



Una Voce News Letter

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No 1, 1999 - March

FIRSTLY, PLEASE RETRIEVE THE ENVELOPE THIS CAME IN, AND CHECK THE DATE ON THE BOTTOM RIGHT HAND CORNER OF THE LABEL. IF IT IS 1998, YOU ARE NOW UNFINANCIAL. (If you are unfinancial there should also be a 'RED' note in the newsletter to help jog your memory.) RENEWAL FORM IS ON P.19

SUBS ARE NOW \$10 P.A. AND WERE DUE ON 1 JANUARY 1999

We would be glad if you would forward your renewal as soon as possible.

Dear Member

The President and Committee would like to thank all those kind members who sent Seasons Greetings - this was much appreciated.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND LUNCHEON

**Our Annual General Meeting and Luncheon
will be held on Sunday 2 May 1999
at the Mandarin Club**

We need an attendance of 80 or more to make the luncheon viable, so do come if you can. There will be a raffle of a **CORDLESS PHONE**. Full details of the event are on pages 28-29. The AGM is a social function as well as a business meeting - the AGM itself is usually very brief. (Would senior or incapacitated members who would like to attend but have transport problems please contact our secretary, Joe Nitsche, or assistant secretary, Pamela Foley, whose phone numbers are listed above.)

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

HOW OUR NEWSLETTER GOT ITS NAME

Some members may be puzzled by the motto of our Association shown on the front page of our newsletter "Una Voce". It doesn't sound like Pidgin, nor Motu, nor English - in fact it is a Latin phrase. So why do we use it in 1999? It is based on the origin and history of the Association. Some will remember - may even have been involved in - the very strong suspicions which existed between officers in the pre-war and separate services of Papua and New Guinea. This feeling was still very much alive after the war and was continued to an extent even after we became joined as the Territory of Papua New Guinea.

In 1952 representatives of each service got together to discuss the Commonwealth's intentions about superannuation for the new combined public service and also the old super. systems which had applied to each service and whose provisions were different. They soon realised that arguing with the Commonwealth separately would not achieve much and so joined together to speak as one - and thus was born "Una Voce", meaning 'One Voice'. This was also the beginning of our Association. Incidentally our first newsletter was a one-pager, so when you compare it with our present *Una Voce* you can appreciate what has gone into its production over the years, during which time as far as I know we have had only five secretary/editors or editors. ☐ Freddie Kaad

MEMORIES OF THE PAST

(This was published a year ago, but is still relevant.)

The PNG experience has had an important impact on the lives of those of us who lived and worked in various capacities in Papua New Guinea during the last 60 years or so. Whether our stay was long or short our lives in PNG were often interesting, uplifting and exciting. Our intimate knowledge of the country and the close relationship we developed with the people of PNG on the way to and even through Independence was a rewarding and unforgettable experience for all of us.

Much has been written on PNG in recent years but there are many gaps that have not yet been filled. The ROAPNG committee knows that the day-to-day experiences of a large number of our members over many years tell much about the nation building experience that has not been published.

Once again we encourage our members to record their PNG experiences. Write them for your children and grandchildren, keep them in a safe place and make sure they are not destroyed (please remember to date all material - photos should have the date on the back, and a brief description). Let us know if you have done this and we will maintain a record of the writers, custodians and locations of such documents in ROAPNG records.

Una Voce will continue to publish any writings by members as a priority. As the newsletter is small we cannot publish more than 4 to 5 pages per article in length in a single issue. However we can publish some longer contributions over two issues or more.

If you wish your writings to be archived at the University of Queensland write to Dr Peter Cahill, 7 Wynyard Street, Indooroopilly Qld 4068.

If you have written a book that you would like to see published let us know and we will assist you in making contact with a publisher. ☐ Paul Ryan

RE MEMBERSHIP LIST: The membership list is a service to members. It will be printed in the June issue of *Una Voce* - if anyone does not want his/her name and address to be included on this list, please let us know.

NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES - ANGAU ASSOCIATION - ANZAC DAY MARCH

This Association marches every Anzac Day in Sydney. After the march they have a reunion and luncheon at the War Memorial Club, Kensington. Some members cannot march so they join the marchers at the Club. Wives and other family members are invited to the luncheon - this enables wives to meet at least once each year. The march will be on Sunday 25 April, forming up outside 70 Hunter St, near Castlereagh Street, at 0845 hrs. Ex PNGVR members, and any members who have not joined before, are especially welcome. The lunch at the Kensington War Memorial Club is at 1200 hrs - the Club is in Goodwood St, Kensington. For further details pls. ring Adrian Leyden (02) 9477 3795

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Harry LAURENS now of Westlake Qld has recently had open heart surgery. He says, "Feel good now, especially looking forward to moving into the new house." (at 41 Tennent St, Westlake QLD). Harry came to Australia from Manila in January 1946 after 3½ years as a POW. He has been an aircraft pilot (at one time flying DC3s and Catalinas between Australia and the Dutch East Indies), an engineer and a draftsman. In PNG he was employed by Posts and Telegraphs on sub. installations. Then he was asked to work in the drawing office - and worked himself up to become a draftsman. After completing an appropriate course of study he became their chief draftsman. In 1973, health problems (an outcome of the war) forced him to retire. He said one day he might write a book and call it "The 2/- Migrant".

We had a long letter from M. F. CICHOCKI of Northmead NSW. Frank was a surveyor, first in Popondetta for several years and then in and around Port Moresby for the next 20 years. After returning to Australia in 1978 he worked with a Sydney survey company for 15 years. He said he has good memories of his 25 years in PNG and considers himself to be lucky. Frank included some information on George Baker, the first British High Commissioner to PNG at Independence (p.42), and an elaboration of the term 'customary land' (p.30). He sent two other interesting items which will be printed

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in a later issue.

Leo BUTLER of Moama NSW wrote that he recently visited **Leo and Flora BOWMAN** in Melbourne and on a trip to Adelaide and Perth caught up with **Bob and Joy MINNICAN** in Adelaide (formerly Mobil and Comworks) as well as **Claude and June TRUBERT** in Perth (formerly Mobil, Madang and Lae). Leo's early years in PNG were as auditor for the old Vacuum Oil (Voco) and Mobil companies over the period 1949-54. He said many pleasant times were spent at the main office in Lae and also visiting Port Moresby, Madang, Wewak, Goroka and Rabaul. He later returned to Lae in 1958-64 as Sales Manager covering mainly New Guinea, with many visits to Madang, Wewak, Goroka, Mt Hagen and Wau/Bulolo. He wrote, "Life in PNG has evidently changed dramatically but I always remember with pride the safe, interesting and enjoyable times spent with wonderful people in those earlier years."

From **Deryck THOMPSON** of Machans Beach via Cairns Qld: "Recently, my wife Dymrna and I shared a very pleasant dinner with **Dr Klaus ZWANZGER** and **John (Jack) SWEENEY**. Dymrna and I had worked with Klaus at Menyamya from 1980 to 1984. Klaus departed PNG in 1991 and after contracts in Cambodia and Zambia is now back at Menyamya working with the Anga Development Authority which he originally set up in 1980. **Jack Sweeney** was a well-known trader on the Fly River for many years and used to bring vast quantities of vital bottled supplies up to Lake Murray for **Geoff Smith** and myself. In 1973 I asked Jack to ship some artifacts to Australia for me. Jack took them down to Daru and packed them up and sent the box off, via Thursday Island, and it was not until 1977 that I finally caught up with the box in Melbourne. Upon opening the box, I discovered that there had been a mix-up and that in fact it did not contain my stuff but a collection of commercial artifacts. By this time Jack and I had lost contact as he had departed PNG, so I left it at that. Last year, I ran into Jack here in Cairns - 25 years after we had last seen each other- and we had a good yarn about the days of yore. The mix-up with the boxes came up and Jack told me that when he discovered several years later that there had been a mix-up he put my box aside in Brisbane and that he still had it in storage under his house there. Jack is going to freight the box up to me this month and the unpacking of it will no doubt trigger a few memories of my days in Western District in the early seventies."

Allan BOAG of Palmwoods Qld wrote saying that it is nearly 40 years since they called it a day. He said he looked forward to the news letter to keep them aware of those they met and forged lasting friendships with. Allan was in many parts of PNG between 1948 and 1960 and was District Agricultural Officer in Madang and Bougainville.

Dame Rachel CLELAND is heading a campaign in Western Australia to stop the clearfelling of ancient forests. Supporting her are numerous well-known people - people such as **Shirley de la Hunty** (former Olympic gold medallist), **Liz Davenport** (ladies' fashions), **Mick Malthouse** (coach of West Coast Eagles) and leading doctors. Dame Rachel is the wife of the late **Sir Donald Cleland**, Administrator of PNG for 27 years. Before the PNG appointment, the Clelands helped the late **Sir Robert Menzies** found the Liberal Party; they were always staunch Liberal supporters. Now, however, Dame Rachel has issued a warning that the WA Premier, **Richard Court**, could face political oblivion if he ignores the protests. She has sent questionnaires to over 300 WA tourist operators, visiting many of them herself, and is using the data to lobby politicians, pointing out the benefits of tourism to the State. Dame Rachel is not fazed at the prospect of the WA timber industry pressuring the Government to act in its favour. She said, "It is quite simple really. Do they want to remain in government - or do they want to risk losing their most faithful supporters?"

From *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 2 March 1999.

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY: Jim Toner writes, "There was a fair amount of cricket being played in the PNG centres in the sixties and when discussing this with John Rudd he mentioned one occasion when the West Indies were enticed to come and play a game in Moresby. He remembered that young **Charlie HARRISON** had bowled Conrad Hunte (batting average 45 from 44 tests) for a duck. We both had to laugh when it was recalled that the umpire who raised his finger for LBW was **Charles HARRISON SNR**. However, as with anyone who knew him, we gave no credence to the possibility of a shonky decision coming from the gentlemanly wantok whose obituary sadly appeared in the December issue.

The high forehead, to put it kindly, of **Kevan GOSPER** has been reflecting from our TV screens many times of late. He is the senior Australian representative on the International Olympic Committee, a body now much in the news for the wrong reasons. Some readers will be unaware that he is also a qualified wantok.

Having watched Kevan in 1956 get a silver medal at the Melbourne Games (in the 4 x 400m relay, Australia conceding victory only to the USA quartet) I was pleased to see him striding a demonstration quarter-mile around Queen Elizabeth Park, Rabaul in 1961. He had been posted there for a couple of years by Shell as a junior manager, since which he has risen to the top of that company's tree.

I had wrongly formed the view that Papua New Guineans while willing to participate in team games would shun the lonely disciplines of athletics. Not so; the energy of the late Don Barrett coupled with the enthusiasm of Gosper who had captained the Australian team at the Rome Games of 1960 kick-started a strong local competition, the holding of Territory championships, and the despatch of many young athletes to the South Pacific Games.

PNG sent a team to the Commonwealth Games for the first time in 1962 and Kevan Gosper's advice to those travelling to Perth was invaluable. He will need to call on all his experience and diplomacy to solve current problems in the run-up to the Sydney Games of 2000.

'Following in his father's footsteps' is a grand old tradition which did not exclude kiaps. **Anthony BUNTING** was in the service with his father **Bob** (who passed away last month), **Peter FOLDI** was a PO when his father **J R FOLDI** was a DC, and **J H JONES**, former Director, Dept of Native Affairs, had two sons, **Dennis** and **Ken**, both kiaps.

However, the winds of change in PNG prevented younger boys from taking up cadetships, and some of them took to the air, specifically the RAAF. Group Captain **James COLE AM**, son of **Bob COLE**, is currently on the Staff Course at the Defence College, no doubt destined for higher things. Our recently joined member, **Brian McBRIDE**, has a son similarly named who is a Squadron Leader, also at Canberra. **Brian Jnr.** had a Conspicuous Service Medal hung on his chest in 1995 and has just returned from the US having obtained a M.Sc. degree in only 11 months. Still in the US is **Vin SMITH**'s son, **Michael**. He is a Wing Commander posted as Defence Liaison Officer at our Embassy in Washington.

Whilst these three may once have contemplated taking up their fathers' career they will certainly have found Flight Pay quite an improvement on Boot Allowance.

PNG NEWS: BURNS PEAK ROAD PROJECT, NOW POREPORA FREEWAY

The Burns Peak Road Project in Port Moresby has been completed - the new road has been named the Poreporena Freeway. Reclamation work near the Port Moresby Yacht Club, using fill from the road construction, has been completed and a large marina and commercial complex is being built on the site. The development will include Papua New Guinea's first commercial cold store tuna export facility, warehouses and ships'

chandlery, a large supermarket, 38 town houses, a bank and other offices, service stations, three high-rise apartments and a hotel. It is hoped that the cold store will provide an outlet for local fishermen, and encourage the export of PNG seafood.

From The Townsville Bulletin, 16 Sept 1998, sent to us by Gerry Newton of Townsville.

PNG'S ERSTWHILE 'LEAST DEVELOPED PROVINCE': John Howard of Stanmore NSW sent an article from the *Post Courier* of 26-12-98 giving details of the educational qualifications and experience of prominent people of the Southern Highlands District. He wrote, "This might be of interest to people who worked in Southern Highlands - David Marsh, Des Clancy etc. I can remember when a House of Assembly Southern Highlands member had to hire his own interpreter because he couldn't speak Motu or Pidgin."

The provincial governor, Anderson Agiru, has an MBA from the Univ. of New England, Roy Yaki, MP for Ialibu-Pangia, holds a law degree from UPNG, Peter Peipul, MP for Imbonggu, has an MA from a British university, Herowa Agiwa, MP for Koroba-Kopiago, has an MA degree from Flinders Univ, SA, Philemon Embel, MP for Nipa-Kutubu, holds a law degree from UPNG, Alfred Kaiabe, MP for Komo-Margarima, holds a law degree from UPNG, Tom Tomiape, MP for Tari-Pori, is an accounting graduate from PNG Univ of Technology, Michael Nali, MP for Mendi and leader of the People's Progress Party has technical qualifications and worked for OK Tedi Mining as a fitter before entering politics in 1992, (The Kagua-Erave seat is vacant after a court of disputed returns unseated the then MP, David Basua, a high school teacher.) The article said that the present MPs, while still representing their electorates, are co-operating in the Parliament for the good of the District as a whole, instead of being preoccupied with parochial concerns as in the past.

A SUCCESS STORY: The *Post Courier* of 4-1-99 tells the success story of Akapite Wamiri, from Kabiufa village, Eastern Highlands. He enrolled at the local Seventh Day Adventist school in 1950 at the age of 12. Six years later he and eight other boys walked to Lae (an eight-day journey) to find work in order to earn the Grade 6 entry fee. In Lae he worked for 1/- a day doing odd jobs with an expatriate, and did extra work at weekends. After saving the required £5 he went back to school. To meet his Grade 8 fees, he took a year off to do carpentry work in Madang, earned £200 which he banked, and then returned to school. He became a teacher, but had ambitions to become a businessman. He saved hard, did more odd jobs on holidays and weekends, and in 1970, with his savings of \$1,800, bought a second-hand land cruiser and began driving passengers around Goroka. His business grew and he started a cargo service between the coast and the Highlands. In 1974 he began negotiations to buy the coffee plantation *Mountainvale* which had been started by George Greathead. With a deposit of K50,000, and the support of the new national government and Greathead's son and heir who wanted to see the land go back to the Kabiufa people, he was able to purchase the property by taking out a loan from Westpac Goroka. The plantation flourished and he was able to pay off the loan early. He enjoyed good relations with the banks, especially Westpac. His assets grew and he undertook a number of different investments eg real estate, a hotel, a cattle ranch, a sugar plantation, and land in Brisbane. However he said his major properties are located in Goroka township. He was awarded the "1993 Entrepreneur of the Year" award and has just received a knighthood in the New Year's Honours for services to commerce and industry.

The *Post Courier* states that Sir Akapite's company KM KAPITAL Merchants Ltd is believed to own assets worth some millions of kina - a remarkable increase considering the cost of his first investment, the land cruiser he bought in 1970 for \$1,800.

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THE KUKUKUKU by Chips Mackellar

J K McCarthy in his *Patrol into Yesterday* stated that "the Kukukuku tribes had a deserved reputation as the most bloodthirsty and vicious in New Guinea." And this description of them was still valid when I lived among the Kukukuku in the early 1970's. Sinclair in *The Outside Man* said the Kukukuku "roamed a vast domain of windswept mountains and open grass valleys from the Papuan Gulf to the Morobe gold fields, so totally dreaded by their neighbours, that the very appearance of a raiding party of the little men.... was sufficient to panic entire districts." And he was right.

In the centre of the heartland of Kukukuku country, was the Government station of Menyamy. The station straddled the hub of a four spoked wheel, a crossroads for pedestrian traffic spilling out of each of four river valley systems which converged there, on the grassy river flats. It was the frontier of four traditionally hostile groups; a place of suspicion, where tempers flared, and people clashed in periodic outbursts of violence. And although not one Kukukuku ever attacked any of my patrols or ever raised a finger in anger against me, they treated each other with the utmost savagery and brutality.

