



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

The Christmas Luncheon
will be held at
Killara Golf Club (Sydney)
Sunday 01 December 2013
Full details on page 3

NEW in this issue...



Rabaul and Montevideo Maru
Memorial Newsletter
Commencing on page 37

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

ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC

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

Una Voce is published in March, June, September and December.

Advertising is available - please contact the Editor.

Website: www.pngaa.net

Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription - \$30

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 3 October**. Come for a chat and to enjoy the views from the verandah 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.

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

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If you wish to receive Una Voce electronically, with benefits such as colour photos and live links, please contact the editor.

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON 2013
Sunday, 1 December 2013
Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara NSW
11.30am onwards
RSVP 15 November 2013

We are delighted to announce that **His Excellency Sir Charles Lepani** will be joining us for the Christmas Lunch on December 1 at the Killara Golf Club in Sydney.

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 2013**. Further drinks which will be available from a **cash-only bar**. If anyone has 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 2013.

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 the payment is for.

FROM THE PRESIDENT:



His Excellency Charles Lepani has generously accepted our invitation to attend the Christmas Luncheon on Sunday 1 December at the Killara Golf Club and the Management Committee joins me in looking forward to seeing as many members and friends as possible present that day.

We officially welcome those members of the former Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society into the PNGAA. A cheque deposit of \$108,021.77 was made into the account on 19 August 2013. This will be managed in a separate account for the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group. A portion of these funds will

be transferred to PNGAA general account to service the new membership.

It was wonderful to hear about the gathering of Perth PNGAA members in May, thanks to Murray Day for his initiative in organising. These gatherings are always lifted when people come from far and wide, meet up with people they haven't met before and find they have some incredible connection! I know Murray is keenly planning the next gathering in November so please contact him and let him know you'll be there. If you have friends with a PNG interest they, too, would be very welcome. Emailing Murray on murraythelma1@bigpond.com is the most efficient communication method, or phone (08) 92461403.

If you'd like to organise a gathering in your area, please email or ring me, I am happy to help! We would like to see news and photos of these PNGAA events on our website and in Una Voce. If you would prefer your photo is not included please advise the photographer!

In June I enjoyed meeting up with members of the recently formed PNG Federation in Brisbane. They will be organising PNG Independence Day events in Brisbane well worth attending.

Recently 55 Kiaps of the 1949-1973 era were awarded the Police Overseas Service Medal in Parliament House, Canberra, by the Minister for Home Affairs and Minister for Justice. In line with our objectives of recording oral histories and preserving historical material, the Management Committee of the PNGAA has agreed to support a proposal assisting this to be documented in film. PNGAA member, Greg Harris, will be working on this voluntarily. At present it is envisaged the documentary will comprise several angles. The 2013 Kiap Reunion is a golden opportunity to record some of this history and we hope those attending will support Greg in this endeavour. Please keep an eye out in the December issue and on our website as we may ask for financial contributions towards the filming/editing

process. If we proceed along this path, contributions will be specifically earmarked for this project.

2014 will see the centenary of the Australian conflict at Bita Paka. The Anzac Centenary Advisory Board will be recognising ‘a century or more of service and sacrifice by Australian servicemen and servicewomen, in all wars, conflicts and peacekeeping operations in which Australia (participated).’

There were 21 members on the Anzac Centenary Advisory Board – highly regarded people from all walks of life – and yet, the following factual error is included in their report to the Australian Government:

1.34 ‘The Australian submarine, HMAS AE2, was involved in the Gallipoli campaign. **It was Australia’s first naval vessel lost in battle...**’

This only confirms the need for more awareness of Australia’s first offensive involvement in WWI. Together with AE1, AE2 *was* in Rabaul when the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force (ANMEF) landed on 11 September 1914 and captured the wireless station at Bita Paka. However it was AE1 which was ‘Australia’s first naval vessel lost in battle’, not AE2.

The Anzac Centenary Commemoration will be built around two uniting themes beginning with Rabaul. We would like to see an onsite commemoration, possibly a re-enactment of the invading force, including that along the Kokopo to Bita Paka Road. This would emphasize the significance of Australia’s connection with the then New Guinea and the start of the amalgamation of Papua and New Guinea which finally occurred in 1942 when ANGAU was formed.

The PNGAA Management Committee has agreed to pursue opportunities related to PNG involvement in WWI and WW2 as various anniversaries occur during the planned five year program. We hope our members will assist in raising awareness in their communities about significant commemorative dates in order to raise awareness about the Australian/PNG continuing and historical relationship.

Andrea Williams

UNA VOCE NOW AVAILABLE ONLINE TO MEMBERS
See June 2013 Una Voce Page 12 for Password

Tingting tasol 



From the editor

Welcome to the September 2103 edition of Una Voce.

We have received an enormous amount of articles for this edition of Una Voce. Most have been included; however we have simply run out of space. Some missed articles will flow onto the December edition and others will be attached straight to the PNGAA website.

Some of the promised articles still require a bit of extra research. Some historical details require double checking to ensure accuracy. Simple internet searches often reveal discrepancies in dates, spelling, place names and the like. Often the published information boils down to individuals interpretations of the data. At the end of the day, the aim is accurate articles for our readers. Sometimes the gremlins manage to get through and tell a different story. One slipped through in the June edition. Poor old Birds of Paradise unfortunately got the moniker 'Parasite'. Just extra bit of closer scrutiny required on my part.

You will note the inclusion of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial Newsletter in this edition. It has been placed conveniently in the second half of the publication, and starts at page 37. There is a large amount of interesting reading in this section and we trust that it will appeal to all of our readers.

Papua New Guinea continues to get an enormous amount of press coverage and in particular the issues relating to the issues of refugees and illegal attempts by 'boat people' to enter Australia. This journal does not offer any views on these issues, or in fact any issue that have political viewpoints or opinions. There are plenty of avenues for those who have interests in these issues.

One day however when matters have been dealt with and outcomes have been achieved, there will be history to report. In the meantime, there is so much recent history that has not been recorded.

Some historical records are very incorrect and do need review and ultimate corrections made. One such inaccuracy is discussed in the President's address on pages 4 and 5. Hopefully through our readers and writers efforts, we can make such historical miss-representations become fewer

Keith Wall

PNGAA SUB-COMMITTEES

At a recent PNGAA Management Committee meeting, the following sub-committees were appointed (President is ex-officio on all sub-committees:

- ***Social and Caring Committee***: Juli Allcorn, Gima Crowdy, Amanda Warhurst with Ann Graham and Pamela Foley

- ***Publication & Communication***: Keith Wall, Nick Booth, Phil Ainsworth with Ross Johnson and others

- ***History & Culture***: Phil Ainsworth, Deveni Temu, Fraser Harry

- ***Finance and Membership***: Nick Booth, Andrea Williams, Amanda Warhurst, Paul Munro with Ross Johnson

* ***RMvM group committee*** – Fraser Harry, Marg Curtis, Carole Worthy, Patrick Bourke, Rebecca Mills, Max Clarke, Don Hook.

* ***Regional groups*** – these are being encouraged and developed.

Perth, Western Australia – Host: Murray Day

Adelaide, South Australia – Jan Kleinig and Graham Taylor

Paynesville VIC – Mrs G Tyler

Sydney north – Steve Burns; Sydney East – Bev Melrose

If you would like to make contact with one of the hosts or host one in your area, please contact Andrea Williams.

PNGAA REGIONAL GROUPS

Western Australia

The inaugural meeting of PNGAA members in Western Australia was held at the Zamia Restaurant in the very picturesque King Park in Perth on the 24th May. There are approximately 70 members in Western Australia and 12 attended, with quite a few apologies tendered. The convenor, Murray Day, is seeking contact with members who would like to be included on a list for future meetings. Email murraythelma1@bigpond.com or phone 09 2461 403



Rear standing

Patrick Scarle, Kevin Lock, Murray Day, Greg Leech, Jill Worsley, Linda Manning

Seated

John White-Farr, Helen White-Farr, Mary Murphy, Val Murphy, Louise Higham, Peter Worsley

Photo credit: Linda Manning

NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY

From Jim Toner

Geoff PAYNE, former Sepik kiap, who recently relinquished management of the Katherine River Lodge motel, has flown to Vanuatu to help complete the construction of a complex of apartments and shops that was commenced by Kevin TRUMAN. That well known Sepik identity (art dealer, boat builder, business man) passed away in Port Vila in June and is buried there.

Next year Alan McLAY is due to clock up a half-century in PNG which makes him a leader amongst that exceptional band of *wantoks* who 'stayed on' after Independence. However he has six years to go to catch up with the recently deceased Matt FOLEY who made East New Britain his home 1947-2003.

McLay went to the Territory as a cadet kiap in 1964 and by 1978 was Deputy Provincial Commissioner for Morobe his life thereafter being spent in Lae. From 1981-84 he was its City Manager before joining the private sector and becoming President of the Chamber of Commerce in 2006. Consequently Alan has witnessed enormous change in Lae the population of which has grown to 350,000 (only 5% below that of Canberra).

Another who has 'stayed on' is Don FOX but within the private sector. A leading batsman for Boroko Colts in the Sixties he is now Chairman of the PNG Rugby League and in 2009 was made OBE for contributions to commerce, community and sport. In the same Birthday Honours list Stan CARSWELL, formerly with PWD, received the MBE for promoting Australia-PNG relations. While he has spent many years in Cairns where he is Senior Vice-President of the RSL branch he did get back to Kokopo in December 2011 to celebrate the well-loved Ralum Club's 50th anniversary.

James HANNAN was another who went to PNG as a *liklik* kiap and may be the only one of his ilk to have had a street named after him. This is in Muirhead, a brand new suburb of Darwin. Jim rose to be a magistrate in both Moresby and Lae before relocating to the NT law courts in 1984. He retired from the bench the day before his 65th birthday in 1997 but sadly survived only 12 months 'down South'.

Spotting outside Woolies, Palmerston, a car with the number plate ROKROK, not seen for a long time, I investigated and found out why. The owner, Rick GRAY, has just concluded a 12 months contract with Exxon Mobil at Hides. Rick was raised in Moresby where his father was in the Government Printery and, having had to leave his family behind while he earned some money, is happy to be back in the NT.

No misogyny on Manus apparently.... Lorengau has just elected a female Mayor, the first in PNG local government. She was a NBC broadcaster and one of no less than 28 candidates. Preferential voting being the rule, this forced 27 ballot box recounts to eliminate the 27 males. Fortunately those lengthy proceedings were not held up by a State of Origin match in Sydney as was the case in Moresby where similar counting was postponed for a day so that rugby league devotees could properly prepare themselves for that evening's televised combat.

Terry DAW whose Vale notice appears in this issue served in Malaya during the Communist Emergency and commanded a post in the Cameron Highlands. I recall him mentioning that all such posts were required to notify Army HQ weekly of the number of rubber trees destroyed by the insurgents. He pointed out that at his altitude (1500 metres) rubber trees were not grown but was informed that it didn't matter, he should obey orders, and every week submit a 'Nil Return'. Ah yes... that's the Army we knew and loved.

... and the band played *Waltzing Matilda*. ASOPA 1966/67 RE-UNION

One of the quirky memories of the Australian School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA) at Middle Head was listening to lecturers competing with the Royal Australian Navy Band, based at nearby HMAS Penguin, as they practised on the oval we all shared.

On the weekend of Saturday 1st and Sunday 2nd February 2014, the biggest intake of cadet education officers the **ASOPA 1966/67** group to be trained for TPNG and NT, will celebrate the occasion 48 years ago when everyone arrived at Middle Head.

Like champions we will recall all the magic moments and the spectacular feats and relegate the droll and tedious to a fading memory.

If you would like to be part of this irresistible feast of nostalgia, please contact one of the following:

- Jan Garrard (Raff) 'A' group - davidandjan1@velocitynet.com.au
- Tony Mikus 'B' group - tmikus@hotmail.com
- Helen Pollock 'C' group - helenpollock@bigpond.com
- John Colwell 'C' group - j_colwell@bigpond.com
- Dawn Taylor (McArthur) 'D' group - mickmac@spin.net.au

ASOPA 1966/67 has a group page on Facebook

PNGAA members Australia Day Awards 2013

The Committee and members of PNGAA congratulate the following members:

The Honourable Paul Robert MUNRO, of Mosman, NSW. For significant service to workplace relations, the trade union movement, and to industrial law.

Paul is a current member of the PNGAA Management Committee.

Read more: <http://www.smh.com.au/national/queens-birthday-honours-list-2013-20130609-2nyam.html#ixzz2YihybP5Y>

David Ernest MONTGOMERY, Grabben Gullen, NSW. For significant service to agriculture, particularly the potato industry.

Read more: <http://www.smh.com.au/national/queens-birthday-honours-list-2013-20130609-2nyam.html#ixzz2YihjKDV7>

PNG ... IN THE NEWS

► Electronic visa for Papua New Guinea visitors

Joint media release with The Hon Tony Burke MP - *Australian Minister for Immigration, Multicultural Affairs and Citizenship* and The Hon Rimbink Pato LLB OBE MP - *PNG Minister for Foreign Affairs and Immigration*.

Friday, 05 July 2013

Papua New Guinea visitors to Australia will now enjoy new online visa lodgement arrangements.

Australian Minister for Immigration, Multicultural Affairs and Citizenship Tony Burke, and Papua New Guinea Minister for Foreign Affairs and Immigration Rimbink Pato, said today the new arrangements would improve services to visa applicants.

'The goal is to ensure we can offer greater convenience to PNG nationals seeking to visit Australia for tourism or business visits, and also to make things simpler for those applicants who have been fully compliant when they have previously been granted a visa,' Mr Burke said.

'The PNG online visitor initiative recognises the uniquely close historical ties between our two countries and Australia's desire to offer as much as we can to our nearest neighbour. The number of PNG nationals visiting Australia has been increasing year on year, with 15 656 visitor visa grants in 2011-12, and we expect this initiative will facilitate more people to travel to Australia.'

PNG's Minister for Foreign Affairs and Immigration, Rimbink Pato said the process was now simplified.

'One of the greatest frustrations for Papua New Guineans has been the amount of documentation required to be provided each time they wanted a visa,' Mr Pato said. 'Australia has agreed that Papua New Guineans who have held a valid Australian visa within the last two years will now only need to provide a form, fee and copy of their passport personal details page. Proof of finances, employment and family composition will no longer be required for this group. This greatly simplifies the process,' Mr Pato added.

The PNG online visitor initiative will mean visitor visa applicants may apply online from their home or office, or alternatively authorise a third party agent to lodge an application on their behalf.

Supporting documents that are required with an application, such as a passport, may also be scanned and lodged online directly to the Australian Department of Immigration and Citizenship.

Mr Burke said electronic lodgement meant an application could be immediately transmitted to the Department of Immigration and Citizenship. 'Clients therefore save time and effort by not having to send applications and passports by post or physically attend the Australian Visa Application Centre in Port Moresby,' Mr Burke said.

Other key features of the PNG online visitor initiative include:

- multiple year and multiple entry visitor visas can be granted to those PNG applicants who have a need to travel regularly to Australia and who have previously demonstrated compliance with Australia's visa requirements
- recognition that family members may demonstrate the financial capability to support a visa applicant's visit and stay in Australia, and noting the unique and culturally significant 'wantok' system of family support in PNG
- visitor visa applications will be assessed and finalised within a 10-day service standard where applicants have lodged a complete application and relevant supporting documents.

'I am confident this initiative will further support the business and cultural goals shared by Australia and PNG, and signal that we welcome our neighbours while maintaining our universal visa regime for all foreign nationals,' Mr Burke said.

Mr Pato stated that the improvements were a result of ongoing advocacy at the political level and by senior immigration officials in PNG.

'These changes are welcomed and a very positive development,' Mr Pato said. 'As a close neighbour and friend to Australia, the PNG Government will continue to engage with the Australian Government to identify further streamlining measures,' Mr Pato added.

► LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Albert Schwinges writes:

Quite some time ago, in 1971, while a student at the Hamburg University, I was a member of a crew of five on a former small fishing-cutter that we sailed from Hamburg to Lae passing, among other Pacific islands, Samoa. In Papua New Guinea the boat was going to be used by the NAMASU as a coastal trader.

On that journey I heard about "Queen Emma" and, when later visiting Australia, I bought a copy of her biography by R.W.Robson, which, most likely, you may have read. As I always thought, that "Queen Emma" and the book is particularly interesting to Germans, it should have a German edition. After having traced the owners of the copyright, I'm meanwhile close to finishing the job. While looking for additional pictures to be used for the German edition, I happened to see the Queen Emma Photo Gallery on your web page. Some of these pictures have so far been unknown to me while others are of a better quality than the ones used for the Australian edition. As the Hamburg Museum of Ethnology once inherited Godeffroy's private Museum they do have a selection of the photographs once taken by Richard Parkinson that I could use

I would like to know if also some of the pictures of your Queen Emma Photo Gallery could be used for the German edition, and at what condition.

FAS – FILM

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Editor: *Albert's letter has been passed to a family member of Queen Emma*

Juliana Friedlander writes:

I travelled to PNG in the 1980's with my mother as we had lived in Rabaul from 1950 to early 1956.

We took a boat out of Lae; I think it was, travelling to many remote parts including the Trobriand Islands.

I have an authentic grass skirt from that holiday and no longer require it but couldn't bring myself to destroy it as I thought there may be interested people who would like it.

If you know of anyone could you please put them in touch with me - my details are below. Ringing me on my mobile is best.

Juliana Friedlander

Arthur Phillip Chambers
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julianaf@pacific.net.au; tedzak@zeta.org.au

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Just a reminder!

PNGAA has a Facebook group – see:

http://www.facebook.com/permalink.php?id=402065443176872&story_fbid=334928303252641#!/PNGAA

Please take a look and add your comments, anecdotes, events etc.

KIAP REUNION

Sunshine Coast, 10 November 2013

RSVP: 16 October 2013

Contact Bob and Heather FAYLE:

email rjfayle31@gmail.com Ph: 07. 54447446

Denys/Helen Faithful

denysfaithful@hotmail.com Ph: 07. 54444484

HELP WANTED

In May 2014 the exhibition *Plumes and Pearlshells: Masterpieces from the New Guinea Highlands* will showcase 90 works from this magnificent collection, presenting many of these works to the public for the first time in over four decades. The Moriarty Collection is currently undergoing conservation treatment. All works need some form of restorative work due to their fragile nature and age.

The Art Gallery of NSW is currently conserving part of the PNG Highlands artefact collection of Stan Moriarty ahead of this exhibition. Kerry Head, objects conservator, has asked how many different types of blue colouring were used in decorations of artworks in PNG in the 1960s? She already knows about Reckitts Blue and also the use of carbon paper.

This is what she has to say:

In regard to our current research on the use of blue pigment on shields and objects I am interested in any leads..... about the use of blue as paint.

There was talk of a school issued chalk that had been used, or a blue copy paper...and also natural occurring clay found in swamps...Maybe there are other materials that were improvised?

If anyone has the trade names of products that might have been used e.g. face paint, poster paints, chalk, copy paper etc... or even samples that we could take a few grains from (we don't need much) that would be very useful.

