club with other students including Michael Somare, Albert Maori Kiki and Joseph Nombri....

This book is a record of his dedicated service to the nation of Papua New Guinea and captures the emergence of a nation from centuries of traditional existence to being part of the modern, global community.'

David Sode, CEO, PNG Sustainable Development Program Ltd

Nameless Warriors: The Ben Moide Story. By Lahui Ako. University of PNG Press. Port Moresby, 2012. 246 pages. K80 plus p&p from University of PNG Bookshop. PO Box 413 UPNG PO Waigani Campus NCD PNG
E: upngbooks@gmail.com www.pngbuaui.com/buybooks

Nameless Warriors, written by Lahui Ako, describes the life of one of PNG's last remaining WW11 veterans, Ben Moide.

Fittingly, it was launched on 23 July 2012, the 70th anniversary of the first engagement by PNG and Australian forces against the invading Japanese in WWII. 'We fought, but according to the bulk of the *taubadas* (white men), we remained nameless, we were just the native scout or the Papua guide to them,' Moide says in the book.

'Still, to the gallant few who addressed us by name, I owe them my undying gratitude for treating us as mates.

'But the fact remains, without the help of all those nameless warriors and carriers, who braved the sickness, rain, mud, hunger and despair and enemy of the campaign, all would have surely been lost.'

Moide ran away from home to join the Papuan Infantry Battalion at the age of 16 in 1940. In July 1942, he was part of the PIB platoon that ambushed the Japanese at Awala. The *taubadas* order to fire on the advancing enemy, and the ensuing action, propelled these mostly nameless warriors into the annals of PNG history.

From Awala, from Kokoda to Deniki, to the Opi and Warriors rivers, and the Scarlet Beach landings, Ben Moide beat a busy track with his comrades before returning home in 1944 to act as a PIB instructor and final demob in 1945.

Life after the war proved difficult as the PIB veterans struggled to find their feet in a society that had passed them by.

But Moide perseveres and starts a family and legacy that saw him drive Administrator Murray for a while before he became Dr Gunther's driver to the Waigani Swamp to spy out land for a learning institute.

Moide was a member of the Hanuabada rugby league build-up in the 1950s, was a member of the mighty Magani outfit in 1961-1962, and was employed with San Miguel and SP Brewery before retiring in 1991.

Nameless Warriors is one of the very few books written by Papua New Guineans on PNG wartime history, and should be embraced by everyone, especially this generation which continues to take their freedom for granted.

Information from:

<http://malumnalu.blogspot.com.au/2012/08/new-book-tells-story-of-nameless.html>

Now in Remission: A Surgical Life by Ken Clezy ISBN 9781743050149
Paperback 288 pages First published 2011 Wakefield Press South Australia
www.wakefieldpress.com.au
Re-published 2012 – also available as an e-book \$12.95

Recently reprinted: **Whereabouts Unknown** and **A Very Long War** by **Margaret Reeson** Books autographed by author if requested.
Costs below. Postage & packing – 1 book \$10; 2 – 5 books \$15; 6 or more NIL.
Payment - Cheque or bank transfer (details on request)
Available from: Ron Reeson, 20 Dooland Court, Nicholls ACT 2913 Australia
Ph 02 62623677 Email: rdreeson@bigpond.com

WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN by **Margaret Reeson** (511 pp) 1993 Cost \$25 ISBN 978-0-9872417-2-6

The story of those who disappeared after the fall of Rabaul in 1942, the mystery of the loss of over 1000 POW's with the sinking of the prison ship Montevideo Maru, the nurses interned in Japan and the women who waited in vain for news.

The story focuses on the experience of a few people but represents the experiences of many. It portrays the mood, attitudes and social background of the time in both Rabaul and Australia. The book is sourced from original wartime records and interviews with wives of the missing missionaries, mission nurses and survivors.

A VERY LONG WAR The families who waited by Margaret Reeson (230 pp) 2000 Cost \$20 ISBN 978-0-9872417-3-3

This book describes the impact of the mystery of the sinking of the Montevideo Maru and the uncertainties of the time on the families of the missing. It follows the experiences of the wider community who lived in the islands before the fall of Rabaul - government officials, business people, plantation owners, missionaries and soldiers – from 1941 until 1995. It illuminates the private and hidden histories of individuals.

The writing of this book indirectly brought together people and small networks from around Australia, all affected by the disaster. It is sourced from archival material in a number of institutions, questionnaire responses and over fifty interviews.



Photo taken at Sacred Heart (Catholic) School, Kambiu Avenue, Rabaul, 1952. If you recognise anyone in this photo please contact Mary Lou Uechtritz at E: uechtritz.marylou@gmail.com or Peter Cahill at E: p.cahill@uqconnect.net

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September 2012

Dr Peter Cahill

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R.L. Russell: Rose's [Mrs Paddy Watts] story: *Life Before, During & After Her Epic Escape From Singapore* [in 1942]. Later, with husband, in Bulolo/Lae/Rabaul/ Mt Hagen; three photos of the Bulolo Golf Club Trophy Cup recovered by Capt. RWH Simpson from the ashes of the Bulolo Club House post-war and returned to a foundation Club member. **Phil Fitzpatrick:** photographs of candidates for 1968 Hagen Open Electorate (sheets 1 and 2); 1968 Kandep-Tambul Open Electorate; 1968 Western Highlands Regional Electorate, Official List of Candidates 1968 House of Assembly General Elections; Prohibition of Canvassing: Wilfully Informing Elector regarding the Enrolment; Wai Bilong Mekum Vout. **Rev. Neville Threlfall:** notes of interview with Quan Ping Hui, Sydney 140781; photographs of labourers clearing land (?1920s), Rabaul panorama from Neu Guinea Kompagnie wharf, Simpson-hafen; labour line receiving pay and rations. **Gwen Taylor:** experiences of a practical no-nonsense *Missus* ranging from life in Buin (death adds in the firewood) in the early 1950s to working as Clerk of the Court (Rabaul) and then in the office of the Madang Teachers' College. **Pat Phillips:** excellent series of photographs of funeral arrangements for Sir Hubert Murray, last Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, after his death in Samarai on 280240 including members of the Papuan Legislative Council, departmental heads and civic leaders awaiting the arrival of the aircraft bringing the coffin to Port Moresby, Royal Papuan Constabulary and Australian Defence Forces guards of honour, trailer transporting coffin to Badihagwa (Konedobu) cemetery, carried to grave site and lowered into it as a Catholic priest conducted the service and the Defence Force contingent presented arms. **Anonymous:** Papua photographs: Oil drilling in Papuan Gulf ca.1930s: view of camp with (?) water-race; view of processing buildings; two European men outside their hut; gathering of unidentified Europeans at camp site. **Peter Cahill:** PNG *Philatelic News* no.2 of 1974; June 1976; October 1976; March 1977; photographs of Port Moresby ca.1930s: CBD looking across Burns, Philp store to Touaguba Hill and European Hospital; different view across first Papua Hotel to St John's Anglican Church; (Australian) members of the Moresby Pacific Islands Battalion 1941; tape and typescript of *Kivung: the Other Expatriates*, ABC radio, (Papua New Guinea), 170573; three watercolour prints: Port Moresby ("New Guinea") ca. 1886 by Scottish artist Hume Nisbet; scene in the Louisiade Archipelago by Thomas Henry Huxley (n.d.); village at Chaumont Island, ditto by Owen Stanley May 1849. Gordon Thomas, *Rabaul 1942-1945: An Account Of Four Years As A Prisoner Of War Of The Japanese*. Typescript, Campbelltown, NSW. n.d. (n.d. = no date of publication). Mainly Chinese related photographs (dated if known) used for background in my book on the Chinese in Rabaul 1884-1960 available later this year; members of the Chinese Auxiliary Ambulance Detachment (CAAD) with Australian officers 1939; Central Avenue Matupi Farm Chinatown 1945/ 1946; memorial to captured Nationalist Chinese

soldiers brought to Rabaul as Jap-anese slave labour; CD of Chinese former prisoners of the Japanese (possibly at north coast Ratongor camp) welcoming the return of Australian troops, Rabaul, September 1945; group at Makada (Duke of York islands 1890); factory of German Commerce and Plantation Society Mioko (DoY) 1906; Chinese and Melanesian labourers being medically examined by Schwester (Sister) Auguste Hertzner of the Neu Guinea Kompagnie (NGK) at Bogadjim ca.1910; Chinese woman and infant at a Gazelle trading station; timber-getter Ah Young (Kavieng) pitsawing a log, the house he built for his family; German officials and traders celebrating the completion of the Bennigsen Bruecke (Bridge) 1901 linking Matupi Island at Kurapan with Lakunai; photo of the legendary Ah Tam (Lee Tam Tuk) 1901; Ah Tam's trading station at Kurapan showing his house, his "Strand" hotel/guesthouse and bulk store for copra and marine shell; Alois Akun's store in Yara Avenue, Rabaul Chinatown; 1st Kuo Min Tang building, Rabaul, ca. 1916; 2d Kuo Min Tang building, Rabaul, mid/late 1920s; 3d Kuo Min Tang building, Rabaul, 1930s (1 and 2 destroyed by fire); Ah Tam's motor car before Hotel Furst Bismarck, Kokopo (Herbertshohe), 1910; five photo-graphs forming a panorama of Rabaul ca.1901 from Matupi Island to Raluana point including view of NGK wharf, Ah Tam's shipyard off Malaguna Road and anchored schooners; Isokihi Komine's ship-yard; map of eastern and western portions of Rabaul, June 1913; map of New Britain and New Ireland 1939; fathom of *Nassa camelus* sea snail shells ("Tambu") from Nakanai used as Tolai currency in trading and bride-price payments on Gazelle Peninsula; three photos of the inside of "Kuhn's bungalow" (at the top of postwar 2/22nd Street), Rabaul, showing Rabaul Chinese made furniture destroyed/liberated during Australian military occupation of Rabaul 1914-1921; three photographs of Chinese/mixed-race family at Gasmata; three European women eating bananas in a village; German built bungalow Mango Avenue, Rabaul; Burns, Philp vessel at wharf, Simpsonhafen; Europeans on wharf 1923 waiting to go to Duke of York islands; racing at Rapindik 1923; group of Metho-dist Overseas Mission (MOM) school children on a beach picnic with Rev. Mo Pui Sam; another scene with Rev. Mo and teacher Miss J.M. Jenkins; children at MOM school; young girl in *cheong sam*; fruit stall in Chinatown; pork seller's cart; carrying water from a Chinatown well; Ah Chee's (Chee Jour Chee) Cosmopolitan hotel; Chin Hing's Pacific Hotel (sold to a Mr Banks early 1930s); street scene, Chinatown; MOM school, 1940; Rapindik bungalow of the manager of the Norddeutsche Lloyd line, 1923, used to accommodate single male Expropriation Board staff; party on the veranda lounge of the Cosmopolitan hotel; convivial group in a bush materials out- station house; Chinese pit-sawing on Henia island; store at "Wahlenburg", Maron, in the Hermit islands; tennis court and players at Maron; school building, swimming pool, old German hotel, copra shed and wharf at Madang; German-built residences, Madang; young male natives outside residence Madang (note septum bones); Wunawutung (aka Country Club) hotel north coast, Rabaul; eight photos of various parts of the Rabaul Botanic Garden; photos of six German-built private residences; Catholic Mission schooner *Teresa* slipped for maintenance; Rabaul Chinese evacuated to Kokopo after eruption of Tavurvur and Vulcan volcanoes 1937; two photos of Vulcan island (quarantine station and dairy) erupting 1937; Methodist Church, Rabaul, 1930s; photo of T.C. Wee (Tan Ching Wee) prominent pre-1945