The Kukukuku had the most amazing value system. For although life to them was cheap, property was sacred. For example, one brother might kill another over a simple dispute relating to which of them should go and fetch the firewood. Yet, at the same time that this dispute was in progress there would be stacked along the road beside their house, a heap of government shovels, picks, axes and other road making equipment which neither of them would ever dream of stealing. In fact, the Kukukuku often left their own personal items of value beside a road for safe keeping. The theory was that as it was a Government road, nobody would steal from the Government, so the safest place to leave anything of value was beside a road.

In fact, at one time, the lock on the Government store broke, and I never got around to replacing it for about six months. In the meantime, the door banged open and shut in the high winds of Menyamy, revealing all our prison rations and road tools and a hundred other items of value. The Kukukuku could have crept into the store one night and stolen the lot, yet nothing was ever taken. Finally I was goaded into fixing the lock because I thought the auditors might have taken a dim view of my unsecured assets.

But like charity, which begins at home, so does violence among the Kukukuku. A Kukukuku girl tempts fate, simply by getting married, and doubly tempts it if she becomes a co-wife. The probability of a Kukukuku girl passing through life without ever being stabbed, beaten or grievously injured, either by a co-wife, somebody else's wife, or her own husband, is nil. There is no chivalry among the Kukukuku.

So if they did this to their own loved ones, in their own families, you can imagine how they treated strangers. Violence to the Kukukuku was part of life.

Menyamya was the only station I was ever on where the police were relatively ineffective outside the station boundaries. They were terrified of the Kukukuku, and for good reason. The Kukukuku tactics of surprise, ambush, and arson were easy for the Kukukuku to arrange, and almost impossible for the police to prevent.

Even when pursued, the Kukukuku could easily evade the police by bounding up and down the grassy slopes like mountain goats, and they could hide in their mountain grasslands simply by curling up inside their bark cloaks, like a turtle. In totally open country, with no trees around for miles, half a dozen Kukukuku could be huddled in their bark cloaks nearby, and you would never know.

Unless you were also a Kukukuku, that is, and I very soon learned how to administer law and order in the high grasslands of Menyamya. Working on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, I achieved some remarkable results. On one occasion the police in Lae were searching for a particular Kukukuku wanted for a brutal murder there. He fled back to Menyamya, thinking that in the remote wilderness which he called home, he would be safe from arrest.

And he would have been, if I had used traditional police methods to search for him, because he simply would have outsmarted us, and outmanoeuvred us.

So I called in one of the Tultuls and asked him did he know this man. Yes, said the Tultul, but nobody knows where he is. I opened the safe and put \$20 on my desk.

"You can have that, if you bring him to me." I said.

"OK," he said, "We'll go and kill him, and bring him back here tomorrow." He said it without hesitation, believing that I was sending him out on a typical Kukukuku raid which, according to their custom, only had one intended consequence, and that was the death of the person sought.

"No," I said, "If you bring him back dead, I won't pay. You must bring him in alive, totally unharmed." The Tultul looked at me as if I had gone insane.

"Alive?" he queried, "Why? It's easier to bring him back dead."

"I know it is," I said patiently, "just take him prisoner."

"Prisoner?" the Tultul asked, unable to believe his ears, "We don't take prisoners, Kiap. You know that. We kill our enemies."

"I know that," I said, trying to reason with his Kukukuku logic. "But he is not your enemy or my enemy. He is wanted by the police in Lae, and we need to deliver him there alive."

"OK, Kiap," the Tultul said, with total disbelief in the strange ways of the Government, "We'll bring him in alive."

And they did.

And he was not the only Kukukuku I paid to keep alive. During the national elections, we had to take photographs of our candidates, so that they would be easily recognised by the voters. I sent word for all the candidates to come to Menyamya to be photographed, and they all came, except one. And as the deadline drew near for the printing of the ballot papers with the photographs thereon, the Chief Electoral Officer was frantic. He called me twice a day from Moresby, asking for the photograph of the last candidate.

Knowing this candidate must have received my urgent messages, I could not understand why he did not come to Menyamya for his photograph. At the same time, I was curious at the continual presence of six Kukukuku warriors observing the station from the height of a grassy knoll, across the river, beside the road to Wau. I did not see any connection until one day two of the warriors visited my office. They were fierce looking little men, grass skirted, bark cloaked, each with a bone through his nose and a stone club in his belt.

"We thought we better tell you, Kiap," one said, "you can stop waiting for that candidate, because he won't be coming in."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he stole my wife, and he knows I will kill him." And in a few quick words he told me that they had been staking out the entrance to the station, waiting for the candidate to come. But the candidate you see, who was also a Kukukuku, knew that they were waiting for him. So, for as long as they laid in wait for him, I would not get my photograph.

It was pointless trying to tell a Kukukuku not to kill anyone, on the grounds that murder is wrong, sinful, or unlawful. The missionaries had been doing that for years, with no success. For the Kukukuku, murder was an ordinary consequence of their ordinary violent life. But they would listen to reason.

"I can see we both have a problem," I told the warriors. "You want to kill him and I want to photograph him, and for as long as he knows you are waiting for him, he won't be either photographed or killed." They nodded in agreement. I tried my Kukukuku logic again by suggesting that we work together to solve this problem. But how can we solve it together they asked.

Simple, I said, if you go away long enough to let him come into the station, I will photograph him here, and you can kill him when he leaves. Good idea, they agreed, and they rejoined their comrades on the hill to convey this news.

Next day, the warriors were nowhere to be seen, and the frightened candidate scurried into Menyamya where I took his photograph, one day before the deadline.

The Chief Electoral Officer was relieved, and that drama was now over.

But of course I still had the other problem, of how to keep the candidate alive. The warriors were still out of sight but I knew they were lurking in the grass somewhere, just off the station, waiting for the candidate to leave. The candidate of course also knew that.

So I called him into my office and told him of the deal I had made with the warriors on the hill. He thanked me for helping him to have the photograph taken in time, then asked nervously how he could now leave the station alive. "We'll make another deal with them," I said.

I mounted my horse and rode off the station along the road to Wau. I stopped near the grassy knoll and waited...and waited...and waited. After I had been there about an hour, three Kukukuku heads popped up out of the grass nearby. "Well, Kiap," one said, "we heard you have taken the photograph. When will he be leaving the station?"

"I have another problem," I told them. "If you kill the candidate, it will annul the election in this electorate, and we will be forced to have a by-election for Menyamya after the main election has been finalised. Can we make some arrangement to let him live, at least until after the election?" They talked about this for a while in their own language, then suddenly, the aggrieved husband said, "Six dollars."

"Six dollars?" I confirmed, "to let him live until after the election?" And they nodded in agreement.

Don't laugh, because it was not funny. It was deadly serious. Remember that for the Kukukuku, life is cheap. So if they don't care about killing people, it is just as cheap for the Kukukuku to save a life as it is to take one.

I happened to have some money in my pocket at the time, and I counted out six dollars. Still astride my horse, I passed it over to the nearest warrior. Then it was their turn to have a problem. "We don't want *you* to pay, Kiap," they said, "we want *him* to pay."

"He will pay me," I said, "before he leaves the station." And he did.

And I watched from my office window, as he took the longest half mile walk in

his life, as he passed the grassy knoll where he knew that they were lurking. It was all part of their cunning strategy you see. He knew it would have been easy for them to kill him, and for him it would then have all been over quickly. But to let him live, was to let him suffer, for he would never know when that swift blow from the stone club would come. And for them, it was the best six dollars they ever had.

They let him live, long after the election, and years later in Port Moresby he thanked me for saving his life with six dollars. But even then, he was not to know in the windswept grasslands of Menyamya where his life was just as cheap as anyone else's, when death would come swiftly from a single blow of a Kukukuku stone club.

A Kukukuku stone club is one of my most cherished possessions, a souvenir of how cheap life there really was. I was sitting at my desk at Menyamya one day, looking out the window towards the Papuan border, when two Kukukuku warriors approached each other on the footpath outside my office. They were in traditional dress - bark cloak, grass skirt, and stone club. And as they passed each other on the footpath, one said something to the other, then, as quick as a flash, whipped out his stone club from his belt and smashed the other's skull like an eggshell.

As the dead man dropped to the footpath, police on duty at the office rushed at the assailant and arrested him. Moments later, they brought him into my office, together with the blood stained club.

With two Chimbu policemen towering above him, one on either side, each holding him by one arm, this fierce little man stared defiantly at me. No doubt he was taking comfort from the certain fact that if this incident had occurred off the station, no number of policemen ever would have caught him. For out there in his mountain domain he would have bounded up the slopes like a mountain goat, never to be seen again. But here, on the station, isolated from the protection of his windswept grasslands, he was powerless before the law. Powerless, but unafraid.

As there were so many witnesses to this incident, I did not bother to caution him. Instead, I only sought a reason.

"We all saw that," I said to the Kukukuku warrior, "why did you do it?"

"Well, Kiap," he said in Pidgin, in words to this effect "I don't really know him, but I said hello to him as he passed. When he didn't reply, I thought maybe he did not hear me, or maybe he did hear me but did not reply because he might belong to a clan which is a traditional enemy of mine. If that had been the case, he might have tried to kill me. So I killed him first."

"You mean you didn't know if he really would have killed you?" I asked.

"I didn't know," he said, "but I couldn't take the risk. So I killed him before he could have killed me."

You see, it was not a case of *kill or be killed*, it was a case of *kill lest you might be killed*. It was the Kukukuku basic philosophy of survival, and I had just witnessed life at the edge, Kukukuku style.

"You'll go to jail for this," I told him gently.

"I will," he agreed, "but I will live, and he has died, and it could have been the other way around."

And it could have been. But neither he, nor you and I will ever know, and for a Kukukuku, it doesn't matter anyway.

But in the land where life was cheap, property was sacred. That stone club of course became a court exhibit, and after the court was over, I wanted to keep it as a souvenir, but I did not want that Kukukuku to think that I had stolen his club. So the day before he was due to be taken to the Corrective Institution at Lae to serve out his sentence, I called him into my office and showed him the club.

"This is your club," I said to him, "and I should give it back to you when your sentence is finished. But I will be leaving Menyamya soon, on transfer to Wabag, and I won't be here when you come back. In any case," I added, "I would like to take your club with me, as a souvenir of Menyamya. If I can buy it, I will leave the money here in a bank account for you when you return. Will you sell it to me?"

"No," he said, and momentarily I was disappointed, until he continued, "I will give it to you, Kiap." And then he added, "you might need it some day."

And he was right, because it was that club which inspired this story.

And that club hangs on the wall beside me as I type this page, a lasting memory of the Kukukuku, and the windswept grasslands where they lived; where living was harsh, and life was cheap, in some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world.

COUNCILLOR MOLAI LIVES ON!

by Sam Vulum*

He may not have the powerful public oratory traits of Adolf Hitler of Germany and the charisma of the late King Hussein of Jordan to command respect and authority among his people, but whatever he had served him well for his purpose until his death in 1996. A simple pre-Independence village councillor, whose contributions may have never been worth a Queen's honour even if he was ever nominated, however, to his own people, he has a special place in their hearts. His leadership made a lot of difference in their lives.

Several years after his death, his name still lives on - a name popularly identified with what had been a very effective and successful system of rural-based government. It was a system where the authority was always seen to be in total control - a "kiap" (patrol officer) system which had unfortunately gone with him to his grave. There is no better award than the fact that his people still remember him as their longest-serving councillor and president of the then local government council.

The new local level government, introduced in 1996 under the provincial and local level government reforms, is a far cry from this old effective system. He was a pioneer leader of days long gone - the days of the colonial era characterised by popular Tok Pisin names like "mangi masta" (house boy), leba lain (labourers) and others were the jobs for the local boys. Molai, among few others, was able to hold much more important jobs. And he performed very well in this trying times.

Dennis Molai was his name. Physically, he had the build of a man which barely portrayed a tough character. However, Molai, whose speeches were marked with constantly moving hands and feet, could draw complete attention by using his only powerful weapon, his husky and sometimes near shrieking voice which he applied well. His other strengths were within him. The man, who only received a monthly allowance of some \$A25, was smart at his job and he performed it discreetly with flying colours.

His true colours were always on display during the regular patrols of the kiap to the three villages which Molai represented in the local government council. His outstanding performance was evident in the swift public responses and attendance of the meetings. He had no formal education because there were no schools then during his time as a kid. In fact he was responsible for establishing the first community schools in the area. Molai went as far as being able to read and write in Tok Pisin through a church's literacy program. This was sufficient to communicate with the kiaps and to conduct business during council meetings.

Of everything else, he knew exactly when a kiap was due for a visit. There was a familiar signal, the clanging of an empty container of a World War Two bomb which he hung outside his house to gather his people for meetings.

A week before the kiap's visit, Molai would be busy supervising his people in a

massive clean-up campaign on the village grounds. He would also ensure that all houses were properly maintained and each household should have a pit toilet and rubbish pit.

On the day of the visit, the village grounds were always spotlessly clean, with domestic animals, including pigs and dogs, either kept indoors or out of sight of the kiap. The people were also expected to be attired in their best clothes. The meeting would begin with a roll call, followed by a report from councillor Molai about issues affecting the welfare of his people. The kiap would then speak to the people about latest issues regarding the colonial administration.

The kiap system provided for an orderly allocation of each day of the week to specific activities and villagers were required to work according to the requirements. Monday was a government day where people were expected to work on their houses, pit toilets, rubbish pits and work around their houses. Government facilities and services like roads were also maintained on the day. Tuesday was devoted to gardening and other private activities. Wednesday was regarded as education day where parents were required to spend the entire day maintaining school facilities, including classrooms, teachers' houses and keeping the school grounds neat and tidy. Thursday was an agriculture day where the people were expected to work on their cash crops, mainly coconut plantations, and Friday was a rest day.

During each of the allocated days, Molai's younger brother and second in command, set out the day's work in early morning meetings. Jobs that needed community participation because of the extent of the work involved or because of time factor, would be allocated sufficient manpower. The jobs that were not completed would be attended to on the appropriate day of the following week. No-one complained because everyone was entitled to the same kind of service when the need arose. The system made people responsible and also saw the value of their contributions towards good community living.

Some time after Independence in 1975, Molai resigned as councillor. The Australian kiaps had also gone back home and were replaced by local district administrators under the provincial government system. Things started to crumble and disintegrate. Every new year saw a gradual slide for the worse and an eventual total collapse of what Molai had worked so hard to achieve.

Today, there is no longer any recognition and respect for one another and authority. Community participation was replaced by greed and selfishness and it's now every man for himself. Health preventative measures being introduced by the kiap system had also been forgotten. Household rubbish are deposited everywhere. People visit the bush when they feel like going to the toilet because there are no toilets. Domesticated animals, pigs in particular, roam freely in the villages, leaving behind their droppings everywhere. Schools also plead in vain for help in maintaining their classrooms and teachers' houses. Government roads look like bush tracks with no-one keeping the grass low, and coconut plantations have been overgrown with natural vegetation.

First published in the *Post-Courier* of 19 February 1999.

* *Sam Vulum is a journalist with the Post-Courier. He is from West New Britain.*

HELP WANTED: Jim SINCLAIR wrote, "I have been commissioned to research and write a history of Surveying in PNG from the earliest days to the present, although the post-Independence period will be covered in a general way only. The emphasis will be on the personalities involved in the surveying story. I will be covering the work of private as well as government surveyors, the border surveys, military surveying, miners and oil exploration etc." If anyone would like to help Jim, please contact him at 5 Yoomba Cr scent, Alexandra Headland, Qld 4572. Tel/Fax 07 5443 6597

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**EYE TO EYE - EXHIBITION OF WORK OF
F E WILLIAMS, GOVERNMENT ANTHROPOLOGIST, PAPUA, 1922-1943
at the Australian Museum, College St, Sydney, 12 Mar to 20 June 1999**

The above exhibition is coming to Sydney at the conclusion of its Canberra showing. The exhibition was assembled by the National Archives of Australia which holds about 800 negatives taken by Williams in Papua from 1922-1937.

The following notes are from the National Archives' leaflet on the exhibition, sent to us by Bob Piper:

Francis Edgar Williams devoted almost half his life to Papua. He admired and liked the people and their cultures, and he defended them fearlessly against ignorant and prejudiced Europeans. On 12 May 1943, Williams was killed instantly when the plane in which he was travelling crashed into a mountainside in the Owen Stanley Range. He was 50 years old. A graduate of the University of Adelaide, he was a brilliant classics student, a Rhodes Scholar and an outstanding athlete. After service in World War I he studied anthropology at Oxford and in 1922 he became assistant Government Anthropologist in Papua. In 1928 he was promoted to Government Anthropologist. In the 1930s he received numerous awards from renowned institutions.