Also, would anyone have colour photograph of an object known to be painted with the naturally occurring bluish clay?

If you can assist, please contact Kerry Head at the Art Gallery of New South Wales, Art Gallery Rd, The Domain, Sydney NSW 2000 Australia

Phone: 02-92251807 or

Email: Kerry.Head@ag.nsw.gov.au

'Does anyone have any information about William (Bill) HASTIE

who went to PNG from Tasmania in the 1970s or 1980s and is believed to have worked as a plantation manager? He was born in Leeds England in 1926. His family lost contact with him and is not sure if he is still living. If you have any information at all, please contact Maurice Massie massie415@bigpond.com

Does anyone have information relating to family of Reverend Ben Butcher of LMS? See article on page 47

BOOK REVIEWS and BOOK NEWS

Opportunities for Writers in Papua New Guinea set to widen

It is well known that publishing opportunities for books with a Papua New Guinean theme are limited. For writers in Papua New Guinea the problem is the

lack of local publishers. Outside Papua New Guinea and especially in Australia the problem is public disinterest. In short, there is no money to be made from books about Papua New Guinea.

This doesn't mean that good books are not being written. In Papua New Guinea the recent advent of the annual Crocodile Prize for literature has uncovered a wealth of talented writers. Occasionally you may also see a book self-published by a Papua New Guinean writer.

In Australia there is a small but steady stream of memoirs and fiction penned by people with past experience in Papua New Guinea. These books also tend to be self-published or published by small boutique publishers. The books never make much money and sales seldom cover the cost of production. The books are produced through a love of writing or a need to share experiences. The profit motive doesn't figure in any but the most naïve writer's calculations.

Recently, programs like Amazon's *Create Space* have, for the first time, offered opportunities for writers in both Papua New Guinea and Australia that they have never had before. Under these programs it is possible to self-publish at minimal or no cost.

Worldwide, Amazon has about 60% of the e-book market and about 25% of the market for printed books. If you ignore the issues of globalisation and the growth of multi-national monopolies this is good news for writers, especially in places like Papua New Guinea. With that sort of market share, Amazon is a great place to sell a book. As an added bonus they pay royalty rates that conventional publishers cannot match.

Here are three books recently published and available online through Amazon with Papua New Guinean themes.

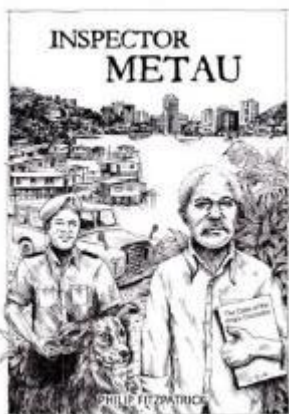
Francis Nii Fitman, ***Raitman & Cooks Paradise in Peril*** Pukpuk Publications, Brisbane 2013 ISBN 978 0 9871321 3 0.



In a society where traditional culture is rapidly breaking down and corruption and greed have become a way of life the boundaries between what is legal and what is criminal are blurred and stretched to the limit. For the brothers Rasta Fitman and Abe Raitman Yobai and their cousin Ongi Cooks Diani the only way they can see out of a meaningless and poverty stricken future in the village is to turn to crime. Using the proceeds of a daring heist they enter the dark world of drug running. Soon they are joined by an Australian and two Asian businessmen. Life begins to look good

but how long can it last? This novel is a chronicle of the times with a very distinctive Papua New Guinean voice.

Philip Fitzpatrick ***Inspector Metau The Case of the Angry Councillor***
Pukpuk Publications Brisbane 2013 ISBN 978 0 9871321 2 3.



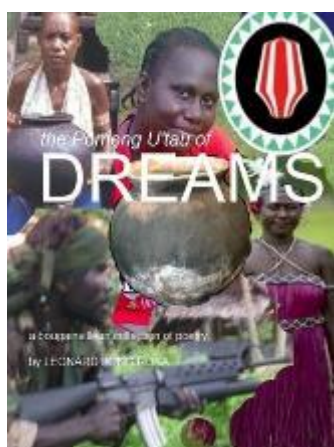
With only a couple of years to go before he retires Inspector Hari Metau is avoiding headquarters and heading for his favourite coffee shop in his battered old Land Rover when he discovers the body of a local ward councillor in the shallows off Ela Beach.

The subsequent investigation takes the inspector and his young offsider through the labyrinths of Port Moresby's squatter settlements all the way up to the murky corridors of Papua New Guinea's corrupt political establishment.

When Hari gets too close to the truth he is arbitrarily suspended from his job. Undaunted he presses on to a surprising end.

This novel is an intricate examination of the many problems, both social and political, that currently bedevil Papua New Guinea; a country on the cusp of an enormous resources boom but still riven by the old tribal traditions of sorcery and payback.

Leonard Fong Roka ***The Pomong U'tau of Dreams A Collection of Bougainvillean Poetry*** Pukpuk Publications Brisbane 2013
ISBN 978 0 9871321 4 7



Bougainville is an island in the Solomons chain. It is an autonomous province of Papua New Guinea but has a long history of struggle for independence and self-determination. In 1988 it engaged in a war of independence during which a massive Australian mine was shut down. The struggle slipped into a civil war resulting in the loss of 10-15000 Bougainvillean lives.

A peace agreement was negotiated in 1997 and the islanders are soon to hold a referendum to decide their political future.

This collection of poetry comes from a Bougainvillean writer who survived the war, got an education and now reflects on his island's culture and his own personal dreams for his island home.

Gary Faulks, *From Ballina With Love-Up Up and Away*.

ISBN 9781742843629 Paperback, Publisher Bookpal, Brisbane 2013.

Gary Faulks, member of PNGAA and former General Manager, Ballina Shire has released a book regarding his recollections and experiences during a long career in local government service at Ballina, Kempsey, Moree, Condobolin and Woodburn. The book also includes true accounts of overseas projects in Papua New Guinea, one of which involved the murder of his trainee at Lae City and the riots of the Sandline Affair in 1997, Porgera Gold Mine, Japan Manager Exchange, USA Study Tour and Tuvalu in the Central Pacific.

Gary Faulks was born and raised in Ballina when the Town had a population of about 3500, many of the streets were gravel and you would occasionally see a horse and cart plodding about. Kerr Street was a track and Cherry Street was the Pacific Highway. He attended Ballina High School and later studied local government at Mitchell College of Advanced Education at Bathurst. He is a Fellow of the Local Government Managers Association.

With an aviation flavour the book has an interesting section on the history of aviation in Ballina including Ballina Airpark, Ballina Airport, Ballina Aero Club Inc. and Ballina Ultralight Flying Club.

The story is not a complete account or a history book but covers a wide range of topics and is a valuable reference concerning the period of Local Government in Ballina and Ballina Shire since 1973.

The book includes a reference to over 400 people and has over 100 photographs.

The book is available on ebooks Kindle, Sony, Kobo and Barnes and Noble or just do a google search using the title *From Ballina With Love*.

Contact Gary Faulks fromballinawithlove@bigpond.com

Mobile 0418 663 666 Telephone 02 66 86 2620

POSM Presentation – Parliament House, Canberra, Monday

On 8 July 2013 the Minister for Home Affairs and Minister for Justice awarded the Police Overseas Service Medal to 55 Kiaps who served between 1949 and 1973. From the end of WWII until Independence in 1975, it is estimated that around 2000 young Australian men served as patrol officers, or 'kiaps' in the then Territories of PNG. A career as a patrol officer required the officers to juggle the multiple roles of ambassador, policeman, explorer, farmer, engineer and anthropologist.

As part of the law enforcement structure in the territory these young Australians patrolled vast areas on foot with the help of an indigenous police force and established the fundamentals of rule of law in the emerging nation.

"These Australians served as officers of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary, greatly contributing to the stability and development of the region," Mr Clare said. "They have never been properly recognised for the work they did to maintain order in PNG. The ceremony today is righting a wrong and providing long overdue recognition of the important work they did."

This recognition comes after a community campaign to increase recognition and public awareness of the role 'Kiaps' played in providing security to our region.

Mr Clare continued: "I pay tribute to Mr Chris Viner-Smith and his team for their efforts over many years".

The combined efforts of these Australian law enforcement officers helped the Territory recover from the impact of WWII and inevitably laid the foundations for the establishment of the Independent nation of Papua New Guinea.

The Police Overseas Service Medal complements the Australian Service Medal, which is awarded to members of the Australian Defence Force and the Humanitarian Overseas Service Medal.



With thanks to the Ex-Kiaps website we provide the following names of those who received the POSM:

Roy Andrews; Quentin Anthony; Joseph Baker; John Brady; Morris Brown; Christopher Buttner; David Byrne; Barry Creedy; Robert Cruickshank; Michael Anthony Douglas; Patrick Dwyer; Michael Edgar; Fulvio Favetta; Phillip Fenton; Roger Fryer; Peter Harrison; Francis Haviland Glen Henke; John Hocknull; Henricus Janssen; Allan Johnson; E Ross Johnson; John Kelly; Peter King; Brian Lamont; Frank Leibfried; Robert Lock; Mark Lynch;

Dennis Mahar; John Martin; Ian McSweyn; William Molony; James Moore; John Moyes; Christopher Overland; William Parsons; Kingsley Prior; Robert Riddell; Douglas Robbins; David Showell; William Sippo; Thomas Soul; David Stent; Ross Sutton; Paul Van Staveren; Phillip Vander Eyk; Christopher Viner-Smith; Kenneth Wallace; Ray Weber; Anthony Welsh; William White; Bruce Williams; Peter Wilson; Anthony Wright; Colin Young

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September 2012

Dr Peter Cahill

Mrs H.M. Trigg (courtesy Bob Cleland): album and memory stick of thirty-nine enlarged and identified photographs taken by her father J.W. Carter LDS, BSc. (Melb.), *locum* dentist in Wau 1932-1935 of New Britain woven cane fish-traps; Wau township and scenes; vine bridges; *Dukduks* and *Tubuans* in costume; native men wearing feather coronets, pearl-shell breast plates, patterned *tapa*-cloth waistcloths, woven leggings trimmed with white feathers; harvesting klinkii pine logs; capsized lorry in *barret*; buildings at aerodrome and Junkers aircraft with loading crane; Junkers G31go VH-UOW with story of aircraft used on goldfields; 1930s commissioning ceremony for B(ulolo) G(old) D(redging) no.1 dredge, Bulolo, with ancillary equipment; sluicing/ digging river/creek banks searching for gold; bagged copra carried along wharf to two small schooners (probably at Milfordhafen, Lae); W.R. Carpenter's (NG Ltd.) sheds nos.1 and 2, tram rails and quality of buildings suggest Carpenter's Toboi wharf, Rabaul; maintenance shed (?Lae); native children at Port Moresby (Papua) diving for coins thrown from overseas ships; scene in Botanic Garden, Rabaul; Barawon Road, Rabaul, linking Kokopo and Rabaul; Mango Avenue, (main street), Rabaul; Kamerere Street, Rabaul; young girls (?from Vunapope Mission, Kokopo) frolicking in coconut plantation.

Leslie Russell: copy of *Operations of Bulolo Gold Dredging Ltd.*, by H.H. Dunkin. Reprinted from articles in *Chemical Engineering and Mining Review*, February, 1950 – May, 1950.

Jill Taylor: photo-copies of M.V. Bulolo's commissioning plaque at outbreak of war 1939; three young native men at Numanuma, Bougainville, wearing characteristic Buka hats of woven fibre, M.V. Macdhui in harbour.

Peter Cahill: copy of *Taim Bipo* (remembering Port Moresby) by Stuart Hawthorn, 2011; two Kodachrome slides of Chinese New Year Dragon in front of George Kui's China-town store, Kamerere Street Rabaul ca.1955.

Maria Ling: copy of part of letters 240365 and 190665 with brief details of descendants of her grandmother; rough sketch of her Chan family ancestor's village details in Canton Province, Toi Saan County, Dao Saan village (hatched parts indicate mountains, central strip is a river).

Anne Young: South Pacific Games Cook Book, Port Moresby, August 1969 (includes delicacies such as *Misima Eggs*, *Koki Fish Cakes*, *Woodlark Frosty Fingers* and *Chicken in S.P. Beer*).

M.R. Hayes: photocopy of Des Martin's article *The Mount Lamington Eruption – Papua 1951*, and *Recollections of a Patrol Officer's Life in the Field Constabulary*, 2013; photograph of Mt Lamington area.

Joseph M. Chow Sun Yau MBE: preliminary draft chapters for a history of Chinese in Papua New Guinea including early years Rabaul-Namatanai 1934-43; full list of family members in Didiman p.o.w Camp, Namatanai, and description of camp life; sojourn in Namatanai after Japanese surrender August 1945 – December 1945; early years in Rabaul after World War 2 1946 – 1947; livelihood and human dignity; *Curriculum Vitae Joseph Martin Chow MBE* Rabaul and

Australia; JMC's social and economic activities; out-line of life and work in PNG (heavily involved in assisting PNG citizens and missionary congregations in education, health and community development projects); article on sixtieth anniversary 1947 - 2007 of Sacred Heart School, Rabaul; Sun Yau years 1948-1952; the "Lost Chapter"; article for Catholic Church, Alotau [Milne Bay District] seventy-fifth Anniversary – 22nd April 1932 – 22nd April 2007 (by) Joseph M. Chow MBE; working biography of Sir Henry Francis Chow Kt., O.B.E; assorted letters on financial, family and business affairs.

Joy Noble: (Welfare Officer PNG 1961-1965) CD of, and individual, 123 Kodachrome slides (shared with Gerda Martineau – see below) mainly of social welfare and women's clubs in Gulf and Morobe Districts but with some from Lae (including "The Peanut Man"), Kaiapit, Wewak, Maprik, Samarai and Port Moresby; separate sheet of colour prints as key; identified, but few dates.

Gerda Matineau: 167 Kodachrome slides of Milne Bay, Madang and Chimbu Districts; subjects include sago-making, tapping rubber trees, drying coffee, pig meat for sale at Goroka Show 1962 and the "Pied Piper of Kundiawa"; few with dates. Two extra sheets of black and white prints with notation "Slides already scanned by CAS"

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And spotted on the road recently by Maxwell Hayes...



SETTLING THE DEBT

Graham Egan

It was my first flight ever. In Sydney, just before midnight on 5th December 1966, a TAA Electra lumbered into the air, turned north and flew all night, with a brief stop at Brisbane, to arrive over Port Moresby, just after the sun had risen.

This young, naive cadet education officer, of 19 immature years, had just left home to begin the big adventure. No emails, no smartphones, prohibitively expensive and unreliable phone lines and no prospect of returning to my mother's sorely missed arms for at least another year.

I had been warned, but the sledgehammer of the heat hitting me, as I walked out of the cool interior of the plane, is still a strong memory. The crowded, noisy arrival hall, really a big tin shed, with dozens of overhead fans, trying fruitlessly to dispel a little of the cloying heat, had me mute with exhausted confusion.

The district education officer, who met me and the few other cadets on the flight, gave us a quick tour of Port Moresby and then we were dispatched to our respective first appointments. Mine was to Sogeri-Iarowari High School, 40 kilometers from Port Moresby, in the foothills of the Owen Stanley Mountains. The two schools were then one, linked by a small bus that shuttled back and forth between the two campuses, delivering teachers to one place or the other.

School had just finished for the year. My arrival was on the day of the graduation ceremony, attended by the outgoing Administrator, Sir Donald Cleland. Soon there were just a few teachers from the UK, a dozen students who were staying on as Christmas holiday workers and myself, ensconced in my small single officers' "donga" at Iarowari.

The house had running water from a rain water tank. The water had to be moved from the big tank, holding about 1000 gallons, to a small "header" tank on top of the house. Moving the water to the top tank required about 20 minutes of hard pumping with a hand pump, back and forth, back and forth. My arms were soon developing pump muscles. There was no heating of the water and I soon learnt to shower during the day, when the water was at its warmest. The cooking was done on a stove that burnt wood. Wood! I was a city boy, I had no idea how to light a fire; my mother had a lovely gas stove. I tried to light the stove by throwing kerosene on large logs that I had stuffed into the firebox. All the kerosene did was burn fiercely for a few seconds, after flaring with a mighty "whump" and singeing my eyebrows. I did eventually learn how to do it, when one of the other remaining teachers told me about kindling and paper. I was soon rather proud of my ability to get the stove going, boil some water and make a nice cup of tea.

Although there was electricity, the refrigerator did without it, running on kerosene. I had never heard of a fridge that ran on kerosene, but I was soon expert in filling the reservoir and ensuring it kept working. I also learnt, much to my amazement and initial skepticism, that to improve the working of a sluggish kerosene fridge, you turned it upside down to redistribute or revitalise or do something magic to the compression fluid. Oh, yeah? But, it worked, fancy that. Imagine 19 year olds doing that now. They'd be running to their smartphones and googling kerosene fridges. There was no washing machine either. Outside there was a copper, which required heating by burning wood underneath it.

Lighting fires presented no problem now, but it was still a labour intensive, tedious task to get the washing done. Mum had always kept me in clean clothes, where was she when I needed her? Of course, my having to perform all these tasks only lasted a few weeks, for I soon joined the majority of expatriates in PNG, by hiring my own full time servant. He was able to cook and clean, wash and iron. There were some big compensations in the colonial life.

The debt? When and how did that arise?

One of my few jobs, over that Christmas break, was to sit in the office at Iarowari for a couple of hours each morning, in case the education office should ring or anyone wanted to buy Sogeri grass. This was the grass that grew on the cool, wet Sogeri plateau. It was in demand from gardeners in the blasted wasteland of the Port Moresby suburbs. The city was then expanding as Gordonia, Gordon's Estate, Waigani and Gerehu were built and settled. The school made some money by selling bags of the grass to people wanting to have lawns. It was \$2 a bag. It was my job to collect the money and point people in the direction of the turf plots and leave them to it. They even had to bring their own bags. Money for jam. One day, just after I had collected \$4 for two bags, the school truck called for the daily trip to Port Moresby. I wanted to go, so I hastily pocketed the money, closed the office and hopped on the truck. It was not my intention to steal or even borrow the money, but I was in a hurry, so shoving it in my pocket and making a mental note to fix everything up the following day, seemed like a good idea, at the time.

But \$4 was \$4, about 5% of my fortnightly pay and I never seemed to have the money to pay it back. In mid-January I was transferred to Kerema, before the school year began, so Iarowari never got its \$4.

Until 2008, that is. Three friends and I had gone back to PNG for a nostalgic look at the place. We visited our old haunts in Goroka, Wewak, Maprik and Madang and spent a few days in Port Moresby, at the beginning and end of the trip. I drove, with a friend, up to Sogeri to have a look at the place, where I had spent my first days in PNG, all those years before. It was late in the day, but the old office at Iarowari, which was still there, was occupied by one of the staff. It was the Principal and I thought: This is my chance! I can

finally settle the debt and clear my troubled conscience. I unburdened myself to his mystified face and handed over K5 to him. He graciously gave me a receipt and stood there, scratching his head, as I jumped in the car and headed back to Moresby.