business-man; children from (Catholic) Yang Ching (YC) School walking through Chinatown to the Botanic Garden with an unidentified male teacher (possibly Thomas Mow); students, teachers and staff before the YC School late 1930s; families returning to Chinatown after 1937 eruptions; Dragon dance, 1930s; welcome arch in Yara (Casuarina) Avenue, Chinatown, for King George's coronation celebrations May, 1937; entry to Government House, Namanula Hill; back view; office building Rabaul CBD; Administration (German-built) residences Mango Avenue area; Chemist's shop, Mango Avenue; Palms cinema; Lands Department office; Chinese from Ramale POW camp, Kokopo, welcoming Australian troops 1945; Japanese prisoners of war, 1945/ 1946; Australian forces race meeting, Rapindik, ca. 1946; postwar view of devastated Rabaul from Namanula Hill showing Botanic Garden site used as dump for War Disposals Sales ca. 1946-1948; ruins of New Guinea Club; Chinese women and babies with Australian Army nurses in Rabaul 1945/1946; Captain J.H. MacGregor Dowsett and Chinese friends walking down MacGregor Dowsett Street, (later Central Avenue, finally Ah Chee Avenue) in post-1945 Matupi Farm (MF) Chinatown; Chinese Girl Guides and Boy Scouts ca. 1950; students of Administration Public Chinese School, Rabaul; Catholic nun teaching at Sacred Heart School, Rabaul; students with their teachers ditto 1952; businessman Chin Hoi Meen receiving the King's Medal for bravery during the Japanese occupation of Rabaul, June 1946; surrender of Japanese Imperial Army, Rabaul, September 1945; Japanese prisoners of war doing road-work 1945/1946; three young Chinese men (and one small boy) before the Administration Public Chinese School (PCS), Rabaul, 1946; school children before the PCS ca. 1947; five young women, Rabaul, Chinatown 1948; crowd at religious procession; seven young men (hunting) with shotguns and jeeps (?Markham Road, Lae) 1956; Rev. Mo Pui Sam and school children standing on wrecked Japanese aircraft 1946; three men and wrecked aircraft; Chinese men at meeting Rabaul; Chinese Catholic School (former war disposals Quonset hut) in Kambiu Avenue, Rabaul, 1952; European wedding with Chinese and mixed-race Girl Guides guard of honour; group at Chinese School tennis courts includes Dr Eric Wright, popular with Chinese; his and private accommodation in Sulphur Creek Road, Rapindik; "temporary" kunai grass and bush timber shacks in postwar Matupi Farm, Chinatown, Rabaul, showing un-covered 44 gallon drums used to provide water for houses, restaurants and several small laundries; a "solid" house (and possibly trade store) made of whatever metal could be liberated/found/ scrounged; boys and girls of the Elementary Administration School, Rabaul, 1950s; **MaryLou Uechtritz**: photo 1st Rabaul Chinese Girl Guide Troop, ca. 1952 and troop leaders.

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THE TIMES THEY BEGAN A'CHANGING

PAPUAN RUGBY LEAGUE – 1960

By Clarrie Burke

The time: 3.00 pm; date: August 14; year: 1960.

Anyone living in, or visiting Port Moresby in the hours leading up to that time would have reckoned with the endless unbroken lines of cars and swollen streams of 'native' (*) people on foot being directed by traffic police from both sides of Hubert Murray Highway into Lahara Avenue. At the other end of Lahara Avenue an enormous swirling bottleneck had formed as cars and people converged, jostling at the entrance to the town's main arena of gladiatorial combat - The Boroko Oval. The main event of the year was due to commence at 4.00pm and the level of anxiety in the expectant crowd outside the ground rose as thousands of hopeful fans began to get the message – there were many more people than tickets. A lot of people were going to miss out due to the limited capacity of the ground.

At the 'T' junction of Hubert Murray Highway and Lahara Avenue, opposite Kriewaldts Service Station, stood a conspicuous, double-sided sign pointing towards Lahara Avenue. It gave out a 24/7 message to maintain the faith of the true believers and also to catch the eye of the 'unenlightened'. The sign read:

Rugby League
The Greatest Game of All

The cause of this mass movement was the 1960 Papuan Rugby League Premiership Final between minor premiers, the Kone Tigers, and runners up, DCA-QEA. The spill-over crowd was testimony to the fact that Rugby League had widespread support as a contact sport, not only from diehard European Rugby League fans, but more particularly from the many thousands of zealous 'native' followers living in and around Port Moresby.

Despite having played for the Kone Tigers in that game, my memory of the event, staged over fifty years ago, is disintegrating in much the same way as a 'breaking-up' digital TV image. So, as some assurance of the veracity of this account, supportive information will be drawn from articles in saved editions of the *South Pacific Post* (August 16, 19 and 26, 1960).

Respected sports writer for the *South Pacific Post* at that time, Bruce Fisher, reported on the game. Excerpts from Fisher's game report give some idea of the tense, but exciting struggle that took place:

Kone Tigers won the 1960 Rugby League premiership at Boroko Oval on Sunday, defeating DCA-QEA 21 points to 17. ...

The atmosphere was tense as the teams took the field. Kone, minor premiers, was determined to take the premiership in a final.

Likewise DCA showed from the kickoff that there would be no quarter given.

Kone fought all the way raising their game especially in the forwards to play their best football of the season. ... (16/8/60)

What the report did not mention was the spectacle of the bumper crowd in attendance, particularly the 'native' presence on the staggered tiers in the 'outer', looking for all the world like a tsunami made up of intense and excited black faces – the wave seemingly halted in its tracks at the perimeter of the field of play.

Following the final whistle, the human wave burst out on to the oval - football heroes swept up and hoisted high upon upraised hands, carried, as if floating above the surging flood of euphoric spectators, streaming from all directions.

Memorable as that spectacle was, an issue of considerably greater significance for the future of rugby league in TPNG was being played out in 1960 – an issue which was evident in games during the season, including the Premiership Final. A flashback will help put the issue in perspective.

I had just returned from a two-year Cadet Education Officers' Course conducted at the Australian School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA). My first-year appointment was to a primary school in Port Moresby. Early in 1960 I was contacted by the doyen of the Kone Rugby League Football Club for many years – Bill O'Brien. Short in stature, and as broad as he was tall, Bill walked with a distinctive waddle and always appeared with a half-smoked cigar firmly lodged in the right-hand corner of his lips. But he was some master operator when it came to the needs and expectations of his beloved Kone Tigers.

Bill had worked alongside my father at Treasury in Port Moresby in the mid-1950s. Through that contact, he recruited me to play for Kone in 1957 while I waited to commence my cadetship in 1958, following secondary schooling in Australia.

During that contact in 1960, Bill not only sought my assurance that I would play for Kone again, he also invited me to join the Managing Committee for the football team. I had developed great respect for Bill as a football team manager and saw membership of the Committee as both an honour and potential learning experience.

At the second Committee meeting of the year, Bill announced that he wanted to raise an issue which could have deep ramifications for both the short and long term future of Rugby League in the Territory (so-called at the time), and perhaps relations between Europeans and 'natives' more generally. It could also arouse great controversy.

Bill began by outlining what he considered a myth which had been perpetuated in the Territory – that 'native' people should not play heavy contact sports such as rugby league, because they supposedly had a disposition towards enlarged spleens and, if subjected to heavy physical contact, there was a grave risk of bursting their spleens. He explained that, after talking with 'a number of medico friends', he had come to the conclusion that there was no medical verification of the lay 'burst spleen' belief. Moreover, none of the medicos concerned sought to discourage, or put obstacles in the way of 'natives' playing Rugby League.

Bill had another string to his bow. In the late 1950's, while working in the Education Department, he was responsible for coordinating 'native' scholarship holders for study in Australian secondary schools. He cited one student in particular who had completed his scholarship in 1959 and was living in Port Moresby at the time. Bill described him as:

A superb athlete, with a good head on his shoulders, who can run like the wind. He excelled at schoolboy rugby union and was as fit and healthy, if not more so, than his European schoolmates before, during and after games. In short, playing football didn't curb his brilliance as an athlete or affect his health.

Bill further explained to the Committee that the myth of 'burst spleens' had not reached Australia, and needless to say, no 'native' youths had suffered from the

condition while playing rugby union to the age of 17 or 18 in Australian secondary schools.

To be specific, the young ex-scholarship holder that Bill referred to was **Sir John Kaputin**, known to many for the controversy surrounding his personal life, as well as for his high-profile careers in business, politics and Government service.

After due consideration of the racial, social and 'medical' ramifications of Bill's proposal to invite John to join the Kone Tigers, the Committee decided that Bill should first talk with John about the possibility and the associated 'issues'. Then it would be left to John to make up his own mind in his own good time. If he agreed, immediate steps would be taken to enable him to join the team with a minimum of red tape.

Suffice it to say that John became the season's leading try scorer as winger for the Kone Tigers in the Papuan Rugby League Competition (1960). He was fresh out of high school and this was his first experience of rugby league - the senior competition at that! All the more amazing was that he made the Papuan 'Firsts' representative team to play New Guinea in the first of two representative matches in his debut season.