An outspoken man, Williams detested affectation... His field notes reveal a meticulous observer, a dry humorist, a man with a deep respect and affection for Papuan people and their traditional culture. He illustrated his notes with many detailed drawings of objects that interested him. He also took hundreds of photographs which form the basis of this exhibition. Williams spent more time doing anthropological research in Papua than anyone before or since. His observations of the people of the Purari Delta, the Gulf Coast, Lake Kutubu and the Orokaiva are now priceless. He visited them before and during a time of significant change, and he recorded the course and impact of that change.

The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, claimed to want the advice of the Government Anthropologist in guiding reforms to indigenous cultures. But for 22 years he ignored and resented almost all Williams' recommendations.

"The great value of anthropology for administrators of native races is that it teaches them that their culture is not the only one of value; it broadens the mind, roots out prejudice and the evil of national arrogance." - F E Williams, Address to the Royal Australian Anthropological Society in Adelaide, 1930.

"Anthropology is a useful aid to native administration ... But administration is itself too lofty and too dignified a science to be dragged at the chariot wheels of any other, no matter how interesting." - J H P Murray, letter to the Prime Minister, 17-12-1930.

Many of Williams' photographs are close-ups. The atmosphere is natural, even relaxed. ...his portrait of Papua was a deeply-felt memorial to the place and its peoples.

THE RABAU ERUPTION OF 1937 - ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE

by Mr George Clarke, General Manager of Burns Philp Rabaul for many years

(This recollection was probably written 23 years after the eruption. Mr Clarke's daughter Mrs Vianne Cragg sent it to the Kundu News.)

No doubt on the 23rd Anniversary of Rabaul's spectacular eruption, the New Guinea Club held its Frangipanni Ball and the words of Rabaul's post-eruption song "The Frangipanni Blooms Again", composed by Carpenter's Greg, Kent and others, were sung once more.

As there are few now left in the Territory of the branch staff at Rabaul on the date of the eruption, readers may be interested in some of my recollections and experiences from the grandstand seat. I was then Bursar of the old *Montoro*, a good, solid, steady coal-burning chugger of 11 knots in favourable weather. Once she had been the premier ship on the Territory run, but by 1937 the *Macdhui* had long since taken pride of place - but when the eruption was over the *Montoro* was the most loved ship trading to Rabaul.

We sailed from Kavieng on Saturday 29 May 1937 in the early afternoon, for Salamaua, after having been at Rabaul on the previous day, where life had been normal and serene. Sleep was a rationed commodity for pursers whilst working around the New Guinea ports. I had retired at about 11pm feeling rather tired and was a trifle shocked to be awakened by Captain W Michie (later killed in the *Neptuna* at Darwin) shortly before midnight. Captain Michie, a slow spoken gentleman of invariable calm and even, pleasant temperament, was his usual self, and when I was sufficiently awake to comprehend, said some words to the effect "the volcano at Rabaul has erupted and they want us to return there, so I want you to come and help me for a while". The Captain showed me a lengthy telegram just received from the Acting Administrator, the late Sir Beaumont Phillips, at Rabaul (the Mandated Territory capital was then Rabaul). The eruption had knocked out the Rabaul wireless station but communications had been established with the outside world by the Rabaul wireless personnel working the set aboard the American ship *Golden Bear* which had been loading copra at the company's wharf. The ship's wireless operator is said to have fallen into the harbour and drowned during the first hour or two of the eruption.

The telegram explained the general situation with the utmost clarity and finished with the request that *Montoro* return to Rabaul and stand by to generally assist and evacuate the population if found necessary. Captain Michie had, without hesitation, changed course for Rabaul within seconds of reading the message, and instructed the Chief Engineer to get every possible revolution out of the engines. The *Montoro* never throbbed as heartily in her life. It was calculated that we could not arrive off Rabaul before 1pm the following day and after consulting the Chief Officer, Captain Michie agreed that preparation for whatever we had to do at Rabaul could be left until daylight when no doubt we would get some more wireless instructions. Our thoughts at this stage were that if we had to evacuate Europeans it might be a case of proceeding to Cairns.

When the Captain had given his final instructions for the night, it was about 1am and the *Montoro* about 140 miles from Rabaul, and Vulcan had erupted at 4.30pm on the previous day. At this time we ran into the dust haze thrown up by the volcano and steamed through it until reaching Rabaul - which will convey the immensity of the first explosive eruption.

At daybreak the ship was grey with dust and, soon after, instructions were received by wireless to anchor off Nordup and evacuate the population, but we were not told to where. Thinking in terms of complete European and Asiatic population, we envisaged embarking at least 1,000 people, so stock was quickly taken of water and provisions aboard. Water was sufficient with rationing for drinking and cooking only, and there was

plenty of food in the cargo. A big order - for a ship with a crew of 80 and accommodation for 100 passengers at the most, and with half the cabins filled already. As the ships in those days carried their own stevedoring gangs around the Territory, we had about 150 locals aboard, including passengers.

After breakfast, preparation was commenced for the embarkation. All locals were moved to the 'tweendecks to leave the decks clear and every cabin and sleeping space was prepared for passengers. Every officer and sailor was given an appointed task on the ship anchoring. All lifeboats were lowered to the waterline ready for immediate releasing when the ship stopped, and cargo boats and pinnaces readied for immediate heaving out. (Within two minutes of the *Montoro* anchoring every boat was in the water and on the way ashore, towed by the pinnaces. Both gangways were lowered.)

Preparations were completed by mid morning and it was learned that the *Golden Bear* had got out of Rabaul and was commencing the evacuation at Nordup. She was only a cargo ship and had no launch so her work was slow. The volcanic dust had seized up the moving parts of the vessel's davits and it took her over an hour to get the lifeboats lowered, so by sunset on the Sunday this ship had had anything but a happy 24 hours.

It is as well to describe that the initial eruption was not from one of the old cones, as the crater, afterwards named Vulcan, was a flat piece of ground about six feet above sea level and known as Green Blend and used as the Rabaul Quarantine Station. After a series of earth tremors lasting about 24 hours the island burst asunder and erupted as a new virulent volcano. The wind was from the SE which carried the volcanic dust cloud over the town causing a complete blackout in a very short space of time, and covered the town to a depth of about 12 inches of ash and dust. The most violent phase, however, was over after about 12 hours although Vulcan continued to erupt in full blast for several days before beginning to diminish. This was the scene we were steaming towards on the Sunday morning and the Nordup anchorage was a safe distance from the volcano.

As the *Montoro* slowed down in the dust haze approaching Nordup we got a nasty shock. Matupi crater erupted with full violence in sympathy with Vulcan, and Matupi was only about one mile in a straight line from where we were lying! Matupi, however, did the Nordup beach no harm but we were anchoring right under the lee of the Mother - the maternal ancestor of them, so if the old lady blew her top whilst we were there, the *Montoro* would cop the lot. As my appointed task for the evacuation was beach master, I left the ship's gangway in a less happy frame of mind than usual.

The *Golden Bear* had picked up a large number of the Europeans including most of the women, and soon after we arrived took off for Kokopo. It was immediately learned that all we had to do was transport everyone to Kokopo, but we had not budgeted on picking up a large slice of the local population who were on the beach in some thousands, but we were asked to do so. The Europeans were quickly embarked and then the indigenes commenced. Apart from the locals, the only people left on the beach were then myself and Bill Dix (now Superintendent of Police at Port Moresby) and a dozen or so native constables. The BP labour line caused some trouble through claiming priority because the *Montoro* was a company vessel, and at one stage put on a demonstration and rushed the boats. However the vigorous but unconventional methods of the police restored order and the embarkation was completed by 5pm.

We had picked up every soul to be evacuated and I doubt if the *Montoro* could have embarked even a further 50. Every inch of space from stem to stern on the decks was packed tightly with dark humanity. As soon as the boats were hoisted, Captain Michie steamed seawards for the night, as it was then too late to make Kokopo anchorage before dark.

After dinner we discussed disembarkation arrangements for the morning and

Captain Michie explained that we would be standing by until further notice to assist as required and maintain wireless communication with the outside world. Various estimates were made of how many souls we had taken aboard and it was agreed that the figure would be 4,000/5,000 which meant well over 300 tons of humanity on the *Montoro's* decks.

Bert Rawnsby, now of Sydney office, shared my cabin, and we were all in bed early, but not for an uninterrupted night. About 2am a severe wind and rain squall struck the ship on her starboard side and I awakened with the *Montoro* keeling over to port. Jumping from my bunk, I landed fairly in the centre of a body, that had crept in after lights out. The scene on deck was bedlam. The locals on the starboard side were pressing to port so as to avoid the driving rain and the more they pressed the greater the list became, and a few Europeans awake were trying to drive them back to trim ship. Fortunately the native police aboard rallied magnificently and once understanding what was wanted, the excess weight on deck was again evenly distributed in a short space of time. The ship head was also brought into the wind promptly, but the few minutes over which this happened were as tense as any I have known.

We disembarked the locals at Kokopo immediately on anchoring, soon after 6am and most of the European males went too. The women we had picked up at Nordup mostly stayed aboard and for a day or two we were a floating boarding house and restaurant. However, with the rush and excitement over, we were able to watch the two volcanoes in full eruption, and because of the magnitude it was almost inconceivable that the population could have been evacuated with such scanty loss of life. As a spectacle the volcanoes were at their best at night. At two or three minute intervals each would erupt with a mighty blast shooting a molten and glowing stream over 1,000 feet into the air and as the thrust diminished red-hot boulders could be seen falling back into the crater. Each night whilst the volcanoes were in major eruption a terrific electric storm would develop over them between 8 and 10pm and produce the most vivid lightning display I have yet seen. At regular intervals between the eruptive blasts of the volcanoes a chain of lightning would strike downwards from high above them and at a distance of up to 10,000 feet divide into two forks each simultaneously penetrating the core of both craters. These storms when at their peak were an awesome sight.

We left Kokopo on the Wednesday following the eruption, to proceed on voyage, taking a number of the women evacuees with us, but in the meantime had been partly rationing all the evacuees from the Salamaua/Lae cargo. Contact had been regained with Rabaul and dry foodstuffs were being obtained to feed the population at Kokopo. Both freezers in Rabaul had been put out of action so we had been supplying fresh meat, vegetables, butter, etc, and other odds and ends as asked for, from the cargo. Our toughest assignment, however, was a plea for Lactogen on the Monday. With the Salamaua, Lae and Madang cargo still in the ship we expected to find a number of cases on the manifest, but there was NOT ONE for any of the three ports! The Lae manifest, however, disclosed a solitary case of Glaxo, a matter of 2 cubic feet amongst over 300 tons of cargo in the holds. We opened the first hold of Lae cargo and there perched right on top of the stow was our case of Glaxo. I'm sure that it must have been of immense benefit to some mothers at Kokopo, but they never knew the relief of a couple of officers and pursers in not having to spend a day in the holds turning over cargo in search of it.

The hero of the *Montoro* was Wireless Operator, Norm Odgers. He worked through continuously without sleep from the Saturday night until the Tuesday morning when relieved by shore personnel. A tribute to his service.

Over this period of trial and stress the operation of Rabaul Branch was a testimonial to its manager, the later Mr P Coote, and his staff. Although some of the

females were evacuated immediately by the *Montoro*, Mr Coote, on landing at Kokopo on Monday morning, got the Branch staff housed in some shape or form, no doubt by using the Kokopo residence and those at Kulon and Kenabot estates to the fullest advantage. By noon on the Tuesday, the Branch was functioning again as a unit, in the Kokopo Depot premises. Certainly rather cramped, but the Accountant had the nucleus of control on operations, Shipping Department were writing tickets for the *Montoro* and Merchandise were making up indents, selling from what stocks there were at Kokopo and planning the way of supplying from, and drawing on, Rabaul stocks. I fortunately had a good reserve of stationery aboard and was able to give the Branch sufficient to carry on until they could get supplies out from Rabaul. I do not think that today branches would relish the task of getting back into business after a major disaster in the space of time achieved by Rabaul in 1937, but nevertheless, what was done then should be easier to accomplish now. My last word - there were no resignations.

(Our thanks to *Kundu News*, the newsletter of the PNG Chinese Catholic Association of Australia, for permission to reprint this story.)

Rabaul Eruptions - some facts: First volcanic eruption in Rabaul area took place about 100,000 years ago. The eruption that created Rabaul Harbour happened 1400 years ago. Smaller eruptions have occurred since then, more recently Sulphur Creek in 1850, Vulcan and Tauruvur in 1878, Tauruvur and Vulcan in 1937-43 and Tauruvur and Vulcan in 1994. Chris McKee of the Rabaul Volcano Observatory said that the next eruption within the Rabaul caldera is predicted to take place in 50 years time. He said, "The sad reality is that the town which grew to become the capital of East New Britain is actually located within an active caldera or a large collapsed volcanic system." The attraction of the site was its deep-water harbour.

From *The National* 29 September 1998

PASIN BILONG KAMDA by Neville Threlfall

(Based on information found in the microfilmed papers of the late Gordon Thomas, held in the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau at the Australian National University, Canberra.)

Prior to the Second World War, a number of the small islands to the west and northwest of the Admiralty Islands were each occupied by a plantation, owned by one of the Big Two firms based in Rabaul, Burns Philp & Co or W R Carpenter & Co. From time to time each firm would send a ship to visit their plantations, landing the necessary supplies and picking up the copra. Between such visits, there was seldom any interruption to the isolation of such plantations.

In early 1944 a US destroyer carried out a reconnaissance of the small islands, looking for evidence of Japanese occupation; this was in preparation for the US Forces landing on Manus Island. Calling at one small island, where the plantation was owned by Carpenters, the landing party from the destroyer found that the Japanese had never visited the island (evidently considering it too insignificant). For over two years the Filipino overseer and his line of New Guinean workers had carried on making copra, not even knowing that there was a war on. They were wearing laplaps made of copra sacks, because their clothes had worn out; their diet was fish from the lagoon, and coconuts, as all other food had long been eaten. They were sleeping under trees, because after the copra sheds were full they stored the overflow in their living quarters.

Staggered to find that they did not know there was a war on, the officer of the landing party burst out, "But, man, when no Carpenters' ship came for all this time, surely you knew that something big must have happened!" The overseer shrugged his shoulders and replied simply, "*Pasin bilong Kamda*" (typical behaviour by Carpenters).

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APPENDIX 'B'

ROYAL PAPUA AND NEW GUINEA CONSTABULARY

No. 6096 Lance Corporal GONENE

An intelligent and energetic policeman. Performed his duties well on patrol and firmly controlled his command.

Lance Corporal GONENE and four police constables accompanied me on my first solo patrol into the MOI'AN area south of the Fly River, Kiunga Sub-district, Western Province between 8-12-52 and 24-12-52. He was a great asset to the patrol, being physically a commanding figure (1.9m tall) with a strong, affable personality.

There would not exist an ex-patrol officer who served in Papua New Guinea who had less than the highest regard for the men of the RPNGC who came under their command. GONENE stood out among those I knew.

The following is an account of an occurrence at Kiunga Patrol Post. It is quoted from my personal diary, verbatim. These several diary entries provide a preamble to it:

Friday 27/3/53	Corporal Gonene ill today with what looks mighty like measles...
Saturday 28/3/53	No parade today, Corporal being ill ...
Monday 30/3/53	...Corporal with measles momo kani - sore eyes and headache ...
Wednesday 1/4/53	...Corporal still isolated with measles ...
Thursday 2/4/53	Last night Corporal Gonene went berserk and broke out of isolation. The ghosts of his ancestors were trying to drag him into the bush and he wasn't having any. At his own request he had his legs and arms cuffed - treble. A guard of four police watched him today ...
Friday 3/4/53	...Gonene feeling okay but still handcuffed.
Thursday 9/4/53	...Gonene fully recovered from his bout

My account of the incidents reads: "1st April, 1953. Tonight at 8.30 I heard shouting but took little notice, it not being unduly unusual. Then at 9pm Guba came up with the news that Corporal Gonene was over at the hospital, talking about ghosts of his ancestors who were worrying him. The corporal had these last three or four days been isolated from all station personnel because he has measles. He's been living in the new house (the C.P.O.'s - mine) and has had his food taken up to him thrice a day. Tonight, he says, he heard a whisper (he described it as a quiet 'whoosh') and thought it was my cook-boy. When he called my cook by name there was no answer, but another 'whoosh'. He investigated and found no-one and nothing, but continued to hear these 'ghosts'. He wasn't afraid, but the ghosts entered his skin causing him to lose his senses and want to run away into the bush. The police quieted him down and at the corporal's request put three leg-irons and three handcuffs on his limbs. Const. Bero and Const. Erepa recalled how he went berserk at Rouku and ran away into the bush in the middle of the night. He was found quickly by the rest of the police. On that occasion he wasn't alone when he heard the ghosts. He was in the police barracks. Bero told me that he had managed to slip both leg-irons and handcuffs at Rouku, even though they were properly locked. It seems impossible, nevertheless all police rifles, bayonets, axes and knives were taken from the barracks in case he does break loose.* He is a huge size for a native (6'2" tall) and as strong as an ox. Oloware (Const.) says he has seen this kind of thing happen often among police, even at Sogeri training depot in Moresby."

