



Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

P.O. BOX 452, ROSEVILLE NSW 2069

Print Post Approved PP224987/00025

President:	Harry West	(02.418.8793)
Deputy President:	Freddie Kaad	(02.969.7217)
Secretary:	Joe Nitsche	(02.451.2475)
Asst. Secretary:	Pamela Foley	(02.428.2078)
Editor Newsletter:	Doug Parrish	(02.488.9693)
Treasurer:	Elma Holmes	(02.958.4996)
Caring Committee:	Pat Hopper	(02.953.7061)
Patron:	Sir Horace Niall	

A Great Christmas and A Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year from The President and Committee

No. 4, 1993 - December

Dear Member,

The Association's Christmas Luncheon will be held on Sunday 5 December 1993 at the Mandarin Club and full details, together with booking slip, are on page 15. If you have not already done so, please send your cheque and booking slip to the Secretary at the address above as soon as possible.

Please assist by ensuring that payment is made in advance, otherwise our Treasurer and other Committee Members spend a considerable time collecting money, checking lists etc., when they could be enjoying themselves the same as everyone else at the luncheon.

Subscriptions

Members are reminded that the 1994 annual subscription (\$8.00) becomes due and payable on 1 January 1994, unless, of course, you have paid in advance.

To ascertain your financial status, please check the address wrapper on this issue. At the bottom right hand corner of the address label is the year to which you have paid your subscription/s, i.e. 1993, 1994, 1995, 2000 etc. If, on the label, the year shown is 1993, you are only financial until 31 December 1993 and we would appreciate you forwarding your 1994 subscription without delay.

ASSOCIATION'S CONSTITUTION

An up to date copy of our Constitution is included as an eight page insert in the centre of the Newsletter.

The pages of the Constitution are numbered - 2 -, - 3 -, - 4-, etc. whereas the pages of the Newsletter are numbered * 2 *, * 3 *, * 4 *, etc.

VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS

The trip to the Blue Mountains on 18 October was as usual a most pleasant occasion, despite some delay for the return trip due to train time alteration. The following folk enjoyed a jovial lunch together at the Valley View Hotel, Wentworth Falls: Alison Marsh, Nancy & Bill Johnston, Flo & Ernest Wilkinson, Ela Birrell, Roma Bates, Ken Gorringer, Jo Nitsche, Flora Nitsche, Marie Day, Meg England, Heather Seale, Thelma Cox (Leabeater), Jicice Cox, Janette Lekkos (nee Leabeater) Corbett & Elaine Kimmorley, Aileen Giles, Syd Smith, Don Drover, Bill & Friedergarde Tomasetti, Pat Hopper, Harry West, Linda Evans, Pat Smith.

SUPER OVERSEAS

Retirement Benefits Office pays superannuation pensions to 585 people living overseas, 339 of them in the UK. RBO no longer pays to transfer those funds overseas.

Some 93% of the overseas superannuants opted for the specially discounted arrangements provided between ROB and the National Australia Bank. Nevertheless costs being met by the overseas superannuants can be quite significant. Some members in the UK complained that banks there are also charging dearly at that end for each transaction.

Members have found several ways of reducing costs. Only 15% of overseas superannuants now want the money sent from Australia fortnightly:

- . 65% asked for it monthly;
- . 12% quarterly;
- . 5% six-monthly; and
- . 2% yearly.

Some have found that overseas banks will waive their charge if they know it is a retirement pension. If that doesn't work, shop around including Building Societies etc. One UK member took this advice and has transferred his account to a building society which makes no charge.

HELP WANTED

From my request in the September Newsletter the Japanese Zero pilot's captor at Woitape in May 1942 has been identified as Lt. Eric Turner. (Thanks to Alan Hooper and Tom Grahamslaw's March 1971 article in Pacific Islands Monthly).

The writer now seeks Lt. Eric Turner, who was manager at Burns Philp Samarai after the war, or his family, for a clear photo of Eric in World War II uniform for prompt copying and return.

Bob Piper
7 Brazel Street
HIGGINS ACT 2615.

WAHGI REUNION

It seems reunions will bring ex-PNG folk from far and wide. The Wahgi Reunion, like the Brisbane function mentioned elsewhere, was tremendously successful judging by the glowing account brought back by Pam Foley, who with daughter Kate and grandchildren Kerry and Michael made the trip to Nerang, as did others from Sydney, Melbourne, Canberra, Darwin, points in between, and of course many parts of Queensland. Almost three hundred people gathered, representing all the facets of life in the Western Highlands over an extended period, and for most it was a time to catch up on the many many years which had elapsed since last meeting, and to revive memories of happy times shared. The noise level was considerable!

An item of much interest was Laurie LeFevre's collection of photographs (beautifully mounted in a large album) of places in and around Mount Hagen going back a number of years, some of the landmarks having long since disappeared, others - like the Hagen Eagle! - still firmly in place.

All present vociferously awarded a vote of thanks to Norm Camps and his team of helpers for the excellent organisation and hoped he would be recovered from this one in time to do it all again in the not too distant future.

When darkness descended, the fact that the huge marquee sheltering the happening was unlit made it difficult (and perhaps risky?) to recognise to whom one spoke, so various groups drifted off to dine together or otherwise continue what had been a very happy day.

EX-KIAPS STILL IN PNG

Ian THOMPSON)	
Clive NICHOLLS)	Oilmin Field Services
Steve CUTLACK)	
Bill McGRATH)	David HENTON)
Laurie BRAGGE)	Chevron Niugini Graeme POPE) Barracuda MIM
Jim JANSEN)	
Ron BREWER)	Lihir Doug WALTERS)
		Ron HIATT) Porgera Placer
Chris WARRILLOW)	Dept. of Mining and Petroleum
Lyn FOSTER)	Dept. of Prime Minister
Vin SMITH)	Dept. of Lands Greg ANDERSON) Chamber of Mines
Geoff FITZER)	Secretary Central Government
Bob MELLOW)	Chief Magistrate's Office
Noel CATLIN)	
Bob HOAD)	Place of work not known
Graham HOGG)	
David MOOREHOUSE)	On assignment from time to time.

(The above list was compiled with the assistance of Bill McGrath and I would be pleased to receive the names of other ex-Kiaps still working in PNG which we have not recorded. Ed.)

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Jack BATTERSBY of Wanguri NT is a new member and a big welcome, Jack, as I am sure that you and Diane will enjoy your membership. Jack and wife, Diane, have been in Darwin for 12 years, but are looking forward to retirement in 18 months time in order to be closer to all their family (including 6 grand children) in Queensland.

With recent visits from Les and Joyce Austin, Dimmen and Pat de Graaff, John and Pat Wearne and Tony and Sandra Trollope there have been some great "remembering times" over the past couple of months. They would be very happy to see anyone else who is going their way in future, as it is always good to see old friends.

Eve JOHNSTONE of Sandgate Qld, who has been very ill, has moved into a retirement village and she says that she will be there now until they carry her out to be "Kentucky Fried". Although the rooms are small she says that she still has her freedom and can come and go as she pleases. She also reports that the meals are excellent, which is not always the case in such places.

She reports that: "My health is improving but I will never be A1 again. After all I am in the eighties so I must accept that...."

NG is sure in a bad state now, but I did spend the happiest years of my life in Goroka. Julius Chan has kept in touch and every now and then some ex NG'ite turns up."

Eve, we do hope that your health will continue to improve and your kind regards are reciprocated.

Bob COLE of Nerang Qld, one of our most loyal members and one who gives so much of his time to other members, particularly those who need emotional support, celebrated his 80th birthday on 3 November.

I'm told that there was a gathering at Jim Sinclair's with many friends including the Mal Bishops, Ken and Gwen McKenzie, Colleen Neville and others.

Bob, what a great idea to give yourself a birthday present by buying a new car!

Many of us down here wish we could have been with you on the day and helped you celebrate. Our warmest regards and best wishes and congratulations on becoming a truly Senior Citizen.

Dorothy GRAY of Wahroonga NSW is a new member and a big welcome to the clan. Dorothy lived in Papua between 1937 and 1942 and 1946 and 1972 and she and her late husband, Pastor Ken Gray of the SDA Mission, will be remembered by ex-Papua residents.

In a recent letter, after receiving copies of *Una Voce*, she commented: "I caught up with a lot of news and read with interest the "Memories of Papua New Guinea" by Gladys Nicholas. I too, with my daughter Jo of five months, evacuated on the Katoomba. My husband came down on the Diari, a 40ft boat to Cairns, but that is another story.

Am looking forward to meeting up with old friends, though my late husband had more contact with non-missionaries."

Dorothy, I am sure that you would have many interesting experiences to relate, so what about telling us about some of them, particularly Ken's trip on the Diari?

Gabriel KELENY of Maroubra NSW recently sent us a card from England and reported: "After spending about two weeks in Hungary, I am now in Gloucestershire. Am being taken every day to see the attractive villages in the

(Continued next page)

HAVE YOU HEARD??? (Continued)

Cottswolds, including the village of Randwick which gave it's name to Randwick in Sydney. In a couple of days I am going to London and possibly further if time permits."

(Gabriel, have a great trip and very best wishes from all here. Ed.)