Commenting on his preferred team for the second representative match between Papua and New Guinea in September, Fisher wrote in his column:

Kaputin has the speed and guile to worry New Guinea. His courage is beyond question. Fitness seems to be his biggest worry. He has been ill and has not been playing at his peak in recent games. Still he has the potential and should win selection. (19/8/60)

However, as it turned out, John was dropped to the 'Seconds' representative team following his loss of form during the season. Fisher commented that:

Kaputin has not been defending well and rarely have we seen from him the ankle high tackles which marked his first games in the competition. (26/8/60)

While John's '(ill-)health' undoubtedly affected his form as the 1960 season progressed, there were those who attributed his fading form to another, more sinister cause. This matter must surely have preyed on his mind from one game to the next, and eroded his enthusiasm for playing in this (up-to-1960) essentially European competition. The 'issue' (mentioned earlier) was reported in the South Pacific Post (The Drum):

This season is the first year native players were allowed to join their equals on the great field of Port Moresby Rugby League, where, and here we quote the sages, 'only ability counts'.

But of course there are the morons. They had to have their say, and during these games, scattered through the general shouting, came the cries of 'get the wash boy' and so on.

You'd think the League committee would have got off their tails, or at least a few of the spectators taken it on themselves to dispense with a little summary justice. Ah, but no! (16/8/60)

It was obvious that John was the one targeted for that abuse. While Fisher reported that "[Kaputin] has shown he has the strength to 'take it' [i.e. physical challenges on the field]" (16/8/60), it must have been immensely more difficult 'taking it' from prejudiced tormentors located anonymously in the tightly packed European Grandstand crowd. There they benefited from the added protection of high fences

which kept out those who did not hold Grandstand tickets, that is, 'natives', who at that time were not permitted to enter premises (such as the Grandstand) where alcohol was sold or consumed. The situation must have been all the more intolerable for John, knowing that the contemptible gibes could be clearly heard all over the ground by thousands of his countrymen. The smart aleck hecklers seemed to think that it was their colonial privilege to poke fun at or abuse 'natives' in whatever manner that drew laughter from their kind. The fact that alcohol flowed to excess in parts of the Grandstand only served to bring out the uninhibited prejudiced state of mind in some, and the abuse that ensued. I couldn't help but observe at the time how the utterances of this small minority cast a shadow over the great majority of relatively decent European followers, as well as the game itself, for some time.

Having a sense of John Kaputin's ability and potential as a young sportsman, I have often wondered since, what heights he may have reached as a rugby league player by the end of the 1960 season, had he been universally admired and respected for his exceptional skill and his unassuming nature as a man - and not victimised by a mean-spirited minority for his race and second class social status in the colonial society of the day.

I am sorry to say that I lost contact with John in the years immediately following his debut season in the Papuan Rugby League Competition, largely due to my postings away from Port Moresby, as well as his relocations. I have 'bumped' into him occasionally, later in the intervening years, but John's time with the Kone Tigers has never come up. The life of John Kaputin outside of the 1960 rugby league season is beyond the scope of this account.

In the pages of rugby league history in Papua New Guinea John Kaputin deserves to be depicted as a trailblazer who opened the door, setting the scene for the gradual 'localization' of Rugby League in the Port Moresby competition. In due course this laid the platform for the thriving indigenous rugby league competitions which exist today. Perhaps it is fitting that history should also record Bill O'Brien's farsightedness and his astute untiring efforts to this end.

By way of postscript it should be mentioned that, despite John's 'loss of form' in the games leading up to the 1960 Premiership Final, he still managed to score 'two invaluable tries' in the Final which was marked by tight defence.

Clarrie Burke, Former Kone Tigers Player - 1957 and 1960; Lae - 1961-62

(PNG Education Department: 1957-75)

(*) Note: The term 'native' has been used advisedly and with respect - in quotation marks - to indicate its official usage at that time and to relate the story in the 1960 time-frame. ■

THE AMAZING STORY OF PRIVATE STOKIE'S WAR IN THE JUNGLE By Don Hook

*One of the more extraordinary stories to come out of WW2 involves John Stokie, a New Guinea planter and one-time private in the NGVR, who ended the war as a decorated coastwatcher and guerilla leader. Stokie has been described as a 'roughneck' with no military training or knowledge, and as a first class bushman who knew how to work with the local people. **Don Hook** has been tracing, albeit with some difficulty, the background and adventures of this amazing soldier.*

Leslie John Stokie was born at Colac, a dairying town in western Victoria. His date of birth is shown on most Army records as 12 September 1902. On others it is 12 December 1901 which is probably correct.

Stokie worked for five years as an agent for the Victorian Producers' Cooperative. He joined the New Guinea Police Force but left after 12 months to go to the British Solomon Islands Protectorate (BSIP) as a representative for Lever Bros.

Several years later, he returned to Australia and bought a dairy farm at Pakenham south east of Melbourne. That didn't last long and he was back to New Guinea in the late 1930s managing plantations.

In July 1940 Stokie enlisted in the 2nd AIF, giving his date of birth as 12 December 1901. He was posted to a machine gun training company but was discharged after five months under the then Manpower Act. As a plantation manager, he was deemed to be in a reserved occupation.

Stokie joined the NGVR in Rabaul in April 1941 and was placed on the reserve list. He was told he'd be required only if there were an invasion in which case his knowledge of the Bainings would be invaluable.

In September 1941 Stokie married Helen Mason, a sister of Bougainville planter and coastwatcher Paul Mason. It was Stokie's second marriage. His first wife had died about seven years previously, leaving him with two sons. The boys - John (14) and Peter (7) - were with Stokie's widowed mother Henrietta at Upper Ferntree Gulley, near Melbourne.

Stokie was mobilised on January 20. The next day he stood guard at the Rabaul wharf before being transferred to A Company 2/22nd Battalion. Later in the day he was admitted to the regimental aid post suffering from malaria. He left the aid post on the morning of January 23 - invasion day - scouted the immediate area and then boarded a truck that promptly became bogged in the sand. The officer in charge made the call: *Every man for himself*.

Stokie still had malaria and it wasn't long before he lost consciousness. When recovered, he set out on foot for the Bainings but was confronted by a group of Japanese on bicycles. He reacted by throwing a Mills bomb at them, and quickly ran into the kunai.

In an official Army report by NG239 Pte John Stokie on his movements during the period January 1942 - March 1943, he wrote of further serious bouts of Malaria leaving him "nearly dead for four days".

He gave details of his journey by foot and canoe to reach the Bainings; providing food and care for troops trying to escape; compiling details of every Japanese position in the Rabaul area; and defying Japanese calls for his surrender.

On one occasion the Japanese sent a native force of 200 to take him prisoner. According to Stokie, he told them to go home while their luck lasted. They did.

Stokie heard snippets of war news from time to time. They were not always accurate like claims that Port Moresby had fallen and Japanese troops had landed in Australia. But he reacted positively by having work done on his plantation when he was told, incorrectly, that the Allies had retaken Salamaua, Lae and Kavieng.

Eventually at the end of July, he came to the conclusion that the war would continue for a long time. He had a canoe built and set out for the New Guinea mainland. He had to return, however, when a native crew member became very ill. This delayed future plans until at least October.

Stokie learned that shot-down American airmen had been hiding in hills at the back of Ulimono for some months. The Japanese were very active in the area and it took several weeks to get a message to them. Stokie told them he was sailing to the New Guinea mainland as soon as the north-west monsoon ended, and invited them to join him.

At first the Americans thought it might be a trap. But that was discounted when they read Stokie's note a second time. It ended with the words "*Cheerio all. The best of luck*". According to the Americans that sounded like the words of a "*dinkum Aussie*".

The three young airmen were in poor health when they arrived at Stokie's camp. Two had to be carried but they soon recovered after medical attention and good food.

In early March 1943 Stokie and the Americans waved lap laps and flashed a mirror at a low flying American Liberator aircraft. When the aircraft returned the next day, it dropped food and instructions for identifying themselves. They received further visits during the next two weeks and were dropped flashlights to signal their position to a Catalina flying boat sent to pick them up.

On arrival in Port Moresby, a U.S. general decorated the airmen with the Purple Heart and congratulated them on their amazing luck. Along with Stokie they were debriefed and then presented to a group of war correspondents. The story attracted headlines in several countries with Life magazine devoting nine pages to their rescue.

All John Stokie wanted to do was establish whether he was a soldier or a civilian. "If I'm a soldier, can I have some leave?" he asked senior officers. He got his leave.

Interviewed in Melbourne, his mother Henrietta told journalists: "It seems that John has done his duty."

She said he was very carefree and never worried. "As long as his wife, mother and children are well he does not appear to have a care in the world."

After a family holiday, Stokie returned to duty as NGX450 Lt. John Stokie of 'M' Special Unit – and he was soon in action as a coastwatcher and leader of a small guerilla group in New Britain.

On 28 September 1943 the American submarine *Grouper* put ashore 16 Australian and 27 native troops near Cape Orford south of Wide Bay.

A group led by Middle East veteran and former patrol officer, Captain Ian Skinner, included Lt Stokie as 2IC and Sgt Matt Foley as signaller. They moved quickly to the Open Bay region on the North Coast near a mountain known as *The Father*.

Later, Skinner moved south to form Lion Force guerillas while Stokie stayed in the north with Sgt Foley. Officially, Stokie was supposed to be gathering intelligence, not fighting. His native troops had deliberately not been issued with modern automatic weapons.

The Japanese were in retreat from West New Britain giving Stokie plenty of opportunity to use his newly formed force. However, he was refused permission to mount an attack on a post manned by 15 Japanese naval men at a village near Ulamona.

Soon afterwards, HQ New Guinea received the following signal from Stokie:

For security reasons it became necessary to liquidate Jap garrison at Ulamona. Now have their books 2LMG (light machine guns) in short their entire belongings, maps charts, etc. no survivors.

Thereafter Stokie was allowed to use his native followers armed with spears, knives and captured weapons to seek out the enemy in their country. By the time Stokie was withdrawn from New Britain in June 1944, his men had killed 63 Japanese.

Their method of attack was described as simple, devious and of little risk. The natives would approach a camp and single out a Japanese, engage in conversation, and offer *brus* (leaf tobacco) and native food. On a given signal, the natives would seize the nearest Jap whilst others quickly emerged with sharp axes and promptly executed the entire party. It was bloody but effective and silent.

Not surprisingly, there were differences between Skinner and Stokie.

Skinner is quoted as saying: *"As regards Stokie ... well, any military unit of any size would be well off without Stokie."*

A high ranking officer said: *"Skinner is a good soldier. Stokie is a roughneck, a first class bushman and can handle boys. Has no military training or knowledge."*

On the other hand, Sgt Matt Foley described Stokie as a *"good bloke – a gallant gentleman."*

"He was much older than the rest of us. He was not fast but he could walk all day. He was an incredible walker. He'd say you go ahead and I'll catch up later and he would," Sgt Foley said.