My friend just looked at me and when the silence became too deep to bear, I asked her what her problem was. She said: “K5? You gave him K5 after 42 years!” I was somewhat miffed. After all, that was an interest rate of 25%. Really, some people.

NONDUGL: BIRDS OF PARADISE AND INTERESTING VISITORS Gordon Dick.

John Browne’s account of his period at Nondugl in the mid-1950’s (Una Voce June 2013) aroused memories of the three years my wife and I spent there ten years later. John indicated the difficulties being encountered with the Livestock Project. When I went there – as the last expatriate “didiman” – failure had been admitted: the cattle and sheep were gone and the facilities had been stripped. The main house was unfurnished, uncared for and was being used as a truck stop. But just nearby were the extensive aviaries, gardens and large ponds still meticulously cared for by Fred Shaw Mayer and his loyal local workers.

My instructions were to check the “alienated areas” – repair fences, relocate survey markers, draw up inventories of machinery and equipment – and to prepare for subdividing the area to return it to its original owners for development as model cash-cropping farms. Sir Edward Hallstrom, who had nominally provided half the funding, was a much more available source than the Australian Administration had been. His accountants apparently wanted some reckoning and some exasperated messages were sent from our end. About twelve hectares of the property were allocated to the Hallstrom wildlife activities. Besides the aviaries, ponds, ornamental gardens and some housing, this included an area of mature coffee plantings which were being harvested. An area for a school was also provided for.

Tom Ellis, as District Commissioner, Mt. Hagen, had a soft spot for Nondugl – the easternmost portion of the western highlands – and visited fairly frequently. He left me to my own devices as I ripped up the cattle yards, re-fenced the house block (reducing it to about 1000m²) and established tea nurseries. He did express the fear that “more spears will be used than spades” when reallocation of the land was attempted – a warning I took seriously throughout. But by the time the blocks were surveyed the original ownership groups knew who had owned which areas and who would represent them as the designated owner when land titles were granted.

Birds of Paradise:

When I first visited Nondugl (in 1960 – a short drive from my posting at Kerowagi) there was a young Red Bird of Paradise (*Raggiana* sp.) receiving a lot of care and shown off with a lot of pride by Fred Shaw Mayer – Hallstrom's man in charge. We watched that bird develop and it became so used to visitors that it would dance and display when an audience arrived. It was one of Bill Peckover's wonderful photos of this bird that my brother, Gerry, used on the cover of the initial Air New Guinea in-flight magazine, *Paradise* – and again on the book, *The Best of Paradise*.

Nondugl's agricultural modelling was at an end by the time of independence. The land was back with the people. A new facility for Birds of Paradise and zoological studies was established at Baiyer River. The expatriate staff, including Fred Shaw Mayer, was gone.

In 2012, David Attenborough and Errol Fuller published their quirky but fascinating volume *Drawn From Paradise: The Discovery, Art and Natural History of the Birds of Paradise*. It recounts the various explorers and collectors as well as the European financiers, scholars and artists who dealt with the material reaching Europe. Besides reproductions of many studies of the birds, there are photos and brief summaries of about 40 persons. They include Nep Blood (who built the facilities at Nondugl), Bill Cooper (who did the paintings for the magnificent *Birds of Paradise and Bower Birds* by Cooper and Forshaw, 1977), Errol Flynn and Fred Shaw Mayer. The authors noted that when Fred finally entered a retirement home two aviaries were built in the grounds so that he could continue looking after his birds. He died in 1989.

Visitors:

The beauty of the valley and the chance to see many of the thirty or so species of Birds of Paradise meant Nondugl was a worldwide magnet for visitors. Sir Edward often invited Directors of overseas zoos, and others, to visit Nondugl. On occasion, as many as ten at once came, following a conference in Sydney. In addition, Australian politicians visited as did university people and others from other walks of life.

Among our memorable visitors were Lord Mountbatten and his daughter, Lady Pamela. Many expatriates from the Wahgi and Mt. Hagen also attended on that occasion. I remember introducing station staff to Lord Mountbatten. One of Hallstrom's employees at the time was a man named Bert Bjorkegren. As I introduced Bert, I observed that he was from Sweden.

"Ah," said Lord Mountbatten, "From Sweden? My sister is your Queen."

A much less ostentatious visit was that of Sir McFarlane Burnett. Ian Burnett, Sir McFarlane's son, was a patrol officer at the time, and we were friends. My wife was in Goroka for medical reasons and I was batching. Sir McFarlane stayed with me for a few days spending a lot of time with Fred Shaw Mayer, but also attended a ceremony at the nearby village. He asked many questions on a wide range of subjects. At the village ceremony, a speechmaker rejected the ceremonial axe customarily carried while speaking – choosing instead to

carry a claw hammer. He explained that the axe was for fighting and destroying, but the hammer was for building. This was the only time I ever saw this done.

A few days after his Nondugl visit, Sir McFarlane was “guest of honour” for the ABC on its Sunday evening program. He devoted much of his talk to Nondugl, and told the story of the village chief forsaking the traditional axe for a hammer. When I took the radio ‘sched’ next morning, the first incoming call was from Port Moresby. It was unsigned and simply said “Who is your press agent?”

The third visitor I would like to mention was Larry Burrows, renowned photographer from Time-Life Inc. He was sent to the New Guinea Highlands for a break from Vietnam, from where he had recently filed a cover-winning story for Life Magazine (“Brave soldiers but lousy tactics”). Larry was delightful company. He stayed about a month and produced wonderful photos of the birds. But he returned to Vietnam and was lost a short time later when the helicopter in which he was travelling was shot down.

These are precious memories and we thank John Browne for reviving them.

Nondugl in the 1970s

Ken Woodward

I was interested in the stories on Nondugl in the past two issues of *Una Voce*. I was there in 1972 with John Munul a young economics graduate of UPNG, one of the first, who had been recruited by DASF. John was from the Nondugl area, but more on the Jimi than Wahgi side. Our job was to survey the smallholder tea industry in the area.

The flight up was not uneventful. John took a half grown tabby cat for the rels (sic) back home, restrained in a cardboard box and sent with the unaccompanied baggage. However, the cat apparently did not enjoy air travel and didn’t find the cardboard box much of a challenge. So when we landed at Goroka as soon as the cargo door was opened, a tabby ball of fur flew out and galloped down the runway, never to be seen by us again. So the rels had to go catless.

On arrival at Kagamuga we were met by a particularly racist project manager from DASF in a DASF truck. He gave us a lift to Nondugl but wouldn’t let John anywhere near the cab, condemning him to the dust in the back. After a bit of arguing, John urged me to go along with this arrangement as it was obviously not a new experience for him.

We camped at the old Hallstrom residence. It was more or less derelict at this stage but still structurally sound. We had a floor and a roof over our heads. But it was obvious that it had really been something in its day. There were the remains of concrete fish ponds in the elaborate garden, etched and stained glass in the windows and a very solid building overall. Sir Edward would have been very comfortable there during his visits.

There were neither livestock in evidence nor even much sign such as fencing, pasture paddocks or yards to show where they had been. Internal parasites had been a major problem with the sheep and this necessitated a high standard of management which would have been a challenge for smallholders, if not for DASF itself. But probably the main factor in the demise of the sheep was the arrival of coffee and tea in the area and which produced higher returns to land and labour. A sheep project was operated with some success at Menifo in the Eastern Highlands later. This was well supported by the Kiwis but I don't know whether it has stood the test of time, particularly the inevitable withdrawal of foreign aid.

The smallholder tea farmers were located, but most of the tea was twenty feet or more high. This happens when the tea plant is not plucked or pruned. To maintain a good plucking table, the plantation needs to be harvested regularly and frequently and this is not always easy in a village situation. Transporting smallholder tea leaf to the plantations for processing would also have been a pain in the neck since it would need to be picked up several times a week and got there before it wilted too much or got too contaminated by road dust. Moreover, the tea plantations in the valley had big labour forces which needed to be fed so there was a good market for food crops, as well as the opportunity to grow coffee which is much more forgiving of irregular labour inputs.

So yet again the small farmers had worked out that small scale tea production was not the best option for them long before the learned economists and technical experts of DASF decided not to encourage smallholder tea planting. In hindsight, Sir Edward backed the wrong horse in selecting sheep as an enterprise for the area, but it probably made a lot more sense when it was started than when it was finished. I doubt if anyone in the 1950s could have foreseen how quickly the Highlands economy and new economic opportunities would develop. And he picked a beautiful part of the world for his experiment.

A great Trivial Pursuit question...

The discovery of gold in Bulolo Valley of New Guinea saw a rush of aircraft and pilots to Lae in order to service the goldfields. Supplies, which had previously been carried in by native bearers at prohibitive cost, could now be air-transported. In the first 12 months of operations they carried 250,000kg of cargo and hundreds of passengers, but this paled into insignificance when German Junkers transports were purchased by the mining companies for the purpose of flying in broken down dredge components. The all-metal Junkers with their corrugated fuselages were unlike anything previously seen in Australia, but they were superb aircraft - tough and powerful with lower maintenance requirements. The Junkers pointed the way to the future in aircraft design, 60 flights a day landed at Wau airport, such were the number of airline companies and aircraft operating at this time. Each Junkers made as many as five flights a day. On 21 March 1932, a party was held to celebrate

the first day of operations of a 1100 Ton gold dredge flown in bit by bit to Bulolo by the Junkers.

By 1933 Guinea Airways had carried some 7,000 tonnes of cargo, including drilling machinery, hydroelectric plant and additional dredges. This airline was carrying quantities of freight far in excess of anything that would be seen until the major airlifts of the Second World War. In the 12 months from Feb 1931 to Feb 1932, **Guinea Airways carried 3947 tonnes of freight and 2607 passengers.** This is an astonishing figure when put in perspective of comparison that the **combined airline services of the UK, France and the USA were recorded as only carrying 2670 tons of freight in the same period!** Seven more dredges were flown in up to 1939; all by air, bit by bit, and by 1942 when the Japanese invasion of New Guinea put an end to civil flying Guinea Airways had carried some 73,480 tonnes of machinery, trucks and equipment.

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CRUISING IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA WATERS

By Don Hook

In May-June this year I spent 28 days with the Collins Brothers as a paying passenger on what was billed as an ‘epic voyage’ from Kiunga on the Fly River to Wewak in East Sepik Province.

Two boats were used on the voyage – the *MV Miss Rankin* and the *MV Harbour Surveyor*. *Miss Rankin* is a 28m steel hulled multi-purpose small ship. There is accommodation for 32 people including crew. *The Surveyor*, also 28m, is designed as a survey, supply and research vessel and can carry 12 passengers.

On most nights the two ships came together and “rafted up” for several hours to allow passengers to socialise and enjoy some wonderful meals prepared by the ships’ cooks.

The aim of the voyage was to explore PNG from the upper reaches of the Fly River, across the Gulf of Papua and the archipelagos to the east including the Trobriand Islands, and then across the northern coast to the mighty Sepik River, Among the highlights of the voyage were:

Ferguson Island with its hot thermal springs – far better than anything I’ve seen in New Zealand.

Trobriand Cricket – a joyous event with each activity loudly celebrated in song and dance

The Sepik spirit houses full of traditional carvings and artifacts plus a performance of the *Forest Dance*.

The remarkable wildlife reserve outside Port Moresby featuring tree climbing kangaroos, birds of paradise, and glorious orchids. A very pleasant escape from the dust and dirt of Moresby.

Kulkul Island with its volcano last active in 1888 that claimed many lives including two German scientists.

A special and memorable occasion was a visit to the United Church overlooking Hanuabada. Our group was led by Jacqueline (“Jacky”) Lawes, a great grand daughter of the Reverend Dr William Lawes, of the London Missionary Society. Dr Lawes reached Port Moresby from Savage Island (now known as Niue) in November 1874. He is recognised as the first white inhabitant of Port Moresby.

The United Church in PNG and the Solomon Islands is a merged denomination dating from 1968 comprising the former LMS, the Presbyterian Church, and the Methodist Mission.

As regards future cruising, it’s understood Collins Shipping has plans for shorter voyages focussed on particular themes such as the Fly River and Torres Strait, the Milne Bay Province including the Trobriands, and the Madang/Sepik area.

AN AUSTRALIAN ARMY CONCERT PARTY IN THE ISLANDS

Ed Zanders

Historical accounts of the exploits of Australian Armed Forces in New Guinea during World War Two have concentrated mainly on the fighting units, for obvious reasons given their bravery and sacrifice in battles with the Japanese. Perhaps less well known is the role of the army entertainment units that were established to boost morale among the troops in all the theatres of war. My father, Douglas Zanders, was a pianist in one such unit, the 3rd Australian Division Concert Party, which toured Queensland and the Northern Territory from 1942 onwards. In 1945, his unit was renamed Detachment No. 5, 1st Australian Entertainment Unit, and sent on tours to the Wewak area in New Guinea and to New Britain, where their last concert was given in January 1946.



The band, with Douglas Zanders on piano

Background to the Islands tour - April 1945 onwards

The 3rd Australian Division Concert Party had been touring Australia since 1942 and had returned to Pagewood, Sydney in early 1945 to regroup as the Detachment No. 5, 1st Australian Entertainment Unit. It was time to entertain the troops on the Islands. Their first port of call was the Wewak-Aitape area on the northern coast of Papua New Guinea. Aitape had been occupied by the Japanese from 1942 until its recapture by the Americans in 1944. The Australians had then taken over and moved towards Wewak to destroy the remnants of the Japanese 18th Army. Wewak was finally taken in May 1945, but fighting continued in the area until the end of the war some months later. The Concert Party tours appear to have been a success judging by the newspaper cutting shown here:

Notes From New Guinea

With the second part of the New Guinea tour well behind them, Det. No. 5 are ready to play to new areas.

The show has settled down well, and is hailed as the most colorful and best dressed Army concert party on the road.

Apart from the many changes of costume made by the stage performers, the band appears in three different sets, culminating in vivid Russian costumes.

Max Hardy is doing a great job as trumpet-conductor. His arrangement of the multi-instrument act gets a big hand at each performance . . . he also does a spot of pianotation with Douglas Zanders during the show.

For troubadour shows a quartet is used — Max on trumpet, Vic. Saynor, guitar, and the Jack's (Ryan and Romeril) on sax and clarinet.

Jack Ryan, that long, lean, maestro of the sweet and low down, has made a super arrangement of "Massa's in De Cold, Cold, Ground," while Jack Romeril, improviser deluxe, features "Golden Wedding."

Bob Plymin beats the skin in "Drummer Boy," and is working on a novelty drum-dance with Bunny Westney.

Douglas Zanders features two classical solos in the show, and with the band plays Esther Rofe's arrangement of "As Time Goes By," a neat piece of music.

Ab. Tonkinson on sax and clarinet, Vic. Saynor on bass, Jim Fletcher, trombone, and Leo Ryan on second trumpet, complete the ensemble.

For special numbers the band is further strengthened by Ted Muller. Ted needs no further introduction to music makers as his piano-acordion work is well known throughout Australia.

To Jacquinot Bay, New Britain, September 1945

The following description of the Party's final months in New Britain comes from the personal memoirs of my father's friend and colleague Corporal Frank Lamprell, an entertainer from Melbourne.

'Off we sailed next day and on the Tuesday drew in to Jacquinot Bay, New Britain. I must say the first impression of this place was very favourable. We had been told by Jack Sparkes, who had been there before, that it was a woeful dump, but how wrong he was. We could see at once it proved to be the best spot of our entire tour. The sisters and nurses disembarked for 118 AGH, which had come from Aitape to Jacquinot Bay, then we followed and got in to a truck and were driven along a palm lined road for about a half mile where we got out to be billeted with an ammunition unit. Bully beef and M and V were the main meat dishes with fish patties in close second; I nearly starved, but the area was so beautiful I would have willingly lived on tea and biscuits. We were right on the edge of the Bay itself, there was no beach and swimming had to be a cautious event, as sharks were often seen close to the shore. Small boats, lakatois, sailing boats and skiffs were to be found everywhere, abandoned by troops who had move out, so our boys grabbed what they could and repaired them, painted them gay colours and had much fun paddling around the Bay. In fact Sunday was very similar to Frankston or Mornington on the same day, only these resorts could never have the same colourings of the sea, sky and mountains which changed every few minutes; the sunsets were really magnificent. Our camp was set in what had once been a coconut plantation and everyone had to

be careful to walk along the paths and not under the trees as nuts falling could kill a man - we saw several natives horribly crippled who had been struck on arm, leg, thigh or shoulders when young. Trembles were very prevalent, the nearest volcano was at Rabaul ninety miles away, but the sight of the light globes swaying or beds vibrating became a common occurrence. One night we saw a flare in the sky and were told it was an active volcano very far away; it looked very fierce. At 118 (AGH) were several nuns, Dutch, German and Australian who had been brought from Rabaul for rest and treatment after Jap domination. Priests were there too, but while they were all very weak and ill, the nuns seemed to be very vigorous and well. Indian POWs were there too; the hospital had much trouble with these, as when beans were served, great care had to be taken that no pork was left behind. These Indians were terribly emaciated; one who died weighed only three and a half stone. A couple of special concerts were presented to the nuns by Douglas, Don, Slim Jim, Ted and band, with Don creating a sensation by playing and singing German music and songs, Bach, Beethoven, etc. The nuns had heard no music for three years; one had never seen a saxophone. We gave a show at the New Zealand Air Force about two miles away. They were most kind to us, nothing too much trouble for them and a really splendid audience too. Don became very friendly with two of the lads who were cooks in the Officer's Mess and they were always coming down taking two or three of us back for tea where we would feast on pork, roast onions and potatoes, green peas, stewed fruit, ice cream etc., food the Aussie troops never ever saw. On another occasion a couple of native lads came along as Jumbo was busy practising his trombone; they were looking down wondering where the noise came from. Jumbo could hardly blow for laughing. Then we got them to sing; one was rather timid, but the other obliged in a high loud tuneful voice with a song that seemed to be endless. On another occasion Don asked the native to sing one of their native tunes and out came *Lily Marlene*!

At one point we handed all our steel helmets in to the right quarter, had them marked off on hooks, then were given them back to toss into the sea as the authorities didn't want them. So we had a gay time throwing them into the Bay.

The coral beds were an endless source of delight. Douglas took me out in a small boat one day and I was amazed at the lovely colouring and clarity of sea and coral. Jacquinot Bay was fast becoming an empty area. Over the bay we could daily see the fires lit by natives who were detailed to demolish and burn the deserted camps.

Troops became fewer and fewer, and ships now went down to one or two a week then one a fortnight. One Sunday morning Douglas came running up to say that I had to be packed and at the airstrip by 9.30 - half an hour to go! Douglas packed my gear and we trucked it to the airstrip with ten minutes to spare - then had to wait an hour and a half for a plane! We got weighed in etc., then off we went to the last stage of our tour - Rabaul, little dreaming that only a few days later there was to be a terrible air disaster in which the entire personnel were to be killed in such a wild area that it was impossible to bring the bodies back; they had to be buried on the spot.