Max ORKEN of Sunnybank Hills Qld, in a note recently, advised that he had been in touch with Dr. McDougall who had enquired about Stow, whom he recruited in 1958.

He also admits to now being in the "lapun" stage as he is in his 82nd year.

(Max, I have passed on your remarks to Harry West and Pam; yours truly and all down here reciprocate your good wishes. Ed.)

Bernie PORTER of Gordon Park Qld, recently, in a very brief note, advised that he was on his way into town to meet Sir Colman O'Loughlen and Max Orken, whom he meets every Wednesday in the Irish Club.

Bernie, you could not be in better company and our best regards.

John HUON de NAVRANCOURT of Atherton Qld, in sponsoring Fred HOMERLEIN of Indooroopilly Qld as a member, reported that Fred was manager for several years, with his wife Sue, of the Council Hostel in Mt. Hagen. Sue also taught ballet, having been a dancer at the Lido in Paris.

John also reported that he had attended the National Congress of Justices of the Peace in Brisbane and the new Church of England Priest in Atherton is Father Tom HALSTED, who was a Patrol Officer and later ADO in Mendi and Tari from 1980 to 1985.

In Brisbane he also met Jan HUBNER ex-Department of Education in PNG for many years serving in Daru, Madang, Goroka etc. Jan now has an Aquaculture business on the Sunshine Coast.

Jon HOLMES of Warneet Victoria is a new member and we welcome Jon and his wife Frances to the fold. The following are some interesting comments from the letter he forwarded with his application form:

"Many thanks for sending the application form, and the copies of *Una Voce*. It has been a great experience to read the news and to recall so many names. It was sad to hear of the passing of Ian Skinner, and Marie. Their daughter Julie was a flower girl at our wedding in Port Moresby 1961.

....I see that Joe Shaw is a member - I worked for Joe at Daru - have many good stories to tell - perhaps he will not want me to enlarge too much. Also I had previously met Alistair McArthur and Ron Carne at a function in Melbourne two or three years ago - it was a really good relaxed BBQ at Parliament House gardens. Frances and I enjoyed it very much.

....I note the comment in *Una Voce* re old records, letters etc. I will try and assist with that at a later date - have many interesting documents - mostly packed away at the moment whilst we wait to find out where we go from here. Victoria's problems caught up with us and not sure of the future at this stage. With regard to the call for information on how that private journal came to be found in Port Moresby. Well I may be able to throw some light on that - or at least provide a possible answer. As soon as time permits I will correspond more fully. It also is a most interesting story.

....Incidentally Frances' parents are Bill and Doreen Meade ex Steamships, Port Moresby. They now live in Redcliffe, Queensland. We will pass on information to them re news gained of old friends. They are both not well, but happy." Jon, we would love to hear further from you and also look forward to receiving some of those interesting documents, either to place in our archives or to copy and return to you.

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

Doug FRANKLIN (Brisbane)

Kiap Reunion in Brisbane - 12.9.93

John DAGGE and Peter ANDREWS decided to organise a reunion of Kiaps to be held in Brisbane. There hadn't been anything like it, and as a one off, they would give it a go. A central venue would be needed, capable of catering for say up to a hundred in congenial surroundings for those who might turn up. A very favourable deal was concluded with the Queensland Irish Association Club in Brisbane city, which would provide a large entertainment area, bar service and bistro food at cost, without a hire fee.

The big day came and Pam and I went along having received an invitation from Noel CAVANAGH. We wondered if we would feel lost.

We needn't have worried for there were at least ten very good friends there we hadn't seen for years. The party started at 11.00am and was still going strong at 6.00pm. About sixty kiaps and many wives were there. The whole atmosphere was exactly reminiscent of an after hours get together at a District or Regional Kiap Conference. Some of the assembled company had travelled great distances. Good humour prevailed, a typical quip was from Peter SISLEY, a Southern Highland Patrol Officer and now Rockhampton. "Well I'm 49 now and the big 50 next year indicates the time for a change of direction". "What are you going to do Peter," I asked. "Prime Minister" was the reply, adding "I reckon I'd be better than the one we've got!".

I tried to get down as many names as I could - Peter Andrews had an attendance book, but the following names have come to mind with help from Noel Cavanagh.

Peter ANDREWS, John DAGGE, Stan PEGG, Peter SISLEY, Geoffrey GRUBB, Noel CAVANAGH, Mike PRESS, John CORRIGAN, Will MUSKENS, Dave FORBES, George CLAPP, Joe CHAPMAN, Robin CALCUT, Brian DUFFY, Keith DYER, John NORTON, Noel WRIGHT, Geoff LITTLER, Ray LANAHAN, Bernie MAUME, Gary PARKER, Graham HARDY, John HAYES, Bob FAYLEY, Fred SEEFELD, John BRADY, Kevin RIGG, Tom NEWTON, Max ALLWOOD. There was an apology from Jim SINCLAIR.

It was like a Who's Who from the Department of District Administration. A most successful and nostalgic day. Peter Andrews and John Dagge are to be congratulated. Peter said they will do it again so keep the bush telegraph switched on, all you kiaps.

Tom WATSON, ex DASF and Forestry Dept. Hohola was in Lae recently for a three week holiday from his current base in Cairns.

Tom VIGUS, ex Forestry College Bulolo has returned to PNG to take up a position with Kimbe Logging Co at Cape Gloucester.

Jim TONER (Northern Territory)

PNG Independence was celebrated in Darwin this September at an afternoon *mumu* by the shore of Lake Alexander and was very much a family day. The children of expats. who found their wife in the Islands and brought them to Australia now abound. At a different sort of commemoration at the Irish Club, Brisbane, Darwin was represented by Pat SOMERS, Trevor BUISING, and Bob WELSH. Two decades ago they were kiaps at Alotau, Kainantu and Amanab respectively. Bob enjoyed the Brisbane reunion but thought it should have run for two days (!) as he didn't have time to meet everybody in the milling throng.

Phil LEFEVRE, once with Crown Law, Rabaul, now Master of the Supreme Court of the N.T. is to retire. This leaves PNG representation around the Court precincts to Harry COEHN, Administrative Director and, of course, Sir William KEARNEY J. Harry, a former Rabaul Golf Club captain, recently

(continued next page)

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS (Continued)

organised a Public Sector Union charity golf day which raised \$4,000 for a cancer-stricken child.

Rita MCGREGOR, with PNG Education for many years and now a Darwin headmistress, has separated the boys from the girls at her primary school and thereby raised eyebrows. The objective was to allow concentration on learning without one sex being inhibited or distracted by the other. Rita, widow of P.O. Jock MCGREGOR, has determined from the experiment that complete segregation is not necessary but will persist with separate classes in the key subjects of English, Maths and Science next year. Makes sense to me - and Rita has approaching forty years in the game to support her conclusion.

Graeme MORGAN, once of Co-ops and now with ATSIC, travelled from Canberra recently for discussions at Tennant Creek, then Roma. Presumably that is what is meant by 'wide ranging talks.' Such an itinerary recalls the occasion when someone at Nataff HQ Kone sat down and said: "Today, let's arrange a complicated and inconvenient staff transfer." Which resulted in Bob BELL and family being posted from Namatani to Erave in mid-term. (No doubt one or two readers will respond "I can beat that!").

Obliged to kill time in Darwin it proved possible to introduce Graeme to the oddly named Virgin's Parlour at the Parap Hotel where he mingled with numerous gentlemen awaiting a performance of terpsichorean self-revelation. However, for Heather's sake, he was dragged away before the ever popular Ms. Tanya Hyde (Discipline by appointment) could set foot to catwalk.

Geoff MASTERS, (Bribie Island)

Had a phone call from Bruce DYMCK the other evening - Bruce was manager Development Bank at Alotau during my time. He now works for a government department - not sure which one - he advised that former Treasury officer at Alotau, Rob JONES, now works with Leongatha Co-Op Society - Rod spent a long time in the Philippines after leaving PNG.

I had a phone call from member R. STEWART of Westlake Qld. - he had written me ordering a copy of Buna campaign book - we had never met but we had a long talk of people we both knew over the years we were in PNG.

Don't know if you have seen a book of photos in a publication called INVASION OF PNG, put together by a Mike COUTTS of PM? He obtained access to all the photos in the POM War Museum, mostly American, quite a good collection, pity is that neither he or the publisher are interested in selling it in Australia. I have written in an effort to see if they will allow me to handle it - it would raise some funds to pay for a Milne Bay memorial - problem of course is exchange rate and costs getting copies to Australia. The book is sold in PNG for K20 and that near enough to \$A30.

My proposed trip Townsville/POM/GUR with RAAF Caribou did not eventuate. No reason given, but am still persuing the matter.

Heard that Cec WELDON had a heart attack some months ago and wife Betty had also been ill, so went up to see them. Both look OK but Cec has dropped a lot of weight. They tell me that they had a visit from John STITT earlier in the day. John is now living at Buderim.

ROB O'REGAN EX-PNG

Rob O'Regan of Brisbane Queensland will be remembered by many of our members, as he spent a number of years in Port Moresby. Rob now has one of the toughest jobs in Queensland as Chairman of the Criminal Justice Commission.