When the war ended John Stokie was an acting captain and had been awarded the Military Cross for outstanding gallantry during the period September 1943 to May 1944. The citation said his personal courage and vast knowledge of natives contributed to the success of coast watching and guerilla operations on New Britain.

Stokie is thought to have returned briefly to New Britain after the war but he and his wife Helen settled on farming properties at Nana Glen and Upper Orara on the NSW North Coast.

Helen's nephew, Jim Mason from Sydney, remembers staying at Nana Glen with his aunt and "Uncle John" in the 1960s.

“He liked horses and we went to race meetings at Coffs Harbour and Grafton. He enjoyed riding, especially an old racehorse named Helen’s Beau, and obviously was a good rider,” according to Jim.



John Stokie is believed to have been President of the Coffs Harbour Race Club in the 1960s. Unfortunately, all club records for that period were lost in a flood.

Jim Mason said his uncle’s dress on the farm was always a singlet, trousers, and gum boots. He liked a drop of whisky and smoked cigars.

“He was quite a character. He was a member of the then Country Party and claimed a former Governor General Sir Paul Hasluck as a friend.”

John Stokie died in 1973 not long after being involved in a road accident. He is buried at Coffs Harbour. Helen moved to Sydney after his death and remained there for the rest of her life.

Nothing is known of Stokie’s two sons from his first marriage. Jim Mason said he’d met Peter in Sydney years ago but had never met the elder son John who, at that time, lived in Melbourne. Today, if alive, they would be 75 and 82.

Stokie’s young brother, Pte James Albert Stokie, died in a Japanese POW camp six months before the war ended. Aged 40, he’d been captured on Ambon in early 1942.

Canberra-based Don Hook was a PNGVR member in the 1960s. He can be contacted at hookdon@bigpond.net.au ■

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THE DIE WAS CAST! – My Journey to New Guinea

by Peter Goerman

Perhaps it is the result of having read *Coral Island* and Somerset Maugham at an impressionable age, but the South Pacific islands have always evoked a powerfully romantic image with me. Mention the South Seas and I conjure up a vision of waving coconut palms and a dusky maiden strumming her ukulele. Silhouetted against the setting sun, Trader Pete (that's me!) sits in a deck-chair in front of his hut sipping a long gin and tonic while a steamboat chugs into the lagoon, bringing mail from home.

This is the story of how I got to New Guinea:

After my 'compulsory' two years in Australia from 1965 to 1967 as an 'assisted migrant', I was free to leave again - and leave I did as it seemed impossible to live on what was initially a youth wage and later became the salary of a junior bank officer with the ANZ Bank.

I had booked a passage back to Europe aboard the Greek ship 'PATRIS' operated by Chandris Line (or, as we came to call it, Chunder Line - but that is yet another story!) which had been scheduled to leave Sydney and call at Port Moresby on its way through the Suez Canal. But history and the Egypt-Israeli war of 1967 [the so-called 6-Day War which began on June 5, 1967] intervened and the Suez Canal was closed to all shipping.

So the 'Patris' never got to Port Moresby but sailed through the Great Australian Bight and around the Cape of Good Hope (Cape Town) instead. However, a good number of 'Territorians' from the then Territory of Papua & New Guinea had already booked a passage and the shipping line at great expense flew them down to Sydney to join the ship. And so it came that I spent some four weeks aboard the 'Patris' in the company of a whole bunch of hard-drinking and boisterous 'Territorians'.

Having barely scraped together the fare, I had no money to spend on drinks but I did mix with the 'Territorians' night after night in the ship's Midnight Club to listen to Graham Bell and his Allstars. I was spellbound by the stories those 'larger-than-life' 'Territorians' told about the Territory and my mind was made up that I would go there one day.

One of the 'Territorians' whom I befriended was **Noel Butler** who then lived in Wewak in the Sepik District. If New Guinea seemed remote and exotic, then the mystical Sepik District was even more remote and more exotic! It sounded all very Conrad-esque and straight out of "Heart of Darkness"!

Noel had been sent up to the Territory as a soldier during the war and had never left it! After leaving the army, he had tried his hand at coffee and tea in the Highlands and had held numerous positions of one kind or another ever since. He epitomised the typical 'Territorian' with his Devil-may-care attitude and his unconcern about the future, about money, and about a career. Somehow, for those people, the Territory provided everything they wanted from life and the rest of the world was the place that was visited once every other year during their three-month leave.

Our love of chess made Noel and me shipboard mates and we spent many hours hunched over the chess board as the ship ploughed its way towards Europe. And as we played game after game, I learnt about the Territory and listened to stories of

some the Territory's 'old-timers', including one Errol Flynn of whom I had never heard before (but whose autobiography 'My Wicked, Wicked Ways' I was to read many years later.) It seemed the Territory attracted three types of people: missionaries, moneymakers, and misfits. Which category would I fit?

Eventually the ship docked at Piraeus in Greece where Noel saw me off at the railway station as I was bound for Hamburg in Germany. I had been promised a job there and my thin wallet was in urgent need of some fattening-up! There was no time or money left for sightseeing as I boarded the train on a wintry Athens morning to spend several days transiting through Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Austria before reaching Germany.

I spent the next few miserable winter months in Hamburg and then in Frankfurt before finding a way out again: I got a job in southern Africa which, as I saw it, was almost halfway back to where I eventually wanted to go: New Guinea. That is not to say that my career was a planned one. Although I have not been an out-and-out drifter, circumstance usually played a larger role than choice in what I did with my life - or perhaps I should say what life did to me (but that's probably true of most people's lives).

With no money in my pocket, I had to rely on employers to get me back to the other side of the world. My destination was South West Africa, or Namibia as it is called now, which stretches north from South Africa's Orange River along 1280 kilometres of the loneliest, yet in parts most hauntingly beautiful coastlines touched by the Atlantic Ocean. The Namib desert, whose desolate sands have trapped and killed thousands of men and women of every race as they sought to unlock its secrets or merely to survive, runs right to the sea. The local Ovambo people call Namibia "the land God made in anger" and as the sun mercilessly bakes deserts, plains and mountains alike, it is a close cousin to hell. I spent some time in Lüderitz where I worked as a book-keeper for Metje & Ziegler Ltd. to earn the necessary money for a passage from Cape Town back to Australia where the ANZ Bank re-employed me immediately.

But the die was cast and I knew I would find a way to get to the Territory. From Noel, with whom I had stayed in contact during all this time, I had heard about PIM, the Pacific Island Monthly which was read by one and all in the Territory. I bought a copy and decided to place in it a tiny classified ad which from memory ran something like this: "Young Accountant (still studying) seeks position in the Islands." The response was hardly overwhelming but the two letters I did receive were enough. One was from a **Tom Hepworth** of Pigeon Island Traders in the Outer Reef Islands in the then British Solomon Islands Protectorate who described to me in glowing terms the leisurely life on a small atoll in one of the remotest part of the South Pacific. It all sounded terribly tempting but his closing remarks that "of course, we couldn't pay you much at all..." stopped that particular day-dream as I had to think of my future and what future was there after several years spent on a tiny island away from anywhere and with no money in my pocket? (As it happened, I made contact with the Hepworths again almost 35 years later but thereby hangs another tale)

The other letter was from a **Mr Barry Weir**, resident manager of the firm of chartered accountants Hancock, Woodward & Neill in Rabaul on the island of New Britain in the Territory of Papua & New Guinea who, subject to a satisfactory interview with their representative in Australia, offered me the position of audit

clerk. That was it!!! I passed muster at the interview and in the dying days of the year 1969 I left Australia for New Guinea. I was on my way!!!

Rabaul was everything I had expected of the Territory: it was a small community settled around picturesque Simpson Harbour. The climate was tropical with blazing sunshine and regular tropical downpours, the vegetation strange and exotic, and the social life a complete change from anything I had ever experienced before! And to top it all, I loved the work which offered challenges only available in a small setting such as Rabaul where expatriate labour was at a premium. The firm was small: the resident manager, his wife as secretary, and two accountants (both still studying) plus myself. One of the accountants was a real character who was destined never to leave the Territory. For him the old aphorism came true that "if you spend more than five years in New Guinea you were done for, you'd never be able to get out, your energy would be gone, and you'd rot there like an aged palm." He and an accountant from another chartered firm and myself shared a company house (which was really an old Chinese tradestore) in Vulcan Street and a 'hausboi' who answered to the name of Getup. "Getup!!!" "Yes, masta!"

Each of us took a turn in doing the weekly shopping. I always dreaded when it was their turn as they merely bought a leg of lamb and spent the rest of the kitty to stock up on beer! We spent Saturday nights at the Palm Theatre sprawled in our banana chairs with an esky full of stubbies beside us. The others rarely spent a night at home; their nocturnal activities ranged from the Amboinese Club to the Ralum Club to the RSL. When they were well into their beers, mosquitoes would bite them and then fly straight into the wall! Then, next morning, they were like snails on Valium. How they managed to stay awake during office hours has always been a mystery to me!

Easter 1970 gave me the chance to visit my old mate Noel Butler when the Rabaul tennis club chartered a DC3 to fly to Wewak for some sort of tournament. I got a seat aboard and visited Noel who lived on his own little estate along the Hawain River some ten miles outside Wewak. It was a wonderful place! Tilly lamps at night and a shower gravity-fed from a rooftop holding tank which was refilled by the 'haus boi' with a handpump. A native village was just down the road and far into the night small bands of villagers would pass the house strumming their ukeleles. An alcoholic beachcomber by the name of McKenzie (who was said to be an excellent carpenter on the few occasions when he was off the grog) lived even farther out than Noel. He had no transport which however did not stop him from walking all the way into Wewak to quench his ever-present thirst at the Sepik Club. On his return late at night he would stagger in to Noel's for a few more noggins to propel him on his way. In later years some friendly people in town fixed him up with a donkey which used to carry him home safely. The Territory was full of characters like McKenzie.