"24th April, 1953. Gonene reported to me this morning with his body fairly alive

with anger, and a sadistic smile in his eyes. With determined actions he placed before me a foot-long piece of thin vine, quite old and weak, and said, 'There. That varo I found in Bero's box just now. And this piece (producing a 3-inch length of the same stuff) I found in my pillow slip this morning. What do you think of that!' Several weeks ago Bero had that same length of varo displayed to all in the police barracks, boasting that it is a poisonous thing that causes men to go out of their minds very readily - so Gonene related to me. He (Bero) boasted of having made 'puripuri' against three police at Lake Murray with the same plant, resulting in sickness in all three. (*Gajiga went off his head just after I left Lake Murray. He was sent down to Daru for observation*). He (Bero) displayed a leaf then, and boasted of its power to bring on swellings of the skin.

'This morning', Gonene continued, 'both Erepa and myself felt ill when we woke up. I stripped the sheets and pillow slip off my bed for the cook-boy to wash them and found this piece of varo between the slip and the pillow. It's the cause of my headache today and every other day this week. I then looked in Bero's box and found that long piece of varo. You can see by the cut how the two pieces belong to each other. Then I told Erepa to look in his pillow slip, and he found these leaves. These leaves are the same ones he showed us weeks ago - the same ones.'

The case against Bero is cut and dried, on this alone - that he was in possession of sorcery instruments or charms. The penalty is £3 or 6 months or both.

Gonene said when he was a boy his father taught him that particular varo was a poisonous thing and he was never to touch it. He knows it can cause men to swim into rivers where they drown, and it has caused many to beat up their wives for no reason at all." *End of personal diary account.* (The complaints against Constable Bero were investigated by the OIC of the station when he returned from patrol. No charges were laid.)

* Gonene ran amok with a machete before he was again 'arrested' by his police brothers at the hospital, where they leg-ironed and handcuffed him a second time.

HELP WANTED: Ikuyo Miyazaki of Kumamoto, Japan, is trying to contact Neville GOODE, who worked in Port Moresby in the late 1960s. Ikuyo has written to all the Goodes in the Canberra telephone book, and Christine Goode (who was in PNG in 1971-75, but does NOT know Neville Goode) has passed his request on to us. Ikuyo wrote: "I am looking for my best friend Neville Goode. He is 58 years old and worked for the Department of Agriculture in Port Moresby in 1968. We met in Tokyo in 1967. I have tried to ring several Mr Goode's phone numbers in New Guinea, but couldn't be connected at all. Australian High Commission in Port Moresby helps me ... Therefore, I have to look for his relatives in Canberra ... His father's name is George. If you have Neville's present address please tell me. Ikuyo Miyazaki, Address:

588 Sakanashi Ichinomiya, ASO KUMAMOTO JAPAN 869-2611

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Officers' Association of PNG Inc to end of December (please state year) at the
rate of \$10 per year (overseas members please add recommended postage - available from
the secretary). It is suggested that you renew for two or more years.
Enclosed is \$ Cheques to be made out to ROAPNG Inc. (Please do not use staples)
Return to: The Secretary, ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069

BRINGING TOGETHER EXPERT VOLUNTEERS AND THE BUSINESSES IN DEVELOPING COUNTRIES THAT NEED THEM:

The Australian Expert Service Overseas Program, known affectionately as AESOP, is the only non-government overseas aid organisation with an emphasis on the private sector and skills transfer through training and mentoring.

AESOP arranges assignments through which Australian volunteers assist in the development of indigenous skills and expertise. In 17 years AESOP has successfully completed 1700 projects in 23 countries in the Asia-Pacific Region, with more than 650 Australians having served as AESOP volunteers.

In particular, AESOP has been assisting the local communities of PNG since 1982, when a volunteer was sent on the first project for AESOP to the Arawa Town Authority on Bougainville Island. Since then AESOP has completed over 230 projects in PNG. In the last twelve months projects have included hospitality and horticultural training, vehicle maintenance and hospital administration. Many AESOP volunteers are people who are able to take extended periods of leave and others are retired. One such volunteer is ROAPNG member Ian McMahon of Warwick QLD who during his professional career worked in PNG and other islands in the Pacific.

The main criteria for selection as a volunteer are skills, expertise and experience along with the ability to impart information to others. Volunteers are people who share their skills, expertise and knowledge freely.

If you would like further information please contact the Australian Expert Service Overseas Program in Canberra on 02 6285 1686, via their Web site: <http://www.aesop.org.au>, or write to: AESOP, PO Box 25, Deakin West ACT 2600.

HELP WANTED: Since 1993, **Dr Jan SAAVE** has been involved, in a voluntary consultative capacity, with the Government of Papua New Guinea and the PNG Church Health Services. On 1 July 1996 he officially represented PNG in Moscow as a guest of the Russian Academy of Sciences, at the 150th birthday celebrations of Nikolai Miklouho-Maclay. Here he was asked to speak on PNG's main health, cultural, and economic issues. He was invited to return to the University of St Petersburg in 1998, which he did. It became obvious that an 'Information Unit on New Guinea (to include West Papua) and Melanesia' was needed there. Dr Saave is therefore collecting material to be sent to the St Petersburg University or State Library. If anyone is able to donate books, periodicals/journals or letters/diaries etc. they would be much appreciated.

In addition, Dr Saave is at present collating updated material on economic development, education, foreign aid and other relevant data on PNG and the Solomons. He would be grateful for any publications in Tok Pisin or Motu (as well as in any of the 837 PNG languages) such as Catholic or Methodist hymn books in Tolai (East New Britain Province). Please contact Dr Saave at: Health Aid for Melanesia, Box H191 Australia Square, Sydney NSW 1215. Ph 9428 1177, Fax 9427 9935

THE CORPSE THAT SAT UP AND SPOKE

by E A Sutherland Ross

In 1931 I was managing a very small copra plantation at Hisiu for the Misses A M and A H Gorse. I only had about twelve labourers. At this time a flu epidemic went through the Territory and many of the inhabitants died. All of my labourers were ill at one stage and my main duties were to save all from death if I could. I was doing fine until one day one of the labourers came over to the house and announced that Mika Era had died during the night.

I was only 17 at the time and this was really something that I did not know how to cope with. My father was managing Obu estate and that was only about ten miles away and connected to all the other plantations by a party telephone line. Father had about 150 labourers and most of them had the flu.

I decided to seek advice and phoned him. He advised me to make sure the labourer was dead and when I asked how I would do that he said, "Put your hand on his chest and see if he is breathing and feel his pulse and see if there is any pulse at all." I suggested that he might like to come over and give me a hand but his reply was, "No you can handle it. You have to get used to things like that."

I went over to the Boys House and it was dark inside, the only internal light was coming from the fire they were cooking some rice over. The house was the usual regulation house - about 30 feet long with two platforms one on either side of a passage, each platform being about four feet from the ground, and no windows so the only light was coming through the doors.

There was crying and wailing coming from the other inhabitants and I can tell you I did not like it at all. However I knew that in about half an hour the phone would ring and Father would want to know how I was progressing. I got up onto the platform and most reluctantly put my hand on the corpse's chest. He sat up and said in Motu, "Taubada, I am very sick". This was most unexpected and more in fear than anything else, I stepped back and fell into the passage hitting my head and other parts as well, and hotfooted it out of the house as fast as I could run.

With blood streaming down my face from the head wound and the rest of my body shaking uncontrollably, I called for the labourer who had reported Mika Era dead that morning. I asked him why he had said that Mika Era was dead, and he had the strangest excuse I have ever heard. He explained that it was Friday and he was going to die very soon and if we buried Mika on Saturday they could have a good cry and I would give them some rice and meat and then everything would be right for work on Monday. I really think that Mika lapsed into a coma during the night. However he did die later on that day and I gave them some rice and meat and everyone went back to work on Monday.

There was a sequel to this. About a week later I was loading copra onto a vessel that the Gorses owned and had returned to the shed for another load. I was standing with my back facing the gate and a voice behind me said, "Taubada, I would like to work here." I turned around and there stood the labourer that we had buried last Saturday. This was too much for this seventeen year old lad and I collapsed. The two labourers who were loading the truck with me also showed signs of disbelief and were making strange sounds through their teeth... For want of something better to do I asked the boy his name and he said Era Mika. He then added, "I have come to look after my brother's grave. He and I were born together" - identical twins...

I questioned him further and he said, "I was in the garden last Friday and just as the sun was going down I knew that my brother was dead. So I came from Orokola to see what had happened." Friday was the right day and 'just as the sun was going down' was

the right time. He repeated many times, to my questioning, that he did not hear about his brother from anyone, but he knew ... So I suppose as someone once said, 'Truth is stranger than fiction'. It was interesting to note that to get from Orokola to Hisiu on foot from the time he said he knew, until the time he spoke to me, would be just about right.

Giving twins the same name reversed, ie Mika Era - Era Mika, I was told was the normal thing for the Orokola people.

He made a very nice house over the grave and each night put food on it and during the night the village dogs came in and consumed it, but Era Mika believed that his brother had eaten it. Not very different from some other countries of the world, I would think.

SEE OVER PAGE FOR PHOTO OF -

WEDDING OF ROY SOWERBY & ELIZABETH KIERNAN, MADANG, 20-5-53

Photograph taken at The Residency, Madang. Wedding took place at St Francis Church, Modilon Road - where the fire station is. *Sent by Jean O'Rourke (Jean Lesmond) - captions written about 1988*

SEATED left to right: **Huntley CARPENTER**; **Norm WETTIG**; **Alroy (Roy) HANSEN**, Administration; **Jack O'BRIEN**, Murnass Plntn; **Hilary BATES**; **Tom BRIGGS**, Sawmill; **John BROWN**, Shell Oil Co; **Ken CAHILL**, Wagol Plntn; **Hec. LONGMORE**, Vacuum Oil Co; **Roy MCGREGOR**, Modilon Plntn etc; **Alan LESMOND**, engineering at Madang Slipways; **Jean LESMOND** (1960/remarried, now **Jean O'ROURKE**, office work at Madang Slipways/Modilon Motors/Madang Charters/Madang Hotel; **Ellie GRIEVE**, Madang Slipways - previously (1942) was Matron at Wau Hospital when the Japanese were coming over the old Bulldog trail, and Ray Parer was trying to fly people out of Wau at the same time that his wife was in hospital being delivered of twins; **Marie CATHCART**, nurse at Madang Hospital (the old army one that used to be on the point near Carpenters store); **Jack BURSTON**, Matupi Plntn; **Betty JONES**, nurse at Madang Hospital; **Thelma BURSTON**, wife of Jack

STANDING left to right: **Gordon CLARKE**, Administration; **Shirley O'BRIEN**, Murnass Plntn; **Pat. CAHILL**, Wagol Plntn; **Tom ELLIS**, patrol officer; **Lyle HANSEN**, wife of Roy in Administration; **Jill BACK** (back of her head), wife of Brian; **Brian BACK**, New Guinea Co (shipping); **Evie BROWN**, wife of John Brown at Shell Oil; **Nell CLARKE**, Catholic Mission at Alexishafen; **Vera DAGWELL**; **Dave ROBERTSON**, Madang Air Charters (pilot), and Modilon Motors; **Peggy RENDER**, wife of Tommy at ?New Guinea Co or Carpenters; **Freda ELLIS**, wife of Tom; **Roma BATES**, wife of the District Commissioner Charles Bates; **Bob BIRD**, manager Commonwealth Bank, later plantation manager ?Murnass; **Hilda FERGUSON**, worked at Carpenters, wife of Wally Ferguson, aero mechanic for Madang Air Charters/Modilon Motors; **Roy SOWERBY**, partner and carpenter at Madang Slipways; **Johnie O'DONNELL** (her face only); **Elizabeth SOWERBY**, née Kiernan, matron of Madang Hospital (at the point); **Mrs CHUGG**; **Charles BATES**, the District Commissioner; **Ron CHUGG**, Administration; **Bill CAHILL**, general manager of several plantations, ie Wagol, Mililat, Murnass - lived on Wagol (the island) where the Water Control Board is now (1988); **Cathy CAHILL**, wife of Bill; **Tom Warburton**, manager of Burns Philp store; **Doctor Fergus BROWN**; **Tom RENDER**, Peggy's husband; **Jean LONGMORE**, wife of Hec. at Vacuum Oil; **Moia Warburton**, wife of Tom; **Roy VICKERY** and his wife, from Dept of Agriculture; **Flo (Flora?) GILMORE**, who built the Hotel Madang (first one - about 1951-52); **Father Joe WOLOCHY**, Catholic Mission pilot, lived at the airstrip; **Father Johnny COLNIC**; **Dick MCGLYNN**, diver, engineer and partner at Madang Slipways; **Kath MCGLYNN**, wife of Dick; **Neil GRIEVE**, engineer and partner at Madang Slipways, husband of Ellie; **Phyl CLARKE** cut out at end of photo

ANOTHER CROCODILE STORY

The two articles in the March 1998 *Una Voce* by Chips Mackeller and Adrian Geyle brought back lots of memories for me. Chips and I were on the same Cadet intake, and Adrian was one of the last kiaps at Gaima (he mentions the impending transfer of the station to Balimo), and I was one of the early kiaps at Balimo.

When I first arrived at Balimo with wife Julie and 2 year old daughter Susan, there were many crocodiles and just as many crocodile stories related with bravado or humour or sadness by the Gogodala people. Several stories involved a huge old-man croc whose territory included the mouth of the Balimo lagoon (on which Balimo station was built). He'd been shot at with gun and arrow, trapped using the traditional pit method, and speared with wood and steel, but always got away and lived for another attack on pig, dog, wallaby or Gogodala.

Working in the office one day, I heard distant voices angrily rising, then falling like the sound of surf. I wasn't particularly worried in this very peaceful and friendly part of PNG, so stayed put. Suddenly two things happened at once - a police Constable came running to say I'd better come as the Balimo and Kewa people were about to fight - and a huge swell of angry voices and yells reached me as an update to the Constable's message. Between police, interpreters, PO (the late) Ian Gibbins and me, we got the squabbling villagers sitting down in two groups, hurling only insults, and were able to piece together the story.

The Kewa people, paddling down river in one of their long, graceful canoes, had spotted the old man croc sunning himself on the bank at the mouth of the Balimo lagoon. They were able to sneak up on him (maybe he was getting old) and get a very substantial barbed spear into him. He erupted into the water with the spear sticking out of his body. They didn't much like losing the spear, but accepted that it was gone for good and the croc would (as usual) live.

Several days later, a canoe-full of Balimo villagers, on their way out of Balimo lagoon, saw something unusual in a pool made shallow by the low water of the dry season. With great excitement, they found the crocodile their fathers and grandfathers had told them about, dead with a twisted steel spear in his side. They quickly skinned it, from nose to tail-tip, extracted the spear, and continued on their way, taking skin and spear with them.

The Bush Telegraph worked quickly, and before long the two groups were arguing about who owned the skin. (There was a thriving croc-skin industry then and a big skin was worth a lot of money). "Ours," said the Balimos, "We found it and skinned it." "No, ours," said the Kewas, "We speared it and killed it." An indissoluble argument, but at least they agreed that they should go and let "The Government" decide. Once onto the neutral territory of Balimo station, patience ran out and frustrated tempers boiled over, leaving me to settle a dispute the like of which I hadn't seen since my time in the Highlands.

Well, I didn't come up with a Solomonic solution, I didn't even need to invoke the law. The croc must have been dead awhile before being found. The Balimo people didn't have any salt to rub in as preservative to the skin, and the argument had been in progress in this very hot, humid climate for several days. When we ceremoniously unrolled "Exhibit A", we found it to be rotten, putrid and crawling with the larvae of sundry insects, and quite valueless as a skin.

Huge disappointment, sudden loss of interest, sudden cooling of passions. Everyone went their way with sad expressions on their faces and that was that. But what a croc he was! That skin measured twenty one feet, three inches (6.5 metres) long and its commercial measurement around the belly was 72 inches! The spear, a solid length of five-eighth inch hexagonal steel, was twisted like a piece of fencing wire. □ BOB CLELAND

WEDDING OF ROY SOWERBY & ELIZA

Photograph taken at The
Wedding took place at St Francis Church, Mod

Photo sent by Jean O'Ro

(see page 22 for I



BETH KIERNAN, MADANG, 20-5-53

Residency, Madang.

lon Road - where the fire station is (1988)

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BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

GOLDEN GATEWAY The History of Lae and the Province of Morobe by James Sinclair (xvi + 470pp, hardcover, over 300 b & w photos) Reviewed by John Meehan*

Lae came into existence because of the discovery of gold in the Wau-Bulolo-Edie Creek area during the 1920s. The city began life as the airport from which tens of thousands of tonnes of materials and supplies were flown into the Bulolo valley to enable the development of the goldfield. Later it became the supply base from which the Highlands Provinces were discovered by the Europeans, and the gateway port for the export of PNG's most valuable agricultural product, Arabica coffee.