Mr O'Regan, as one of the 42 Queensland-based Queen's Counsel who practised full-time, is among the state's legal elite. He has the rare distinction of having made the grade as both an academic and a practising lawyer, a background he has put to use on one of the state's biggest legal tasks, the review of the Criminal Code. He is also dedicated to charity work through a range of positions, including the deputy chairmanship on the Red Cross state council.

Rob O'Regan was born in Gayndah and went to school at Christian Brothers College, Warwick, and Downlands Colleges, Toowoomba, before studying law at the University of Queensland. He was admitted to the Queensland bar in 1960 and started practice in Papua New Guinea. He began lecturing at the University of Papua New Guinea in 1967 and was awarded a masters degree in 1970. He spent 1971 as a research student at Oxford University's Exeter College and returned to a professorship in Port Moresby in 1972. The academic life took him to an associate professorship at Melbourne's Monash University in 1973 and 1974. He became a professor and the University of Queensland's law department head from 1975 to 1979. At that time he returned to the bar.

He then built a busy practice with a wide range of prosecution and defence work.

A fellow prosecutor has said that Mr. O'Regan's manner suited him to the prosecution task. "He's a competent, methodical thinker who puts a case clearly. He's not the flamboyant defender, emotionally pleading his client's innocence," the barrister said. That assessment is shared by Brisbane solicitor Michael Quinn who sat with O'Regan on the Criminal Code Review Committee. It met at lunchtime every second Friday for two years, reviewing the code for the first time this century. "As a chairman, he was open-minded. We all disagreed at different times but he chaired the review to get the best result and he did it in a methodical way which left everyone happy with the process," Mr Quinn said.

Mr O'Regan's legal talents have been recognised in other ways; he was the Australian observer at the Philippines trial of Father Brian Gore in 1984; and he took silk in December the same year.

Mr O'Regan's previous work with the CJC included acting as counsel in the MP travel rorts inquiry.

The following is part of a comment made last year by the Queensland Premier, Mr. Goss, concerning Mr. O'Regan: "The fact is I don't know him that well but I regard him, and the legal community regards him, as a highly competent individual experienced in the criminal law enforcement area," he said. "Personally, he's very amiable and quietly spoken, a truly gentle person."

(The above includes extracts from an article in a Queensland newspaper 12/10/92)

ARCHBISHOP SIR VIRGIL COPAS, MSC

A simple, humble man of Christ

"A simple, humble person" are the words most frequently used when those who knew him talk of the late Archbishop Sir Virgil Copas, MSC.

Archbishop Copas died suddenly of a heart attack on the evening of Sunday, 3 October, in his Gold Coast apartment. He was 78. Born and educated in Toowoomba, he spent almost all his apostolic years in Papua New Guinea, where his concern became the localisation of the church through the appointment of Melanesian priests and bishops.

The impetus for Archbishop Copas's knighthood in 1981 came from the PNG government in recognition of his untiring work in that country.

From his first appointment as chaplain with the defence forces in PNG in 1945/46 until he returned to live in Australia four to five years ago, Archbishop lived and worked in PNG, with the exception of the years 1954/59 when he was religious superior to the MSC community and Navy chaplain based in Darwin in the Northern Territory.

He was appointed Bishop of Port Moresby by Pope John XXIII in December 1959, and Archbishop in 1965 with the creation of the Port Moresby Archdiocese.

In 1976, Archbishop Copas resigned in favour of the first national Archbishop Herman To Paiyu, who had been his Auxiliary Bishop, along with Bishop Louis Vangeke who became Bishop of Bereina.

He was appointed the first Bishop of Kerema Diocese in 1976 by Pope Paul VI and his objective soon became to see his own replacement with another national bishop.

Archbishop Copas saw his priorities during his years in PNG as pastoral care, the extension of educational and medical facilities, especially in remote areas, and the sponsoring of development projects in agriculture, trade, business and so on.

He was a prison chaplain and chaplain of a leprosarium for six years, an involvement which he later continued by welcoming patients into his house. He encouraged the use of Melanesian art and customs in the life and liturgy of the church. He was made a life member of two tribal groups in PNG.

In 1973, he composed a prayer for use at each sitting of National Parliament. The prayer is still in use.

Archbishop Copas was accustomed for many years to going on patrol for several weeks at a time. He travelled by light plane, canoe, dinghy or on foot, sometimes walking from one village to another, hearing confessions, saying Mass, eating and talking with villagers, before sleeping on the ground and setting out for the next village.

In his younger days as a priest, Archbishop Copas was an excellent cricketer and tennis player. Whilst stationed at Vunapope near Kokopo in New Britain he played in the Kokopo Cricket Team and there was always great rivalry between that team and the Rabaul Cricket Team.

For a time too, he was the Business Manager at Vunapope, a task which entailed the management of the Mission's widespread and extensive business operations, plantations, stores, shipping and the provisioning of its many mission stations. The Archbishop was a very accomplished person and would have excelled in whatever path in life he chose to follow.

The Archbishop will be sadly missed by his friends, many of whom are members of our Association.

He is survived by his brother Mr. John Copas and his sisters Mrs. Loretto Meares, Mrs. Beris Whitehill and Mrs. Regina Ricardi.

(A substantial part of the above is from an article in "The Chronicle" a newspaper based in Toowoomba Qld. Ed.)

BUNA MEMORIAL

A recent trip to Papua New Guinea, and visits to the battlegrounds of Cape Endaiadere, Buna, Sanananda and Giropa Point has disclosed the fact that although there are American Memorials at Giropa Point and on the Sanananda track, and even a Japanese one between Giropa Point and the old Government Station, there is not a single mention, anywhere, of the members of the 18th Australian Infantry Brigade, and attached troops who manned tanks, Artillery guns, a Carrier group from the 17th Brigade, and Engineers who were killed in action or died of wounds in that area, over 50 years ago.

It is true there are victory commemoration tablets for three of the battles in a park 20 kilometres away at Popondetta, but nowhere in the whole of Papua New Guinea, or for that matter in the whole of Australia, except in a few history books and included on some memorials with other casualties, is there any mention of the more than 400* young Australians who gave their lives to make sure the Japanese beachheads were eliminated and a second invasion forestalled.

History makes no bones about the reasons the 18th Brigade was brought up to take over the stalled American offensive. General McArthur recognised the possibility of a renewed thrust by the Japanese, his Intelligence would know there were 120,000 troops in Rabaul alone. His orders therefore were to drive through to the coast, regardless of losses.

The Brigade, fresh from its victory over the Japanese at Milne Bay and Goodenough Island, was now thrown into the Battle and did indeed drive through to the coast, but at tremendous cost. In five weeks of almost continuous fighting, the 18th Brigade and its attached troops suffered 870 battle casualties. This figure was considerably more than that suffered by the three Brigades fighting over the Kokoda trail, and in Australia's World War II History, second only to that suffered by the 9th Division at El Alamein.

We, the ex members of the 18th Brigade, are remiss in not making sure that a permanent memorial to the memory of those young Australians was erected. They were our mates who fought with us through the siege of Tobruk and the first defeat of the Japanese at Milne Bay. The Government and people of Australia are remiss because these men died to ensure that the threat to Australia was completely removed.

Luckily it is not too late to make amends and future generations will not have to find us wanting for our neglect of a fundamental duty to remember those who died in battle. The 12th Battalion Association has initiated an appeal for funds to build a memorial to be erected in the village of Buna, now located at a new site near Giropa Point, Papua New Guinea.

The Department of Veteran Affairs has already donated \$1000 towards the appeal. Those now reading this letter are invited to send their donations to:

Hon. Secretary, 12th Battalion Association, 2 Swanston St, NEW TOWN, Tas 7008

We would consider it a favour if you would print this letter or the information it contains.

(P.D. Hope)

Hon. Secretary, 12th Battalion Association

(Note: *Recent research has revealed that the actual number killed or died of wounds was 520 for 18 Brigade alone. Ed.)

HOW A WILL TURNED INTO HORROR

Further to "WHAT SHOULD MY NEXT OF KIN DO?": *Una Voce* p25 September 1993.

My mother pre-deceased my father and the transition of her simple estate to her husband was accomplished without incident. My father then went to a reputable law firm to make a new will. For some still unknown reason, the solicitor who drew up the will became an executor even though that was against the policy of that law firm.

Thus the estate was to have three executors: the solicitor, myself and the younger daughter. There were three residual beneficiaries, myself and the two daughters who were never close (a residual beneficiary shares in the financial mop up of the estate plus having a fixed sum bequeathed to him or her). In addition there were grandchildren who were left a small fixed sum each. After the funeral I found out that the original solicitor had retired, but was still in the city thank heavens! He could have been on a world trip for all my father knew. The solicitor was then asked to consider withdrawing as an executor but refused, for though he could not remember my father, he thought there must be some good reason for him being asked to be an executor in the first place.