During my time in Rabaul, advertisements began to appear in the local POST-COURIER for the Bougainville Copper Project. I applied to the project's construction managers Bechtel Corporation for the advertised position of Senior Contract Auditor and was invited to fly across for an interview in October 1970. In those early days, all incoming traffic stopped at the transit camp at Kobuan where one had to wait for transport to Panguna where Bechtel's "top brass" had their offices. The road to Panguna was still something of an adventure and it was some time before I could present myself to **Sid Lhotka**, Bechtel's Manager of Administrative Services. He hired me on the spot and I returned to Rabaul to give

notice and get my things and within a few weeks I was back "up top" only to be told that I would be working at Loloho, senior auditor in charge of several large contracts such as the construction of the harbour facilities (built by Hornibrook), the Power House construction (built by World Services), the Arawa Township (built by Morobe-ANG), and the haulage services (provided by Brambles-Kennellys.) **Des Hudson** and a string of time-keepers, amongst them **Neil Jackson ("Jacko")**, **Bob Green**, and **"Beau" Players** joined the team later.

We all lived in Camp Six which was idyllically situated on Loloho Beach. Every day (and often even before going to work), we would go for a swim in the beautifully warm and clear waters of Loloho Bay. Except for one: **Bill Avery**, our telephone operator who was ex-Navy and claimed he had a pact with the sharks: they wouldn't come onto his land, and he wouldn't go into their water. I'll never forget the day when we had a prolonged power failure and no running water in camp, and the whole camp population washed and shaved in the surf! Ever since I've been keeping a cake of soap which lathers in seawater. The camp had a certain hierarchy with "oldtimers" occupying the front row of dongas facing the beach, also known as "Millionaires' Row." Twice a week was film night to which viewers brought their own plastic chairs and victuals and liquid supplies and watched whatever was being offered (the Natives were crazy about Cowboy movies), against a backdrop of stars twinkling through swaying palm fronds and with the surf as background music. Payday was the big night in Camp Six with gambling tables such as Snakes & Ladders doing a roaring trade. Flick shows (with little to be seen across the tops of a dozen boisterous guys, all drinking and smoking, crammed into a 6-by-10ft donga) were also highly sought-after.

The "boozer" (or Wet Canteen in the official language), set right on the beach of Loloho, was a great place for an evening out! Offshore, across the dark waters, several small islets marked the outer limits of the reef. We named them "Number One Island", "Number Two Island", and so on. On some night, after a sufficiently large intake of SP (also known as 'Swamp Piss'), heated debates would develop as to whether they were ships coming into port!

Sometime in 1971 I transferred to Panguna where I was put in charge of the General Accounts Department with **Brian Herde** doing the Accounts Payable and **Gaskill** keeping the General Ledger. **Neil Jackson** somehow found his way "up top" as well and became offsider to **Brian Herde**, imitating one of the Three Musketeers by attacking all passers-by with a long wooden ruler until the day the booze got the better of him and he didn't turn up for work at all. **Sid Lhotka** visited him in his donga at Camp 3 and rumour has it that **"Jacko"** told him to f%#@# off! He was on the next plane out! Another auditor wasn't quite so outspoken to get off the island but did so even more quickly: **Frank Joslin** was given the monthly "perk" of hand-carrying a batch of punch cards to Bechtel's Melbourne office where he presented himself, never to be seen again thereafter. His neat little trick became known as "doing a Joslin" and was much talked about but never imitated. Some of the new recruits to the audit team were less than delighted with their posting to muddy and rain-soaked Panguna and started counting the days to the end of their twelve-month contract - literally! They ran up an adding-machine strip list from 365 days down to zero and pasted it to the office wall, ticking off one day at a time. Needless to say, not many survived that kind of mental torture. There were some others who never left Aropa airstrip: they had seen the mountain range shrouded in clouds from the aircraft and, refusing to

leave the small airline building and spending a fretful night on a hard wooden bench, reboarded the same aircraft for its morning flight back to Port Moresby.

Others took to the wild camp life with gusto, spending what little time was left after a 10-hour working day, in the "boozier" and even investing in their own 'fridges outside their dongas. The nights were punctuated by the squeaking of 'fridge door hinges and the squishing sound of rings pulled off beer cans. A common "status symbol" amongst serious drinkers were door-frame curtains constructed from the hundreds of pull-top rings collected from empty beer cans. **Les Feeney** was put in charge of the audit group but more often than not was in charge of the carousing going on in the "boozier" and endlessly stuffing his pipe but never succeeding in lighting it. He and **Peter the "Eskimo"**, a lumbering polar bear of a man hailing from Iceland, ran a constant "throat-to-throat" race as to who was the biggest drinker. **"Bulldog"**, a likeable Pom, tried hard to catch up with them! On one occasion he also tried to learn how to play the electric organ. He never did but the speakers and amplifier which came with it, were put to good (and all-too-frequent) use when he played his favourite Neil Diamond record, "Hot August Night." The whole camp rocked when **"Bulldog"** plugged in that organ! I shall always associate "Hot August Night" with nights at Camp One!

During my time on the island I became a Justice of the Peace and also obtained my registration as a tax agent and assisted many in the camps with their tax returns. I even made successful representation to the New Zealand Inland Revenue to have the then 18-months "world income rule" set aside for the Kiwis working on Bougainville. Had I not obtained this particular ruling, they would have been liable to pay New Zealand income tax on their Bougainville earnings. I became something of a *scribe* for many in the camp who wanted to apply for a passport or needed documents authenticated or who - surprisingly - couldn't read or write and asked me to handle their correspondence - including some pretty red-hot love letters!!! I always toned down their replies which must have kept quite a few guys out of troubles!

After Bougainville came stints in the Solomons, back to PNG (setting up the Internal Audit Department for AIR NIUGINI in Port Moresby where I run into **Brian Herde** again who'd taken a job with Tutt Bryants), Rangoon in Burma, Samoa, Malaysia, Indonesia, Iran, PNG once again (setting up the tug-and-barge operations for Ok Tedi; Bechtel was back in town to manage this project and with it came **Sid Lhotka** with whom I had dinner at the Papuan Hotel in Port Moresby to talk about "old times"), Saudi Arabia (where I met up with **Des Hudson** again), Greece - but none of those assignments came ever close to the comraderie and *esprit de corps* of the years on Bougainville!

Over the years I repeatedly ran into "ex-Bougainvilleans" and "ex-Territorians" in Australia and elsewhere. We would swap yarns which always ended in a great deal of nostalgia and a hankering for a way of life that would never come again. Like myself, many had found it difficult to settle back into an "ordinary" life and, like myself, had moved from place to place in an attempt to recapture some of the old life style.

If you know any persons mentioned or their present whereabouts, please contact Peter Goerman at riverbend@batemansbay.com I have also set up a website at www.riverbendnelligen.com/bougainville.html in memory of the thousands of expats and locals who built and worked at the Bougainville copper mine.

The following narrative is also shown as 9 slides (96 to 104) in the Photo Gallery under reference 'Derek (Jos) Elwyn Crisp 14 June 1901 – 13 February 1942

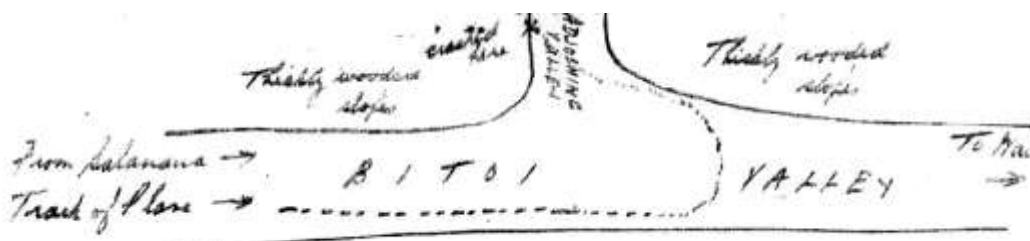
THE LOSS OF VH-VQQ

Derek (Jos) Elwyn Crisp (Eds David Montgomery)

(transcribed from original typewritten narrative)

It was Sunday the 16th December and I had started flying early in the morning and the weather was more or less typical of what we get here daily, i.e., a clear cloudless sky in the early morning gradually clouding over until about 2 or 3 p.m. it becomes impossible to fly. I had completed my third trip to Wau and back that morning and was returning to Wau on my fourth. The clouds had gathered to a height of about 8,000 feet when I came out on my third trip, so decided that before climbing to that altitude to get in on the following journey I would firstly have a look underneath them. This I did and had satisfied myself that all was clear right through to the 'Gap' at the Wau end.

The flight from Salamaua to Wau is usually made up a valley called the Bitoi. This valley rises from about 1,000 feet at the Salamaua end to 6,000 feet at the Wau end. The 6,000 feet portion is known as the "Gap" and once clear of this you can descend rapidly to 3,500 feet, the level of Wau aerodrome. I had proceeded well up the Bitoi valley and was about 4 miles from the Gap when I noticed that I was not climbing as fast as I should be; in fact the natural rise in the ground was greater than that which the 'plane would climb at. I could not circle and get extra height because I was flying under a heavy layer of clouds and was almost as high as their lower reaches. Eventually I decided that to go on would be fatal as I was still losing height comparative to the ground) so decided to turn and scoot out. To make a turn with a full load on you require a fair amount of room so I chose the junction of another valley with the Bitoi in which to do the turn. However I was losing height so quickly that I found myself hemmed in by the sides of the Bitoi and without enough turning radius in which to complete the turn. I then made for an adjoining valley to temporarily give me time and space to manoeuvre the bus, but unfortunately the valley I turned into rose even quicker than the Bitoi so that I had neither height, speed or room enough to turn out. I realised I was trapped, but decided to give it a go, hoping I might just miss some of the higher trees and manage to complete a turn. It was no good however for I was only about half way round when I collected a pretty high tree and crashed in on one of its limbs, the whole plane sliding towards its trunk. The accompanying sketch will give you a fair idea of the way it happened.



(Scanned from D E Crisp's original typewritten narrative)

When the 'plane was pulled up by the tree trunk the engine, cargo (3 cases of Victoria Bitter Ale and a case of starch) and cabin all carried on and fell to the ground. The wings and centre section draped themselves around the limb, and the rear portion of the fuselage with myself strapped by the safety belt to it remained right way up on top of the limb.

I was quite conscious throughout the crash and heard only too well the breaking of branches in the tree and the rending and splintering of the plywood and spruce of the 'plane. On pulling myself together and looking myself over I was much relieved to find that I had got off with a slight cut over my left eyebrow and a bruised feeling on my left side which I thought at the time was a broken rib, but which turned out afterwards to be a general bruising and straining of the stomach muscles. This was caused by my full weight being stopped in the crash by the safety belt which was fastened around my tummy. My next impressions were the smell of fresh beer and that I was quite a height above ground. I looked over the side and saw that I was well and truly up a tree and had my doubts about being able to get down. It was just 12 o'clock so decided to stay up the tree in case I was missed and a 'plane came out looking for me. I would have much more chance of attracting a pilot's attention from the tree than from the ground which was almost completely closed in by heavy growth. I then took stock of what I had about me and found that all I had was a revolver and some bullets and half a Smith's Weekly, so I settled down to a quiet half hour with Smith's.