By Plane to Rabaul

It was a beautiful day for our trip and though passing over the jungle and mountains was a bumpy business, the sea view was marvellous. We could see the coral reefs under the water, also sunken boats and barges, while the white waves running in and

off the sands were really lovely to see. Rabaul in sight, we passed over two volcanoes, one extinct with trees and shrubs growing inside, but the other a nasty looking affair with smoke belching from it. This was the one that caused all the bother a few years previous and caused a mass exodus to Moresby. Circling over Simpson's Harbour preparatory to landing we could see dozens of sunken ships under the water or with masts protruding while the shores of the harbour were crammed with damaged craft of every description, with the wharf a ruin, hastily patched here and there to facilitate movements. Making a beautiful landing on the dusty strip we were not allowed to unload our own gear, Japs were on hand to do that for us. The strip was right under the volcano that was naughty and a strong odour hung in the air, this was for ever present sometimes worse, sometimes milder, but there it was real sulphur smell and some days it was heavy carbide - made us all very heavy handed and sleepy. We passed damaged pill boxes and fortifications, ruined trucks, tanks, shell holes and what have you, past ANGAU HQ where the ANGAU boys put on a marvellous show in their smart 50-50 uniforms consisting of jungle green shirt, short laplap and webbing. Their drilling under their own NCO was a sight to see. Jungle vines and vegetation had been cut away to make a path for the traffic and here and there, asphalt and kerb stones stood out from the debris. Not a building stood, everywhere could be seen concrete floors, some covered over others in process of being built on, the only standing wall was at the ex-office of Burns Philp Shipping Company, but even this wasn't a solid wall, having a large opening where a door had once been, plus several window openings. Rabaul is set under the shadow of hills that come down to about a quarter mile from the water's edge. These hills are heavily covered with vegetation and are honeycombed with caves and tunnels carved out by the unfortunate POWs under the Japs. Most of the caves were found to be filled with radios, cars, machinery and ammunition, also large maps of every city, port, bay and harbour in Australia - in detail. Mounds of earth with tiny vents were really Jap strongholds and these were everywhere, while in many places the ground shook empty under us as we walked over underground hideouts. We were in a pawpaw plantation with ripe juicy fruit, ours for the plucking, and a huge frangipane tree hung almost over our tents, its heavy fragrance almost obliterating the stench from the volcano. There were a lot of tropical trees and plants in bloom, hibiscus, lilies and a lot of names I can't recall, didn't know in fact. Several trees had pieces of corrugated iron, pieces of metal etc., stuck in their trunk some high up, and some hanging very precariously, having been blown there by bomb blast. If anyone happened to be passing when one of those pieces fell, well - why talk of such things now that peace is here? After tea we made a tour of the area and saw the pier at close quarters also the remains of what had once been a fine baths, swimming pool, gardens combined. When extra troops came in, dozens of tents were erected and the camp lost its neat appearance, battered marquees, leaky tents, anything that could be utilised was put up and the lads bore it bravely; anything was good enough, they were going home for good! When I awoke in the morning after we reached Rabaul I found hundreds of Japs running everywhere, doing all the odd jobs about the camp. All were in the charge of their own NCOs and at lunch time gathered and ate special food brought in from their own compound. For the first few weeks it was a common sight for every Jap, whether on foot or in truck, to salute us smartly, but this eventually fell away, although they were supposed to continue with it. The Jap compound was built about a half mile away to the left of GDD and all Japs were returned to their camp by 6 o' clock, were in bed by 8pm, up at 3.30am and ready for the road at 5.30am. On the right of GDD was another compound built for the war criminals and was brilliantly floodlit by night. One blanket was all we needed at night

in Rabaul. The Chinese community were housed in grass huts in their own compound near the town, also nearby was a native hospital, out of bounds to all troops; the rule had no need to be issued. Near the picture site assigned to our area were the remains of what had once been a Chinese cafe, and huge piles of broken crockery bore testimony to the blast of the bomb. Turning over the wreckage with the tip of my boots I came across one saucer completely unscathed, plus three tiny plates and one cracked tea cup which I used as a shaving mug till I left Rabaul.

The road to Kokopo was most rough, but interesting, passing several Australian camps, then around a narrow road that ran between the sea and the cliff where Jap trucks had to draw close to the cliff to allow us to pass. Thousands of naked and semi-nude Japs swarmed everywhere, on rocks, battered boats, or in the huge caves carved out of the cliffs and in which they lived. Barges, which were drawn out of the sea in to the caves when air raids were imminent, were to be seen in profusion. Some in the caves had been trapped half way in and blasted in two. We had to pass an Australian guard who opened a gate for us and on we went, passing Chinese camps, where inmates waved furiously so that we would know that they were not Japs. The Indian camp was most interesting, I would have liked to have poked around a bit, but of course we could not stop; besides, the magnificent Ghurkha guards did not look very friendly to visitors.

After lunch we had a look see around the area: a stone jetty was of interest with a battered ship at its end; this ship was said to be the first ship hit in the war. Some of us climbed an incline to the ruins of what had once been a beautiful building but was now a shambles. The bath room had been blue and pink tiled, kitchen and lavatories were white tiled, there were huge underground tanks and a concrete pillared veranda overhung with flaming tropical creepers. It really must have been a lovely spot and obviously a planter's home. Imagine our surprise to hear that it had been the number one brothel of Rabaul!

We were to show in the open and had to wait until the sun had moved off the spot chosen, which was ideal under trees and on a grassy sward. A priest, several nuns, an army woman doctor, plus thirty native novices and as many children, all arrived for the show; priests, nuns and doctor coming by jeep, the others crowding in to open trucks. The novices wore no shoes but grey dresses and white veils the children all were dressed in neat fresh print dresses complete with ribbons in their hair and handkerchiefs in hand. They were all most enthusiastic over the show the novices burying their hands in their faces to hide their laughter while the nuns were bewildered. One nun in particular kept shaking her head unbelievably at Slim Jim juggling, the teeth dropping act causing a near riot. Tommy was a great hit with his Irish songs and stories. After the show the nuns came over to us for a chat they were like a mob of parrots wonderfully cheerful after their experiences with the Japs.

It was good having the whole unit together again after six weeks. Arrangements for us to move to a special Amenities camp nearby had been afoot for days and on the Tuesday we moved in to the grounds of the Rabaul Hotel which was just on the other side of GDD; The Rabaul Hotel was a complete wreck but must have been a very nice place pre-war. Huge underground tanks were still intact but overgrown with vines and weeds; hibiscus and frangipani also grew in profusion. Every morning, except Sunday, one member of the three Amenities units had to go up to the Jap compound to collect twelve Nips so that it became our turn every three days. The man whose turn it was had to wake up at 5.30am, march up to the compound about a mile away, collect the Nips, march them back and send four to each of the three units. They had

their own food and had to be marched back again at 5.30pm. I only had to do the job once, staggered out of bed and along to pick up the Japs who were standing behind a numbered post. Their corporal saluted me, I said "come in Charlie!" and off they trudged down the road with me in the rear, real Digger type, rifle slung over my shoulder to stop any funny business that may crop up. Lucky for me that nothing did, as my rifle was bare of bullets!

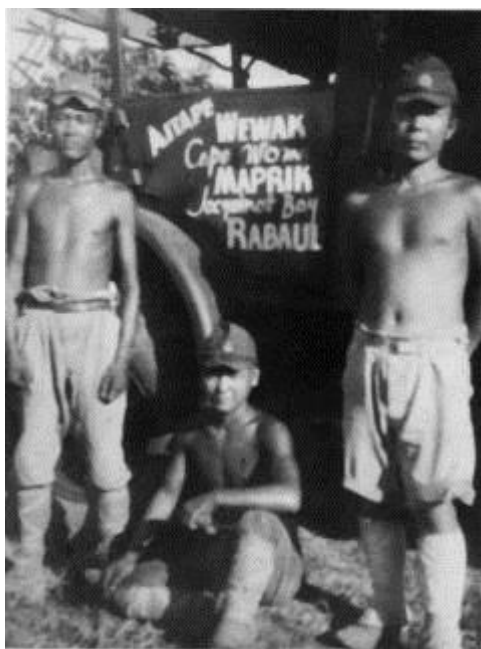
Douglas, Ron and Slim Jim did a grand job of the Holy Tent.¹ I gathered a lot of ferns, lilies, pawpaw etc. and made three nice gardens in the front of the tent, which of course brought a lot of ridicule for me, which deepened when I carried dozens of buckets of small stones from rubble heaps and foyer of the hotel and made two paths between the gardens to the tent. It looked very nice and kept the dust down well. The wind used to blow through the tent wildly as we had the sides raised about three feet from the ground so to counteract the wind. Douglas put a little light outside the entrance; some wag tried to paint the globe red, but I caught him at it, then Fred wrote 'LADIES' on the entrance. A couple of caustic remarks from Douglas and me caused him to rub it out. On a concrete floor opposite the rec hut, Douglas erected a couple of tarpaulins and the piano was placed there; this became known as the 'Conservatorium'.

We eventually got the same four Nips every day and they certainly had an easy time. It was rather difficult trying to be aloof and we often found ourselves chatting to them in pidgin and sign language. With home going getting very near, all musically minded boys began to practice madly for post war efforts. Weird noises issued from under trees, in foxholes, in trucks, and wherever possible to practice in peace: to themselves, the rest of us stopped our ears or assumed different attitudes.

First show was given to 11 Brigade and, as their stage was entirely unsuitable, we erected our own stage next to it. A team of Japs was brought along to do the work under direction from our lads. The Nips were willing, especially when we got the same ones every day we showed. I found them hanging out the wardrobe for me on a couple of occasions and when I'd start ironing they'd all want to help, expressing admiration for the colours of the shirts and dresses. A couple even wanted to iron for me!

Nothing of much importance occurred at the seven shows; the New Year's Eve one was given to a unit we had played to in Northern Territory. The stage was erected on the edge of the playing field that looked as if it was constantly under water. Our dressing rooms were placed over waterways and what have you I ran around and got pieces of wood and tin to build over them just in case, for when it rains in New Britain, it rains! Comes straight down and floods everything in a few minutes. Never have I seen such rain and the lightning was awesome to see. I often woke in the night to find it raining; often too we would wake to find ourselves rocking in our beds and to hear the utensils of the GDD kitchen swaying as the ground heaved underneath. Why we didn't vanish into the tunnel underneath I don't know. A subsequent letter from Billy Chee-Shin-Ching informed me that our camp finally did go underground under persuasion of yonder volcanoes.

¹ From Frank Lamprell's account at Hayes Creek, Australia: Ed, Douglas and myself were given a tent to ourselves which in usual style we soon made very comfortable. As none of us drank and only Ed smoked, and swearing was 'out' our tent was christened the 'Holy Tent', but was always, right up to the disbandment of the unit in 1946, considered the tidiest and best tent in the unit.



Japanese prisoners with stage truck

A lot of us had taken courses with Army Education Service as soon as we arrived in Rabaul; my first lesson arrived 8 months later! Jap swords were being distributed to units, one to every three men, we got a few, so names were put in to a hat; I got the better of the second issue to us. Several natives came up to the camp to do washing or to bring fruit. We were not due to sail till January 28th so had plenty of time to prepare our gear and selves. The Nips polished the trucks and generator till they absolutely shone. Also, got Jack Romeril to paint the names of all our ports of call on the doors of his stage truck, but alas at the last moment we had to leave all vehicles behind for other parties to use. I would go for long walks every night after tea, sometimes just round and round the square, or up and down the main road, but I liked best to sit on the wharf till it got dark.² On the Saturday before we left Rabaul a

sports meeting was held on a big clearing between the camp and the hills. This had once been an airstrip so it was solid, but evidently the one nearer the volcano was more useful. Preparations had been in hand for weeks to make a race track and grandstands. I didn't go to it but saw one of the races from a distance. The ANGAU band played and marched during the morning and in the afternoon a regatta was held on the harbour. I didn't go to this either, but did go to the sing song held at night on the course. Colourful and ingenious costumes were worn by the dancers, all made of course, and they danced on monotonously while the 'orchestra' banged wooden blocks and chanted the same tune over and over again. When exhausted, the dancers would retire for a rest and a fresh lot would come on. One troupe had white circles painted on arms legs and bodies giving them the appearance of having football jerseys and socks on.

Georgetown Victory was to be our ship and on the 27th we made ready to leave, but as a disturbance was being held on board we had to settle in our tents again. Discarding of old junk had been going on for weeks among us and now that our last days had arrived, we just handed a well-equipped camp over to the new unit. After breakfast, Billy Chee-Shin-Ching came along to make his farewells and left loaded with clothes plus several hats on his head and several pairs of boots hanging over his arm. Then straight after lunch, we gathered the rest of our gear together and to the wild waving of caps from our yellow bellies, we left Amenities camp to the mercies of the musical comedy company.

We didn't have to wait too long to get aboard a barge, then we pulled away from New Britain and so out to the *Georgetown Victory* where it lay anchored. Literally thousands seemed to be going aboard, it was said that 500 more than capacity was

² Douglas must have explored the local area as well; he wrote down the words and music for several native songs in Bai village (see illustration).

taken aboard and I quite believe it. We all staggered up the gangplank and then had to go down two decks to a hold where iron beds were built three high. Crowds kept coming down everyone was jumbled, it was dark and the heat terrific, we could hardly breathe.

With the coast of Queensland in sight we had to go through a very rude medical examination and the next morning we anchored outside the mouth of Brisbane River for a few hours, then at 1pm began to slowly, oh so slowly, move up to the city. Everyone was strangely quiet, even when the factories blew their whistles to greet us, people rushed to doors and windows to wave, little boats fussed about, sirens hooted and a general noise went on till we eventually came to Hamilton Wharf where the Queensland L of C Brass Band played rousing tunes while a crowd of people were held back at the gate of the wharf. The Concert Party odds and sods piled in to a truck and were taken by a back route to Chermside arriving at 6pm. A beautiful meal was given us and we were put in to a hut, where, after a wash up, we all went in to Brisbane arriving at 8. I had been looking forward to a lovely hot shower at the Union Jack club, but when I peeled off and turned on the shower it was icy cold! We had to report to Chermside every morning till we finally left for Sydney on the following Saturday.'

i) Ui Kaku:



One of the native songs noted by Douglas Zanders in Bai

Notes

Douglas Zanders was a New Zealander studying the piano in Melbourne when war broke out. In 1946 he returned to his home town of Christchurch, and then in 1952, with my mother and me, immigrated to England, where he subsequently spent many years as a well-respected piano teacher. I occasionally asked him about his war years, but he did not give much away except to talk about his piano falling apart in tropical rainstorms, or the irreverence of his Aussie mates. I became more interested in his story during the last years of his life (he died in 2012) and discovered Michael Pate's book *An Entertaining War* (Dreamweaver Books, Sydney, 1986). This describes the Australian Army concert parties in great detail and led me to Frank Lamprell's personal memoirs.

Ed Zanders lives in Cambridge, England and can be contacted by email on ed.zanders@btinternet.com.

RABAU & MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL NEWS

ANNUAL GET-TOGETHER RABAU AND MONTEVIDEO MARU SOCIETY CANBERRA JUNE 2013

Marg Curtis

This year's luncheon was held at the Mercure Hotel with around 50 attending. Unfortunately Marian May was not able to attend and be our guest speaker, but we were fortunate to have Phil Ainsworth, Carole Worthy and Patrick Bourke as our speakers. Guests were brought up to date on the Society by Phil and given an insight to the planned school programs by Carole and Patrick. Members also were asked for their input and it was great to get the group involved. There was plenty of memorabilia on display which many enjoyed reviewing.

On Sunday morning we had our Service at the AWM. We were very fortunate with the weather which meant we were able to have our service at our Memorial. Special thanks to Kelvin Alley for conducting the service. After morning tea, the AWM gave the group a conducted tour of the WWII area, including the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru section.



Left: Marg Curtis,
Ross Hall and
Ailsa Nisbet



Above: Margaret Ruxton
Left: Rebecca Mills

Below: Four generations of Dr Les Drew's family



Below: Betty Muller nee Gascoigne with Marg Curtis

RABAU AND MONTEVIDEO MARU GROUP

Update from Chairman, Frazer Harry

A good number of members attended the annual Rabaul and Montevideo Maru functions at the end of June. With beautiful, clear, sunny days and a nice, relaxed atmosphere, the events were enjoyed by all present. Norm Furness, President of the 2/22 Battalion Lark Force Association, attended and spoke from the heart to those fortunate to be there.



Major Kelvin Alley, the National Secretary of the Salvation Army, was present which we appreciated. Major Alley has a strong understanding of the connection between the Salvation Army, the *Montevideo Maru* and the events of 1942. The Memorial Service, taken on the Sunday by Maj Alley was a moving tribute. In his speech, Maj Alley said:



Maj Kelvin Alley with Norm Furness

‘This memorial stands as a constant reminder of the bravery of our loved ones, of the lives cut short, the pain and loss suffered by waiting loved ones back home, who were left to wonder for years about the loss of their husbands, sons, brothers, daughters and sisters.

For us who gather today, this memorial is more than stainless steel and stone. It is a place not only for us to grieve, but also to show our love and respect.

It is also a reminder for younger generations, to tell our children and their children’s children of the story of courage in the face of overwhelming odds, but also of the tragedy of war and the priceless value of peace between nations.’

The displays of photos and information surrounding the walls of the luncheon venue kept visitors intrigued. Our speakers were informative, and the opportunity for members to share their stories gave many different perspectives on this history. I’ll mention a huge thanks to Marg Curtis and Rebecca Mills, who did so much of the background organising, and Andrea Williams and Phil Ainsworth, for all the work they have put in in the past, and continue to put in. None of this would have happened over the last few years without them and others.

Carol Worthy and Patrick Bourke are both involved in getting the Montevideo Maru and Rabaul story out to schools in Queensland and NSW in particular. At the luncheon they gave us a rundown on how they are going about this, including the successes and hurdles. *We urgently need people in Victoria and other states to assist with this.* Please contact me! Focus is on schools in towns and areas where the men of the 2/22 Battalion came from, to give the schools something they can directly relate to themselves... their history. Patrick and Carole have put a great deal of time and effort into shaping useable presentations and resource material - it really

is great to see. Kurt Diercke is also becoming involved in this, and will be a wonderful asset to have too, with his current educational links and family interest in our Group. Connected with this, the group has been looking at ideas relating to school curriculum content in Australia and PNG also. There is also interest in having a Civilian Memorial for Rabaul.

Next year will mark the 100 year anniversary of Bitapaka, the site of the War Cemetery in East New Britain, but also the site of Australia's first action in WW1 and the first loss of life of Australian soldiers. So Rabaul's link to Australia is a strong one, and one we need more Australians to understand. This, and associated events, will keep our group relevant.

DVD: Rabaul and Montevideo Maru 70th Anniversary Commemorative Events

Including comprehensive speeches including those by the Governor General, Her Excellency Quentin Bryce; RMvM Patron, the Hon Peter Garrett; the Chairman of the Australian War Memorial, Ken Doolan; Mr Phil Ainsworth – President of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society; Mr Norm Furness – President of the 2/22nd Lark Force Association and Margaret Henderson, this DVD is a historic tribute to an extraordinary episode in World War II. The dedication of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra on 1 July 2012, the 70th Anniversary, is a culmination of a great Australian tragedy which went unrecognised for far too long...for nearly 70 years.