The will was precise as regards cash, bank accounts, fixed deposits, real estate, etc, but no instructions had been included for disposal of chattels. Luckily my parents had made lists of who were to receive items such as jewellery, paintings, books, furniture etc. My father had a bank safe deposit box which contained title deeds and little else. It had been rented in the fifties when large bundles of cash could not be traced by computers. He had been told by the bank that any executor plus the estate's solicitor could open the box at any time. Not so: even though the bank had actually paid the funeral costs out of his accounts and had certified copies of the Death and Cremation certificates, it wanted probate before the box could be opened. The bank provided a list of contents but access was denied until probate was granted by the Supreme Court. Now what if my father still had bundles of cash in the box - the bank would have counted and listed it. How could we explain where it came from originally? If you have a cash hoard, keep it between the sheets. Some family member will change them one day. Probate was also required by some institutions before bonds and term deposits could be transferred to the executors.

My father's unit had to be sold and a daughter wished to purchase it. I thought all my Christmases had come at once and so worked out a fair market price for a private sale. But, because the other daughter was also a residual beneficiary, she had to be fully informed of developments. The cat hit the fan! She wanted the unit to go to public auction. No way was her sister getting a deal. Now, as I had foolishly agreed to fund the running of the estate, I would have to advance \$3,000 up front for the cost of an auction. I dug my heels in and refused. Things started to heat up.

The sale of the unit then developed into a bidding duel between the two daughters. After many phone calls, faxes and conferences with fees at \$300 per hour, the law firm called a halt under the State Succession Acts and accepted a bid that was not subject to finance. The unit was sold amid a great flurry of signing faxes. A signed fax is a legal document. The urgency to sign the sale contract was the threat of a Supreme Court injunction which would have cost me \$3,000 a day for counsel. Readers can imagine how I felt when the phone rang during that week.

The tragedy of all this is that my father was a decent man who sincerely believed he had done his best for his offspring. In hindsight, he was badly advised.

(Continued next page)

HOW A WILL TURNED INTO HORROR (Continued)

My recommendations for surviving spouses, but legal advice on the following should be sought:-

1. Assume that the children will bicker. Lovey doves before the funeral turn into asps after. As Captain Queeg said on the CAINE - "You can't assume a goddam thing in this navy." You can't fax instructions from Heaven.
2. List the chattels with, say, a value above \$50. Distribute them on paper to the beneficiaries and seek agreement from each beneficiary to the distribution. Lodge the list with your solicitor and executor. As for the bits 'n pieces, see para 4 below.
3. Arrange for one executor only who will work with your solicitor. If that executor dies, have a back-up in the will. There are firms that act as executors, be guided by your solicitor.
4. Have only one residual beneficiary, your family member executor. Work out the value of your estate - e.g. \$150,000. If you have three children with one an executor, divide up the estate like this:-
Executor is left \$52,000 plus any financial residue plus all the undistributed goods. He can keep them or sell them, whatever he wants. The two other children receive a flat \$49,000 plus their chattels as per the lists.

The above is a basic plan without automobiles to consider. Just work out a reasonable distribution that won't be open to court challenge. But only have ONE residual beneficiary, your family member executor. That means that the other main beneficiaries cannot make trouble. They are muzzled! The executor should get more as he/she will have to provide funds to keep the estate moving, plus possibly have to pay the funeral expenses if cash is not available from the estate. There can be a lot of leg work for the executor. He has to plough through all the estate papers and submit claims such as MBF refund of contributions, etc. And don't forget the income tax clearance.

5. State in the will that any sale of real estate is not to go to public auction. It is to be listed with real estate agents. Auctions have a tiring habit of failing.
6. Close any safe deposit box and inquire what bonds, shares, deposits etc. can be transferred without probate. Scrap those institutions which require probate.
7. A basic cremation service can cost \$3,000. Have that amount in an easily accessible form: e.g. a cheque or savings account. The bank will pay the account.
8. Will your solicitor require progressive payment or be happy to be paid when the estate is finalised? I had to pay \$8,000 before wind-up. The total legal costs came to \$12,000 for an estate valued at \$130,000. My aunt's estate had a similar value, but legal costs were only \$800. The only asset was a term deposit.

I guess my father could have sold his unit and gone into a retirement village. But he was independent.

9. Write your own eulogy. Spice it up. Confess to all those evil deeds in PNG. Too often have I attended boring funerals when no one remembered what was said about the deceased. We all know you were wonderful, but let us hear the Truth!
10. Do you want special music played. What about Esa Lei or Wildwood Flower. Do you want the coffin flag draped. If cremated, what do you want done with the ashes?
11. Lodge your will with your solicitor. There's no need to tell anyone what is in your will. That precludes any pre-death fights.

Have a happy Eternity -

Anonymous.

TROPICAL JEALOUSY

by Bert E. Weston

My recent article in 'Una Voce' dealing with prewar conditions and life in the Morobe province of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea, and in particular the township of Salamaua created a lot of interest among post war residents of P.N.G. It came as a great surprise to them.

It could not be equally surprising except to those of us B4s to learn of the cleavage that then existed between the residents of Papua and the Mandated Territory. Firstly, there was the barrier of the high Owen Stanley Range, then the fact that there were two separate Administrations, one a League of Nations Trust and the other an Australian Commonwealth Territory.

Papua's income from copra and rubber was low by comparison with that of New Guinea with booming gold production from Edie Creek and the Bulolo dredges plus higher copra production. New Guineans referred to Port Moresby as "that suburb of Townsville" which it resembled in terrain, rainfall, vegetation and architecture.

Burns Philp steamers ran completely separate shipping service to each place. The "Morinda" ran via Queensland ports to Moresby, thence to Samarai and return to Sydney via Norfolk and Lord Howe Islands, and New Guinea was served by the "Montoro" and "Marsina". The result being that residents of each territory seldom met. Matters changed however when the motorship "Macdhui" was placed on the New Guinea run and soon replaced the "Morinda" and called at Moresby both coming and going. However it was said that even the passengers from Papua tended to congregate on opposite deck areas to that occupied by New Guineans.

I experienced an extreme instance of this insularity when the first air service between Sydney-Moresby and Rabaul was awarded to W.R. Carpenter and air radio services had to be installed. This involved erection of two 200 foot high Eiffel type towers at Salamaua and two at Moresby plus other masts.

The suppliers, the Southern Cross Windmill Co., in Sydney, awarded me the contract for the delivery on site and erection of the equipment at both centres. On nearing completion at Salamaua I applied to both Administrations for permission to take my team of native workmen - by then experts in lofty steel erection - and a Chinese foreman to Moresby.

From the Administrator in Rabaul came immediate permission on condition that they be returned on completion of the work. From his counterpart in Moresby, Sir Hubert Murray, came a flat refusal to allow New Guinea natives into Papua, he objected to their "jabbering in Pidgin" and never ever would a Chinaman be allowed to set foot in Papua while he was Administrator, even if it meant that the air service would never start.

Time was getting short, Carpenters aircraft were about to be shipped from England; the situation was at a deadlock to such an extent that it was referred to Canberra and Sir Hubert was over-ruled. But he still imposed his conditions, no Chinaman, and my boys were restricted to travel only to their workplace at the three mile and off the streets by nine o'clock.

Suffice to say the towers and masts and ancillary work was completed on time and all conditions were met with - my men returning home with glowing accounts of their relations with their female contacts in Moresby.

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

Mr. Ian DOWNS has received a lot of enquiries about the publication of his book on the History of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (1939-43). He advises that he delivered the complete manuscript to Pacific Press in May, 1992. The galley proofs are finalised and the publisher is selecting photographs. Until photographs can be related to pages no page numbers can be finalised and no index can be completed.

Pacific Book House wishes to advise that the publication date for NGVR: THE HISTORY OF THE NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES 1939-1943 by Mr. Ian Downs is currently in production and that a firm publication date for 1993 cannot yet be announced.

Please address all enquiries to:

Bill McGrath
Pacific Book House
17 Park Avenue
BROADBEACH WATERS QLD 4218
Phone: (075) 39 0466
Fax: (075) 38 4114

BOOK REVIEW by Geoff Masters

'SNAKE ROAD'

Title does not really convey anything - but for those of us who lived in Port Moresby post-war it is the story of the road (Rouna) from 7 Mile to the Sogeri Range and beyond.

The author, Lance Taylor, started out walking from 7 Mile and listed those places along the road pre-war, wartime and post-war. The trip is done in sections of the road, for instance 9 Mile to 14 Mile, 14 Mile to Sapphire Creek and so on, up to Chapter 9 Iarowari to Koitaki.

A strip map at the start of each chapter shows various turn off roads and where they lead to. There are some 100 photos, many of which have not previously been seen. In part, it's a sad tale of the Koiaris and expatriate planters who left plantations due to low produce prices and the efforts (?) of national plantations to make the properties viable, all to no avail, for prices plummeted in 1981. All in all, a most interesting book. Available in Australia from the author:

Lance Taylor
1 Ford Avenue
OAKLEIGH, VIC 3166
Tel. 03 569 8983

(Bank cheques must be in PNG Kina and made payable to Expressive Arts, Sogeri NHS. Price K29.45 (Surface Mail - up to 2 months) K36.20 (Air Mail).)

>>>>>>>>>>

<<<<<<<<<<<

THE ASSOCIATION'S CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

will be held on

SUNDAY 5TH DECEMBER, at 11.45 a.m. for 1 p.m.

at: **THE MANDARIN CLUB**

Cnr. Pitt and Goulburn Streets, Sydney

Please note: The venue will be the Oriental Room - on the 4th Floor.