About an hour later it began to rain in true tropical style and the clouds closed in the Bitoi valley, so I knew that the would be rescue' plane would not be able to do any good. The rain continued and I tried to get what shelter I could from the pieces of three-ply-wood and fabric about me but without success. At about 5 p.m. I began to figure out ways and means of getting down but as I had no tools – they were thrown to the ground together with my emergency rations – I could not loosen the control wires which I had hopes of using in letting myself down. The height from the ground to where I was perched was 75 feet. The tree has since been cut down and measured, so you can see I was up against a problem. After much taking of observations I decided that by transferring to two other trees I could just about make it. This I eventually did. Firstly I lowered myself a few feet down the tree I was in so as to salvage the 'plane's compass which I thought might be useful. From this position I climbed on to the second tree, scrambled a few feet down it, then on to a third and thus to the ground. By this time I was thoroughly wet and covered in moss I collected coming down the trees. Managed to find the emergency rations and tools but had trouble in getting a fire going. You must remember that I was almost 5,500 feet above sea-level and at night time it can get very cold. By the time I collected things and got a fire going it was getting dark. The undergrowth was very thick and thoroughly wet. After about an hour all the beer case timber was so wet it would not burn so my fire just went out and I was left standing in the rain in pitch darkness in the big bush of New Guinea. All the wogs in the world came out and gave their war cry and made weird noises. Many of the trees had patches of phosphorous on them which glowed like bright lights. I got practically no sleep and did a shiver all night. I did not feel hungry so did not open the rations, although I had nothing since breakfast that day. After a very long and uncomfortable night the first peep of dawn showed up. An hour or so later I heard and saw 'planes passing overhead and from the way they were flying I knew they were searching. The crash was pretty well hidden and I had little hope of

them spotting it from the air, in fact I had made up my mind to walk to the mining camps in the Bitoi; I knew the direction and had a compass. However I thought better of it and decided to stay at least one day near the crash and assist with a smoke fire in the aerial search. During the night I figured out a scheme whereby the attention of a searching pilot could be attracted.

The petrol tank was still held in the crash up the tree. My scheme was to put a shot fired from my revolver into it as soon as a 'plane circled overhead, the petrol would then run out the hole and I would just have to light it at the ground and the flame would travel up to the tank and wreckage in the tree and cause a good flare and smoke. Well the 'plane came over early Monday morning and started circling high over the vicinity. I drew the revolver, shot at and drilled the tank, out ran the petrol and when I went to light it my matches were too wet – they refused to strike. So all I could do was watch the precious petrol run to waste. Very loud curses. Seeing that I couldn't do anything in the way of fires, I thought I might just as well have breakfast. So had about six prunes and four Sao biscuits and a drink of water. Bonza! felt much better. Later I managed to dry out my matches under my helmet and got a fire going. Took some of my clothing off and wrung it out and dried it before the fire. It stopped raining at daybreak, so things were looking brighter. I noticed 'planes from all the air companies participating in the search and thought what a good lot they were. I learnt later that these individual pilots on hearing of a 'plane and pilot missing simply took it upon themselves to search, they did not wait for orders from their respective chiefs. A very fine spirit.

As the day wore on I got a heavy smoke fire burning (after drying the matches) and the 'planes seemed to be concentrating over the spot but they did not give me any signal that the wreck had been sighted. Furthermore owing to the abnormal down currents in this vicinity (which was the prime cause of the crash) the smoke from the fire simply would not rise but just floated down into the valley and dispersed amongst the heavy timbers. I poured oil on from the oil tank and heaped on some material from the beer cases, but it was no good, I judged that my smoke would never be noticed from the air. By night-fall on Monday I had rigged up a humpy at the foot of the tree, had a dry bed of case material, had a fire going, and had dried my clothes so had no trouble in enjoying a good night's sleep after snacking on another half dozen prunes and four Saos.

The emergency kit did not contain a billy so was unable to make a hot drink. Strangely enough dozens of perfectly good beer bottles were spread all about me but I did not have the slightest inclination for a drink. It was only by a stroke of good luck that I had matched. As you know, I am a non-smoker so do not carry them and the ones that should have been in emergency kit must have been stolen by the *natives* at the hangar for they were not there. On the Saturday night I went on board a German ship in port and was handed a souvenir box of matches by the steward. I took them home and threw them on my dressing table and before I went flying the next day I put them in my pocket. Why? I don't know. To continue the story. By Tuesday morning I decided to walk to the Miner's camps in the Bitoi so packed my kit, wrote a note on some fabric in charcoal and left it in my humpy, giving reasons for crash and in what direction I had walked and that I was uninjured. I set off at 7 a.m. and walked by

compass in the direction I had estimated. I have never walked through thicker, steeper and wetter bush in my life. The slope of the grades made it hands-and-knees work and for every two yards I would climb I would slip back one. Whenever I slipped and grabbed something it either had thorns or was of the stinging variety. My footwear was ordinary shoes and one heel went missing very early. I thought that once I reached a ridge I would be able to see how I was going, but when I did get there I could not see a thing for the thick high trees; so all I could do was to keep going. Once I thought I heard somebody call, so called back and fired a few shots without effect.

After crossing two ridges and wading through two mountain creeks I came to a clearing and saw the Bitoi mining leases below me and knew that after my four hours' scramble through the bush I had made the mark O.K. I made for the nearest house which of course was built native fashion out of grass etc. On coming up to it I saw two natives fast asleep, and they both wore loin cloths of the Territory's gaol pattern. My first thoughts were that they were escaped prison boys and were hiding in the hills; so imagined I would not be very popular with them. However as I had my revolver handy I decided to wake them and question them, which I did. Their eyes nearly popped out when they woke and saw me standing close to them complete with flying helmet. I asked them where their master was and one answered that he had gone into the bush. Just then I caught sight of another house lower down the hill and asked the *native* if a white man lived there. His answer I gathered was in the affirmative, so pushed on down the hill with one hand still on my squirt. On reaching the house I saw a typical old miner sitting in the sun reading, so just walked up and asked him how he was etc. He nearly fainted on the spot and took about 5 minutes to come to. He was a Mr Reynolds and a very decent old chap too. He said that a few hours earlier a party headed by the A.D.O. of Wau and thirty natives had passed through on a search for me (The two boys I met first belonged to this party). Also another party of whites (belonging to Carpenters) and 7 natives were out; and in addition several miners from round about the Bitoi had seen the 'planes searching, so dropped their search for gold, mustered their *natives* and set out on their own account. We immediately sent *natives* out to the various parties to let them know where I was and that I was O.K. (also sent a police boy to Wau with the news). It turned out that the wreckage was sighted at about 11 a.m. on the Monday so the ground parties did not lose any time – they had to walk from Wau a full day's walk. Most of them walked the better part of the night with the aid of hurricane lamps and electric torches. Mr Reynolds soon got some tea made and a snack cooked to which I did full justice. Whilst I was there another party arrived headed by the doctor from Wau. He was very relieved to find me O.K. and to be spared further walking etc. He examined what I thought was a broken rib and said it was only muscle strain.

In a few hours' time the recalled parties came in and we learnt that they had actually discovered my camp, saw the crash and read my note by 10.30 am. They were all annoyed to see me in one piece and could not figure out how I got down the tree. The Padre from Wau was amongst them, he took some snaps of the wreckage, etc. I am enclosing them with this literary effort. The snap of the 'plane in the tree does not give a true idea of the height because he went up the hill side until it got more or less at the same height then got the *natives* to clear

the trees between him and the crash. The first party that reached the scene were so overjoyed at finding it and learning that I was O.K., began celebrating on the spot and got properly tight on the beer scattered around.

One chap a miner who I spent the night with that night got his *natives* to gather up all the full bottles they could find and bring them back to his camp where he celebrated right through to 3 am that night and then on again at breakfast until I left him at about 10 a.m. Some of the parties went straight back to Wau but the Dr, his assistant and a few others including myself spent the night at Harry O’Kane’s camp about two miles further on from Mr Reynold’s. We were all glad to get to bed that night, that is all but the chap who, as just mentioned, celebrated by himself assisted by a *native* at the gramophone and many bottles of VB until 3 am.

The following day (Wednesday) we set out at 10 am to walk to Wau which takes you through creeks, slime, mud and swamp until you eventually reach the Bulolo river. This is more than waist deep and runs that fast that you can only just keep your feet. In fact I could not keep on mine while I had my trousers on so had to remove them and carry on. A frightful sight. Arrived at Wau at about 5 pm. very tired but very relieved to be back in civilization. I was met by the manager for Carpenter’s Aerial Services who took the whole matter exceedingly well and was only too pleased to know that I was OK. The following day I returned to Salamaua in our Dragon ‘plane and received general congratulation from the boys as well as many of the radio variety.

That evening the drinks and a dinner at the Hotel were on me, a very bright show. The miners say that I can claim distinction in as much as it is the first time in the history of the goldfields that beer has been delivered direct to their camp. Also, together with one other we are the only two who have first come down a tree without previously going up it.

That just about covers the story. Since it has occurred I have learnt that nearly every pilot in New Guinea has had a narrow shave in this vicinity. They have told me so themselves – missed by inches and all that. There appears to be abnormal down currents and I was a bit unlucky. That’s the first damage I have done to any aircraft in my charge, but it certainly is a whole lot – a complete write off except for the engine which suffered little damage and is being rescued. I have been informed that the cause of the accident has been attributed to ‘lack of local knowledge’. I deeply regret any worry and anxiety I have caused you, but so far I do not know how you learnt the news and how long you were in suspense; I hope it was not for long. ■



The Crash Site

KABUA GAIRO by Neil Harvey

The last few issues of *Una Voce* have had me, in this, the fiftieth year since I first went to PNG as a 19 year old, determined to write.

The first arises out of a footnote in *Una Voce* September 2011 No 3, p.56, in Maxwell Hayes' article on Karo Araua honouring Bagita Aroau, BEM, QPLS & GC medals and his fifty years plus of loyal and distinguished service. His effort reminded me of another instance of long and distinguished service rendered by another Papuan, not as a policeman (though he may have been seconded from the police), but as an interpreter in the court system.

I am referring to a gentleman from Hanuabada named Kabua Gairo, whom I met while I was employed in the Supreme Court as a Judge's Associate to Mr Justice Rupert Ollerenshaw.