It is the story of the transformation of a few small villages occupied by the Labu, Lae and Ahi people who had lived there in the traditional Melanesian way for thousands of years, into PNG's second largest city which some say is the commercial capital of the country. All in the space of a mere 80 years.

The book tells again the ever fascinating story of how it was considered not possible to build a road to Bulolo to transport the 1,000 plus ton dredges needed to extract the gold, and how the problem was solved when a very far-sighted, and brave, Board of Directors decided to air-transport the dredges in component parts. We are talking of the late 1920s when aircraft were still considered by most people as canvas and wire contraptions flown by near lunatics. Guinea Airways operated four all-metal Junkers G31 freighter planes and by the end of the 1930s had flown in eight dredges. By 1936, the airlift had proven so successful that Bulolo Gold Dredging Ltd confidently decided to build the two largest dredges to operate on the field; when assembled they weighed 2,500 tons each and could dig to a depth of 125 feet (40 metres). But the story is much better than this brief synopsis; if you do not know the story then you must read it, and if you do know the story it is well worth reading again.

The war years are interestingly covered. Firsthand accounts of the evacuation of the European women and children are included, and the hasty arrangements that were made for the repatriation of the thousands of labourers are welcome additions to the otherwise sparse writing on these subjects.

With the end of war, civilians returned as quickly as they were allowed. These people came back with the expectation that their comfortable pre-war lifestyle could be rebuilt, but life was never to be the same again. It was unnoticed at first, but by the 1950s PNG had started down the road to Independence. At Lae the residents returned to nothing because the whole of the infrastructure had been totally destroyed, including Guinea Airways workshops which were once the best equipped in the whole of the southern hemisphere.

The rehabilitation of Lae (and the other towns), and the expansion of Lae into an industrial city fills more than half of the book. The reconstruction phase was painfully slow. The growth phase did not commence until around 1953; the reasons were bureaucratic inertia, red tape and the seemingly ever changing plans of politicians and public servants who thought they knew best how the public should live and act.

The book appears to have recorded practically every business activity and social occasion that ever occurred in Morobe Province, but of course it has not. Nonetheless there cannot be many significant events omitted. There are some thousands of individuals named in the text.

George Sellar, Accountant, of Lae for nearly 30 years, conceived the idea of a book to record the history of his adopted city. He convinced another 14 Lae business people to form the syndicate that commissioned James Sinclair to write it. The syndicate has of course paid all of the costs involved.

This is James Sinclair's 25th published book and his 24th about PNG. It is also his largest work; it has 486 pages with 354 photographs, and weighing in at 2.2 kgs it would be called a 'blockbuster' if it were a novel. But although the book is serious history, it is written in an easy to read manner. Most of the photographs are published for the first time, and what good photographs they are. A couple of the previously published photographs show how much improvement there has been in recent years in the printing industry with the advent of scanning and computer-enhancement. The photographs range in time from the 1920s to the 1990s, and they alone make the book a must for anyone with a connection to the Morobe Province or an interest in the history of modern development in PNG.

James Sinclair came to Morobe in 1948 as a Patrol Officer and saw firsthand the rebuilding of the Province out of the postwar destruction. Sinclair has walked over most of the area that he describes; he served as a Kiap at Wau, Kaiapit, Mumeng, Finschhafen and Lae. He saw the gold dredges in operation, he took part in exploratory patrols to areas where the local inhabitants had not seen a foreigner (black or white), and he knew many of the now legendary men and women who did so much to develop the area.

Available in Australia through Crawford House Publishing, 1st Floor, 94 Bentinck Street, Bathurst NSW 2795, \$59.95 + \$10 postage. (Not available through bookstores)

Available in Port Moresby at Andersons Foodland, Badili, and at Global Technologies, next to the Spring Garden Hotel at Konedobu at K75 (plus postage if required). PNG mail orders to George Sellar in Lae on 472 4379, or fax 472 1639.

*John Meehan is at present responsible for European Union funded works programmes throughout PNG. He has written a series of articles for *Paradise* magazine.

THE SKY TRAVELLERS *Journeys in New Guinea 1938-1939* by Bill Gammage. Miegunyah Press at MUP, 312pp, \$39.95 (Also available from Pacific Book House)

Reviewed by Ian Downs

Bill Gammage's book *The Sky Travellers* is the story of Australia's last major exploration expedition that contacted the unknown people living beyond the limits of established Australian administration westwards from Mount Hagen to what was then the border of Dutch New Guinea. Assistant District Officer James Lindsay Taylor led the expedition accompanied by Patrol Officer John Black and Medical Assistant Pat Walsh. Taylor's report of the expedition was not completed until after the outbreak of the Second World War. The narrative and maps were immediately suppressed by the Australian government for national security reasons in the event of a Japanese invasion.

Obviously, the war overshadowed the achievements of the patrol and there was practically no publicity. Taylor, Black and Walsh joined the armed forces and Bill Gammage has covered their war and postwar careers. He has done as much for the national police and others who took part in the expedition.

Bill Gammage has written an extraordinary book that uses the story of the expedition from March 1938 to June 1939 to reveal the character, personality and problems of the leaders, the intrigues among the national police, the behaviour of the carriers who accompanied them and the reactions of the people that the patrol was the first to contact.

This is a story of physical courage on a difficult journey that required mental toughness as much as good health and fitness. This review will not spoil readers' enjoyment by dwelling on some highly personal matters disclosed in this book nor question the structure, operation and leadership of the patrol. That will be a privilege for those who read *The Sky Travellers*. The leaders of the patrol and most of those who took

Continued on page 39

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Forty-eighth Annual General Meeting
of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc
will be held on **SUNDAY 2 MAY 1999, at 11.30 a.m.**

at the MANDARIN CLUB
Oriental Room, 4th Floor
Corner of Goulburn and Pitt Streets, Sydney

AGENDA:

1. Members present, and apologies;
2. Confirmation of Minutes of the 47th AGM (as circulated in June 1998 *Una Voce*)
3. Business arising from the Minutes;
4. President's Report;
5. Treasurer's Report and Financial Statement;
6. Correspondence;
7. Election of Executive Committee:

President, Deputy President, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer,
Asst. Secretary, Editor *Una Voce*, 5 Committee persons, Hon. Auditor.

Note: Accompanying this notice is a Nomination Form for the election of office bearers. It would be appreciated if nominations (signed by the nominee, proposer and seconder) could be forwarded to: The Secretary, ROAPNG, PO Box 452 Roseville 2069, to reach the Secretary **at least seven days before the date of the meeting. No nominations will be accepted after that date** (this is in line with the Rules adopted at the Special General Meeting of the Association held in 1996 to approve incorporation.)

8. General discussion.

Members, Associate Members, their families and friends are all welcome - but please let us know you are coming by completing the booking form opposite and returning it, with cheque, to ROAPNG, PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069 as soon as possible. The cost is \$22 per person - this does **not** include liquor or soft drinks. We would appreciate it if members would pay in advance, and not at the door. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and advise the Mandarin Club of numbers; also it minimises delays at the dining room entrance.

A cordless phone will be raffled during the function.

Cancellations advised to Ross Johnson on 02 9876 6178 or Pamela Foley on 02 9428 2078 by Friday 30 April will secure full refund. This is the date we inform the Club of final numbers; after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend.

Parking is available at the Goulburn St parking station (cnr Goulburn and Elizabeth Sts) for \$4.00 flat rate between 9 am and 11 pm. The parking station is only 100 metres from the Club.

FORM OF APPOINTMENT OF PROXY

I, (full name)
 of (address)
 being a member of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc hereby
 appoint (full name of proxy)
 of (address)
 being a member of that incorporated association, as my proxy to vote for me on my behalf
 at the Annual General Meeting of the association to be held on the 2nd day of May 1999
 and at any adjournment of that meeting.

.....
 Signature of member appointing proxy

Date

NOTE: A proxy vote may not be given to a person who is not a member of the association.

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NOMINATION FORM FOR OFFICE BEARERS, 1999 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

(See Notice of Meeting, Agenda Item 7, for details)

I, (being a Financial Member) hereby nominate:

..... for the office of

I, (a Financial Member) second this nomination.

I, (a Financial Member) accept this nomination.

'CUSTOMARY LAND' - Marian (Frank) CICHOCKI wrote that he is still a member of the Association of Surveyors of PNG and his links with PNG are not interrupted. He said the Association was formed in 1960 with 14 members and since then its membership has grown to 210 including also Associate Members.

Marian said he received a very interesting newsletter sent to him by the Dept of Surveying and Land Studies of the PNG University of Technology in Lae which dealt with the Surveyors' Congress held at the Madang Resort Hotel, 8-10 July 1998. He wrote, "Readers of *Una Voce* probably would not be interested in technical matters, but I cannot omit one significant fact: the Association and the PNG Government have adopted the term "customary land" which is the best term to describe traditional indigenous systems of land tenure. While here in Australia we are still using the anachronistic term 'Aboriginal Land', others are better prepared to advance towards the next millennium in 2000. Initially, the term "customary land" was suggested by Mr D S Grove as early as 1970. Mr Grove was then Director of Dept of Lands, Surveys and Mines and he proposed the usage of this term in a paper he delivered during the Surveyors' Fifth Congress in Lae in 1970. Since then the wheels have rolled along the logical course. From the French Newspaper *Minute* dated 15 July 1998 I have learned that the French Government has ratified the "Noumea Agreement" of French New Caledonia. It is of interest to note some of its contents: the first chapter deals also with land and the term adopted for native land is "Les terres coutumieres", ie "customary land". Further, the term "customary" has been expanded to define native councils as "Customary Councils". In all, 827 members of the French Parliament and Senate voted for the ratification and only 31 voted against."

EXTRACT FROM "THROUGH THE EYES OF A KIP" BY BILL JOHNSTON -

....The same lady had an amusing or, shall we say, shocking experience as related by Jack Pert, the skipper of the small ex-Tasmanian timber boat. The story goes - Bertha and her husband were travelling back to their plantation. It was an easy day's run. There were no facilities on board for passengers, or anybody for that matter. Bertha got caught short, she told her husband, he asked Jack what could she do. "I will get all the crew up forward"

TEACHING THE KIDS IN TINUNG

by Adrian Geyle

This is not a pleasant story - the Editorial Sub-Committee decided to publish it with the comment that this sort of thing happens in all sorts of societies worldwide. The map on p13 of the Mar. '98 issue shows Lake Murray, situated between the Fly and Strickland Rivers.

The Tinung man with three wives came home from a hard day somewhere, or maybe he suffered from some undiagnosed, unrecognised, unknown complaint. Tinung village had little contact with the white, Christian missionaries who were working out from their Lake Murray centre not far away at Pangeo; it was early times in the far reaches of the Western District of Papua (1952) and missionaries were thin on the ground.

The Tinung man probably hated the missionaries' message on killing as much as he hated his older, first wife, and wasn't deterred by any of white man's ideas, wherever and whoever they came from. He was hungry and his meal was not any different from the usual crusted ball of sago. Whatever made him angry we could only guess. The evidence was pretty vague because only his three wives were with the Tinung man when he stood up and asked, "Who cooked this shit?" It was to them a rhetorical question as none of them moved and, as always, it was his younger third and second wives who provided services other than cooking. The first wife, being the eldest and the least attractive and accommodating sexually, had to work hard to please her husband at all. She tried to do it, cooking. He asked again and his second and third wives simply said, "She did." Without a word, without any ado, the Tinung man found a steel axe handy nearby, took an almighty swing with it from behind his Number One wife (but Number Three in popularity!) and nearly took her head off! He killed her outright. She wouldn't have known what hit her.

That's the way the story went, back in 1952, in the sub-district of Lake Murray. The case was unresolved when OIC Dave Calder and I first arrived there at Mava, the government station on the edge of the vast Lake Murray, so Dave decided we should go to Tinung to investigate and, hopefully, make an arrest and bring in witnesses. The office file on the case didn't read too well (information on the case had been provided by witnesses still resident in the village who had visited our patrol post); the details surrounding the killing and the burial were horrifying.

Crossing the lake to the village in a mini flotilla of huge Suki dug-out canoes, paddle-powered at that, we could have been seen coming for hours. I think of the mirage-in-the-desert scene in the film *Lawrence of Arabia*, with the huge black form of a camel with mount coming nearer for an interminable time, before the animal and human shapes emerged from the haze. Lake Murray is so vast that the shimmer on its surface likewise amplifies shapes from 'over the horizon' like desert mirages, so we weren't expecting to lob into Tinung village and surprise its inhabitants. Situated on a small island, no-one could approach that village without being seen.

As expected, our alleged murderer was not there when we arrived. He had departed that morning for Dutch New Guinea, not too far away across an invisible border, an arbitrary line. The long arm of our law, our suspect knew, didn't extend across that border - he'd headed there in similar circumstances before, to escape arrest and prosecution. Corroborative evidence, though, we could now collect.

Coming ashore after a miserable canoe ride through miles of grassy passages that were home to every species of insect imaginable, then across wide open water in the heat of the afternoon, the rest-house held our greatest interest. It was built of local materials of course - unhewn wood and thatch-roofed - and it was far from upright. It was crazily leaning so far towards collapsing we were loath to even enter it. Dave did, and nearly lost

his manhood when the 'limbom' (wood from hardwood palm trees) floor gave way under him to leave him straddling a bearer, in excruciating pain. This derelict rest house and its unkempt surroundings - grass was growing waist-high right up to it and obscuring the tracks to its entrance - were sure signs that the Village Constable was either unable or unwilling to get cooperation from the villagers. All in all, we expected nothing but discomfort and non-cooperation, right at the outset of this investigation.

The investigation centred on the whereabouts of the alleged murderer, and the body of course. We got cooperation. Witnesses knew exactly where the body was buried as did everyone in that small village. It was necessary for the remains of the murder victim to be exhumed, and this happened quickly as the grave was so shallow. The body had been laid in a ditch less than half a metre deep and was covered with a 'skin' off a palm tree and a little earth. All we found were bones and hair, decomposition having rid all flesh tissue long since. The skull was our main interest as it was alleged the husband had hit it with the steel axe from behind, with a single, direct, unexpected blow. And exactly as anticipated, we found a deep cut about 7-8 cm across the base of the skull, synonymous with a powerful blow from an axe.

Questioning of witnesses brought ample accounts of what had happened the day this woman died. The eyewitnesses agreed on the facts; there was no conflicting evidence. The husband, having disposed of his wife with one blow to the back of the head as she quietly sat, ordered his second and third wives to take the body down to the coconut grove near the lake's edge and bury it. They found a natural depression and were gouging out dirt when he joined them and ordered them back to the house. He wanted to 'say goodbye' to the dead one.

The kiddies were not oblivious to all that had happened, and out of natural curiosity they went down to join their father, to say goodbye too. Not only those children but several adults saw the man having sexual intercourse with the body, in the shallowest of graves. This was his right, he claimed, and after he was finished the other wives could come back and cover the body over - bury it. He ordered them to.

What can one say. That deed was done, and that file on the whole sordid affair did exist. The despicable murderer/defiler was still at large when I left Lake Murray six months later to go further up the Fly River to Kiunga Patrol Post. The proximity of that village to the border worked in the wanted man's favour, but such was the weight of village opinion - anger - against him he could not have stayed in his home village indefinitely. The missionaries at Pangeo would have learnt what became of him and his other wives and children. Was it all just a 'one-off', the aberrant behaviour of a deranged man? I wonder what a Supreme Court hearing would have found, had we been successful in delivering depositions, witnesses and this man to a trial in Daru.

Aberrant behaviour is relative, certainly, and necrophilia occurs in many if not all societies. It could be argued that sordid details like the above are best left in the records of the courts, for specialist use only. Initially I recorded them for the information of my family and generations down the line - the official report exists elsewhere (hopefully). It is an ugly and disquieting story and I wonder how much 'outside' influence had to do with this man's actions, if any.

HELP WANTED: The people behind **Rope Pack and Paddle Adventures**, Gail and Dick BAKER have several new 'exploratory trips' planned for 1999 and would greatly appreciate it if members who have personal knowledge of these tracks would contact them. They would also be grateful for any historical information. One trip is from **Mt Wilhelm to Madang via Shaggy Ridge** (this will take place from 17 May to 4 June 1999 with Clive Baker as guide), another is along the **Bulldog and Buisaval Tracks** and goes

through Edie Creek and Wau, finishing at Salamaua (5-23 July, guide Dick Baker). This trip plans to retrace the route of a supply road built by Australian troops and native labour in 1943/44 - it was only used for a very short time before the fighting advanced and left it to be resumed by the moss forests. Gail and Dick said, "These trips promise to be pretty wild, and historical information is very limited." If you can help, please contact Gail and Dick Baker at PO Box 18, Lowanna NSW 2450, ph/fax 02 6654 5454.