Cost will be \$20.00 per head - a banquet style meal will be served.

Drinks at Club prices:-

Beer	\$7.00 per jug; \$2.50 per can.
Wine	\$7.00 per carafe
Soft drink	\$6.00 per carafe

Drinks (alcoholic and non-alcoholic) will also be available by the glass.

The Council parking station, corner Goulburn and Castlereagh Streets, will be open from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. - charging a flat rate of \$6.00 for the day. The Club is not far from Town Hall, Central and Museum Stations. Anyone needing assistance with transport could please ring Pamela Foley on 428 2078; also tell her if a vegetarian meal is required so that she can advise the Club.

Seating arrangements will receive special attention to help those attending alone or those who feel they may not know many people. If you wish to be seated with your friends please let us know who they are when you make your booking. PLEASE BOOK EARLY! It is most important that we know in advance how many are coming so that we can liaise efficiently with the Club, and not have to pay for meals ordered and not used. If it is necessary for you to cancel, a full refund will be made if Treasurer Mrs. Elma Holmes is telephoned on 958 4996 by noon on Friday 3rd December. We will have a door prize.

Please make your cheque payable to ROAPNG and send with the Booking Slip below to The Secretary, ROAPNG, P O Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069.

LUNCHEON BOOKING

Name.....(Please print Christian and Surname)

I will be accompanied by.....

.....
Please print full name (For name cards)

If possible I would like to be seated with.....

.....
Enclosed please find my cheque/money order for \$.....

THE ROLE OF DUTCH SHIPPING LINE, KPM, IN PNG (BEFORE AND DURING WORLD WAR II) by Lieuwe Pronk

The Dutch shipping company KPM maintained regular services to Australia and PNG for many years from Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies.

Our Australian service was started in 1908. Much later, but well before WW II, we started another service which called at Port Moresby and Samarai one month and Salamaua and Rabaul the next month, both going on to Port Vila, Noumea, New Zealand and Sydney, then back to Malaya and NEI.

Steamships were our agents in Moresby and Samarai, and Carpenters in Salamaua and Rabaul. I vaguely remember Captain Fitch and E.V. Crisp, but knew Sir Walter, R.B and C.H. Carpenter better.

During the war, our ships played a very big part in keeping the supply lines open in the PNG campaign. They were the first ones into Milne Bay, Oro Bay, Finschhafen, Aitape, Saidor, Manus and Hollandia. Early in 1942, when things looked really bad for us, they were the only ships and even 18 months later, around the end of 1943, two out of every three ships in the forward area were KPM ships.

During the PNG campaign in WWII, they carried around one million tons of munitions, high explosives, AVGAS, vehicles of all kinds and everything else needed in that campaign, as well as some 100,000 troops.

The following are the KPM ships which took part in the PNG Campaign during WWII: SWARTENHONDT, BONTEKOE, TASHAN (Later converted to a Hospital Ship), CREMER (Wrecked on St. Bee's Island, off Mackay, 5/9/42), VAN HEUTSZ, MAETSUYCKER (Later converted to a Hospital Ship), VAN HEEMSKERK (Sunk at Milne Bay, 14/4/43), 'S JACOB (Sunk off Milne Bay, 8/3/43), BOTH, VAN DER LYN, VAN DEN BOSCH, VAN SWOLL, PAHUD, JANSSENS, THEDENS, VAN OUTHOORN, PATRAS, GENERAAL VERSPYCK, JAPARA, BANTAM (Sunk in Oro Bay 28/3/43), VAN SPILBERGEN, STAGEN, SIBIGO (Foundered in cyclone off Cairns, 16/3/45), BALIKPAPAN, KHOEN HOEA, and the EL LIBERTADOR.

I would think that some of these would be known to those of our members who took part in the PNG campaign or were around in those days.

It occurs to me that some of this might be of some use to you in compiling the history of PNG, particularly over the war years. By the same token, if any of our members have anything of particular interest to relate about any of these ships during those years, I would be pleased to hear from them.

A PIRATES' TREASURE

by Chips Mackellar

It was forty years ago this year that I began my first posting in Papua New Guinea. I was sent to the island of Daru, at the northern extremities of the Torres Strait. From this colonial backwater we administered the vast but sparsely populated swamplands of the huge Fly and Strickland River basins. Life at Daru in those days was measured and slow. We wore starched white suits and pith helmets, and we were very, very pukka.

But there were also those on Daru who were not so pukka. At the far end of the island there lived a beachcomber. His name was *Old Harry*. If he had any other name then, nobody seemed to know what it was, and in any case it doesn't matter now. *Old Harry* lived in a thatch hut with a brood of mixed race children. He was forthright, down to earth, and honest, but he was not pukka. He lived on a diet of Negrita Rhum and native girls and he was *NEVER* invited to garden parties at the Residency.

Nevertheless, *Old Harry* had been in the islands for so long that he was an authority on almost everything. He had a repertoire of stories which could fill an encyclopedia, and in those days before television, he was a wonderful source of after dinner entertainment on Daru. Together with other young officers, I would sit on his verandah at night and look out across the Torres Strait, while *Old Harry* enthralled us with tales of derring do. It was on his verandah that we learned the legends of the South Pacific, and of the exploits of its most famous characters, like Queen Emma, His Majesty O'Keefe, Bully Hayes, and King Cameron of Kitava who was still alive then.

And *Old Harry* had other stories which reached further back into history. He would tell of the early explorations of the Pacific; of Spanish galleons lost on their way back to Spain from Peru; of mutiny, shipwreck and Inca gold.

Most of these stories related to the Eastern end of Papua, in the islands administered from Samarai. And if I ever went there, he told me one night, I would see remnants of long lost civilisations; stone artefacts and megaliths like Stonehenge, and relics of a bygone sailing era. And if I were lucky, he added, I might even find the pirates' treasure.

"What treasure?" I asked. "There's a pirates' treasure out there" he told me, on an island out from Samarai. A king's ransom in royales, doubloons, and pieces-of-eight."

"How did it get there?" I asked in disbelief, and he told me..... A Spanish galleon from Peru and bound for Manila, laden with bullion for the Spanish government in the Philippines, was blown off course when crossing the Pacific. Frightened, lost and far from home, the crew mutinied and murdered their officers. They tried to head for Spain with the treasure but got even more lost, in the tangle of islands and atolls strung across the Solomon sea. Eventually, they anchored to take on fresh water, off a small island out of Samarai. Fearful of another mutiny from their fellow mutineers, the pirate leaders decided to put the treasure ashore on this island and come back for it later.

"But they never came back." *Old Harry* said. "It is still there, in a cave in a cliff face," and he told me the name of the island.

"The island people must have known about it." I said, "how come they didn't take it?"

"They won't go near it," *Old Harry* told me, "because they think the cave is haunted by the spirits of the dead pirates."

And when I questioned him further, he told me it had taken fifteen pirate crew to drag the treasure chest up to the cave. To safeguard the secret of the treasure's exact location, the pirate leaders then murdered the fifteen crew members and left the bodies in the cave, tied around the treasure

(Continued page 18)

A PIRATES' TREASURE (Continued)

chest with the rope they had used to haul it there.

The leaders celebrated this foul deed with a bottle of rum, and then returned to their ship. To cover the absence of the fifteen men, the leaders claimed their shore party had been attacked by natives. The pirate ship then departed, leaving the treasure behind, in the custody of its sightless, ghoulish guards.

According to Old Harry, after the ship had departed, the curious islanders peeked into the cave to see what had been left behind. But stunned by the gruesome sight of fifteen dead men roped together, they fled the cave in horror, never to return. Exaggerated stories of sailors' ghosts and evil cave spirits, passed on from one generation to the next, had long since ensured that the islanders would shun the cave forever. And to make sure that the pirates' ghosts would not molest them, Old Harry said, the islanders have kept their haunted cave a secret. Very few outsiders knew about it, Old Harry told me. But he was one, and now that he had told me about it, I was another.

"How do you know about all this?" I remember asking Old Harry. "It's only a story I picked up." Old Harry said, "and it might not even be true. But to the natives of this island, it is a sacred legend. If you ever go there they might talk to you about it. But you should always keep the identity of the island secret, so that you do not betray their confidence."

"But it's all still there." Old Harry concluded, "or what's left of it; fifteen men and a treasure chest, a rope, and a bottle of rum."

Years went by and Old Harry passed away, taking stories like these with him to his grave, and it was fifteen years later before routine transfers saw me posted to Samarai in the Mile Bay District..... But I never forgot his stories.

By this time we were less pukka and more practical, and instead of white suits and pith helmets, we wore shorts and long socks and slouch hats, and we got on with the job of bringing the country to independence. In the course of my duties I visited many islands throughout the Milne Bay District, and slowly, very slowly, some of Old Harry's stories began to come true.

I saw lying unused in villages the stone mortars and pestles of a long extinct grain fed race, totally unknown to the current inhabitants. I saw the megaliths of the Trobriand Islands, and I even met King Cameron of Kitava, the year before he died. I saw rusty old cannon and anchors from a bygone sailing era, and all around me there were islands which to this day still carry the names given to them by their early Spanish discoverers; islands like Santa Cruz, Santa Isabella and San Cristobal.... But I never believed the story of the pirates' treasure.