Professionally produced by John Schindler and his team, with duration of 21/2 hours, the DVD is a significant historic record.

Available for \$30, including postage within Australia.

- Cheque to PNGAA, PO Box 1386, Mona Vale NSW 1660
- Electronically to: PNGAA: BSB 062009; A/C No. 00907724 (CBA, Wynyard)

Please notify the deposit to: treasurer@pngaa.net

For further information please email: admin@memorial.org.au

Families with students in middle high school

Please note that this DVD can be used as an educational resource – perhaps you could purchase a copy for your school!

Please write to the History Coordinator in your school and ask that they include this piece of history in the Year 10 History Curriculum. Tell them your connection! Tell them that a list of resources is available online under the Education tab at: www.memorial.org.au

Please let us know which school(s) you've contacted so we can maintain a comprehensive list.

New tab on the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru website - Education

With resources needed for the history curriculum, this new menu item on our website at www.memorial.org.au will assist teachers and students to find information quickly and easily.

RABAUL & MONTEVIDEO MARU NEWS EDUCATION PROJECTS

Patrick Bourke

During the past three months I have contacted over 80 high schools in NSW and Leongatha Secondary College in Victoria in regards to the Australian history of Rabaul and the New Guinea Islands. Most of these schools have a connection to this part of Australian history by either having ex-students, or ex-students whose fathers died on the *Montevideo Maru* or in the New Guinea Islands during WWII, or men who were born in their town/suburb that died on the *Montevideo Maru* or in the New Guinea Islands during WWII.

The principals/headmasters, archivists or ex-students associations have confirmed that the information sent to their school had been forwarded to their history teachers. The response from a number of country high schools has been encouraging. These schools have a very close connection with the war history of their servicemen and women. I will shortly visit Gundagai High School and Hay War Memorial High School.

For some time I have been working on a teaching module for history teachers covering the history of Rabaul and the New Guinea Islands from 1880s to the Second World War. This teaching aid will soon be on the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru website.

I will continue to work with the high schools in NSW. Members can also contact high schools. Just let the **education group** know what school/schools you wish to contact. We can give assistance. Most Rabaul & Montevideo Maru group members would have connections e.g. the high school their relative who died on the *Montevideo Maru*/in the New Guinea Islands attended or the town/suburb they came from. The personal connections with schools are very helpful as demonstrated by the school connections that a member recently provided me with. If you do not wish to contact a school directly yourself please contact me or one of the members of the education group and provide us with the information so we can contact the high school.

We are also looking at developing an e-book for students. Any assistance with this project would also be greatly appreciated.

Education Group

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Karen McPherson: E: brian-karen@bigpond.com

Kurt Diercke: E: kurtdiercke@hotmail.com

Several papers have been prepared as a teaching resource and for the Education section on the Memorial website

-The Teaching of the First and Second World War History

-Rabaul

-Background paper for history teachers: Second World War- Year 10

The Defence of Australia

-What happened in the Australian territories of New Britain and New Ireland during WWII

TALKING TO TEACHERS

Carole Worthy

Last June I attended the Queensland History Teachers' Association Conference in Brisbane, with John Holland, curator of the PNGVR Military Museum in Wacol. We gave a thirty minute presentation to a group of teachers who had elected to come to our talk, titled "The Sinking of the *Montevideo Maru*: Australia's greatest maritime disaster", scheduled in the last round of presentations for the day. The group was small, seven, and none of the teachers had previously heard about the *Montevideo Maru*, but were interested in hearing about something 'new'.

The idea was to acquaint teachers with facts about the event and their relevance to the curriculum, which in the new National History Curriculum will be *Modern History: WW1 & 2* in Year 10; and in Year 9, the German influence in New Guinea during the 19th century can be taught within *Depth Study 2- Asia and the Pacific: the impact of European influence in the Asia- Pacific region*.

I shared basic information about what happened at Rabaul, the loss of the *Montevideo Maru*, and the long wait for families, adding personal snippets related to my connection with the event. I also had a power point display of photos, maps, and letters to back up the talk, and John talked about the Museum as an excursion venue for the students. Most of the teachers stayed on for a while after the presentation to ask further questions, and one teacher took details from John about taking a student group out to the Wacol museum, and has since then gone out himself to look at the museum in order to plan an excursion.

We had a handout for the teachers of: a cover page displaying a picture of the Memorial (with rainbow); a copy of the Governor-General's Commemorative address when dedicating the Memorial; a leaflet about the Military Museum; a flier for Sue Lawson's book *'Finding Darcy'*; a 5-page list of resource materials, including books, DVD's, websites, and articles; a copy of The Rabaul & *Montevideo Maru* Society's background paper for History Teachers; and some information on the Lark Force Wilderness Track on New Britain.

What was pressed home to me on the day was that it will be a long, slow haul to achieve our aim of educating the public about this significant part of Australia's war history. Therefore, we, the families and friends of those who were lost and of those who survived, must take or make every opportunity to spread the word, particularly focussing on teachers and schools, and in particular, in the school and community where you live or have connections.

AWM seeks families of fallen to go on Roll of Honour

The Australian War Memorial's Roll of Honour is soon to be expanded to include those who died in post-war, peacekeeping and other operations. The full list of names is at:

<http://www.awm.gov.au/blog/2013/06/26/help-us-find-relatives-those-recorded-our-remembrance-book/>

ANZAC CENTENARY 2014-2018

The Anzac Centenary will recognise a century or more of service and sacrifice by Australian servicemen and servicewomen in all wars, conflicts and peacekeeping operations in which Australia has, and continues to participate.

From page 2 of the Government Response to the Report of the ANZAC Centenary Advisory Board on a program of initiatives to commemorate the Anzac Centenary.

Throughout the Anzac Centenary 2014-2018, Australia will be engaging with other relevant countries to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the First World War and other significant military anniversaries that take place during the 2014-2018 period. Commencing with the centenary of the Battle for Bitapaka in September 2014, the period will include the 75th Anniversary of the fall of the New Guinea islands and the sinking of the Montevideo Maru in 2017.

There are many ways you might be able to raise awareness about this story in your community and take part in commemorative events over the ANZAC Centenary period. Contact your local RSL to ask if there are any community activities available which could encompass someone you know, or one of the men who came from your area.

The Miranda RSL in Sydney holds a **Year 10 Schools Modern History Symposium** in August each year and other RSLs may sponsor other activities – please let us know!

There may also be a grant appropriate for your local school. **The 2014 South Australian Premier's ANZAC Spirit School Prize** provides the opportunity for a small number of students and two teachers to win a fully-funded two-week study tour of sites of involvement of Australian armed forces overseas. The competition is open to all 2013 years 9 and 10 students in South Australia. It says:

The ANZAC Spirit is said to have been born in the Gallipoli Campaign of World War 1 and perpetuated through the efforts of the men and women of Australia's defence forces in subsequent conflicts.

'Describe how the ANZAC Spirit has continued by describing the role of a South Australian involved in one of the following:

- the war with Japan (1942-1945)'*

<http://www.sa.gov.au/subject/Education%2C+skills+and+learning/Schools/Curriculum+and+learning/Programs+and+extra-curricular+activities/Premier%27s+ANZAC+Spirit+School+Prize>

If you find any opportunities for our members to help spread this story, please let us know.

Share Your Story - We encourage our members to share their family's experience and, in doing so, raise awareness about this history. Your stories are welcome in our newsletter and on our Rabaul and Montevideo Maru website. In addition there are other opportunities – please take a look at the following links:
"Upload your own story" at: <http://www.federationstory.com/category/theme/war/>
The Melbourne Shrine of Remembrance also provides an opportunity to share stories. See: <http://www.shrine.org.au/Remembrance/Share-Your-Story>
And: http://www.australiansatwar.gov.au/stories/list_stories_war=W2.html

News from members:

Henry Ashley-Brown, South Australia

Earlier in the year when I was visiting Sydney I went with my cousin to check my late uncle's plaque at Homebush RSL and found that the building had been burnt and the plaques had gone. My uncle, Walter Max Brown, known as Max, went down on the *Montevideo Maru* and I had been keeping an eye on his plaque after my grandmother died and with the help of the Secretary there, renewing his 'Peace Rose.' Max was only 19.5 years old, not 22 when he died. He had put his age up as many of the young men did.

My enquiries as to the whereabouts of the plaques led me to Marlene Doran, the Honorary Archivist at Strathfield Council, who is looking after them and is compiling information about the people commemorated on the plaques.

I have been able to help her with a lot of detail about Max, but thought that if you and Marlene got together via email, you would be the best one able to find your way about the *Montevideo Maru* part of the story and, if it's not imposing too much, send her a 'package' that tells the story of the *Montevideo Maru*. Perhaps, a copy of the DVD as well. I'm happy to pay for the DVD if Marlene would like one and also to gather up some of the material from the newsletters to fill out the story should you not be in a position to spend time on this. Marlene is hoping to cross-check the names on the plaques with those who were in Lark Force. I'm happy to assist and fit in with whatever way seems best to proceed.

Michael Moore

Since the Dedication of the Memorial it has come to light that our father, as his expression of healing between himself and the Japanese for the loss of his son, created a small plaque to be erected in a small Anglican Church in Odawara south of Yokohama.

The connection with this church was through the Rev FW Coaldrake who at the time (circa 1946-1948) was a missionary attached to the parish. He subsequently was the Secretary of the Australian Board of Missions and from that position he was selected to become Archbishop of Brisbane but died suddenly a few days before his enthronement.

So how this has come to light now? The Rev Coaldrake's son is lecturing at a Japanese University and has been in touch with the Church of the Holy Cross and from that contact they approached him to find out more about the plaque which was recently discovered when the Church was being refurbished. We were able to fill in the background and now intend to go to Odawara next month to see the memorial in situ.

As I may have told you before our brother Charles was working in Rabaul for Colyer Watson in 1942. Previously he had been in Wau. As was the case with many of those who were lost on the *Montevideo Maru* the news of their loss was not forthcoming for whatever reason until 23 October 1945.

The plaque reads:

To the Glory of God and in Memory of
CHARLES H. G. MOORE (N.G.X. 506) POW, RABAUL

Aged 32

Lost at sea' with the "Montevideo Maru" July 1st, 1942

Erected by his Father

The Very Revere

Dean of Perth, Western Australia

DEFENCE SCHOOL OF MUSIC GRADUATION/ARTHUR GULLIDGE MEDAL

Marg Curtis

Norm Furness, Judith Gullidge and I attended the Defence School of Music Graduation in June. Normally at this function the Arthur Gullidge Medal is presented, however this year, due to budget restraints, the winner from Brisbane was not able to attend. Judith was asked if she would like to attend their function in September which she is planning to do.

Norm arranged for each winner to also receive the book *Brave and True* by Lindsay Cox to ensure that each recipient was aware of the story of the 2/22nd and the Salvation Army Band.

Attached is a photo taken of Judith Gullidge in front of the Honour Board of Award Winners of the past years.



TRAAWOOL

Around 80 people attended Traawool with a few that had not been before, including Les Drew, who flew down from Canberra for the day to attend. Bill McGrath also flew down from Queensland and generously donated some books for the raffle. The weather was fine and mild and a 'sausage sizzle' was provided by Coral and Chris (made from 2/22ND beef!). John and Julie Farrer once again arranged for everything to be in place when everyone arrived with marquee and tables and chairs and a lovely fire.

2/22 Battalion update - Traawool annual family reunion day. Frazer Harry



Every year on the last Sunday of July, family and friends of the members of the 2/22nd Battalion, Lark Force, have a get-together at Traawool in Victoria. (It's not actually in Traawool town itself, but on farmland in the Traawool Valley, just off the Hume Hwy, near Seymour, on the Traawool - Tallarook Road). It is held on the site of the original 2/22nd Battalion camp - where the Battalion was formed during WW2 before it headed north eventually to Rabaul, and the events that unfolded in 1942. As you would know,

members of this Battalion made up the majority of those lost in the sinking of the Montevideo Maru.

A large gathering of family and friends turned out this year, which was great to see. Norm Furness was the sole member of the Battalion who was able to make it. We are so lucky to still have Norm around, and I hope he realises how much he and the work he puts in is appreciated by all of us! So thanks again Norm!



It's a relaxed day, with a bonfire, and this year a sausage sizzle provided by some locals - including John and Julie Farrer, who own the adjoining property which is now the Traawool Valley Vineyard. They put in a lot of time and effort for us each year, and not only that, they make a pretty good sort of a Shiraz too, which we appreciate sometimes a little too much! It's generally a day for catching up with friends, regulars and new-comers, who all have some sort of connection with the Battalion.

Other news from the day:

The battalion has a new flag, or banner, to replace the old one which is really showing its age. The old one might be donated to the Shrine in Melbourne, or the AWM, or some similar place.

The date of the reunion will stay the same as it is now, the last Sunday of July. In general we have been lucky with the weather, and local Traawool people say, leave it as it is, and they are the experts!

The main contact for information or organisation of the Traawool day will be Frazer Harry (ph. 0497 785 112, email frazer.harry@bigpond.com).

The other significant days for the 2/22 Battalion Lark Force Association are the January Shrine service, and Anzac Day. The Shrine service date may have to be altered from the last Sunday of January, but we will notify people if that is the case (this is due to restrictions on availability of the Shrine for services on that date, not through any wish on our part to alter it).

Several Association members (including Marg Curtis, Pete McGuinness and others) are planning to visit Rabaul later this year, in September.

We are looking at putting together a Facebook page for the Battalion Association, and are looking at getting the newsletters out by email for those who wish that. For info on the newsletter, please contact either Frazer Harry, or Marg Curtis (ph. 0418 323 555, email marg.curtis@hsv.com.au)

So thank you to everyone who attended, and remember that all are welcome to attend any of the events, or just join up with the association to receive the newsletter.

ADOPT AN EX-SERVICE ORGANISATION

Through the Shrine of Remembrance, Melbourne, there is a recent program set up whereby schools and ex-service organisations can link together in partnership.

From the Melbourne Shrine's website:

"This program is aimed at facilitating relationships between schools and ex-service organisations in order to carry on each Association's legacy of service to the nation and the memory of their members. The partnership between school and Association can be based on geographical location or historical association. We recommend this program being applied to a particular year level so new students become involved every year to ensure the memory of the ex-service organisation is continued. This program relates very well to the Civics and Citizenship area of the AusVELS curriculum.

What will the Shrine do?

The Shrine will host an introductory meeting where the parties involved will discuss how they will mutually benefit from their partnership. The Shrine will register partnerships on its website and provide updates of exemplary projects between schools and Associations. The onus is then placed on the school and ex-service organisation to continue and nurture the relationship. It is requested that, school students attend, participate in and assist to organise their adopted ex-service organisation's annual commemorative service at the Shrine of Remembrance."

We are looking at linking with a school in this way, whether it is as the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group, or possibly via the 2/22nd Battalion Lark Force Association, or both. We are talking to schools in Victoria which had some connection with Lark Force - the majority of the men of Lark Force came from Victoria, and there are schools which had a number of ex-students who were in the 2/22nd, and/or lost their lives in the sinking of the *Montevideo Maru*. We had hoped to make an announcement in this newsletter, but it has not been finalised at this stage. However we have been in touch with the Shrine, and schools, so hopefully something can be confirmed very soon.

This will be a great way to help get the message across regarding the importance of Rabaul and the Montevideo Maru, and help the school community in having a tangible association and greater understanding of their history.

There will be more to come on this in the future.

<p>Would Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group members like a shared contact register, so that any members could contact other members directly? The PNGAA produces an annual membership list of all members which appears in the June <i>Una Voce</i>, but this would be specifically for Rabaul and Montevideo Maru members and available to those members by request only. If you would prefer your details to NOT be included please contact: admin@memorial.org.au</p>

PNG Epic Voyage 2013
(May15-June 10, 2013)
Jacky Lawes³

We were 32 passengers in all on two ships (the *MV Miss Rankin* and the *Surveyor*)⁴ with two captains (James and Tony Collins) and terrific local crew as we set out on a fabulous adventure cruise around PNG. This Epic Voyage lived up to its name and was the collaboration between The Collins Brothers and John Sinclair who previously ran Go Bush Safaris. The itinerary was based on their local knowledge of PNG and some particular passenger requests. Well known and well-loved naturalist Ian Morris was unable to attend at the last minute and Bruce Alexander stepped in as entrepreneur and story teller. Our adventure was richly informed by stories of those who had lived in PNG and by excellent local guides. With an average age of 65 we were an intrepid and fearless lot of 'Epic-ers'! Where possible we visited schools and distributed much welcomed educational and sporting materials.



Surveyor and Miss Rankin (Simon Sutton)

Our adventure began at Tabubil with a visit to the mist enshrouded Ok Tedi mine then on to Kiunga at the headwaters of the Fly River where we boarded our vessels *Miss Rankin* and *Surveyor*. At Kiunga we made a dawn trek into the rainforest to see and hear the Greater Birds of Paradise and later enjoyed our first of many sing sings. Heading off down the Fly we visited villages of Kukujaba, Kuatra and Sapuka and greatly enjoyed the wonderful birdlife and

beauty of Suki Wetlands. We saw evidence of refugee settlements along the river. There was also evidence of degradation due to deforestation.

Reaching the mouth of the Fly we ventured into the Delta region and visited Aird Hill the home of Ben Butcher of the LMS (London Missionary Society) who went to replace James Chalmers also of LMS who had been massacred by head hunters. Particular interest in this visit was to locate and record the burial site of Phyllis Meuri Butcher, Butcher's daughter who had died there aged 8yrs, and we were successful in doing this. Aird Hill is a very beautiful place with the original house and early equipment still intact at the village of Arrow paying tribute to Butcher's legacy. Also there was a well-weathered monument to James Chalmers. After a very rough passage across the Gulf of Papua we arrived at Port Moresby which was a great contrast to where we had just been. Firstly we visited the Adventure and Nature Park and saw a wonderful array of birds and animals

³ Jacqueline ("Jacky") Lawes, a great granddaughter of the Reverend Dr William Lawes, of the London Missionary Society

⁴ *Miss Rankin* is a 28m steel hulled multi-purpose small ship. There is accommodation for 32 people including crew. The *Surveyor*, also 28m, is designed as a survey, supply and research vessel and can carry 12 passengers.

including the Reggiana Bird of Paradise, Lawes' Parotia, Blyth's Hornbill, tree kangaroos and many more. It also housed the National Orchid Collection which took our collective breath away.



Jacky at monument to W.G. Lawes

The Bomana War Cemetery contains more than 3,000 graves and is beautifully maintained and after our visit there we lunched at the Royal Papuan Yacht Club. We then visited the Museum and took a photo opportunity at Parliament House.

Then followed a highlight for me as we visited Hanuabada in search of the place where my great grandfather, WG Lawes, lived during his time in Port Moresby. He with his wife was the first L.M.S. missionary to live on a permanent basis in Papua (1874-1905). His closest friend and colleague was

James Chalmers whose monument we had seen at Aird Hill. Ben Butcher reports in his autobiography *'We Lived with the Headhunters'*, (1963) tells of meeting WG Lawes as he was leaving Papua for the last time.