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EARLY '50s

by Paul J Quinlivan

In late 1954, soon after Professor Elkin, the editor of Sydney University's anthropology journal *Oceania* told me he wanted to publish my article "AFEK of Telefomin" but was experiencing difficulty getting Canberra's permission - it finally came out in the joint Sept-Dec 1954 issue, p. 11 - Chief Justice Sir Beaumont Phillips invited me to dinner at his home to meet another professor, Professor Ringrose from the University of Queensland. Ringrose told me that he had written to TPNG students doing Law externally with his university, seeking suggestions as to a likely person to be made "tutor", and they had named me. I said that I was very flattered but I was only a "C" Pass student and, in any case, I did not see how anyone could tutor people scattered throughout the Territory. He explained that it would only be a stopgap measure for two or three years and that "letting my name go forward" was the important part. And, since he also said that, if I agreed, students would obtain various benefits which they would not otherwise get, I said OK. He then said, "If you could produce 'local materials' for the students that would help". That was a horse of a different colour and, because of what was happening to my AFEK article and other unpleasanties, I was jack of laboriously typing things that got nowhere, so I prevaricated saying that the law in TPNG was, with few exceptions, the same as where I came from (WA). Sir Beaumont then intervened. For brevity I will refer to him as "Monte" from now on, but I would point out that, as is clear from my article on him at page 214 of vol 11. of *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, he was a great man and such usage does not betoken disrespect. Monte chipped in saying, "True, Quinlivan, but our administration of the law is much closer to the people, so you have a wide field there. For instance, how many times, in WA, would you have the Accused wandering out of the dock because he wanted to help the Court? And how often would a lawyer in WA have to face the problem you had at Samarai?" He also said that he would handle the typing and distribution himself - which he did; all I had to do was hand in the drafts to the court - and he arranged with all the judges for me to have access to their private notebooks. So, since I had quite a collection of items already available, the project began immediately.

To explain why I had a collection of items available I should mention that my arrival in TPNG was the result of Canberra panicking because, having failed to listen to repeated pleas from Port Moresby for more Crown Prosecutors, the backlog of cases was threatening to affect political stability in Australia. In most "colonial" countries members of the dominant race normally escaped being hauled before the criminal courts but in TPNG, in November 1951, while Warren Balfour was being tried by the Supreme Court at Finschhafen, Peter Jameson was awaiting trial before the Supreme Court at Kavieng, the Reverend Johannes de Roo was awaiting trial at Manus, Francis Terence Murphy was awaiting trial at Rabaul and Michael Gregory was awaiting trial at Lae - to mention only those on my own first circuit. It was scandalous by any standard and Canberra's reaction (and the fact that they flew me from Perth to Moresby without any attempt to tell me anything about the place) gave me a false idea of what the administration of justice in TPNG was like. It also meant that, being specially imported to be the saviour, I was

treated royally when I arrived - met at the airport by the Deputy Crown Law Officer, welcomed by the Chief Justice at morning tea, had tea and scones next day at Government House, dinner with Judge Gore, was taken on a tour of Samarai and Rabaul - but this, unfortunately, could not be sustained because, having solved their immediate problem, everyone forgot to tell Rabaul that they had abandoned the plan to fly in a senior barrister from Sydney and were sending me instead. So, while I was seeing the sights, Jack Crockett, the Chief Clerk, was giving my room at the Cosmo Hotel to the senior barrister who had come anyway! I did not discover the mix-up until the District Commissioner had disappeared home, thinking I was someone Monte had met on the plane and was treating to a free view of Rabaul, and I had to beg a meal from the Admin. Mess (after it had closed), and a bed in the Travelling Officers Bungalow. I also fell, totally sober, into a stormwater drain and got covered with *bua*i-impregnated mud when I tried to find my way back to the TOB in the dark. It was the worst, the loneliest night I have ever spent. I could not sleep because I was seething with resentment and the more I told myself that I needed sleep if I was to survive my first day in Court in TPNG, the more sleep eluded me. Then I sat down and wrote the events of the day and found that 99 point 9 percent had been interesting and good and, since the blackness lifted, I resolved that, each night, I would write down the events of the day.

In late 1954 it seemed providential that I kept to that resolve. Now that things have changed so much, it is even more so because what I wrote provides, in snapshot form, a startling picture of what the administration of justice was really like - and what it should still be had things been allowed to progress the way Monte and Judge Gore planned. These snapshots will, I hope, bring back proud memories to those who served in TPNG at the time and explain to their descendants just what it was that made TPNG so different from other dependent territories. (*The first 'snapshot' was in the Dec 1998 issue, p.23*)

No 2 - 'Slipshod and You're in Trouble'

Before I went to TPNG I had been Secretary of the Marist College Old Boys Association of WA and, since everyone knew I intended going to PNG for only the one term, they expected me to give a talk on my experiences on my return. I wrote this piece for inclusion in that talk because the thing which most impressed me was the meticulousness with which Police and Kiaps abided by the Rule of Law in even the smallest details, and this episode illustrated this. I gave it to the Law students because although my lecturers had told us that, in ancient times, judges were given something called "Commissions of Oyer, Terminer and Gaol Delivery" (Gaol Delivery being like the powers of a Visiting Justice under the *Prisons Ordinance* where the V.J. has to check the documentation covering each person held in the gaol) they did not tell us that modern judges get the same commissions. They also failed to tell us that, for a person arrested, the main documentation was the "Station Occurrence Book" in which everything had to be recorded as it happened. Knowledge of such a book could be useful to a defence lawyer. I also included this piece in a draft article on the High Court when, as mentioned in John Herbert's excellent article in *Una Voce* No 4 of 1997, that Court was led to believe that the Rabaul Police Station was a large building with solid walls and windows. The report reads:

"It was just after 7 am, Tuesday 12 February 1952 and I was looking for the Rabaul Police Station. I had arrived in Rabaul late the previous afternoon and, due to someone wrongly advising the Rabaul authorities that a "senior Law lecturer from Sydney" would be the Crown Prosecutor, I had no idea what kind of building I was looking for. All I knew was that it was where the road I was on joined a main road. The air was very still and there was absolutely no traffic, so sound carried and as I approached the corner I

heard voices from the sole building there, a small raised up bungalow which had no walls or windows, just push-out shutters fully raised. They were Australian voices and I was glad because I hoped to end my sudden run of bad luck. I was not deliberately listening as I walked past the side of the building, around the corner and up the steps but, since the voices kept repeating the one theme, I could not help hearing what was said: they were badgering someone called Vic because he had "forgotten to make a record and Monte would have his guts for garters when he did his V.J."

And, when I identified myself, the Police told me - by way of overcoming the hesitancy which naturally arises when the "senior Sydney barrister" they expected turns out to be very junior, and from Perth, and needs their help - that "Vic here arrested a Native and then got called out on a case without entering the arrest in the Station Occurrence Book so, when he got back, there were later entries already entered and the Chief Justice will see that he had failed in (and these words were almost chanted in unison) An Aspect Affecting the Liberty of the Subject". It was all new to me but I soon found that the phrase "An Aspect Affecting the Liberty of the Subject" - meaning the rights of Papua New Guineans - was a cardinal tenet with all the then judges and, although his colleagues were treating it in a joking manner, it was clear that the future of Victor Clayton Rowles was in great danger because of his oversight.

To cut a long story short, the Australians left the building so that the Chief Justice could do his inspection, but the Native Sergeant stayed since he was an old friend and when Monte was turning the pages of the Station Occurrence Book a big brown finger suddenly thrust itself onto the page and the Sergeant said, "They're worried about that." Monte said, "True here?" and the Sergeant said, "True here. But it's something-nothing. Masta Vic is a good, honest man." And that was the end of it all! I don't think any higher praise has been given any white person in TPNG, or any problem solved so simply. As Chesterton says, far too many people fail to notice the silent witnesses, such as the Sergeant who was always present, and wise lawyers should always seek them out, just as they should always seek to find those pieces of "mute testimony" which cannot be tampered with."

If I may add a modern postscript I would like to record that my sudden run of bad luck did change because, that very afternoon, Max Orken returned and discovered my plight. He rescued me by taking me into his own home, a typical act of kindness for which I will forever be profoundly grateful.

No 3. Rehabilitation, Reichstag Fire Trial and "TDSM" - Traditional Disputes-Settling Machinery

This was also written for the Old Boys' talk and, in March 1955, halfway through the Law Students Project, the jury trial of *The Queen v. Harry Vincent Pierce* made it particularly relevant so I issued it to them. It was also produced to the next Chief Justice, Sir Alan Mann, as explained below. To fully understand it, I should mention that many of the Rahuana people understood English perfectly and they were carefully checking that (Interpreter) Hastings' Pidgin was a correct translation of what was said in English and whether Tilong's Kuanua was also a correct translation. When Hastings "turned" the part about the Reichstag Fire and the courts "losing their power", Tilong turned to Monte and asked him what he meant and Monte gave a lengthy explanation which, shortly stated, was that the Nazis themselves set fire to the Parliament Building in Berlin and fabricated evidence against the four Accused. They then "leaked", secretly and only to the Supreme Court, the fact that the evidence was fabricated, putting the court in the difficult position of having to decide, in a case where public emotions had been deliberately inflamed, whether to go with the popular wish or act according to their oaths. To their eternal credit

the court acquitted three of the four Accused but the Nazis, using public outrage as their ally, ordered that, from that point on, five party officials would sit with every judge in every case. Years later, I discovered that Monte was quoting from the Closing Address by Justice Robert H Jackson, the US Prosecutor at the Nuremburg War Crimes Tribunal, who was his friend from the war days when both served in London. The speech is in Louis Blom-Cooper, *The Law as Literature* (1961) pages 34-74, especially at p. 39. My report reads:

"The King against TOWATIA of Raluana was the first case I prosecuted in TPNG and took place at Rabaul on 12 February 1952 immediately after the Chief Justice's lengthy speech welcoming back the graduates of the ASOPA Long Course and detailing his hopes for the future now that the first group of Native students had been sent to Australia for secondary schooling. The courtroom was about half the size of a tennis court and had open sides. When the European dignitaries departed, the elders and people of Raluana Village, about 30 of them, quietly took their places and Towatia settled in the open dock. James Leslie Hastings, a Kiap, and Tilong of Raluana were sworn in as interpreters and then I outlined the full facts, in accordance with the TPNG "procedure for taking a plea" which the Chief Justice had outlined in his speech. And, while waiting for the interpreters to finish each segment, first into Pidgin and then into Kuanua, I noted how judicial the Raluanans were in following what I was saying and I suddenly realised that it was I, not the Accused, who was on trial and if I had not properly prepared myself for the case, this jury of 30-odd very knowledgeable people would unhesitatingly condemn the whole system. It was a very salutary lesson and in stark contrast to the normal one I was used to where an obviously bored functionary rattles out, from a piece of paper he has never seen before, a lot of words like 'bailiwick', 'aforesaid', 'heretofore' and 'malice aforethought' which make no sense. Luckily, Monte had spent some years in the villages, with not a single white person in sight, adjudicating land claims in the 1920s and '30s and the Defending Officer, Barry Copley (who had just been welcomed back from the Long Course) handled the situation magnificently. When the case finished the Raluanans filed out decorously, but nodding approval at what had happened, and I breathed a sigh of relief. Then a second group of Natives filed in for the next case, The Queen against BILLI, which was identical although this one came from a village near Kulon Plantation. Copley's handling of this case was the same as in Towatia's and Monte's speech was the same so I was able to compare my notes of the two and prepare a corrected draft that night.

I should mention that the two cases were committed for sentence so, unless there was something exceptional (such as a "*bona fide* claim of right" as in *R. v. Johannes de Roo*) the choices for the Defending Officer were limited. But Barry Copley did not deal with the case at all. He devoted himself to the "village" side of the case, the problems of what will happen after Towatia (and Billi) served their sentence, and this caused Monte to call one of the village elders to the witness box to answer some questions and, when he had satisfied himself, he addressed the people saying:

"You were right to bring this case to the authorities. And it was right that I check to make sure that this young man really did what he has been accused of doing because bad people in other countries try to *giaman* (deceive) the courts and, if the courts are not careful, they can lose "power". Adolf Hitler, who started the war, did that by feeding false evidence to the courts about the burning of a building called the Reichstag and the courts lost their "power". That was a very bad thing for two reasons. Number One, there should always be courts because, if there are none, or none that people respect, the people will take the law into their own hands and everything collapses. Number Two, because when the courts in Germany were

destroyed, the people had nobody to whom they could go with their complaints. And as soon as people have nobody to whom they can go with their complaints, they lose their rights. They become slaves like the people of Israel in their Time of Bondage.

There is another thing I must talk about. What Towatia did was wrong - terribly wrong - and he is to be punished for doing it. But will he be a bad man when he comes out of gaol? And why did he do it? I do not know the answers to either of these questions but I can say some things about *pilandis* other young men who have done things like this and it may help you to know what I know.

I know that many young men do this bad thing, usually to European girls, and when they have been punished they usually return to their village and live ordinary lives, marrying and settling down well. There is no reason why this young man should not do the same and I ask you to give him a chance to live a good life when he returns.

From the time of your ancestors you have been keeping Law and Order in your village and you say that this is the first time you have had to deal with a situation like this. It will, I am sorry to say, probably not be the last. Does this mean that the days of your ancestors are over? By no means! Your duty, and that of the leaders of every village and "line", remains; the duty to maintain Law and Order in your own area. It simply means that, as you showed in this case, there are two systems: the Government Courts which can punish and must be respected by all, and the tribunals of your ancestors which will always be respected by the Government if they do their job properly."

Then, turning to me, he said:

"Mr Crown. If this had been a European girl there would probably have been no confession and the charge would have been laid under the Curtilage Cases provision which is badly worded. Since this is the first case in which the victim has been a Native it might add weight to the requests which the Court has, from time to time, made to have the definition amended and I would ask that you draw it to the attention of the Proper Authorities."

Naturally, I sent off a letter to Crown Law Office containing the above report and, when I checked on my return to Port Moresby, I discovered that there was a substantial file of letters to the Proper Authorities (that is, to Canberra) conveying similar requests from judges, and requests for an alteration to the District Courts Ordinance in regard to Magistrates' rights to make a report when an appeal is lodged, which we will look at when we get to: Appeal of Ronald Schmidt in a future Newsletter.

In 1959, Sir Alan Mann CJ became involved in a public dispute with David Fenbury about "White-men's Courts" and what Fenbury called "People's Courts" and he questioned the status of the Traditional Disputes-Settling Machinery saying that it could be argued that the TDSM were usurping the function of the Legislature. At one point I felt that the dispute might turn nasty so I produced this Note, and several others, to both participants. Sir Alan expressed his gratitude and suggested that I include the various Notes in the *Territory Law Journal* when I got it going again. Some months later he also produced a photocopy of a letter which Monte wrote to Dr Fry, Director of the New Guinea Research Unit (and signed "Monte") which he had come across in the Supreme Court files and which spoke of his (Monte's) outrage at being traduced, in secret letters to Canberra, as being "anti Native Courts".

The report is also instructive for those tempted to generalise from first impressions or from statistical samples. By the end of my first day in Rabaul 100 percent of all the criminal cases I had dealt with consisted of PNG men sexually abusing PNG children. I am happy to say that, out of the countless thousands of other criminal cases I dealt with

in 30 years as Crown Prosecutor or as Counsel for the Defence, as Director of Public Prosecutions or as Founder of the Public Solicitor's Office, as Magistrate or as Judge, I never saw another case of this nature.

No 4 - Revolutionary Rule to Protect the Right to Silence

The Queen against KABO, heard at Sohano on 29 February 1952, was my first *nolle* - that is, the first trial I aborted saying "this trial ceases here". The Defending Officer, Bob Macilwain (who joined the Field Staff on 4 April 1939), objected to the admission of a confessional statement, taken from his client, on the grounds that, being taken by a Coroner, it infringed his client's right to remain silent. Monte ordered an immediate *voire dire* (a "trial within a trial" by which a judge, in the absence of the jury, can hear evidence as to how a confession was obtained, so that he/she can make a "decision at law" as to whether it should be admitted or rejected). I am sure that judges in Australia would have held that the Coroner was right in taking the statement because, after all, that is what Coroners are there to do! Monte, however, said "No! This is a trust Territory and we are proud of our local traditions". And, to my surprise (since people who served in New Guinea before the war usually ignored - or knew nothing about - what happened in Papua) he then cited a Territory of Papua paper by Judge Gore, published at pages 20-22 of the 1928/1929 Papua Annual Report, as authority for what he was describing as "local traditions". Monte then said that, accepting that the primary function of a Coroner is to discover what went wrong in a special case so that society can protect itself against a repetition of what happened, the Investigator must decide whether the death or fire is of this special category or whether it is simply an ordinary case of homicide or arson. If it is an "ordinary criminal case" the procedures laid down for committal cases should be followed. He threw out the confession. Although the remaining evidence was substantial, it was doubtful whether I could obtain a conviction so I immediately entered a *nolle prosequi*, taking the case out of the judge's hands, so that it would be re-investigated and begun again.