Then one year a cyclone struck the Solomon Sea. It completely devastated some island communities, and there was widespread loss of life and shipping. After the cyclone had passed, I was ordered to lead a patrol by government trawler through the islands of the Samarai Sub-District to assess cyclone damage, and to arrange for whatever help the government might give. The patrol included medical and agricultural personnel, for the purposes of supplying emergency on-the-spot assistance as required.

We passed from one small island to another, each looking somewhat the worse for wear as a result of the recent cyclone. Two weeks out of Samarai, and many islands later, we dropped anchor at yet another island. It was the island which Old Harry had told me about, fifteen years before.

Islanders who paddled their canoes out to meet the government vessel advised me that the cyclone had left them relatively unscathed and that there was no damage assessment for me to do here. But since visits by professional personnel were rare to these remote islands, the doctor and the didiman decided to go ashore to conduct routine inspections in any case. I went with the shore party only to stretch my legs on the beach.

(Continued page 19)

A PIRATES' TREASURE (Continued)

The doctor and the didiman walked off into the interior of the island, accompanied by a gaggle of children and all the village elders. I was left alone on the beach, but for one old man who was looking at our vessel riding at anchor in the lagoon. With nothing else to do, I began talking to him. We talked about the cyclone and this and that, but mainly about things which interest isolated island communities most, like seafood and spring tides, the different kinds of people who have visited the island, and the comings and goings of passing ships.

Out of idle curiosity and thinking of the early Spanish explorers, I drew with a stick in the sand between us, the likeness of a Spanish galleon. "Old man," I asked in Motu, "are there any stories of visits to this island by ships like this?"

For a long time the old man looked at my drawing in the sand then said, "Not in my time, Taubada. But I remember my grandfather telling me of visits by ships like that. But then, that was before his time too. In fact, it was his grandfather who told him about them, so I don't know how far back in time it was when ships like that came here."

"Are there any stories about ships like that ever leaving anything behind here?" I asked. There was a long pause. I thought he might not have heard; but he must have been considering whether or not to tell me.

"No Taubada" he said at last, "except for the ship which left the box."

"What box?" I asked, trying not to appear excited. Could it be that Old Harry's story of the pirate treasure was true?

"There is a story that sailors from a ship like that left a box in a cave in the cliff up there," he said, pointing to the cliff face behind us. I could hardly believe my own ears.

"What is in the box?" I asked.

"Nobody has ever looked," the old man said, "and nobody would ever want to, because that cave is haunted." I could hardly contain my excitement.

"According to the story then," I asked, "what is in the box?"

"According to the story," he said, "the box contained useless coins. The box was repacked on the beach before taking it up there, and some coins spilled out and were later found by the island people after the ship had left. But no one kept the coins because they were no good."

"Why were they no good?" I asked.

"Seems like they had gone rusty," he said. "They were yellow.I couldn't resist the temptation to look. "Can you take me to the cave?" I asked him.

"I can take you to the entrance, Taubada," he said, "But I cannot go inside."

It took about half an hour to scramble up the cliff face, to the cave. At the entrance, the old man stopped, and refused to go further. But he remained at the entrance while I went inside. As I entered the cave, my foot slipped in bat manure, and immediately a million bats flew out, squeaking and flying around in circles outside. They re-entered the cave, and flew out again, and repeated this flight pattern all the time I was in the cave. The cave floor sloped downwards from the entrance, and was covered in bat manure, but to what depth I did not know. I took off my shoes and socks and threw them to the old man outside.

"How long have the bats lived here?" I asked him. "We don't know, Taubada," he called from outside the cave, "we never come here. This place is haunted."

I went further into the cave, the manure becoming deeper, and the smell was almost overpowering. The bats were swarming all around me, but with their radar working perfectly, not one touched me.

When I was up to my waist in the bat manure, I thought I could go no
(Continued page 20)

A PIRATES' TREASURE (Continued)

further because the smell was sickening. Then in the cesspit beneath me, my bare foot touched something solid and round. I tried to pick it up, but to do so I had to plunge my arm into the stinking slime, and when I bent down to reach the object with my hand, my face came so close to the surface of the liquid bat manure that I nearly passed out from the putrid smell. So, as I struggled to remain upright in the stench, I could only use my toes to explore the object. It was round, a few inches in diameter, and about one foot long. Could it have been a bottle?.... the rum bottle the pirates had left behind?

Suddenly from the real world outside the cave, I heard successive blasts from the ship's siren. "Your ship wants to leave, Taubada," the old man called from the entrance, "You better come out now."

So I came out, covered in bat manure, and smelling like a sewer. I swam out to rejoin the ship, and by the time I clambered on board, all the bat manure had washed away. But the putrid smell stayed with me for several days thereafter. The other officers complained about the smell for the remainder of the patrol and kept asking me what had happened. "I was exploring a bat cave," I told them truthfully.

Like the pirates of Old Harry's story, I always intended to return to that island. And like them, I never had another opportunity to do so. I am too old to go back there now, but in memory of Old Harry, I have kept the faith of the people. I have never revealed the identity of their treasure island, and I never will.

So the identity of that island will go with me to my grave, unless of course there is someone else out there who also knows the legend. If there is, then one day some one else may follow the legend and find the pirates' treasure.

If the pirates' treasure has already been found, then I am sure we would have heard about it by now. And as we have not heard, and if the story is true, then my guess is that it's all still there, just as I left it, more than twenty years ago remnants of those fifteen men and their treasure chest, a rope, and a bottle of rum and a king's ransom in royales, doubloons and pieces of eight.

DIWAI BILONG NINIGOS

by Mark Worth

After a stint at Channel 7 as a studio cameraman I began writing a script set in my birthplace, Papua New Guinea. My desire to make a film in PNG stemmed from the fact that I was born in the islands and lived there for a total of 5 years (1958-60 and 1969-72). Also I had become interested in the Pacific Islands film work of Andrew Pike, Gary Kildea and Dennis O'Rourke, especially O'Rourke's *Shark Callers of Kontu*.

The script "Diwai Bilong Ninigos"⁽¹⁾ grew out of experiences I had on my second stay in PNG (1969-72). As I studied High School by correspondence I was free to go on trips to outer islands on local cargo boats. On one of these trips I went out to the Western Islands near the Indonesian border, to places called The Hermits, Ninigo Islands, Aua and Wuvalu. These islands were very isolated and their only contact was with cargo boats or Asian fishermen that passed through.

The boat I travelled on belonged to the Catholic Missions, and one day we pulled up to an island in the Ninigos and all these kids came running to the shoreline chanting "Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers!" A real-life movie cargo cult. The Catholic Brother who ran the boat then explained how he usually

(Continued page 21)

DIWAI BILONG NINIGOS (Continued)

brought out a 16mm projector and generator and showed the local people Roy Rogers westerns, which they apparently loved. We both went ashore and, while the village prepared for a *mumu* (festive dinner), I was able to go sailing in a racing canoe on the lagoon. That night after dinner the Brother projected some cartoons and westerns on a screen hung between two trees at the end of the village. As Roy Rogers and Mickey Mouse flickered in the jungle the kids and adults went into frenzied hysterics.

When I returned to Australia in 1972 I went through a period of culture shock, as I had been the oldest European kid living on our part of Manus Island and had led a fairly solitary existence. The pace of youth culture, long hair and flared jeans, was all a bit too much at first and I always wanted to return to the islands.

These early experiences and memories prompted me to write the script so that I could return to the islands and interpret my ideas into an experimental documentary form that would allow me freedom to film at will and in a manner that would not invade the islanders' daily routine. The Synopsis I came up with was (in part):

The people of the North Western Islands in the Manus Province of PNG live on low-lying atolls where coconut palms are virtually the only thing that will grow, and copra the only commodity. The main group, scattered hundreds of miles from the PNG mainland, is known as the Ninigo group, or Western Islands. The film will be of a documentary form and will be based around the character of Palawin, who is a respected oral historian and crooning storyteller and the last of the Seimat people who originally inhabited the islands. He tells the mythological stories of how the trees travel great distances from the heart of the mainland and during monsoon seasons are beached upon the their reefs and dragged ashore at low tides by local villagers. The logs are then dried and hand carved into planks by the builders of the village; the finished planks are then used to construct deep ocean-going canoes. These are used for trading, fishing, hunting and racing purposes and form an integral part in the survival of ancient rituals and cultural traditions of work for the ongoing existence of the village society.

I was fascinated by the story of the logs, and the idea of Providence supplying the islanders' needs -- a kind of cargo cult that really works. I have strong childhood memories of the huge floating trees, complete with roots, which had been torn out of the river banks by the storm-lashed raging rivers, maybe from the Philippines, Indonesia, or more likely the Sepik River in Papua New Guinea. I remember seeing them with flocks of sea-birds riding on them, then, as they approached the shore, riding the waves like surfboards, often up-ended almost vertically. The stones still embedded in the roots are carefully removed and kept, as I understand they have a sort of sacred meaning for the islanders.