We were welcomed by the local pastor and treasurer who showed us the monument on the site where WG's house had once stood and it was moving to see how revered these missionaries and especially my great grandfather still are after all these years. The local Post Courier appeared and reported our visit (May 28, 2013). As result of this coverage other related people of the church approached me with news that they were about to erect another memorial plaque for WG Lawes on the anniversary of his landing at Papaka, June 24, 1876! There was also a monument to the South Seas Pastors and to Ruatoka the first local Papuan ordained minister.

At Happy Hour we were visited by Port Moresby friends and many hilarious tales and jokes were exchanged.

We left Port Moresby on a full moon evening and headed east into another rough crossing of the Coral Sea, stopping for respite snorkels off Wakauveli and Suau Islands on the way to Samarai. It was fascinating to see this once thriving port and capital of East Province and imagine its rich and elegant history. Its deterioration following the bombing by Allied Forces during the war, to prevent Japanese intrusion, was only too apparent. The old Anglican Church and the former Burns Philp building were in ruinous condition and the hospital on top of the hill had recently burned to the ground. But this decay was matched with rebuilding. The new hospital is on sea level and in good condition. The pastor beamed happily at us with his *buai* smile and the teachers amongst us were impressed with school and happily gave donations of books, paper etc. Of interest also was a monument to Christopher Robinson, 'Able Governor, Upright Judge' whose goal was 'To make New Guinea a good country for white men'!

From Samarai we cruised to the Trobriand Islands. The Deidei hot springs of Palagwau (East Fergusson Island) offered fabulous displays of colours, patterns

⁵ Dr Lawes reached Port Moresby from Savage Island (now known as Niue) in November 1874

and warm vapours. The vegetation en route and surrounds was rich and full of life – pitcher plants, dragon flies, birdwing butterflies and songs of manucodes. Kiriwina Island provided lots of action including a very hot walk from Kaibola village (transport did not arrive) to inspect megaliths suspected to be man-made remnants from a previous culture; sing-sing at Omarikama and Obweria villages then on to Buria Lodge Resort for lunch.



Photograph courtesy of Simon Sutton

Don Hook batting at Trobriands Cricket Match

‘Epic-ers’ went in to bat but not for long! (Apparently the BBC made a famous documentary of the Trobriand Island Cricket Match many years ago.)



The highlight of the trip for nearly everyone was the Trobriand Islands Cricket Match. This involved many Trobriand Islanders in traditional costume - it doesn't matter how many on a side so long as each side has the same. The rules were unrecognisable except that sledging was encouraged with goal being that everyone has as much fun as possible!! Several

Our final delight of the day at Bweka Village was a distinctly Polynesian flavoured singsing by beautiful Trobriand young men and women with accompanied by melodious guitars and singing of the villagers. Bweka is the home of Premier Chief John and the singsing was performed in a beautiful clearing surrounded by large shady trees.

Leaving the Trobriands we headed for the Luscancay Island Group, then Tami Island finally anchoring off Ritter Island (Kulkul) a remnant volcano and source of great geological interest. We tried to climb a volcano and see megapodes on Long Island but to no avail but we compensated with a swim.

Heading west we avoided Vitiaz Strait and reached Madang and moored off the Madang Club. We were joined in Madang by James' new family for lunch at the Country Club which added a nice personal touch. Bernie Leahy joined us for Happy Hour. We left Bruce in Madang to pursue his next job as deer and buffalo hunter.

Onward to the Sepik! We passed volcanic Manam Island early in the morning with its plumes of ash and smoke. It was a spectacular sight but not too

threatening. There were many volcanic islands which provided a very picturesque outlook as we headed for the Sepik.

The opening to the Sepik was modest by comparison to the Fly – there was some muddy outflow and quite a small entrance. We thoroughly enjoyed being back on river cruising and bird spotting mode and stopped again at various villages along the way: Angoram, original village of Michael Somare; Kambaramba which was a really fascinating village of stilt houses - despite obvious flooding everyone was out to greet us either on platforms of houses, in dugouts or sailing boats. It was a real spectacle for all to share. Sadly the local school had been destroyed but found a replacement to give our usual donations to. Other Sepik villages of Tambanum, Kaminabit, Palembangi and Kanganaman proffered rich opportunity for buying artefacts and sing-sings and at Palembangi and Kanganaman we were invited into spirit houses, apparently a new innovation to cater for tourism. High water levels meant that we had to approach Palembangi by banana boat and this was truly beautiful in the early morning light. On our return down the Sepik we also stopped at Marienberg a Catholic mission with a strong German history.

Once out of the Sepik we were again in rough waters so we headed straight for Wewak where we visited Cape Wom the site of the Japanese surrender and the end of WWII.

Another fabulous adventure in a land which never ceases to amaze!

POLICE ON POSTAGE STAMPS.

PAPUA THE WORLD'S FIRST.

Maxwell R HAYES,

R.P.N.G.C.

1959-74

One of the world's most popular collectables is postage stamps. There are, however, many more serious collectors who branch out into other aspects of philately, air mail covers, first day covers, various post office cancels, Antarctic covers, Olympic games issues, a particular country, p.o.w. mail, censorship covers, and many more diversified specialized interests.

In a field of its own there are thematic collectors, collecting such diverse subjects as butterflies, flowers, cars, trains, planes, uniforms, whales, boats and many other specific subjects. This is called "thematic" philately which includes not only postage stamps of the theme but also postally used covers, first day covers, pictorial cancels, slogan cancels, special cards, envelopes and so on.

As I was then a commissioned officer in the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary, it seemed to be appropriate to collect police on postage stamp. I became an early member of the German Police Philatelic Study Group, the Law Enforcement Study Group (USA) and the Constabulary and Other Philatelic Society, England (COPS). Through this society journal, I learned that the first

postage stamp in the world, ever to depict a police officer, originated in Papua in 1932.

At the peak of my collection, I had a collection of over 600 pages of researched and written material.

I wrote about my collection in issues of “Magazine of the Australian Section IPA”, the predecessor to “Police Down Under”, in articles entitled “From A (Aden) to Y (Yemen)”. Unfortunately there was never a “Z”. These articles appeared in ten issues from February 1981 to August 1982 and were reprinted in two IPA annual handbooks.

The earliest items I managed to buy in auctions (at quite a high price) were postally used “entires” from the Arma dei Carabinieri of the various states of Italy in the early 1800’s. An “entire” was a letter written on parchment, folded several times, sealed with wax, and then cancelled at the nearest centre with a steel striker with the town name. In the days before adhesive postage stamps which required pre-payment of the letter, the appropriate fee to be paid by the recipient was based on distance, weight and for the carriage of the letter and was collected from the recipient. Naturally this system meant that many refused to accept the letter. A better system had to be found and in 1840, an English schoolmaster Rowland Hill (later Sir Rowland Hill, KCB, and FRS) introduced the first postage stamp in the world, the pre-paid 1d (one penny) black stamp.

Papua New Guinea (in its various names) has always had a very close working relationship with its police through the exploratory and pioneering patrols, police inter marriage between different tribal groups and the high standards displayed by members of the fiercely loyal native constabulary. It is, therefore fitting that the first postage stamp in the world to depict a policeman originated in Papua.



A 5/- olive brown and black stamp issued on 14.11.1932 depicted Sergeant Major Simoi a native Papuan then of the Armed Native Constabulary (Papua) also variously known as the Armed Native Constabulary (ANC). Originally known as the British New Guinea Armed Constabulary (BNGAC) formed in 1890 by the Lieut. Governor, Sir William MacGregor, with the nucleus of 12 Fijian native police, it was intended to be eventually replaced with Papuans encouraged to join this fledgling force.



Simoi, the son of Gidau and was born c. 1877 at Katatai Village, Kiwai Island at the mouth of the lengthy Fly River in the Western District. He joined the BNGAC in 1899 as a Constable on a pay scale of 10/- (ten shillings) with rations a month, followed the following year by a raise to £1.0.0 (one pound) p.m. In 1901 he was a Lance Corporal and soon promoted to Corporal. He took part in many interior expeditions in which he was wounded by arrows on many occasions amongst numerous headhunting and very primitive tribes and, showing outstanding courage, was quickly promoted to Sergeant, this then being the highest rank available for a Papuan.

In 1905, together with another Papuan Constable, he was commended for a remarkable feat of bravery in saving the life of the Administrator (Captain F.R. Barton), Judge Hubert Murray and other Europeans when their whaleboat capsized in treacherous heavy seas off Vailala in the Central Gulf of Papua.

At a time when Papuan wages on the outstations were extremely low, compared with higher wages in Port Moresby and environs, Simoi left the BNGAC and worked for some years as a native labour supervisor and recruiter in the Central District.

Following the foundation of the Commonwealth of Australia in 1901, the Papua Act of 1906 passed the transfer of British administration (though for all intents and purposes this had been carried out by the Colony of Queensland) to Australian rule and created the Territory of Papua. The constabulary was then renamed the ANC. In 1912, Simoi sought to return to the uniform on the ANC and was first Papuan promoted to the rank of Sergeant Major. He remained in the constabulary and, when on leave in his home village, developed pneumonia. He was brought to the nearest hospital at Daru several days sailing distance, but died on the 28th February 1934. He was buried at Katatai with full police (military style) honours. His death was reported in the Papuan newspaper, the Gazette, and other publications.

While still serving, such was his stature amongst Papuans, that for his loyal and long service to the constabulary, he was honoured by being depicted in full uniform with slouch hat, cane and Coat of Arms badges of rank on the 1932 stamp which is now exceedingly rare in mint form, and slightly less so in used or cancelled form as, in the 1930's depression era, 5/- was quite a considerable amount of money.

In my opinion there can be no justification for the issue of such high value stamps of 5/-, (10/- and £1.0.0 in the same series) when it cost around 1d (one penny) for letter postage. Clearly these high value stamps were designed to create revenue at the expense of philatelists. Consequently not a great number of these

high value stamps were issued and, being rated exceedingly rare to rare in much later years, commanded a very high price. Eventually I managed to obtain one of the Simoi stamps to add to my collection by mortgaging around a month's salary.

Further information for this article comes from an article published on Simoi Gidau by James Griffith to whom I am indebted.

MURDER TRIAL OF ARO OF RUPAMANDA

Graham Hardy

On the 10th of April 1957 a tribal man named ARO from Rupamanda, close to Wabag Government Station in the Western Highlands District of the Territory of New Guinea, murdered his two wives. He immediately afterwards surrendered himself to the Wabag Subdistrict Office and voluntarily admitted to the offence. On the 2nd of May 1957 in the District Court at Wabag he was committed for trial to the Supreme Court by Mr F.P.V. Robb, Assistant District Officer, for the two murders.

ARO appeared before the Wabag Criminal Sittings of the Supreme Court on the 6th of August 1957, Mr Justice Esme Bignold presiding, and Mr John Greville-Smith prosecuting. At that time the office of a public defender had not yet been established, and in accordance with the general procedure in criminal trials, whereby an officer of the Department of District Services and Native Affairs who was not involved in the investigation or prosecuting of the case was appointed defending officer, Patrol Officer Graham Hardy (the writer) was defending officer. Although ARO had freely admitted committing the offences outlined in the Indictment, a plea of Not Guilty was entered, again in accordance with the procedure generally adopted in the case of capital offences. The trial continued and on the 9th August 1957, ARO was found guilty and the Sentence of Death was pronounced. ARO was remanded in custody at the Wabag Gaol pending further advice.

Advice was eventually received at Western Highlands District Headquarters, Mt.Hagen, that ARO's execution was to take place in Lae on the 14th November 1957. Several weeks before the execution date, he was transferred to Mt. Hagen Gaol. The Warrant of Execution signed by the Governor General Sir William Slim was received by the District Office, Mt. Hagen. Mr.W.D. Allen, District Officer, Western Highlands, was appointed Sherriff for the execution at very short notice prior to the 14th November. Instructions from Headquarters in Port Moresby stated that ARO was not to be told the date of execution or the reason for his transfer to Lae.

The execution was duly carried out in the presence of a number of Headmen witnesses from Wabag and other parts of the Western Highlands. ARO's body was buried in Lae. It was a week before news of the execution was broadcast over the ABC or in the press. Upon returning home, the witnesses travelled about

their areas, to tell the people what had happened. The general response by the populace was to doubt the truth of what they were told because of the lack of a body to prove the point. Between the sentencing and the return to their homes by the Headmen, murders ceased while people waited to see if the Government would, at last, carry out the long-standing threat to hang a murderer. The murders, chiefly wife murders, resumed without any apparent diminution in their frequency. During 1962 and 1963, the writer was Assistant District Commissioner in Wabag and presided over many District Court committal hearings for murder. Also, more than once, a story would circulate that a local who had visited Lae had seen ARO “walking about” there.

The decision to not return ARO’s body to Wabag for burial negated any deterrent effect his execution would have had. We field officers in Wabag Sub-district at the time informally discussed the idea of a public hanging and the effect this would have, but at the same time agreeing that such an event would never be allowed to happen. The public display of the body, on the other hand, would, in my opinion, have had a positive result. I think it is safe to say that an unintended consequence of the timidity (if, indeed, it was timidity) shown by the decision to bury the body in Lae was the killing of more victims which would otherwise have not occurred. As I recall, we assumed the body would be returned as a matter of course, and I cannot remember anybody, locally, raising it as an issue. Whether or not it was discussed at a higher level, I do not know.

Some of the reasons given for the non-commutation of the death sentence to one of imprisonment deserve comment:

In his letter of 13th September 1957 to His Honour the Administrator, Justice Bignold addressed the matter of mitigation. Given the violence of the acts of killing his two wives with an axe and the absence of real evidence of the behaviour of his wives which led ARO to kill them, there certainly was nothing to support a claim of provocation or an act done in the heat of the moment. In fact, I recall a remark attributed to ARO that he had killed the second woman “because she was there and it was an opportunity to be rid of her as well”. This does not appear however in any of the court documents. The Judge, in stating that there seemed to him to be no circumstances of mitigation, (especially given the facts of the case), appears to have been influenced by the fact that ARO lived next to Wabag Station. In his last paragraph His Honour says that “the accused was born adjacent to the Wabag Station and has lived there all his life. The fact that he at once reported his crimes to the Sub-District Office appears to me to show that he well knew that his acts were unlawful, and quite apart from this, his long residence almost on the Station precludes any other conclusion, in my view”.

The densely settled parts of Wabag Subdistrict consisting of the relatively small geographical area of the Lai, Ambum and Tschak valleys carried a population of approximately 80,000 at that time. Awareness of the unlawfulness of murder would have been as present to the people living on the outer reaches of this area as it would have been amongst those in close proximity to Wabag. Investigation of wife murders especially, in the Western Highlands of that time, almost invariably commenced with the arrival of the offender at the Kiap’s office to surrender the murder weapon and confess his guilt so he would be locked up and

safe from 'pay back' by the victim's family. Based on personal experience, I am certain that uppermost in ARO's mind would have been the need to be taken out of circulation by way of a court case and a sufficiently long prison sentence for the necessary compensation to be paid in accordance with tribal custom, long before his release to resume tribal life. To him, the killing of his wives would not have been out of the ordinary and in accordance with the lingering influence of a still existent tribal custom; even though he would have known it was unlawful.

The handwritten notes taken at the Federal Cabinet Meeting on 15th October 1957, Decision No. 1035, display an unawareness of the actual situation in the Wabag Subdistrict, in the notation "relation to possible crimes by or against whites", at the time these events took place. From the first contact by Europeans with the warlike Enga speaking people in the Wabag area in the 1930s until the establishment of a Government Station and the consolidation of law and order in the most populated areas during the immediate post-war years, clashes between tribesmen and government patrols were not unknown. By the 1950s, law and order was well and truly established except for inter-clan conflict, mainly over land, in the densely populated area, as well as recourse at times to the traditional tribal method of dealing with offences such as adultery, even though the latter was an offence under the Native Administration Regulations which attracted a penalty of six months imprisonment. Apart from three experienced Australian alluvial gold miners in a remote uninhabited corner of the sub-district, the expatriate population consisted solely of Government Officers and their families and Missionaries of various denominations and their families. Apart from extremely rare petty theft by a domestic servant there was no threat of any "crimes against whites". If this was a serious consideration in the decision to confirm the execution, it was to sanction a deterrent against a non-existent threat.

TRIBUTE to Pat Murray

Formerly of Baia Plantation, New Ireland, PNG.

Anne Peters

Patricia Audrey Murray (nee Stanfield) was born on 5th September 1922 in Naini Tal, in India. Her parents, Ernest and Audrey Stanfield, left India and settled near Stanthorpe in Queensland when Pat was only a few months old. In 1927, when Pat was five and her brother James was seven, the family moved to Bolegila Plantation in New Ireland. The Australian Government of the time was offering Soldier Settlement opportunities to returned service men from World War One, of whom Ernest was one. He decided to take up this opportunity and thus our family began an association with New Ireland that continued for almost sixty years.

Diana joined the Stanfield family in 1928 and John a couple of years later. I've often thought how difficult it must have been for my grand-mother (Audrey) in particular in those days, raising a young family in a country with very few amenities and services. But for Pat and her siblings it was a wonderful life. Although other children to play with were few and far between, Pat and her older brother Jim had a wonderful relationship and were the best of friends.

Pat grew up during the Depression and times were hard for everyone. Her family spent some months on the island of Tabar where Grandad (Ernest) was fossicking for gold, because there was no money to be made in copra at the time. I imagine it was a terrific adventure for the kids, and it was at this time that Mum set her heart on becoming a Geologist. This was something she never had a chance to achieve for various reasons, and she regretted this throughout her life.

In 1936, Pat was already fourteen and was behind in her school work for various reasons that were not of her doing. She managed, with the help of schoolmaster Mr MacPherson, to complete the whole of her last year of primary in one term. Not only did she complete this successfully, but she came top of all the candidates, thus winning the only available Scholarship in the whole of New Guinea. This scholarship (which her brother had won previously) was instrumental in allowing her to go to boarding school for her secondary education.

Pat spent three years at Frensham, in Mittagong – the same school that her daughters (Rosalind, Evelyn and Anne) attended in later years. Although she was sad to leave before completing her Leaving Certificate, she was happy to be living once more back at home in New Ireland. But it was not long before her life changed again. With the advent of WWII, her brother Jim enlisted with the Australian Air Force and her father Ernest re-enlisted in the Australian Army. Ernest had served from in both the Australian and Indian Armies in WWI.

Because so many young men were enlisting, there was a shortage of people to undertake the work they previously did. So, at nineteen, Pat found herself the Post Mistress of Kavieng! As with everything she undertook, Pat put all her efforts into ensuring the job was done efficiently. She also acted as the Secretary for the District Officer. During this time, Pat lived in the Kavieng Club and went home to Bolegila Plantation for weekends.

In December 1941, Pat was evacuated from New Ireland, along with her mother and Di and John. She then enlisted with the WAAAF (Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force) and undertook her training in Melbourne in mid-winter – a drastic change from tropical New Ireland! She was assigned to the Brisbane office, the site of General Douglas MacArthur's headquarters, where she served as a wireless operator. She served in this capacity until the end of the War.