I have a couple of photos of him that I took at the Supreme Court in Port Moresby, in which he is wearing his uniform with his **six** ten year service badges. As this was in 1962, that means his period of service covered many of the epochal events of early British New Guinea and Papua. Surely he would have come in contact with people like Bagita Aroau himself, as well as Steve Dagora, Sergeant Major Simoi (both of whom appeared on TPNG stamps), and could have been known to such people as William George Lawes, James Chalmers, Percy Chatterton, Hubert Murray and other early European settlers. His son, Kora Kabua, was following in his father's footsteps and, from memory, he already had two or three ten year service medals.

The rest of my time in PNG (after two years teacher training at ASOPA) was spent in and around Rabaul, only passing through Moresby 'going south' or returning from leave, so that I had no further contact.

As we can do so easily nowadays, I 'googled' Kabua's name and obtained one result. It was in Appendix I of a book first published in 1957 entitled *'The Great Village: the Economic and Social Welfare of Hanuabada, an urban community'* by Cyril Belshaw (ISBN 0-415-33050-5) and has this information:

COMPOSITION OF IDUHU*

NOTE: Information between ruled lines relates to *iduhu* recognised as a separate and exogamous unit. Personal names in capitals. Place names in lower case.

Hohodae ('Village') - Tupa

Lohia ('Man of Renown') - KABUA GAIRO

Historic and Genealogical Origin - from IARU MANO

Generations ago - 3

No. of Male adults - 4

'Irregular' Features - KABUA elected on decline of main lineage

*Iduhu were quasi-patrilineal groups

Is there anyone else who can pay a better tribute than I can to these two men?



Above: KABUA GAIRO, outside Supreme Court of Papua New Guinea, 1962

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

Colin SUTHERLAND 14 March 2012, aged 82.

Dr John JAMESON 25 May 2012

Ronald Spencer (Ron) CARNE (12 May 2012 aged 92 years)

Ron and Joan were married in 1947, almost 65 years ago, and as they both had a strong desire to work in a developing country, Ron accepted a job as Agronomist with the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries (DASF) in the highlands of New Guinea. They moved there, as soon as they were married. Ron and Joan's first home together was a log cabin made from locally sawn timber and a thatched grass roof on an Agriculture Experimental Station in a remote part of the highlands (Aiyura Valley) at 5,500 ft altitude. The only access to the valley was by small fabric-coated bi-plane (DeHavilland Dragon). There was only one other European couple there at the time, and they became lifelong friends (Aub & Ancie Schindler). So began 27 years of life and work in Papua New Guinea. A large part of that time was in Aiyura, but Ron had a roll to play at other Agriculture centres in PNG at Mageri, Goroka, Rabaul, and Keravat during that time as well.

The crop that absorbed the most time at Aiyura, in the early years was 100 acres of Cinchona trees that were planted during the war. The bark of these trees was used to produce quinine, which was the main treatment for Malaria at the time. It was coffee, however, that became the crop that succeeded for the PNG agriculture industry. Different varieties were experimented with and Ron travelled to Africa and the West Indies in the late 40s to learn more about coffee and choose varieties that would suite the highlands of New Guinea.

The Highlands of New Guinea now has a thriving coffee industry which makes up a large part of PNG's export industry, and earns more foreign exchange than any other industry. Most of it now, is grown by small plots in the eastern highlands, sometimes only 20 trees, along -side subsistence farming. Ron's work, along with others, contributed to this as they chose the varieties that suited best, and experimented with pruning methods, spacing and shading methods that produced the most coffee. Quite a bit of Ron's work in the 50s was to go out on patrol to remote villages and help them choose plots to start growing coffee, and providing the seed for it.

After moving back to live in Australia in 1974, 27 years after arriving in New Guinea, Ron's working roll changed to a more administrative job with the Soil Conservation Department. He and Joan adjusted back into Suburban life in North Balwyn, Victoria.

While Ron was working in New Guinea, he and Joan had a close association with the Wycliffe Bible translators, who set up their PNG headquarters at Ukarumpa, across the river in Aiyura Valley. Many of the members there became great friends of Ron and Joan, and the centre there at Ukarumpa became a focus for the Carne family's social and spiritual life. SIL wished to let Ron and Joan know how much they were honored and loved by the team there in PNG. They decided to make them Honorary Members of the organization. Such an honor is not normally given actually, but in one special way they made the statement that all the member's felt for them. Ron spent quite a bit of time in his retirement in Melbourne, helping out at the Kangaroo Ground Australian Headquarters for SIL, working in the gardens and mowing the lawns.

In 2005 Ron and Joan moved from their family home in North Balwyn where they had lived for 31 years. They had 6 years in Bedford Heights Retirement Village and certainly made the most of that time, and then the time came to adjusting to life in a Nursing Home. Ron made that change so bravely. He knew it was the right time and he settled in so well. Joan was able to join him there a few months later and they were able to spend the last 12 months of his life there together. He died peacefully there on 12th May 2012, surrounded by his family.

Ron was a great family man and he and Joan had four children while they were at Aiyura. Joan returned to Melbourne to have Janet (Knight), but David, Hilary and Heather (Brooker) were born in Lae, Goroka and Kainantu respectively. Aiyura



valley was a wonderful place to grow up in during the 50's and 60's. There are now 11 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren, ranging in age from 12 years to a few weeks of age. Ron had a wonderful life, so well-lived, and is a great inspiration to all of his friends and family.

David Carne

Blanch (Maisie) MADDEN, 24 June 2012 aged 86 years.

Mais, as she was always known, was a Brisbane girl who became a nursing sister and met Barney Madden in Dalby where he was teaching. He went to PNG and was quickly promoted to be District Education Officer, Southern Highlands. They married at Christmas 1956 and she joined him at Mendi for a term before moving to Sohano when he took over Education in Bougainville. Barney was next made Principal of the Goroka Teachers College and then advanced to the same position at the Port Moresby College at Ward Strip. This was after the couple travelled to Missouri, USA in 1967 so that Barney could complete a PhD degree in Sociology. In 1974 the family returned to Brisbane where Dr Madden took up a post at Mt. Gravatt College of Advanced Education. He died in 1998 but Mais had the solace of her children Camilla and David, their spouses, and four grandchildren all living close by.

Camilla and Bruce Montgomery

Early in 1957 Mais was flown into Mendi, then a scatter of native material huts alongside the airstrip, with only two tin-roofed dwellings visible from the air these being the residences of the DC and the Medical Officer. On alighting from the Norseman she saw three women advancing towards her and a Landrover parked behind them. Mais told me that she thought 'Oh good, these kind ladies are going to drive me to Mendi...' Little did she know that what she could see was it.... And since Barney had been none too explicit about the house prepared for his bride she was somewhat taken aback at the pitpit walls, plank floors, wood-burning stove and bucket suspended above the shower recess. However like so many unsuspecting women brought to the Territory before her she buckled down and made the best of it. Canasta nights by the light of a kerosene lamp at her house

were always great entertainment. As was the vinyl LP record of 'My Fair Lady' she brought back from leave which caused Mendi's miniscule expat population to flock to Haus Madden to listen to before departing singing 'All I want is a room somewhere' or 'Just you wait 'enry 'iggins....' Simple pleasures for an outstation.

As a trained nurse Mais was able to assist Drs. Lawrence Malcolm and Vlado Ivinskis from time to time. And when PO Ron Neville's wife had difficulty with delivering her second child Mais sat with Colleen all night before she could be flown to Goroka next day. She also assisted Trevor McMinn, the chalkie at the Mendi primary school. He had failed the Music component of his Teaching Certificate but was permitted to retake the test. I chanced on this humorous spectacle, Mais singing, Barney beating time and Trevor faking the identification of musical notes. Mais was a fine genuine singer but the other two had only one concern – that the local school should not lose the Head the children called *Masta Micmac*. So a Pass, no worries.

I am sure Mais Madden was a well liked participant in the affairs of all her other PNG postings but she never forgot the people (characters?) at her first station. Have any of us? Addendum provided by Jim Toner

Albert Lloyd HURRELL CMG OBE MC (22 May 2012, aged 96 years)



Lloyd Hurrell was born on 20th November 1916 at Wingham, NSW; he had three brothers, Les, Dick and Frank. He graduated from Hurlstone Agricultural High School where he was awarded the McKern Scholarship for all round ability, character and leadership. He was a good scholar and a fine athlete; representing the school in rugby league, cricket, swimming and boxing.

In 1936 he graduated from Armidale Teachers College and commenced his short career as a teacher at Adaminaby and Bombala Schools.

After a season as a professional footballer at Maitland, Lloyd followed his brother Les to PNG as a Patrol Officer which started his long and illustrious

relationship with the country and the people.

At the beginning of WW2, both Lloyd and Les enlisted from Rabaul and they became part of the 4th Reinforcements 2/31st Battalion. Captain Lloyd Hurrell served in the Middle East and New Guinea. He was awarded the Military Cross for his gallantry on the Kokoda Track. His brother, Les was killed in action at Gona. Lloyd was injured badly and while recuperating in Australia met and married Margaret Crowther. Margaret became his partner in every adventure that they had in their long life together.

At the end of the war Lloyd and Margaret returned to New Guinea where he resumed his occupation as a patrol officer. Initially he served in Salamaua, Morobe, Mumeng, Finschhafen and Bogia. In 1950 Lloyd was chosen to establish a new Patrol Post at Menyamya. He led a party of 13 native police and 157 carriers. Lloyd loved his time at Menyamya and always kept a close link with the people from there. In later years Lloyd employed many people from Menyamya on his coffee plantation. He was then transferred to Wau as Assistant District Officer.

Lloyd did not enjoy this as much as he had the patrolling and decided to purchase land in Wau. He planted coffee and had cattle and poultry on the property called Kosali. In the early days he grew vegetables to supplement his income. Lloyd's

younger brother, Frank joined him to live in Wau. He purchased a dairy and went on to own many other businesses in Wau. The brothers were very close and their children had an idealistic time growing up in Wau. Lloyd began to look at the broader picture in New Guinea. He became influential in the Highland farmers and Settlers Association and in 1960 was elected as member for New Guinea Coastal and Legislative Council. He served until 1963 and was Deputy Chairman of the Select Committee for Political Development in 1962, which laid the framework for eventual self-government and independence. He also held the position of State President for the RSL in 1967 and 1968 as well as holding office in his own Sub Branch in Wau. Lloyd was appointed Chairman of the Coffee Marketing Board in 1965 and held that position until 1979 when he sold Kosali plantation to the local people. During his time in the Coffee Marketing Board he worked hard to ensure the future of coffee growers in Papua New Guinea. He moved to Lae where he was a director of SP brewery. Lloyd became a citizen of PNG.