I wanted the film to begin high in the clouds and mountain peaks of Papua New Guinea and come down through the waterfalls to show the Sepik headwaters, then follow the river to the coast, before going across to the Ninigos.

I started making the film in October/November of 1985 on my third trip back to the Manus Province. Thanks to the help of local priest, John Glynn, I was able to get a cargo boat out to the Ninigo Islands, and he had pre-arranged for me to meet with local leader, Palawin, on the small island of Lua. I intended to thread images of Palawin throughout the film as he tells the story of the logs.

Being able to speak Pidgin English helped me a great deal, and on the
(Continued page 22)

DIWAI BILONG NINIGOS (Continued)

trip out to the Ninigos I spoke to some of the older passengers about the history of the islands. I discovered that the islands had been cleared of timber and jungle by colonizing Germans in order to grow copra, and that they had accidentally introduced dysentery which decimated the local populations. This helped explain the lack of timber, although the small islands probably could never have supported enough trees for canoe building, and they must have always depended on the chance arrival of floating timber. It also explained why Palawin was the only remaining Seimat leader in the Ninigo Group, and the last who could speak the Seimat dialect.

On arrival in the Ninigos I started filming lots of timber debris and logs floating about and lying on the reefs. All debris of this sort that floats ashore is used for building, for example there is a tradition of building mosquito-proof houses from this material. I was fortunate enough to get most of the footage that I wanted from this trip, with the exception of beginning the film on the Sepik River. Life in the Ninigos had remained much the same as it was in 1971. The local people were in the process of collecting beached timber for the construction of a new school building, as they place much emphasis on education for their children. The priest from Manus, John Glynn, had brought out a machine that made roof tiles from sand and coconut husks. It was a peculiar looking thing, but the idea of putting tiles on the roof was so that the locals could collect fresh rainwater, something they needed desperately.

This time there were no Roy Rogers films as the projector lamp had blown, but they were still occasionally shown on the same old projector. There was talk among the local traders of buying a video machine and monitor, setting it up in a hut and charging people to watch imported violent American films. This is the rage throughout the PNG mainland, but so far it had not reached Manus or the Ninigos.

When I returned to Australia I had the film processed and a workprint run off, but this proved very costly and hindered the progress of the film throughout 1986. Initially I had approached the music group 'Not Drowning, Waving' to do the sound track for the film and out of this collaboration came a series of live shows using the Ninigo footage projected behind them as they performed to the film.

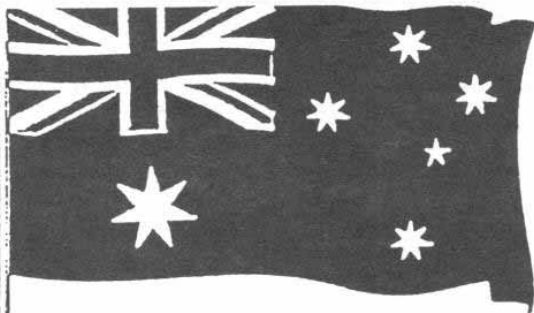
At the time of writing I had just returned from my fourth visit to PNG, and this time I was able to spend time on the Sepik River, shooting the footage for the opening of the film. Apart from the rampant proliferation of missionaries, anthropologists and tourists, I had a good trip and was able to travel upriver past Ambunti, where I stayed in a village called Apon. From there I filmed floating grass islands, torn from the river banks, and wildlife floating downstream along with logs and other jungle debris. I tried to capture the life of the river, showing crocodiles and the abandoned World War II landing craft and equipment. I also went out on the river to film water life and visit local villages.

I also took along a Superscope recorder and did lots of recording work ranging from storytelling, to jungle ambience and church singing, so now I had authentic sounds to add to the soundtrack.

Diwai Bilong Ninigos has been completed and runs for 25 minutes but is not available as yet for distribution because, like most independent film makers, my greatest handicap is the lack of finance to finish off my projects.

(1) 'Diwai', pronounced "dee-why", is pidgin for trees, logs and timber in general)

(A considerable period has elapsed since I received this article from Mark and, as it is also quite some time since he was in contact, I do not know whether his film is now available. Ed.)



OUR FLAG

As a returned Vietnam Vet,
this makes me very sad,
that radicals and idiots
want to change our Aussie flag.

They've never had the honour
to have been where this flag has been,
till the day they die they'll never understand
what our flag has seen.

It's been thru' two world wars
and watched good men and women fall.
It's watched the survivors come back home
and march beneath it proud and tall.

It flew proudly thru a depression,
and in Malaya and Korea it served.
It went to the Vietnam conflict,
a war we didn't deserve.

It's been used and abused by radicals
and many times been burnt.
They've never had the privilege
to know the honours our flag has earnt.

Our flag's been to every battle
and served our Country well.
The protected haven't seen it yet
but our Aussie flag's seen hell.

It's covered many coffins
of good men who fought and died.
It's been given to their loved ones
who treasure it with pride.

For those who want to change it,
well, for those I feel really sad,
they've never had the honour
to stand proud beneath our flag.

G.J. FALCONER

VALE

With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends. On behalf of the Association the Committee extends our sincerest sympathy to their families.

Mr. Leslie Ernest CLOUT (18 September 93, aged 79 years)

Les joined the PNG Department of Lands, Surveys and Mines as a Draughtsman in August 1935 and when he retired in October 1968 was a Chief of Division of that Department.

Soon after retiring Les joined our Association and was for many years a very active member of our Committee. For some eight years Les, ably assisted by his wife Doreen, produced *Una Voce* doing some of the typing, all of the labelling, wrapping and posting without any other assistance. In addition he kept the membership list up to date, in all a truly remarkable effort. In recognition of this outstanding contribution to the affairs of our Association Les was made a Life Member in 1990.

Les is survived by wife Doreen and son David.

Mr. John (Jack) WOODCOCK (22 September 93, aged 84 years)

Jack was born in Newcastle upon Tyne, England, on 19/8/1909. He entered the British Post Office aged 14 years and worked there until the outbreak of World War II. He was a long time member of the Northumberland Hussars, a Territorial Regiment. He enlisted in the British Army on 3 September, 1939, two days after the outbreak of war. After basic training in the Royal Corps of Signals he served in France, North Africa and Italy. Wounded twice, he was actually in hospital in North Africa when the war came to an end in Europe.

In 1949 he emigrated to Australia under the ex-servicemen's scheme, with wife Grace (Ella) and son Alan, to Daylesford Victoria where there was a large Australian 'branch' of the family. He worked for the PMG's Department as a lineman/cable jointer, before taking the family to Western Australia in 1952 where he worked at the South Perth line yard.

He went to Port Moresby in December 1953 and joined the PNG Department of Posts & Telegraphs. He first worked in the old P & T line yard behind what is now Murray Barracks. However, housing problems of those days meant that Ella could not join him until two years later and they eventually lived in Boroko. Jack then worked in the estimating branch of P & T and when he retired in 1972 he was working in the P & T drafting section, having spent all of his service in PNG stationed in Port Moresby.

Jack and Ella moved to Palm Cove, north of Cairns, and lived there until "built out" in 1990 when they moved to a strata title unit in Atherton where they enjoyed the cooler less humid climate. Unfortunately Ella had a stroke and died in hospital on 27th of July this year. Jack was also in hospital at that time having suffered a severe asthma attack. He was admitted to Carinya Home for the Aged on August 29th and died there suddenly on 22nd September, 58 days after Ella's death. He is survived by their son Alan.

Mrs. Ina Catherine MEARES (30 September 93, aged 88 years)

Ina had been in a nursing home in recent years and was the widow of Clive Meares who was Secretary to the Administrator in Rabaul pre-war. No other information available.

Captain Joseph Horace (Frog) EVANS (21 May 93, aged 84 years).

'Frog', complete with monocle, was Harbourmaster at Madang. He retired early, in 1965, after 12 years service in PNG. He had been in the Pacific before World War II, and during it, but went "finish" to start an entirely new life of retirement, huntin', shootin', and fishin' in County Wexford in the Irish Republic. There he found the natives very like Polynesians; they couldn't care less what denomination you belonged to, as long as you were fond of horses, dogs and an argument over anything except religion. So different from Northern Ireland.

Although Frog coached the local fishermen to get their fishing master's licences, he missed the sunshine so much that he jumped at a chance of going to Ghana, West Africa, to teach African tug-masters to be pilots, at the modern port of Tema. He was then transferred to the capital port of Takoradi as Harbourmaster and ship-surveyor. After surviving three government coups he retired again in June 1972 and made for the south of England to resume his glider flying, for which he had obtained his bronze "C" in Ghana. The English summer was terrible, even cold in the Dorset Hills, and colder still at several thousand feet up in a glider. Here were no vultures, as in Ghana, to give pilots a hint of thermal uplift. Even jungle-bashing in Malaya might be better, but the Pacific called again, and Frog grabbed a job with IMCO of the United Nations to go to Samoa in December 1972.

Western Samoa needed a marine expert, and they got one, but there were no dry-docks, slipways or marine workshops like those in Malaya, PNG and Africa. Despite the frustration of not being able to achieve results, his one-year contract extended to four. The climate suited him, the people were friendly, like the Southern Irish, so he decided to settle there permanently. He therefore married Fa'ava of Apia, sold up his property in Ireland, built a house on Vaivase Uta hill, overlooking the sea, and settled down to establish a Samoan House of Evans.