One of the greatest tragedies of Pat's life occurred in January 1942, when her brother Jim, who was serving with the 455 Squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force, was reported missing, presumed dead. He and his fellow airmen were shot down over Germany. Although they held out hope he would be found, that was never to be. The loss of her brother, who was also her best friend, left a lasting legacy of sadness for Pat. In her last days in particular, she talked of him very often and with much nostalgia.

1946 saw the return of Pat, her mother and siblings to New Ireland. Ernest, her father, had returned immediately after the cessation of hostilities and as soon as it was safe, the rest of the family joined him. The plantation had suffered from the neglect of four years, to say nothing of the intensive bombing. It was a case of starting all over again, much as they had done in 1927. To give an idea of the damage that had occurred, the old plantation house at Bolegila had five unexploded bombs in it.

Pat and Di took on treating the locals for illnesses and injuries that had been left untreated during the time of the Japanese occupation. By far the most common

problem was the serious tropical ulcers that needed treatment. In later years, Pat was a dedicated supporter of *Medecins Sans Frontieres* because she vividly recalled the suffering of those who were denied basic medical care when they needed it.

In 1950, Pat met Peter Murray, and they were married in March 1951. Peter originally from Perth, Western Australia, had served in the Australian Navy during the Second World War and came to Papua New Guinea in 1949 to make a life for himself. Together they managed Lossu Plantation for Jim Grose and his mother, Margaret. Three months after Pat married Peter, her sister Di married Jim Grose. While Pat and Peter were living at Lossu, I (Anne) was born in 1952, and then Alastair was born in 1953.

Our family were living at Luburua Plantation when Roz was born in 1957, and by the time Eve was born in 1960, we were living at Baia. For the Murray children, Baia remains the home we remember best.

Pat was a remarkable mother to us. She taught all four of us up to the stage where we were ready for secondary schooling. As with all Plantation wives, there was no end to the things she was called on to do. She nursed us when we were ill, and she supervised the first aid treatment of the plantation workers for infections, illnesses and injuries. She ran the trade store. She helped Dad with running the Plantation, particularly with the bookwork side of things. She acted as Dad's unpaid secretary for his roles in organisations such as the Planters Association and the Masons. Over the many years Dad worked as an Auctioneer in New Ireland, she was his Clerk and undertook all the relevant duties of that position. Pat managed for much of her life without the things we take for-granted today. There was no running water at Baia, nor was there electricity in the early years. The stove was heated with fire-wood, and Mum was adept at adjusting the damper to ensure the right temperature in the oven for cooking. She cooked some delicious cakes in that old wood fired stove! The fridge ran on kerosene and would occasionally catch alight, causing great ructions in the household! When it was time for us to bathe, the cry "Putim wash-wash" could be heard, and the house staff would fill the bucket shower with hot water heated in a 44 gallon drum over an open fire behind the bathroom.

Looking back today I realise how much my mother had to deal with due to the absence of mod-cons. Whilst we children never noticed the inconveniences, she had to deal with them every day, which can't have been easy.

Going to boarding school meant each of us was parted from our parents for a year at a time. This was hard for us, but undoubtedly hard for Mum too. The only way to keep in touch was by letter and she wrote to each of us every week. Like kids everywhere, we were often cavalier about responding to her letters but we were always so happy to hear from her.

For several years Pat managed a string of Trade Stores for Uncle Jim Grose. This was a demanding job that she approached in her typically responsible way. We can all recall our mother balancing the trade stores' accounts after dinner at night. If the figures were out by as little as five cents, she would go over and over the numbers until she found it.

With all her children settling in Australia, and Pat and Peter still living at Baia, Pat missed out on the early years of her first grandchildren – Melanie, Bianca and Michael. Luke was only a baby when she and Peter came to live in Australia

for good in 1982, and the other grand-children were born after that. Mum was delighted with the arrival of Ben, William, Lucy, Michelle, Georgina and Rosie. She loved her all her grandchildren deeply. In her last few years she had the added joy of great-grandchildren – Bodie, Mayah, Abigail and little Carter.

Pat and Peter lived with me (Anne) for the first three years they were in Australia. Then in 1985 they moved into the little house in Toronto (NSW) that we all knew as “Granny and Grandad’s house”. In the eighties they enjoyed travelling to different parts of Australia and catching up with old friends. In later years when Peter’s health prevented them from moving around, Pat was his chief carer and looked after him with her characteristic conscientiousness.

One of Pat’s favourite activities in her later years was Croquet. She was passionate about playing Croquet and for several years played three times a week. She was also a Scrabble fanatic and must have played thousands of games throughout her life. When we were children, her main partner in these games was her mother, Audrey. When we were adults, all three of her daughters became avid Scrabble players who enjoyed playing with her. She was unstoppable at Scrabble, and even at the very end of her life, she could still comfortably defeat us on many occasions!

As Pat became aware of her own failing strength and as her ability to cope single-handedly with caring for her household began to wane, she and Peter decided to move into an Aged Care Nursing Home. Pat settled in surprisingly easily, although Peter found it harder to adapt to group living. But as Pat reminded us, she’d been to boarding school and lived in camp at times as a WAAAF, so sharing living with others was not strange to her. I think too that she felt relief at no longer having to take full responsibility for both her care and Dad’s. In the Home, meals were cooked, laundry done and it was someone else’s job to clean the bathroom!

When Peter died in 2006, Mum’s memory was starting to fail. And over the remaining years it continued to do so. But her physical health remained good until the very end. She had a pacemaker fitted to her heart in the later years at Toronto, and this gave her a new lease of life. Then in early 2006, she broke her pelvis after a bad fall in the Nursing Home. From then on she used a walker to help her get around, but until her last breath she never gave up on being as independent as possible.

Pat died in the early hours of the morning of Tuesday 7th May. She felt unwell and the Registered Nurse on duty in the Nursing Home went to call for an ambulance to take her to hospital. Before she returned to the room, Pat had slipped away. Her death was unexpected in some ways, because she had not been ill. However she was ninety years of age, so her passing did not come as a real surprise. It has been a great comfort to us, her family that she did not suffer or endure pain at the end of her life.

Pat is survived by her sister, Di Grose, her four children, her ten grandchildren and her four great grand-children. Pat always felt that New Ireland was “home”, and was never happier than when recalling her life there.

We, her family, miss Pat very much. I like to think that she is waiting patiently now for us to join her for another game of Scrabble. And I’m sure that when we do, she will still beat us hands down!

VALE

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

Henry Robert Jack AMESBURY (May 2013, aged 90 years)

Jack Amesbury was an inspiring, innovative man who made a significant contribution educating and shaping the lives of many people. He was born September 1923 at Kyogle NSW, and died at Caboolture Qld.



For much of his life he was widely and affectionately known as “Bugandi Jack”. He earned the nickname from his tireless work in establishing a boarding school amidst thick jungle in a swampy area called Bugandi, outside Lae in New Guinea in the 1960s.

Carved from the jungle by students who cleared bush, installed drainage and established playing fields, food plots and cattle pens, Bugandi High School established a reputation for academic achievement and the quality of its rugby league players. Many Bugandi graduates went on to become political, business and professional leaders in Papua New Guinea.

Amesbury, a handy rugby league player around the New South Wales northern rivers in his youth, is credited with being the first to introduce the game to school boys in PNG. He retained a lifelong involvement with rugby league.

Born in Kyogle, Amesbury and his two sisters attended one-teacher Rosebank School during the depression of the 1930s. From there, he won a bursary to attend Lismore High School where he proved to be a good scholar and sportsman. He was a top sprinter and his long jump record stood for many years. But rugby league was his forte. A lightweight hooker, he packed down in the school’s top team with notables Jimmy Sharp and Jack Rayner, who later became an international and South Sydney legend.

In 1940, Amesbury was elected school captain at Lismore High and many friendships from those years endured throughout his life.

The following year he started studies as a trainee teacher, but World War Two intervened and by August he had enlisted in the Royal Australian Navy.

Initially he served on the cruiser HMAS Australia but was transferred to the corvette HMAS Mildura when Japan entered the conflict. He later served in the corvette HMAS Warrego for six months before volunteering to train as a gunner on the DEMS (defensively equipped merchant ships). During his stint on merchant ships he was involved in fighting off air attacks where a number of crew received bravery awards.

After four and a half years naval service, Amesbury was discharged and resumed his teacher training as well as playing hooker for Ballina in the Richmond Rugby League competition. His playing career finished four years later when he badly broke a wrist when in action for Newcastle club, Belmont.

He immediately turned to administration and with close friend, Ron Sullivan, worked to establish the Western Suburbs rugby league club in Lismore in 1950.

He was a staunch believer that involvement in team sport, and rugby league in particular, built character and created opportunities.

In 1961, he embarked on a new adventure by accepting an offer to open a high school in Port Moresby. He immediately became involved with the DCA rugby league club as well as formation of a junior rugby league competition.

He then moved on to Lae and undertook the project of establishing Bugandi High School. His positive impact on rugby league in Papua New Guinea was significant and a factor in the code becoming the country's national sport.

After retiring in 1974, Amesbury relocated to the Caboolture area where he remained involved with rugby league for many years, notably with the Caboolture and Caloundra clubs.

He is survived by his wife Didi and children Hope, Donna and Terri.

Charlie Thurgood

Robert BLAIKIE (14 September 2012)

Bob and I grew up as teenagers racing small sailing dinghies on the broad reaches of the Brisbane River. We were fiercely competitive but never able to defeat our clubmate John Cuneo who went on to become a world-class sailor and one-time skipper of *Southern Cross* one of Alan Bond's America's Cup yachts.

Quite independently we chose identical career paths as Cadet Patrol Officers.

He was inducted at ASOPA early in 1948 and I followed in the next intake later in the year. But we were destined not to meet up again as senior Patrol Officers serving in separate districts. However, it was Bob's unhappy lot to lead a patrol into the uncontrolled hostile Guam tribal lands of the lower Ramu River where in 1951 my patrol was attacked with wounds shared on both sides. Some of my peers referred to the incident as the "Battle of Ungei". Bob's Patrol Report reflects his trepidations of the possibility of a life threatening experience as he followed in my footsteps.

Fate decreed that we should both be chosen to attend the Long Course at ASOPA in 1953/54. We bonded with a small conscientious hard-working student mafia of which John Norton, Ken Connolly and the late Dave Ross were members. We married innocent city girls who as brave and loyal Kiaps' wives shared our lives on lonely outstations and bore our children.

In our retirement years this mafia group met regularly in Brisbane for a very long lunch involving shared experiences and many good-natured character assassinations of some of our peers. A couple of years ago Bob flew down to Adelaide on a nostalgic bent to crew for me in my 32ft Lexcen yacht competing in one of the major offshore yacht races in the Gulf.

I chatted with Bob on the phone just a few days before his death. He was his usual cheerful self. I was shattered to hear of his passing. He was a dedicated conscientious Kiap. He made an important contribution to the post-WW2 administration of Papua New Guinea. He was a dear friend and great companion. Sadly his death is a grim reminder of the tolling bells.

Graham Taylor

Leslie Roy Stanley AUSTIN (10 Dec 2012, aged 81 years)

Long term resident of New Guinea until a few years ago when he and Joyce returned to live at Rothwell on the Redcliffe Peninsula. He was employed as a fitter and turner at one time with J. L. Chipper and Sons in Rabaul. He was married to Joyce for 59 years.

Joyce May AUSTIN (5 July 2013, aged 78 years)

Terry Davidson

John Curtis (Jack) BAKER (29 Dec 2012, aged 84 years)

Jack was born in Preston, Victoria on 22 August 1928. Part of Jack's growing up was on Thursday Island from 1940 where his father was a lighthouse keeper. Jack qualified as a teacher in Victoria and after teaching for about five years, went to Papua New Guinea in 1951 as a Cadet Patrol Officer. He served in the Western, Eastern Highlands, Central and Gulf Districts. After completing the Long Course at ASOPA, Mosman NSW in 1956 he was posted to Okapa in the Eastern Highlands where he became involved with the team researching the "kuru" disease. Here he met his wife Lois Larkin. Jack's involvement with the research team resulted in them spending 12 months in the USA at the National Institute of Health, Maryland where Jack worked as a consultant.

He was a co-author in a publication "Patterns of Kuru Incidences". He returned to Kerowagi in the Eastern Highlands before postings to Central and Gulf Districts. In 1963 he was selected as one of four field team leaders in the training of field officers from all departments in mass communications in preparation for the massive political education campaign preceding the first Papua New Guinea general elections in 1964. Following the elections he was involved in an educational team which conducted a three day workshop to develop understandings of parliamentary and legislative procedures among the newly elected members of the first generally elected PNG Parliament.

In 1965, as an external student of the University of Queensland and a final year as a full-time student in Brisbane, Jack graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree, majoring in Political Science and History. From 1967 to 1971 Jack was promoted to Principal Staff Development Officer in the Department of District Administration responsible for all aspects of training of local and expatriate officers, both field and outstation clerical, as localisation and preparation for Independence assumed major priority. Also, redirection of the Local Government advisory role of field staff towards a more supportive, less directive approach was part of the training. The job also involved departmental training courses as well as teaching in training courses at the International Training Institute, Mosman, NSW (formerly ASOPA) and the Administrative College of Papua New Guinea. In 1971 Jack was promoted to Senior Inspector (Localisation) Public Service Commission of PNG. This carried the responsibility for the planning and implementation of accelerated localisation of the Public Service during the lead-in to Independence and during the post-independence period. This was a massive accelerated staff development exercise.

In 1978 the Baker family left PNG to live on Bribie Island, north of Brisbane. In 1972 Jack had suffered a serious leg injury in a vehicle accident which left him with a permanent and painful impairment. In 1974 while on an official overseas trip he was hospitalised in Nairobi, Kenya following a serious heart attack. He never allowed these setbacks to get in the way of whatever he was doing in his official and personal life. For about seven years from 1979 he was a manager/part owner of a caravan park on Bribie Island. He also was involved with his son in a prawn trawler operation. His academic qualifications enabled him to be a relief high school teacher. He unsuccessfully stood for election as a councillor in the local Council. His interest in environmental matters resulted in him being the leading light in a successful appeal against a council-approved

development application over a large tract of land on Bribie Island. He conducted the appeal in person to such good effect that not only was the Council approval overturned, but the land was declared a National Park; an outcome which was rare, if not unique, in Australia. Sadly, Jack's physical and mental health deteriorated in recent years and he died at home on Bribie Island, with his family around him.

Jack will long be remembered by all of us who knew him as someone with a great intellect, a quick wit, and a great capacity to bond with people. He never took himself, or life, too seriously. His legacy in Papua New Guinea must be the results he achieved because of his remarkable rapport with the up-and-coming generation of Papua New Guineans who were at the forefront of the public service and the body politic at, and following Independence in the 1970s.

He is survived by his wife Lois and children Wahgi and Marion and his four grandchildren.
Graham Hardy

Don BARNES (01 March 2013, aged 91 years)

Don was born in Bute, South Australia and attained his Pharmacy Degree at the University of South Australia. He served in ANGAU during the war, mainly in the Kokoda area. He worked with Captain Vernon in the army hospital. Most of his time was spent looking after the 'carriers' and local army recruits.

After the war he returned to PNG Health Department in 1946, and was followed by his wife Joan in 1947. They were stationed at GAIMA on the Fly River in Papua and then MOROBE in New Guinea.

The need for a pharmacist found Don serving for the next 27 years in charge of Base Medical Stores in LAE.

They returned to Adelaide in 1976 to be close to their two sons Ray and Terry. A thumb nail sketch of a quiet 'old school gentleman'.

Joan, Ray and Terry Barnes.

Robert Gordon BURGESS (17 May 2013, aged 68 years)

Robert died at Cobargo, NSW on 17.5.2013 after a long illness. He is survived by his wife Pam and five adult children. After serving in NSW Police from 20.2.1967 to 23.11.1969, he was sworn into RPNGC on 2.12.1969 after completing a short course at Australian School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA) at Mosman NSW. His first posting was as a HQ officer under the late departed Raymond Wells Whitrod before being transferred to Panguna, Bougainville. He resigned from RPNGC on 13.4.1971 and took up employment with BECHTEL WKE. Towards the end of 1971, with his wife and family he sailed his yacht on a seven months cruise to Sydney. He re-joined NSW Police in 1972 and for some years worked in Internal Affairs retiring in 2000. In recent years with his wife, Pam, he ran a bed and breakfast in Cobargo (near Bega NSW).

M.R. Hayes

Laurie CROWLEY (12 June 2013, aged 93 years)

Laurie Crowley arrived in Papua New Guinea in October 1948 and for more than twenty years would leave an indelible mark on civil aviation in New Guinea, from the establishment of a solitary Tiger Moth operation in Lae through to becoming one of the biggest light aircraft charter operators in the Territory. Before he retired and returned to Australia in the early 1970s Mr Crowley not only operated a fleet of single and twin engined aircraft and a brace of helicopters but had spread his wings beyond the border of Papua New Guinea to form a charter service in the Solomons. That service, Megapode Airlines, would be the forerunner of today's Solomon Island Airlines.

Struggling through those early years from the late 1940s, Mr Crowley not only opened up some of the Territory's most isolated mountain reaches to the aeroplane and therefore administration and trade with the rest of the country, but also fought a continuous battle with an aviation bureaucracy which tended to favour services by the larger, well established airlines. Mr Crowley on the other hand, along with others like Bobby Gibbes, firmly believed that while safety was paramount, the peculiarly unique PNG aviation environment called for some of the more stringent rules to be slightly 'bent' if country's outposts were to be served.

Much of his work saw him operating out of Boana, up the Markham Valley from Lae, a village which would become one of his busiest centres. Years later when asked how many times he'd flown in and out of Boana he confessed he had lost count after six thousand!

In many ways, his background was ideal for Papua New Guinea at the time. After wartime service as a mechanic for the RAAF's No.458 Squadron and working on both Wellington bombers and US Air Force B-24 Liberators in England, North Africa, Malta, Italy and Gibraltar, he arrived back in Australia intent on gaining a pilot's licence and looking for an opportunity to fly.

He achieved the licence alright but found himself just one of the hundreds of former wartime pilots looking for jobs after the cessation of hostilities. So he took a job working again as an aircraft mechanic at Coffs Harbour, which, unknown to him at the time, would become his stepping stone to Papua New Guinea.

Asked to fix a transiting Avro Anson, its owner was so impressed he offered him a job with Guinea Air Traders and after a short stint in Sydney he arrived in Lae with wife Betty to work for the company.

Crowley recognised early on that, in aviation terms, Papua New Guinea was not for the faint hearted and watched as a battling Guinea Air Traders finally packed up and flew its aircraft back to Australia.

Crowley however, now the holder of a Commercial Pilot's licence, decided to stay on, bought a half share in a Tiger Moth and started his own charter operation.

In the years that followed Crowley Airways branched out first with a Curtis Robin then into single engine Cessna's and a Piper Aztec. Helicopters would follow later.

While he opened the way into scores of the isolated airstrips in Papua and New Guinea's mountains, over the years he also expanded his interests into trade stores, earth moving, a vegetable shop, bus tours, and tea and coffee, along with mineral exploration.