Lloyd was awarded an OBE in June 1969 for public and community service and in 1980 was created a Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St Michael and St George for distinguished service to the coffee industry. The Coffee Industry Board Room is officially named the 'A L Hurrell Board Room' and his photo graph still watches over the decisions being made about the coffee industry.

In 1982 Lloyd and Margaret moved to Australia although their hearts have always remained in Papua New Guinea. Margaret survives Lloyd and lives at Tweed Heads. Four of Lloyd's five children were born in Papua New Guinea and still have strong ties to the country. Lloyd Hurrell had an amazing life and he was an extraordinary man who will be missed.

Sue Spargo

Betty MACARTNEY (nee Leckie)

Betty was born in Ingham North Queensland in 1927 where her father was a GP. Her mother was a trained theatre sister. During WW2, along with her sister and brother, Betty was sent to boarding school at NEGS in Armidale, New England NSW. Betty was an earnest student and finished as Dux of the school. She was also good at sport. She then went to Queensland University to study science and worked in the pathology laboratory at the Brisbane General Hospital. She met her future husband, John Macartney from Longreach Queensland while they were both studying and they married in 1950. Their first child, Belinda, was born in 1952. Son Paul was born in 1955 (he died in a motor bike accident aged 25).



The family spent 15 years in PNG before returning to live in the hamlet of Mt Nebo outside Brisbane. The following 18 years spent at their mountain home, 'Lissanoure', are remembered well by the many visitors who enjoyed the warm, generous Macartney hospitality there. Betty continued to work in medical science with a team at the Royal Children's Hospital researching Cystic Fibrosis. John died of lung cancer in 1992 and Betty moved to Brisbane. Later she spent time travelling between her home at Forest Place, Durack and Northern Rivers, NSW sharing life with Robin McKay who they had met in Bougainville. Robin died in 2010 and Betty moved permanently to Durack.

Betty's abiding passions were her family and friends, and creating a garden and home wherever she found herself – from Bougainville to Brisbane and all points in between. As well as her professional skills, she was a great correspondent, a keen reader and writer, and enthusiastic fisherwoman. Betty died peacefully in her sleep on 9 September 2011. She is survived by her brother Dr Thomson Leckie and daughter, Belinda Macartney.

The following eulogy was given at Betty's funeral by PNG colleague Professor Robin Cooke.

I first met Betty in January 1962. She had been working in the Biochemistry section of the pathology laboratory in Port Moresby for the previous 18 months. The laboratory was barely recognisable as one, and her section was the only one that was functioning at all. In that January, reinforcements arrived in the shape of two UK scientists who both had significant expertise and experience in working in Africa. Although I was the youngest and least experienced in this team, I was appointed as the head by Director of Public Health, Roy Scragg with a brief to 'fix' the laboratory in Port Moresby, then to establish a pathology service throughout the country. The others took this with a good grace, Betty with her trademark cheerful optimism.

Betty and John had spent their first term in Bougainville and they had enjoyed this very much with Betty taking on the role of teacher for Belinda who was enrolled in Distance Education for her first years of schooling. Then John was appointed to a position in Port Moresby and Betty got a job in the pathology laboratory; she had some training as a laboratory technician at the Brisbane General Hospital before her marriage. Her time in Bougainville had given her experience in how to live and work with the people and the Administration of PNG. She was a willing teacher and confidante and I followed her example. We all forged very strong friendships with the PNG men and women who were working in the laboratory and many of these friendships endured over the next 40 years. Wasi Basinaro was a talented and vivacious young woman who had been overseas to do some technician training before she started work in the lab. She became Betty's right hand person and a long term friend. Some years ago I was awarded an OBE by the Government of PNG for services to medicine in that country. I happened to be the figurehead of the team that did the work and Betty was an important member of that team. *Robin Cooke*

Brian Patrick ESSAI (28 March 2012, aged 89 years)

Brian resided in PNG from 1950-1961. He was Private Secretary to Sir Donald Cleland KBE; Principal of the Administrative College (forerunner of UPNG); author of 'Papua New Guinea – A Contemporary Survey' (the original manuscript and working papers are held in the Australian National Library) and the architect behind the establishment of an auxiliary division for the PNG people in the Public Service of TPNG. Brian's happiest years were spent in NG with many amazing experiences flying over the inland in the early planes.

Joan Ayre

Cecil John RUSSELL, 21 June 2012, aged 75 yrs.

A Randwick boy, he took his newly acquired Law degree to Townsville but, as he put it, found the place 'too provincial'. So he moved on to that scene of unceasing excitement and intellectual stimulation, Port Moresby, to spend much of his life there. Cecil worked for the Public Solicitor, the Administrative College, and latterly the Law Faculty of UPNG between occasional excursions for jobs in London and Darwin. In Moresby he also served in the uniform of

the RAN Reserve in its legal division. Cec had a ready wit and was an accomplished 'stirrer'. No anecdotes needed –all those who knew him will have their own. He leaves behind a cousin and many friends. Jim Toner

ALISON MARSH nee Lambden 7 July 2012, aged 86 years

PNG history goes back a long way for Alison with her father, William John Lambden, MC being accepted as a Patrol Officer by the Papuan Government in 1921. In 1923 he married her mother, Lillian Kate, in Port Moresby. Alison was born in the Port Moresby hospital on 20th September 1925 and spent most of childhood days and schooling in Papua. At the onset of World War 2, with her eight year old brother, Graham, she evacuated to Australia and upon turning eighteen in September 1943, she proudly joined the AAMWS (the Australian Army Medical Women's Service). At the war's end in August 1945, because of her father's failing health, Alison was granted a discharge from the Service and with her mother was amongst the first civilian women to return to post-war Papua. She joined her father who, after serving with ANGAU during the war years, was now the District Officer with the Provisional Administration in Samarai. After her father's death in January 1947, Alison and Mrs Lambden, transferred to live in Port Moresby and were employed by the Provisional Administration at Konedobu HQ.



Photo taken in 1972, when Alison was awarded the 'Companion Otohu' (Complimenting the 'Otohu' which her husband David was awarded). This is the highest award given by The Orokaiva People from the Northern Province. The award was given to Alison for her services to the Orokaiva People. Alison and her family were extremely proud and honoured when she received this rare award.

Alison met Patrol Officer, David Marsh, they married on the 19th May 1951 and, with passing time, as the wife of District Commissioner David Marsh, OBE, Alison fulfilled her duties as a gracious hostess, entertaining constantly with style and flair to cater for functions for the stream of official guests and dignitaries. Alison was also involved in a wide variety of charities and projects, her main loves were the Inner Wheel and the Country Women's Association of which she was a PNG Branch President for many years. In 1972, she was awarded for her services to the Northern District with a "Companion Otohu" to compliment David's Otohu, this is the highest award to be given by the Orokaiva people and she was extremely proud and honoured. Another proud honour bestowed upon her was the award by the Governor General of Papua New Guinea, a Certificate of Appreciation for her services to Papua New Guinea. On moving back to Port Moresby, Alison was involved with the Royal Tour and the Papua New Guinea Independence Celebrations in 1975.

Retiring to Australia after Independence was a huge change in life style for Alison, she continued her civic interests and kept in touch with her friends and travelled, including a Pacific Island cruise with her daughter Jillian and family that included a visit to her beloved Samarai. She dearly loved her daughters, Jillian, Susan and Diane and their families. In the latter months, Jill was her constant companion tending to her Mother's care and was with her at the very end.

Alison Marsh, born in Port Moresby, grew up in the ‘territory’ married there and, after fifty years retired to Australia. In her mind, Papua New Guinea was ‘home’ and she was proud of her Papuan origin. Alison, a special friend, Bamahuta. Nancy Johnston

Tom LEAHY (29 July 2012 aged 83 years)

A remarkable PNG pioneer, planter and politician, he was known universally as ‘Markham Tom’ for his bonds to the soil and people of the Markham Valley in the Morobe district. He was the first European farmer to settle those vast savannah plains soon after arriving from Queensland as a 17-year-old in 1947. He planted cocoa, copra, rice, sorghum and peanuts and grew cattle on his *Maralumie* farm and soon became inextricably linked to the people of his new land and home. He was elected to the first local government



council in his area – Huon Gulf – and his 15 years of service gave him a broad understanding and connection that would shape his life and affect many.

Tom Leahy: Taken just after his election as Speaker for the Administrator’s Executive Council

Tom Leahy represented Markham in the House of Assembly (of the newly-united PNG) from 1968-72 and his contemporaries included two young men who would play a huge part in the history of their country, Michael Somare and John Guise.

Leahy became leader of government business ensuring passage of bills through parliament and a member of the Constitutional Planning Committee.

In 2000, the 25th anniversary of independence the PNG government honoured him with a citation commending him for his contribution to the country and its people.

Tom Leahy was part of a family ‘dynasty’ whose surname became synonymous with PNG history since the 1930s after four uncles migrated from Queensland to New Guinea in the interwar years (His Uncle Mick Leahy was immortalized in the documentary *First Contact*). He was intensely proud of his clan.

But Tom Leahy’s achievements were distinct and unique – he was the ultimate individual. The big-hearted Irish-Australian who would passionately add PNG to his DNA – was a beloved character who loved characters. He was both plain speaking and well-spoken, a widely-read raconteur who could turn a riotously funny yarn into a lesson in philosophy. He was fierce in spirit and gentle in nature. Perhaps that nature was best demonstrated by the mutual respect between him the people with whom he spent so much of his life: the Markhams, the folk of Erap, Chivasing and Gabsonki, the tribesmen of the Wains and Wantoats who also worked *Maralumie* and the broader communities of PNG he represented. His immaculate *tok pisin* gave him even more currency, as did his curiosity and respect for their customs, traditions and lore.

He was intrigued with the spirit world and the politics of PNG and these would dominate two fascinating books he later penned, including, of course, *Markham Tom*. Many words will be written and tales exchanged about Tom Leahy long after family and friends gather to farewell him. But for the moment these lines from his friend Kitty Ginter in her foreword to his second book *Tamburan, Others and me* gives a flavour:

“One of the first things that impressed us about Tom was the way he moved seamlessly between races and tribes, between town life and village life and also among the bureaucrats, bankers and administrators in PNG; a rare skill in those days of inflexible social barriers.”

Tom is survived by his children Peter, Ann and Neil and grandchildren.

Max Uechtritz

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