This he did by raising a family and serving variously as harbour master, marine consultant and teacher. Frog became very much a part of the Samoan community and enjoyed life in, what most of us would consider, an ideal climate with a wonderful, easy going life style.

Subsequently, Frog made few forays into the outside world and perhaps the only things he really missed were the friends he had made in PNG and as a consequence was an avid reader of our Newsletter.

During his last two or three years, Frog had a lot of trouble with his eyes and visited Sydney on at least three occasions for treatment.

Frog enjoyed life to the full and I am sure he found the ideal haven in Samoa to live out his declining years. He will be sadly missed by his Samoan family and friends and we who knew him mourn his passing.

(The foregoing has been prepared with the assistance of an article by Captain Brett Hilder in PIM July 1978 kindly forwarded to me by Geoff Masters. Ed.)

Mrs. A. ANDERSON (18 May 93, aged 94 years)

Mrs. Anderson's late husband worked in the Government Printing Office in Port Moresby pre-war and retired in 1941 after 18½ years in Papua. He died in 1974.

She became a member of the Association in 1985 and lived at Balgowlah NSW until her death. She is survived by a son but have no further details.

Archbishop Sir Virgil COPAS, MSC (3 October 93, aged 78 years)

Please refer article on page 9.

Mr. Arthur Henry HILL (21 September 93, aged 82 years)

Arthur joined the PNG Public Health Department in 1947 as Senior Pharmacist and was Superintendent Pharmaceutical Services when he retired to Queensland in 1966.

Father Alan John CRUICKSHANK (25 March 90, aged 74 years)

Alan worked for a number of years as a Principal Training Officer with the PNG Department of Trade and Industry and during this period was very much liked by his PNG students and white colleagues.

In the 1960's he was accepted for training as a Catholic Priest and undertook this training at the Beda College in Rome.

Later, Father Cruickshank was stationed in Port Moresby for a time and then Darwin where he was Procurator to the Bishop. His subsequent whereabouts are unknown but it is believed that when he died he was in a home for Catholic Priests in Victoria.

Mr. Robert Charles (Bob) DONALD (24 June 93)

Bob spent his entire working life as an employee of Burns Philp (N.G.) Co. Ltd., firstly as a B.4 and then again after World War II in Samarai, Madang and Port Moresby until his departure from PNG in 1970.

Bob is survived by his wife Dulcie.

Mrs. Patricia TRINICK, OAM (1 October 93)

Patti, wife of Mike and true friend of many, passed away after long years of suffering with M/S.

She was an Educational Psychologist with the PNG Department of Education and United Nations and Mike was in the Chemistry Section of the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries.

Patti never complained and was always concerned about others being awarded the OAM for her work for the disabled.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER *

A small boy knelt by his bedside,
Saying his evening prayer:
'God bless Mummy and Daddy
And give them some extra care.

God bless uncles and aunties,
And all my dearest friends;
I know on Your gentle protection
Their happiness depends.

When You go on Your rounds each day,
As You're crossing the road, look out:
If anything happens to You, dear Lord,
We'll all be up the spout.'

* From "The Best of Mick Mayoh"

BLOW THE CANTEEN!

by Geoff Baskett

One dark and very wet night during the war, when most of Milne Bay's annual rainfall of nearly 175 inches seemed to be bucketing down on our tents, there was the deep boom of a land mine followed by bursts of machine-gun and small-arms fire, and word spread that the Japanese had broken through our perimeter. Though we did not know it at the time, the word also went through the camps in the Giligili area, "Blow the Canteen to stop the Japs getting the stores!" This was a desperate measure from the point of view of the troops because all the cartons of beer and cigarettes were stored in the Canteen and to deprive the Australian troops of their beer and smokes was a major disaster!

It had earlier been decided that if ever the Japanese did break through, the canteen should be blown up as it was known that when Japanese got drunk, they got VERY drunk and there would be no holding them if they broached the beer in the canteen. (One never knows on what authority these gems of wisdom are passed on; it is just one of those things that everyone takes for granted!). Of course, there was probably also the feeling that if the Australians were not going to drink the beer because of a break through, then they wanted to make sure that no one else would have the chance of drinking it! The canteen was suitably decorated with several land-mines to make sure that if the worst came to the worst, disaster would be assured....

Anyway, the word went round to set the land-mines off, and the wet and slushy darkness was split by terrifying detonations as the canteen blasted into space. In due course the noise died down and peace reigned once again, though the troops had to stand by until dawn, most of them huddled behind coconut palm trunks, trying to dodge the cold and soaking rain. It was presumed that the Japanese had withdrawn under cover of darkness....

The next morning the truth leaked out, the Japanese had been nowhere near the precious perimeter, but a cow had been there instead! There were a number of cattle straying around the old Giligili plantation, and evidently one of them had stepped on a land mine. The resulting explosion made some "trigger-happy" troops open up on the scene with machine-guns and everyone joined in with every available weapon; and the canteen had been blown in the resulting confusion. That was the Bad News!

The Good News was that only half the canteen had disappeared. The other half was still lying there open to all comers, with cigarettes, chocolate, cartons of beer and other "goodies" in dire peril of getting spoiled by the rain. This, of course, was a fate that no good Australian could allow and the troops rose nobly to the challenge and liberated everything they could lay hands on.

I was walking through Giligili that morning and needing a lift, I stopped an on-coming truck with several men standing on the back. All of them had bottles of beer stuffed down the front of their shirts, and as they drove along the road, they threw bottles to their mates. I'm sure no weapon or other piece of military equipment was handled so carefully, or cared for so lovingly, as those bottles which sailed through the air toward the open hands of those who just "happened" to be there.

As I climbed into the cab beside the driver, I couldn't see his feet. They were completely buried beneath bottles of beer! How he located the clutch and the brake among all the bottles, I'll never know, but he managed all right. I, being an exalted Warrant Officer, had "no idea" that there was any beer on the truck and, after that first startled glance, kept my

(Continued page 29)

BLOW THE CANTEEN (Continued)

eyes steadily on the passing jungle - naturally on the look-out for possible snipers....oh yeah?!

It was a great night, and one that has gone down into history: the night the cow trod on the land-mine and caused the Canteen to go sky-high! I wonder if anyone has ever written a ballad about it? I'm sure Slim Dusty (the famous Australian "country" singer) would reap a harvest from it over the radio if he put it to music!

(The above is an extract from Geoff's autobiography, titled *Islands and Mountains*. Ed.)

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MR. J.B. BATTERSBY	189 LEE POINT ROAD	WANGURI	N T 0810
MR. N.J. CAMPS	3 FYFES ROAD	GILSTON	QLD 4211
MR. N.J. CAVANAGH	191 COES CREEK ROAD	NAMBOUR	QLD 4560
MRS.N. BARNE	BINNEGUI HOMESTEAD	BINIGUI	NSW 2394
MR. N. CLARK	1 MONUMENT STREET	RAVENSHOE	QLD 4872
MR. W.L. CONROY	16 PATRICK STREET	AVALLON BEACH	NSW 2107
MR. F.J. COOK	P O BOX 245	LAE	P N G
MRS.D.B. GRAY	4 ELIZABETH STREET	WAHROONGA	NSW 2076
MR. R.K. GREANEY	70 NORTH STREET	BRIEBIE ISLAND	QLD 4507
MR. G.P. HARDY	12 BAYVIEW TERRACE	WAVELL HEIGHTS	QLD 4019
MR. J.B. HOLMES	140 WARNEET ROAD,	WARNEET	VIC 3980
MR. F. HOMERLEIN	108 COONAN STREET	INDOOROOPIILLY	QLD 4065
MR. A.E. LEE	22 QUEEN STREET,	EDMONTON	QLD 4869
REV. K. MCCOLLIM	3 AMAROO STREET,	REID	ACT 2601
MR. H.S. PEGG	170 BURBONG STREET	CHAPEL HILL	QLD 4069
MRS.G.M. SMYTHE	1/24 KENVARRA CRESCENT	JAN JUC	VIC 3228
MRS.N. WHITELEY	42 GRANDVIEW DRIVE,	MR RIVERVIEW	NSW 2774
MR. M.J. WILSON	103 BOWMAN PARADE,	BARDON	QLD 4065

CHANGES OF ADDRESS: TO -

MR. G. COYNE	AIDAB (PHNOM PENH), GPO BOX 887	CANBERRA	ACT 2601
MRS.E. JOHNSTONE	FREEMASONS. 60 WAKEFIELD STREET	SANDGATE	QLD 4017
MRS.E. McADAM	36 HEDLEY AVENUE,	NUNDAH	QLD 4012
CAPT. G. O'DONOGHUE	296 WARRAGAL ROAD,	CHELTENHAM	VIC 3192

Correction:

MR. P.A. KELLY	1 SAVAGE STREET KALINGA	CHRISTCHURCH	8009 N Z
----------------	-------------------------	--------------	----------

A SAFE AND MOST ENJOYABLE HOLIDAY SEASON
AND ALL THE VERY BEST FOR 1994

Doug Parrish
Doug Parrish
Editor