In the process he also mentored many pilots who would move on to other areas of aviation throughout Australia.

While he experienced his own occasional accident, he developed his own timeworn techniques in introducing new pilots to his operations, emphasising that they must always fly within safety margins while he in turn would ensure that their aircraft were properly maintained and would do all that was asked of them.

He had a healthy disregard for maps of the day which he considered inadequate and misleading in terms of terrain and altitude. When one new employee pulled out a map to gauge the height of an approaching gap in the ridgeline Crowley barked:

“Put that bloody map away, son or you’ll be dead in a week. Use your eyes.” Mind you, legend has it there were times when he stretched his own safety envelope!

Once when asked to fly into an airstrip inland from Wewak and lift out a pilot who had wrecked his machine on landing, Crowley arrived to find not only the pilot but his passenger as well. No room left in the Moth, Crowley handed the controls over to the pilot and the limited room left to the passenger. Crowley flew out on the wing.

But while the company grew and wife Betty held the business side together, it was always a struggle to keep abreast of the prodigious amount of paperwork and the continuing threat posed by the larger Australian-backed airlines and their own light aircraft charter operations.

By the early 1970s, after his expansion into the Solomon Islands, Crowley had had enough and retired first to the Gold Coast where he operated a flying school and became a Cessna distributor before finally moving to his family property at Junee in southern NSW.

Even recently into his nineties he was out on the tractor daily and, just for old times’ sake perhaps although he no longer flew, there was still a Cessna in the farm’s hangar.

Recognising his service to the country, in the 2006 Queen’s Birthday Honours, the Papua New Guinea Government appointed him an Officer of the Order of the Logohu, the equivalent of the OBE.

Only last year Solomon Island Airlines invited him and Betty to the 50th anniversary of the founding of the original airline.

In typical Crowley humour he later told an interviewer he’d met the Solomon’s Prime Minister, Gordon Darcy Lilo:

“He treated me like a king. A month before they’d had Prince William there. They treated him like a prince!!” he joked.

Jim Eames

Terence Edward DAW (24 May 2013, aged 87 years)

Born into an Indian Army family at Simla he was, after primary school, enrolled at the prestigious Lawrence Royal Military School founded in 1847 for sons of the Raj. In 1943 he duly joined the Army and the following year was commissioned into the Gurkha Rifles stationed on the North-West Frontier. Subsequently he

served in Burma, Malaya, Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore and was Mentioned in Dispatches. Retiring as a Captain in 1951 he then joined the Malaya Police Force. By 1957 with Malayan Independence looming and having spent years as Commander of a Jungle Company or of a Police District, he joined the tide of British expats who liked the look of Perth. There he immediately found work as a prison warder but with four children sought to do better and was attracted by a vacancy in PNG for an Assistant Superintendent of Corrective Institutions. After some time at Bomana he was appointed to a post better able to utilize his all-round capabilities, that of Welfare Officer in the Department of Native Affairs. For the next twenty years he was based in Rabaul dealing with the problems of not only the Tolais but 'foreign natives', as they were amusingly called, from all other districts, and also the Chinese, out of luck Europeans and the quite large mixed race community. For the latter he worked hard to keep their valuable Kombiu Club operating on an even keel. Consequently he became well known to Rabaul/Kokopo people. At one point in the sixties it being learned that he could interpret Bahasa Malay, he was co-opted to the Highlands to listen in to Indonesian radio from across the West Papua border.

Terry was pleased to be selected together with his wife Jean for 'Presentation to the Queen' during her visit to Rabaul in 1974. He wore his regimental tie with the crossed kukris which was remarked upon by Prince Philip. Unsurprising since the tie was that of the 7th (Duke of Edinburgh's Own) Gurkha Rifles.

By 1977 all children were now living 'South' so it was back to Perth. Before succumbing to medical problems Terry was able to take Jean on a grey nomad caravan tour of Australia and even to revisit Simla. He had a great sense of humour, very useful if you were based at the Sub-District Office, Rabaul, and he leaves behind Jean, Leslie, Lauren, Terence, Kevin and their progeny.

Jim Toner

Richard Broun Hamilton (Dick) DOYLE (14 July 2013, aged 74 years)

Born and bred in PNG, Dick Doyle was a professional plantation manager and a dedicated and thoughtful agricultural producer. He continually researched and experimented with crops and production methods. He strived to improve the



outcomes and prosperity of the communities and the industry in which he lived and worked.

He was a very well-read and erudite student of history which, along with his wit, wisdom and skill as a raconteur kept his life buzzing along to the very end. He had a fine group of mutually supportive friends. Throughout his life Dick made an impact on all he met, including many visitors to PNG and Witu Island. His manner of passing may become the stuff of legend.

Dick had come overnight from Witu on the *MV Octopus*, owned by Microsoft's Paul Allen, to Max and Cecilie Benjamin's Walindi Plantation Resort. He passed away on the walk from the wharf.

His death was sudden and immediate. His going will be sorely felt by his many friends and family, in Witu, Papua New Guinea and across the world. This abbreviated quote from Chris Gug summarises the loss of Dick Doyle.

I'd get the most entertaining, knowledgeable, charismatic company imaginable. He advised me in all things PNG, gave me a great laugh when no one else could, and made more of an impact on the world from an isolated speck of an island than most people could ever hope to do from the big city...Dicky was without a doubt one of the coolest characters I ever had the pleasure of knowing....

Dick was born in Rabaul on 26 July 1939, the son of Cyril Richard Williamson Doyle and his wife Nancy Alice (nee Broun) Doyle. Cyril managed Aropa plantation near Kieta, Bougainville. They had been in PNG since 1932. When war loomed and Dick and his mother left PNG for Sydney in May 1941, Dick's first language was Tok Pisin, apparently deeply disconcerting to his grandmothers and aunts.

Post war Dick and his family returned to PNG to Isu Isu plantation, Milne Bay Province. In 1948/9 they moved to Tokua, near Kokopo. Cyril died in 1952 and Nancy ran Tokua for a while then moved to Rainau until 1956, when she married Eric Hill, Manager of the bank of New South Wales in Rabaul and moved south.

Dick boarded from age nine at Shore School in North Sydney, as did his father, uncles, brother and nephews, going home once a year for Christmas. He was a very good sportsman, in cricket, athletics and rugby. He worked on the school magazine and he was a renowned cartoonist. He was appointed a house and school prefect. Dick was also a very good scholar. However, when Dick left school in 1956 he headed straight back to New Guinea and life as a plantation manager.

He was on Ulatawa plantation, near Kokopo New Britain until 1964 when he joined Bali Plantations, working on Stockholm, New Ireland, and Londolovit on Lihir Is. Londolovit is now a major settlement for Lihir gold mining activities.

In 1965 Dick came to Langu Plantation, on the remote Garove (Witu) Island, in the Witu group, off the coast of West New Britain, 120Km N/W of Kimbe. Dick initially managed the plantation and then bought it in 1993. Langu plantation had a long history, being the centre of Emma Coe's (Queen Emma) New Guinea islands plantation empire.

He found his true home, marrying Tau Justina of Witu and producing three wonderful daughters of whom he was extremely proud. His daughter Tania was crowned Miss Papua New Guinea in 1994. His daughters Melissa, Tania and Nancy have inherited the intelligence, strength and charm of their parents as well educated, competent young business women. He was delighted with his grandchildren. Nancy is married to Harry Brock, General Manager of West New Britain for West New Britain Palm Oil Ltd.

As economic conditions tightened for labour, transport and copra and cocoa prices, Dick used creative means to ensure an ongoing level of relative prosperity

in the local villages through share farming the plantation. As transport became more difficult he came to rely on passing friends for passage to and from Kimbe. In his later years he was in great demand as a guide, interpreter and historian to tours, expeditions and the scuba diving community around PNG and the islands. He had an encyclopedic knowledge on PNG and world affairs as well as USA baseball, all of which helped entertain many visitors over the years

Dick traveled extensively during his leaves, traversing the world, attending Olympic Games and other world renowned sporting events amongst other things. Later he took his young family on overseas trips. On one of his trips Dick acquired a Harley Davidson, reputedly after a run of luck in Las Vegas. It was great fun on the airstrip at Witu.

During his early days in Kokopo he was active in sports with a great love for baseball and was influential in the foundation of the Kokopo rugby league team, open to all races. He was a foundation member of the Ralum Club in Kokopo, a ground-breaking multiracial club in the area. He was made a Life Member of the Club in 2000. He made many long term friends, many of whom rose to positions of prominence in PNG.

Dick became a PNG citizen in September 1977. He was a member of the Australian Navy Coastwatch Service (RAN Reserve), 1966-75. He was awarded the PNG Independence Medal (Defence Forces), 1975 and the WNB Community Service Award, 1985.

Dick was appointed to the West New Britain Advisory Council in 1967 and was involved in the decision to name the town of Kimbe. He was nominated to the Copra Board to represent WNB growers in 1979 and served on the Cocoa Board from 1998 to 2001. He was nominated Chairman of the Bali/Witu Integration Steering Committee.

Dick's funeral service was in the church in Kimbe, where the heavenly massed voices of Witu singers were simply uplifting. Some had made a twelve hour overnight boat trip from Witu to be there. Following the funeral service Dick was taken back to Witu for a traditional burial ceremony.

Dick knew the value of education and worked to ensure that there were opportunities for young people to reach their potential. At his island burial ceremony speakers reflected on their experience of his care and concern for the proper education of young Witu people. It was generally agreed by the speakers that Dick had been a very good man as the owner manager of Langu plantation.

Experiencing the funeral and burial of Dick it can be truthfully said that Dick was not an Australian working and living in PNG but a Papua New Guinean who went to school in Australia. *Dick istap long ples tru long en.*

Dick Doyle is survived by his daughters, Melissa, Nancy and Tania, their children and his brother, Dennis. His wife, Tau Justina predeceased Dick in 2004.

A very informative tribute to Dick can be found at <http://www.divephotoguide.com/underwater-photography-scuba-ocean-news/memorium-dick-doyle/>

Further tributes and stories of his more recent doings can be found on the internet by googling *Dick Doyle PNG* and/or *Dickie Doyle PNG*

Biographical notes

Dick's parents, Cyril and Nancy Doyle, had come to PNG in 1932, to manage plantations, including Put Put, on the south coast of New Britain. Nancy and Dick went to Sydney in 1941 for the birth of Dick's brother and did not return until after the war. When Rabaul fell Cyril left Kieta by boat, making it to Port Moresby via Woodlark Is and Samarai. Cyril was with ANGAU for the duration of the war, mostly in the Milne Bay area.

Cyril's brother Harry (Tiki) and his wife Mardi had come to the islands at the same time, first to Tulagi in the Solomons then Selapiu near Kavieng, New Ireland. When the Pacific war started Mardi was on the last boat out of Rabaul and Tiki was lost on the Montevideo Maru, being captured near Kavieng with others in a small group of boats.

Dick's parents, Cyril and Nancy, both came from rural agricultural backgrounds. Cyril was born in Suva Fiji and brought up on a sugar plantation. Cyril was a fine cricketer, athlete, rugby union and rugby league player. He attended Shore School at North Sydney.

Nancy was born in Gunnedah, NSW to Reginald and Alice (Tot) Broun and was brought up on Colstoun, a grazing property near Gunnedah. She loved horse riding and was a good athlete. She attended PLC Pymble in Sydney.

Cyril's father, John Doyle, went to Fiji as a surveyor with CSR and became a sugar planter at Nandi. The family returned to Australia in the 1920s and bought a grazing property near Gunnedah. Cyril's mother, Elizabeth's family was also in sugar in Fiji. Her father, Cyril Hamilton Irvine, barrister and sugar planter was born in Agra, India, to Robert Hamilton Irvine, a Scottish doctor in the Indian civil service.

Cyril's grandfather, Michael Doyle, came from Ireland to Bingara NSW in the 1850s as the Senior Constable. He later built the Gwyder Hotel in Bingara. It is still there today.

Nancy's grandfather, Sir William Broun, (10th Baronet of Haddington and Nova Scotia), was a grazier in Northern NSW. The Broun's ancestral home is Colstoun in East Lothian, Scotland. Sir William married Alice, the daughter of James Peters, a former sea captain and a wine and spirits merchant who was active in the incorporation of the municipality of Manly, NSW. Sir William Broun and his son in law Leslie Sprague built the Dungowan flats on the beachfront of south Manly beach. The flats remain today.

Dennis Doyle

Robyn DUNBAR-REID (25 May 2013)

More details will be available on PNGAA website and December Una Voce..

Marie Therese FRY (nee Molan) (17 July, 2013, aged 77)

Marie was born on 13 January, 1936 at Koroit in Victoria, the youngest daughter of Maurice and Molly and the sister of Pat, Mick, Kathleen, Mary, Margaret and Jack.

The family lived in a farming homestead in Southern Cross and Marie attended St. Columbus in Illowa until, at fifteen, she left school and commenced employment with a motor vehicle company in Warrnambool.

She was a popular member of the staff, and it was there that she met Brian. A close friendship ensued and, in January 1965, Marie Molan and Brian Fry became husband and wife. This led to a wonderful marriage that lasted 48 years.

Within days of their marriage, life changed dramatically when Marie and Brian flew to Port Moresby to start 34 year tenure as residents of PNG.

Marie adapted to life in Port Moresby with enthusiasm and was first employed by the Australian Department of Army. As a result of Marie's legendary hospitality, Brian and Marie entertained a lot and became close friends with the first Prime Minister of PNG, Sir Michael Somare. Brian has been comforted by the messages of support he has recently received from the Somare family and his many friends.

Marie then moved on to the Australian High Commission where she quickly gained the respect of fellow staff as a competent and hardworking employee.

Marie was also a very talented squash player and played A grade squash in the local Port Moresby competition for many years. She often handed out a lesson to many unsuspecting "young guns".

In 1999, Marie and Brian "went finish" from Port Moresby and returned to their beloved Warrnambool, where they enjoyed the company and friendship of their extended family, mainly nephews and nieces. Christmas mornings, hosted by Marie and Brian, brought the family together, and everyone always enjoyed excellent food and cold beer and wine.

Marie will always be remembered for her kind hospitality, her wit, her enthusiasm, her fondness of high heels together with her uncompromising sense of style.

She will be sadly missed by all who knew her, most of all her husband, Brian.

Ted Godden

Karl Rudolph HOERLER (12 April 2013, aged 63 years)



Karl died unexpectedly at Korgua Plantation, WHP. He was born at Seraigi Plantation (with his identical twin brother Emil), in the Bainings, East New Britain.

After finishing school at Oakhill College in Castle Hill, NSW, he returned to work in PNG starting as shipping clerk with Burns Philp Rabaul, then on the family plantation until he left for the Highlands in 1972 where

he became part of the big Dan Leahy's clan.

In the early '80s while at Clarence Plantation, Karl and his dear late friend, David Lloyd, started the now well-known Nori Kori Cup, a fun-filled touch footy weekend that is enjoyed by many. It has since become a tradition in Goroka. Karl loved to listen to BBC world service on his short wave transistor radio broadcasting test cricket, wherever he went carrying the ABC cricket book with all the information.

He was a coffee planter, coffee buyer and entrepreneur in various endeavours. Karl had a pure heart, compassion, respect for all people and

integrity. He travelled the world, had a zest for knowledge, and always kept in touch with friends and acquaintances throughout his life. He cultivated and valued friendship deeply.

Karl was buried at Rebiamul Catholic Mission in Mt Hagen right next to his beloved Old Dan Leahy!

He is survived by wife Joyce, daughter Tamara, twin brother Emil and Elsa, sister Mary, eldest brother Ernest and Janice, nephews, nieces, cousins and so many friends.

Emil J. Hoerler

Christopher JOHNSTON (22 June 2013, aged 55 years)

Chris was born on 23rd August 1957, the youngest of five children to Bill and Nancy Johnston. He had a wonderful childhood growing up in Papua New Guinea where his early schooling was in a small thatched hut, one teacher teaching all grades.

At the age of twelve he attended Newington College in Sydney where, as an A student, he excelled at sports. He played in the school's 1st XV rugby side and toured England representing the school. He also played in the school's 1st V basketball team and gained selection in the state team in his final year at school. Chris was a caring and honest person devoted to every member in his family and a true friend to many. We admire his courage and the way he never gave up the fight for his life.

Much loved husband to Melissa, father to Natalie and James, father-in law to Michael and proud grandfather to twins Lucas and Kaitlyn.

Son to Bill (deceased) and Nancy Johnston, brother to Alan, Gary and Margaret.

Chris was a former committee member of PNGAA.

Nancy Johnston

Patricia Audrey MURRAY (07 May 2013, aged 90 years)

See obituary article on page 57

Anne Peters

Jenifer Mary Quinlan. (09 September 2012)

Erin Quinlan

Arthur Edward BAKER (16 Dec 2012, aged 79 years)

Arthur was born Lewisham, London, U.K. on 13.7.1933. He died in Scarborough, Queensland after a long illness. After British Army service of 3 years in the Royal Electrical & Mechanical Engineers, followed by 13 years in the Metropolitan Police, London, he migrated to Tasmania where he served in Tasmania Police from 14.1.1966 to 15.4.67. He was sworn into RP&NGC on a six year contract on 8.5.1967. He served in Port Moresby, Rabaul and Kokopo and was in Rabaul at the time of the Matanguan uprising and was one of the officers who investigated the murder of District Commissioner John Errol (Jack) EMANUEL. He received two Commissioner's Letters of Commendation. and separated at the rank of Inspector 3/class under the Employment Security Scheme (A.S.A.G.) on 20.5.1973. After PNG he worked in the security industry and in later years was a taxi proprietor. He is survived by Irene and two adult children.

M.R. Hayes

William Willock THOMSON (15 June 2013, aged 83 years)

Born in Glasgow, Scotland, he served in Malaya on National Service with the R.A.M.C. British Army before coming to PNG. Like several others of the era without previous police experience, he was a direct entry to RP&NGC on 5.9.1953. He served at Moresby, Lae, Bulolo, Wewak, Mumeng, Rabaul, Manus, Kavieng, Sohano and Bulolo. He resigned as an Inspector (1st class) on 21.9.1966. Following this he returned to Sydney where he became a newsagent, and later became a lucerne grower at Gunbower, Victoria. He died after a long illness at Echuca, Victoria. He brought his bride to be from Scotland to Rabaul and married Shirley Goldspink in 1961. He leaves Shirley and two daughters to survive him... Always a canny Scot with a shilling, Bill won a £1.0.0 bet from equally canny Englishman, Inspector John Herbert. Bill submitted a report that the Rabaul Police Station needed a "clerkess". John sent the report back to Bill saying there was no such word as "clerkess". Bill, who never lost his strong accent, produced a Scottish dictionary and had much pleasure in collecting the bet.

M.R. Hayes

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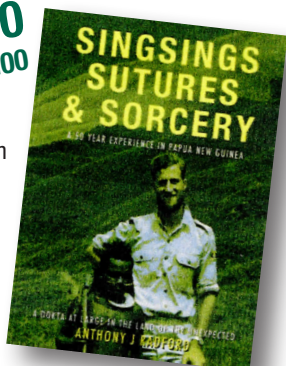
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