I circulated a report of the case and, from that day on (until local procedures were abandoned) there was never any suggestion that Coroners Powers were used to deny an Accused his right to remain silent. Even in the Telefomin Inquiries and Trials (which were forced to proceed by way of Coroner's Inquest because, for reasons which have never been explained, the Public Hearings were called on months before anyone could expect the prosecution to be ready) there was never any attempt to put in, as evidence, anything the Accused had said to the investigators. In an early re-issue of the report I added, "It is interesting to note that at page 595 of 1955 Criminal Law Review there was a move, in England, to outlaw the use of Coroner's Court for committal purposes." I am nowadays unable to check this reference but, if it had succeeded, it would have brought English Law into line with TPNG!

COMMONWEALTH SENIORS HEALTH CARD: Changes to eligibility for the Commonwealth Seniors Health Card came into effect on 1 January 1999. The income test for the Card is now based on taxable income. The income limits have been raised to \$40,000 for a single person, \$67,000 for a couple and \$73,396 for couples separated due to ill health. Applying for the Card has been simplified and a person will simply have to show their previous tax assessment notice as supplied by the Australian Taxation Office - new forms are available from Centrelink. By using the Seniors Health Card, older people can obtain prescription medicines through the Pharmaceutical Benefits Scheme at the concessional rate of only \$3.20 per script, with any prescriptions over 52 per year being free of charge.

Super Time 1-2-99 and Newsletter from Joe Hockey MP

Continued from page 27

part in the expedition are no longer with us, but Bill Gammage has travelled parts of the route himself. He has interviewed all the important members of the expedition, read their diaries and field notes and had extensive discussions with them. He has interviewed their families, their friends and people who knew them.

This is not a book in the familiar form of exploration as an adventure over a comparatively short period of time. This is a drama of travellers on foot moving through a dense population of sometimes hostile people on a return journey of more than three thousand kilometres through rugged mountainous country. The journey took more than a year to complete.

Keep in mind the fact that all Australian officers were required to avoid firing on hostile tribesmen unless attacks on patrols threatened to be overwhelming. Even then, officers were required to first fire above the heads of their attackers. A first contact mistake by leaders or followers could cause the Hagen-Sepik Patrol to suffer serious casualties. The expedition might have to be abandoned. It might even be wiped out.

Bill Gammage is a very talented writer. He has written a book with grace and clarity that embraces history and politics in the course of describing how and why this expedition took place.

Those not familiar with our once colonial service and those who were part of the Australian administration in Papua New Guinea can take pride and pleasure in this book.

SOGERI REUNION 1999, Sunshine Coast, October 1-3: The organisers have chosen the Maroochy River Holiday Resort Coach House for the third Sogeri reunion. The resort has more than adequate facilities and costs approx \$175 for two people for two days - this includes all meals, cups of tea/coffee etc and accommodation. The Coach House is sited pleasantly on the Northern side of the Maroochy River not far from its entrance to the sea. Participants are encouraged to arrive on Friday to take advantage of the whole weekend deal. There will be free time around the middle of Saturday for sightseeing. For further information please contact Marjorie Walker, 31 Josephine Ave, Mount Waverley Vic 3149 Ph 03 9803 9071 or Cleo Pashen, 15 Petrel Street, Peregrine Beach Qld 4573 Ph 07 5448 1587 or John Stolz, 4 Cyclamen Court, Currumbundi Qld 4551 Ph 07 5493 7028

REPORT BACK ON RECENT REUNION: PRE-WAR RABOUL SCHOOL STUDENTS OF THE LATE PEGGY BYRON had a luncheon in mid 1998. Those who attended were Diana MARTELL (Coote), June FITZGERALD (Davies), Lesley DORIZZI (Davies), Pam MATHIESON (Davies), Betty TWINE (King), Beatrice KNIGHT (Forsyth), Judith MORWOOD (Thorntwaite) and her mother, Norma, Jillian TAYLOR (Ridge) and Muriel LARNER (MacGowan).

HELP WANTED: Bob CALVERT, (ex Education Dept), is seeking information concerning the early patrols carried out by ROAPNG members. In addition, Bob has a request from Father Paul McVINNEY, SVD. Father Mac has now retired to his home territory in Boston, Massachusetts. In cooperation with Father Bernard FISHER SVD, Father Mac is engaged in the discovery, salvaging and recovery of all vintage mission resource material, hence his interest in books and printed articles about any facet of life and work in PNG. He would be grateful for any volume on PNG ... the PNG encyclopedia, sets of South Pacific Year Book or sets of the Govt. Gazette. Copies of magazines (Air Niugini), calendars (for photos), picture-story books. Official records of Govt patrols, tapes of *Taim bilong Masta* or similar. They are also salvaging kodachrome slides and photographic material of former missionaries, and tagging and cataloguing them. If you can help, please contact Bob at: 122 Cascade Street, Raceview Qld 4305.

VALE

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

Miss Isabel Ellen IRELAND (18 January 1999, aged 77 years)

Isabel was a committee member of the Retired Officers Association - she was always bright and cheerful and was a reliable hard-working member. She was born in Griffith, NSW, the daughter of a soldier settler. During the war she was a Morse code operator, stationed in Townsville. In 1956 Isabel went to PNG to do a six-month stint as a comptometrist. Subsequently she learned the accounting machine and worked for Civil Affairs and Treasury. She was headquartered in Port Moresby but worked at Samarai, Lae, Madang and Rabaul. Later she became a training officer at Badili (Stores and Supply), training stock controllers. She left PNG in 1971. Isabel is survived by a sister and brother.

Mrs Ellen DURKAN (17 November 1998, aged 78 years)

Ellen Durkan and her husband Ted, who were both born in Ireland, migrated to Australia and shortly after to PNG. Ted first went to PNG in 1956 and Ellen and their children followed in 1958. Three more children were born in Port Moresby where Ted was involved mainly in the construction industry. The family moved to Australia in 1982 and settled on a farm near Gympie in South East Queensland. Ellen is survived by husband Ted, seven children - Ann, Margaret, Eddie, Helen, Kathleen, Mary and Anthony, and 17 grandchildren. Kathleen and her husband Douglas Maskelyne and family still live in Port Moresby.

(The foregoing was provided by Robert Blaikie.)

Mr Charles Edward (Ceb) BARNES (November 1998, aged 96)

Ceb Barnes, a Queensland farmer and grazier, entered Parliament as a Country Party member in 1958. In 1963 he was chosen by the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, to take over the position of Minister for Territories from Paul Hasluck. Ceb Barnes and his new Secretary, George Warwick Smith, chose to emphasise economic development over all other activity, believing that greater economic development should precede self-government. Over the eight years (under four Prime Ministers) of his leadership, he held fast to that belief, with the result that his critics said he was ultra conservative and could not understand the aspirations of the people. Ian Downs, in *The Australian Trusteeship, Papua New Guinea 1945-75*, said, "The Minister was ... unable to accept the views of his critics, and his administration is usually remembered for failure to accept political realities rather than for the direction and achievement of a phenomenal period of economic development between 1964 and 1972". Mr Barnes retired from Canberra in early 1972 with the intention of returning to his earlier career as a successful horse-breeder and trainer.

Mrs Jean HARWOOD, née McLELLAN (13 October 1998, aged 86 years)

Sister Jean McLellan, who died in Brisbane on her 86th birthday, was on the staff of Namanula Hospital, Rabaul in early 1942. Together with nurses Joyce Oldroyd-Harris, Joyce McGahan, Grace Kruger, Alice Bowman, Dorothy Maye and Mary Goss, she was part of a group of 19 women taken prisoner by the Japanese invaders and shipped to Japan where they suffered as prisoners of war for the duration of the war. There are now only six of the group of 19 surviving. (The foregoing was provided by Bert Speer.)

Mr Phil SCULLY (28 February 1999, aged 71 years)

Phil spent 31 years in PNG with the Department of Posts and Telegraphs. Most of this time he was Postmaster in Lae, but prior to that he was in Rabaul and Bulolo. He married Rosemary in Lae in 1958 and their son was born there. Among other activities, Phil was President of the Orchid Society. In 1982, he and Rosemary settled on a small property at Park Ridge Qld. Phil is survived by his wife Rosemary and son Marcus. Information provided by Ira Halliday.

Mrs Elsie May Sutherland CHAMPION (née Ross) (23 October 1998, aged 88 years)

Elsie was born at Mount Morgan Queensland on 7 August 1910. At that time her father was working at the Mount Morgan Mines and soon after moved to Mt Chalmers. From there her father joined the AIF and the family moved to Brisbane. After the war the family moved back to Rockhampton, and soon after her father moved to Port Moresby where he was employed at the Bootless Inlet Copper Mines.

Elsie's first trip to Papua was in 1921 when she joined her father for a very short time. As there was no married accommodation available, the stay was at Mrs Wright's boarding house at Sapphire Creek. While her father was working at Koitaki she joined him for about a year. Elsie was able to show her ability as a good horsewoman there as she had the use of the plantation stock. The next move for the family was back to Australia while her father took the managership of Obu Estate at Hisiu, and after he settled down she joined him.

During her late teens Elsie went in to Port Moresby and worked for the *Papuan Courier*, which at that time was owned by E.A. (Jimmy) James, later to become her stepfather. During this time she boarded with Mrs H.W. Champion and it was during this period that she first met Ivan. They were married in Port Moresby in September 1929 and, like most Territorians, left on the *Marinda* for a honeymoon in Australia. Their daughter, Ivane, was born in June 1930.

Like most wives of Sir Hubert Murray's "Outside Men", Elsie served on many outstations - Ioma, Daru, Rigo, many times at Misima, and other locations. Ioma had for years been a single man's station, but the Government Secretary had decided to upgrade it to a married man's station and posted Ivan there. Elsie was having a difficult time with a very underweight and sick baby, but to carry on the tradition of the outstation wives, she decided to join Ivan at Ioma. Transport was non-existent and the only way to get there was by canoe up the Mambari River and part of the time she had to walk notwithstanding the mosquitoes, leeches and other insect pests. On one occasion the heels came off her shoes and Ivan's efforts to repair them were hopeless, so she carried on heel-less. After a very trying journey they arrived at Ioma only to find that the baby was so sick she had to return to Buna and to Port Moresby.

While Ivan was carrying on his exploration on the Purari and Bamu River hinterland, on many occasions becoming long overdue, she was able to carry on not really knowing if her husband was just overdue or perhaps missing. When the war came to the Pacific, Elsie and family were evacuated to Australia and spent most of the time in Sydney.

Daughter Ivane married Harry Plant and in the fullness of time Elsie was the very proud grandmother of Ross, Andrea and Damien.

After the war, when civilians were allowed to return to PNG, Elsie went back to Port Moresby and became interested in the Red Cross and other voluntary activities. She was an excellent organiser and without her help the entertainment at Government House during the Murray era would not have been of the high standard that it was. She was asked by Len Smith to run his jewellery business and did so until Ivan retired and she came to live in Brisbane.

After living in Brisbane and later at Benora Point NSW, Ivan and Elsie decided that they should move to Canberra where Ivane and Harry lived and two of the grandchildren. During her time in Canberra she was active as the Patron of the Wontok Association and also entered into other Papua New Guinea activities. Ultimately Ivan and Elsie decided to enter a retirement village - *Mirangini* - and lived there until Ivan died. The loneliness of living alone was just too much and at Harry and Ivane's suggestion she moved to live with them - she passed away on 23 October.

A very touching part of the cremation service was the singing by the Wontok Association's Choir of the first two hymns in Motu and one in Pidgin. Finally, the person reading the eulogy finished with "Bamahuta Elsie" - a fitting end to a very colourful life in Papua, and later Papua New Guinea. Elsie is survived by her daughter Ivane and grandchildren.

(The foregoing was written by members of Elsie's family.)

Mrs Betty Maud WELDON (22 January 1999)

Betty was the wife of Cec Weldon who was in Burns Philp Headquarters in Moresby. Betty is survived by her husband Cec. No further details available.

Mr George BAKER, CBE (August 1996, aged 79 years)

Brief information about George Baker was given in the Sept 1996 issue. M.F. Cichocki recently sent further information, some of which is printed below.

George Baker spent an adventurous 30 years serving in far-flung places as a Colonial Officer and diplomat. He was a perfectionist in all he undertook, and enjoyed a challenge. He ended his career as Britain's first High Commissioner in PNG. He had been posted to Port Moresby in 1974. His talent for making friends with local politicians immediately made itself felt, so that he was able to foster trade while forwarding the constitutional negotiations. He was at the Queen's side during her State visit for the Independence celebrations in 1975, and afterwards stayed on as High Commissioner until his retirement two years later.

During the war he served in the Navy and was also an official photographer to the Admiralty. On demobilisation he entered the Colonial Administration Service and began his 16 years' service in Tanganyika. He and his family lived in primitive conditions. To Baker this was heaven; to administer his territory he would set off on foot, visiting the villages and meeting the local chiefs - he was a fluent Swahili speaker. Later postings were to Sierra Leone and Zaire.

In retirement he took up making furniture and clocks. He founded *Clockmakers' Times* and was its editor for eight years. He took an active part in Operation Raleigh (which provides adventure training for young people) and the Scientific Exploration Society.

Mr Norman Richard MARSHALL (21 January 1999, aged 74 years)

Norm first went to PNG in 1949 spending all his time in the Morobe District. He worked first for Bulolo Gold Dredging Co at Bulolo, then for several years in Wau and lastly Lae. He retired from Lae in the mid 70s to reside on the Gold Coast. He is survived by his wife Faye, daughter Judi, son Jeff and three grandchildren.

The foregoing was provided by Norm's wife, Faye.

Mr Jack McARTHUR (24 November 1998, aged 83 years)

Jack McArthur was born in Sydney in 1915 and served in New Guinea in WWII. He went to Lae in 1950 with wife Betty and daughters Carla and Jon. Their youngest daughter, Jane, was born in Lae in 1951. Jack started Lae Taxis, then tried his hand at growing coffee near the Markham River. He joined DCA Fire Service in 1955 and in 1960 was transferred to Wewak. In 1965 Jack was transferred to Sydney due to Jon's ill health, and the family settled in Smithfield. Jon passed away shortly after arrival in Sydney. Betty McArthur passed away in 1976 and Carla a few years later. Jack moved to Caringbah in 1991 and in 1993 met up with an old friend, Edna Beyington from Barcaldine Qld. From then, Jack and Edna spent six months in Sydney and six months in Barcaldine. Jack is survived by daughter, Jane Hutchins.

Mr Brian ASH (late 1998, aged approximately 66 years)

Brian lived in Auckland, New Zealand. He worked in Rabaul, Wewak, Madang and Port Moresby between 1956 and 1980. He passed away in New Zealand. (No further details available.)

Father Alvin HATTERS (20 November 1998, aged 83 years)

Father Hatters, the Anglican Minister, and his wife Con were active in the life of Madang in the years preceding Independence. Alvin will be remembered not only for his service to the community, but for his love of fun - he took leading parts in Gilbert and Sullivan musicals which were hugely successful and left many happy memories.

Alvin completed 50 years as an ordained priest in April 1998 until which time he was still active in ministering to the people of Smithton Tas. and nearby areas. In May 1998 he was honoured with an Appreciation Dinner and began his second retirement (the first was in 1982). At this dinner he was presented with a gold watch by the Church, Rotary awarded him a Paul Harris Fellowship, and he was highly praised by people in the district in which he lived and served since 1973. He missed Con very much in these latter years - she passed away almost 25 years ago.

Information provided by members of Con's family and sent to us by Dulcie Donald.

Mr Brian Redmond HEAGNEY (29 May 1998, aged 71 years)

Brian was educated by the Christian Brothers in Perth. He enlisted in the Air Force in 1945, one of his instructors being Kerry Leen. He went to PNG as a Kiap in 1946, first to the Western District, then New Ireland. In 1952, while in Mendi, he resigned and walked out from Mendi to Simbu where he borrowed enough from the publican, another ex-patrol officer, to pay his carriers. He started his business career as a travelling salesman on a motor bike selling trinkets from a bag on his back. Through years of hard work, long hours and neither holidays nor weekends off, Brian eventually became a very successful businessman. His business empire included a soft drink manufacturing company, a tea and coffee packaging business, a service station, a freight company and numerous trade stores spread throughout the highlands. He left PNG in 1985. Brian never forgot his roots in Perth and returned to live there. While in Perth he kept in touch with PNG. He was always keen to meet ex-PNG expatriates and also nationals such as students. Brian's birthday celebrations in Perth became annual de facto PNG reunions. He regularly travelled to see PNG rugby teams in action and continued to support them financially, something he had done since the beginning of rugby league in Goroka. Brian was always a generous man even in the days when he had little money. Brian suffered for some years from cancer which he faced bravely with loving support from his wife Juliana whom he met in 1979.

Brian is remembered from one end of the PNG Highlands to the other as 'Braun'. A couple of years ago, a PNG academic who was only a small boy when Brian was living in his area visited him in Perth as he wanted to meet the legend in person. He was very surprised to find that the man's name was Brian Heagney. He knew of him as Braun Nugini.

Brian is survived by his wife Juliana and their children Patrick and Brenna, and his first wife Gai and children Gary, Brendan, Shawn, Moira and Berenice.

From information supplied by Margaret Clancy and eulogies by Pat Dwyer and Jim Side.

Mr Frank HARRIS (18 December 1998, aged 68 years)

Frank was born and educated in Sydney. He died peacefully at Redcliffe hospital. Frank joined the Department of District Services and Native Affairs as a cadet patrol officer after completing the 1952 course at ASOPA. He was posted at first to the Eastern Highlands district which included a stint at Kainantu with ADO Harry West and PO Bill Brown as his mentors. Subsequently he served in many other areas of PNG including the Gulf, New Ireland, New Britain and Morobe Districts as a PO and ADO. In 1956 he returned to Sydney, completed the Certificate course, and met and married Natalie. In the 1970s Frank served for some years in the Department of District Administration Headquarters until he retired and returned with his family to Australia shortly before Independence. In total he spent more than 20 years in PNG. The Harris family then settled in Jindalee Qld and Frank was employed for some years in the English department at the University of Queensland. After retirement from the University he moved to Bribie Island where he had many friends. Frank is survived by his wife Natalie and their children - Marianna who lives in Queensland, Paul who lives in northern NSW and Alexandra who lives in the USA.

Provided by Paul Ryan with the help of Paul Harris, Jack Baker and Adrian Geyle.

Mrs Jan SCHALLMEINER (née COOKE) (6 January 1999, aged 58 years)

Jan was born in Geelong Vic in 1940. She arrived in Port Moresby in 1960 to spend a holiday with her sister, and stayed, working first for Regional Forests and ultimately the Public Curator. Jan married Erich Schallmeiner (Comm Works) in 1961. The couple had two daughters and in 1965, a son, during two years back in Geelong. On returning to the Territory they again lived in Port Moresby, at Kimbe and on Manus Island before settling in Lae where Jan worked for Turner and Davey. Basketball, boating, fishing and the beach shack at Salamaua with family and friends were Jan's leisure loves. The family relocated to Darwin in late 1976. Prior to retirement Erich took a two year AusAID contract to Indonesia in July 1997. Jan of course accompanied him. She died very suddenly on Flores Island. Jan is survived by her husband Erich, daughters Kerrin and Amanda, son Rohan and four grandchildren.

The foregoing was provided by Jan's sister Pauline Grundy.

Mr Malcolm Hugh WRIGHT (27 October 1998, aged 86 years)

(Reprinted from *Sydney Morning Herald* of 7-11-98, with thanks)

Many people did many brave things during WWII and among them were small teams of men who served as Coastwatchers. Their lonely vigil in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands played a critical role in stalling the Japanese advance through Melanesia towards Australia. Among them was Malcolm Wright, who has died at 86. He had been a resident of the War Veterans' Home at Collaroy Plateau on Sydney's northern beaches.

On learning of Wright's death, one admirer, who had never met the man, faxed a message to the *Herald* pointing out that he'd been involved "in some hair-raising escapades in New Guinea" and was "quite a heroic character". Indeed he was that.

Malcolm Hugh Wright was born at Bendigo in Victoria, one of two sons in a family which moved at the end of WWI to Toowoomba in Queensland. Young Malcolm was a bright lad who won a scholarship to the town's top school, Toowoomba Grammar.

In the early 1930s he started law studies, but quickly tired of that and applied for a position in New Guinea. All bureaucracies take their time and it was not until 1936, after a short course in anthropology and law, that he was on his way to New Guinea as a cadet patrol officer.

In 1941, as WWII moved from Europe into the Pacific, he joined the Royal Australian Navy as a sub-lieutenant, then joined the Coastwatchers, his services specifically requested by the group's charismatic leader, Eric Feldt, author of *The Coastwatchers* (Oxford UP, 1946). This is how Feldt introduces Wright to his readers: "He was a dark, cheerful young man with a soft voice and the most efficient scrounger in *Ferdinand* [Feldt's code name for his coastwatchers], who stole pencils off Paddy Morgan's desk with such a charming smile that the latter forgot to take them back."

In his book, Feldt explains why Wright was sent on his first mission in July 1942. It was essentially a reconnaissance to see if an experienced officer could be landed by a US submarine, stay a few days gathering intelligence and then be picked up safely.

"Malcolm Wright, in Townsville, that dark young man with the friendly smile, was ready for just such a venture," Feldt wrote, adding, "Wright would land alone, with only food, bedding and a rifle, and would remain about a week." Wright did just that. He tells his story in *If I Die* (Lansdowne Press, 1965). After rowing for hours, he heard the unmistakable sound of a surf beach: "Amid the roar of the surf, I felt the rubber boat being swept ashore, and a moment later I was engulfed by crashing waves." He landed, felt exhausted and went to sleep until dawn.

The reconnaissance was a success and in February 1943 Wright was part of a three-man team landed near Cape Otford on the southern coast of New Britain. Wright would remain to the end of hostilities in New Guinea.

A brave man - he was awarded a Distinguished Service Cross - he was no gung-ho adventurer. In *If I Die*, he writes: "Secretly, I had a great fear of bayonets and machine-guns, the stock weapons of the Japanese, and I knew that if we got into a scrap with enemy patrols, I would need a great effort to control that fear."

In 1944, he married Grace Ferguson in Brisbane and, postwar, the two of them set up house in New Guinea. His daughter, Robyn, recalls that Wright "approached everything with great integrity and commitment, especially New Guinea. He had great compassion and respect for the people and their country. Apart from his great devotion to my mother, New Guinea was the passion of his life."

The Wrights' two children were both born on the New Guinea mainland - Robyn at Lae, and their son, Christopher, at Finschhafen. In 1951 he was appointed a district commissioner, then a position of great authority. A year later he left New Guinea for family reasons and joined the Commonwealth Public Service.

Apart from writing his memoirs - *If I Die* was followed by *The Gentle Savage* (Lansdowne, 1966) - Wright, between 1955 and 1972, worked in Melbourne and, as his family discreetly puts it, "served in Rome, Cologne and Belgrade, attached to the Australian Embassy". Given his intelligence background during WWII, a job with ASIO is a safe bet.

His wife, Grace, died before him; he is survived by their children, Robyn and Christopher.

Mr Horace Michael SHUTT (12 October 1998, aged 87 years)

Horace Michael Shutt went to PNG in 1936 and worked as a winch man and dredge master on gold dredges. He left the Territory in 1977. His wife predeceased him.

(No further details available.)

Mr Bruce BREARLEY (21 September 1998, aged 71 years)

Bruce Brearley was born in 1927 in Bankstown NSW. He commenced an aircraft engineering apprenticeship with W R Carpenter Airlines at Camperdown NSW in 1942 and went to Lae in 1946 to work for Mandated Airlines (MAL), then to Wewak as Base Engineer. In 1948 he joined Gibbes Sepik Airways. In Wewak in 1951 he married Audrey Pote whom he met when on holidays in Africa. Bruce was engineer for Gibbes, MAL and Ansett/MAL in succession until 1973 when they moved to Kenmore, a Brisbane suburb. Bruce worked for Ansett at Eaglefarm Airport until retirement in 1986. He is survived by his wife Audrey and sons Robin and Andrew and families.

The foregoing was provided by Frank Smith.

Mrs Maria CRAINEAN (5 July 1998, aged 81 years)

Maria was born in Romania in 1917 and came to Australia with her husband's family in 1938. John and Maria took their five children to Port Moresby in 1949 where they lived at "Eight Mile" and John worked in the sawmill of Mr Tom Flour. Maria worked valiantly to raise her children in what she found were very primitive conditions. She helped supplement the family income by dressmaking. Eighteen months later they moved to Wau where John worked for New Guinea Goldfields. Life was still a struggle with five children in a two-bedroom house - in time the eldest began going to boarding school at Avondale College near Newcastle. In 1956 the family moved to Lae where Maria had a bigger house, did more sewing, and enjoyed the fellowship at the SDA mission. In the early 60s they moved to Mendi where Maria enjoyed life in the small expatriate community - and grew beautiful flowers. After a short stint in Port Moresby John and Maria "retired" to the family farm. They sold the farm in 1994 and finally retired.

Maria is survived by her husband John, and their five children - Emily, David, Joseph, Julia and Veronica - and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. (Information provided by son Joseph)

Mr Gordon Thomas LINSLEY (1 January 1999, aged 78 years)

After a childhood on a sheep property in NW Queensland, and secondary education at Mt Carmel in Rockhampton, Gordon went to PNG with the AIF in the 2/8th Australian Commando Squadron. In 1946, after attending the School of Civil Affairs course at Duntroon, Gordon was posted as a Probationary Patrol Officer to Esa'ala, and later Goodenough Island, in the Milne Bay District. He later served in Wabag, Kainantu and Minj in what was then the Central Highlands District before attending the two year course at ASOPA in 1952-53. Following this he served in the Central, Northern and Sepik Districts rising to the position of Deputy District Commissioner. Gordon then became Principal Officer, Community Development at DDA Headquarters - this position entailed extensive travel throughout the Territory. Gordon's last position was Chief of Division, Security and Intelligence. He retired from PNG in 1974. Gordon spent the next ten years working for Steamships Trading Company in Australia, travelling all over the country conducting job interviews for personnel for Steamships' many PNG services. From 1984 onwards, Gordon worked for the St Vincent de Paul Society in a voluntary capacity - he particularly enjoyed helping in the area of community aid.

Gordon's son, Michael, said, "Gordon had a love of learning and discovery, and an eye for detail and beauty. He loved constructing things of a practical nature and gardening gave him peace and joy... The dignity with which he faced the adversities of his later years is to be admired... He always gave of his best in everything he did."

Gordon is survived by his wife Phil, son Michael, and daughters Mary, Judy and Cathy, and grandchildren.

(From information provided by Gordon's wife Phil)

Mrs Jean Stewart COX (12 January 1999, aged 83 years)

Jean died suddenly at John Hunter Hospital, Newcastle. She can lay claim to the title 'B4', having spent her late teenage years in the Solomons where her father, David Cunningham, was a plantation manager. Her family then moved to Rabaul where she experienced the 1937 volcanic eruption and met future husband John, before going south as the Japanese invasion threatened.

Returning to PNG in 1946 with husband John, Jean worked in Port Moresby in the Sub-District office, then in the Department of Information and Extension Services under the leadership of Kate Vellacott Jones and later Lisle Newby. She was active for a time in the local horticultural society and succeeded in creating a colourful, leafy garden from the arid slopes of Lawes Road.

Jean and John retired in 1968 to spend an active rural life on farms at Moss Vale, then Wauchope, before settling in the Hunter Valley town of Dungog. At each location, her patient efforts produced spectacular gardens, particularly at Moss Vale. Late last year, due to the frailty of old age, she left her garden in Dungog for the practicality of an aged care unit in Newcastle.

Predeceased by husband John and younger sister Gwenyth, Jean leaves two children, Loris and Ross and four grandchildren. The foregoing was provided by Jean's son Ross.

Mr Harry Kenneth DUNSTAN (15 February 1999, aged 61 years)

Harry's childhood was spent in various Queensland towns. He went to PNG in 1959 as an Agricultural Extension Officer and spent the next seven years patrolling, initially in New Hanover and later in the Lae Highlands, walking on bush tracks through rough country, visiting coffee gardens as he went. He was an expert raconteur and his pidgin was perfect. At evening meetings in the rest house there was much entertainment and laughter through the fog of twist tobacco when the serious meetings finished. It was these meetings, he said, that created a high level of rapport which made extension work much easier and effective. Harry then became OIC Kainantu, then Goroka, Vanimo and Finschhafen. After undertaking post graduate study in Australia, he was based in Port Moresby and became Regional Training Officer, Dept of Primary Industry, at Kila Kila. After Independence, he spent two years as Principal and Deputy of Vudal Agricultural College in East New Britain. Harry was the last white Principal of Vudal and his friend Oscar Natera was the first PNG Principal. He spent his final seven years in PNG as Chief Information Officer and Coordinator of Agricultural Support Services Project (at DPI HQ).

Harry left PNG with his family in 1984 to live in Brisbane. He then joined the Qld Dept of Harbours and Marine. His final position in 1998 was Human Resource Advisor (Qld Transport) Rail, Ports and Aviation Division - a job that he thoroughly enjoyed. Harry participated in many sports, but his special interests were marathon running and golf. He was involved in the development and operation of several golf courses in PNG. Back in Australia he was extremely active in the Moggill Country Club golf and tennis activities, and course redevelopment. Harry battled cancer for almost seven months. He is survived by his wife Leah, and children Catherine and Don. The foregoing is from a eulogy given by Michael Belfield.

Mrs Ellen Hanora (Ellie) GRIEVE (3 January 1999, aged 93 years)

Ellie qualified as a Nursing Sister and went to New Guinea in 1938, working in Salamaua, Madang, Rabaul and Wau. After being evacuated to Australia just before the Japanese invasion, she joined the staff at Rosemount Hospital in Brisbane and nursed army and naval personnel for the duration of the war. She returned to PNG in June 1946 and the following year married Neil. They lived in Bulolo for a while and moved to Madang in 1951, starting their own business, Madang Slipways. In 1969 they retired to Australia, settling at Biggiera Waters Qld. Ellie is remembered as a charming considerate person and is sadly missed by Neil, her husband of 52 yrs.

From *Garamut*, with thanks.

Mrs Shirley MATTHEWS

Shirley died suddenly at her home on the Gold Coast. She is survived by her husband Adrian and daughters.

From *Garamut*, with thanks

Mr Ken NIZETTE (13 January 1999, aged 70 years)

Ken and his wife Billie went to PNG in 1957. Ken was a radiographer, working firstly in Madang and then Lae with the Health Department. In 1970, the family moved to Port Moresby where Ken worked for T & G Assurance. Ken was very active in many organisations including Apex and Rotary, the Anglican Church, the Chamber of Commerce, the Lands Board and the Lae Golf Club. While in Port Moresby he was President of the PNG Orchid Society and Chairman of the Boy Scouts Association. In 1974 the family moved to the ACT, then the Gold Coast, and then early in 1984, following Ken's surgery for a brain tumour, he and Billie went to the UK for a two-year holiday - and remained there.

Ken is survived by his wife Billie and children Deborah, Peter, Mark and Philip. Another daughter, Michelle, died in 1967 and is buried at Lae. From Garamut, with thanks

Mr Bob BUNTING, DFC, DFC(US) (9 February 1999, aged 76 years)

Bob spent his early years in Melbourne and began work with Telecom as a cadet in 1939. In 1941 he joined the RAAF - his ambition was to be a Spitfire pilot. He achieved this and more, as he was awarded a DFC in Italy in 1943 for a lone attack on 50 Luftwaffe aircraft, and awarded an American DFC for the destruction of enemy planes at Corsica in 1944. In 1946 he went to PNG as a Patrol Officer, taking his bride Nancy with him. He attended the ASOPA course in 1954. During his long career in PNG he served in many areas including Lae, Kainantu, Goroka, Mt Hagen, Samarai, Misima, Finschhafen, Maprik, Wewak, Kerema, Port Moresby and Vanimo where he was District Commissioner of the North Sepik District along the Indonesian border in the period leading up to Independence. Bob was a keen and excellent golfer and held office on several golf club committees and was awarded Life Membership of two. On his return to Australia in 1974, he worked for Legacy on the Gold Coast Qld. Bob wrote short stories and poems - he has recently been recognised as a war poet and what is possibly his best work will appear as the preface in the next edition of *Aces High*. Apart from golf, he enjoyed bridge, chess and fishing.

Bob passed away in hospital at the Gold Coast after a long illness. He is survived by his wife Nancy and son Anthony. (From the eulogy given by Bob's son Anthony)

Mrs Nan WATKINS (18 February 1999)

Nan was the wife of Wally Watkins. Further details in the next issue.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO:

MR J E	BOWERS C/- S G DAVEY, 15 BUSHLANDS AVE,	HORNSBY HEIGHTS, NSW	2077
MR G R	BURFOOT	PO BOX 4	TYALGUM NSW 2484
Grp. Capt.	R. C. CLELLAND AM, 23 ETHEL STREET	CAMP HILL	QLD 4152
MR C T	COGHLAN, Lindsay Gardens Retirement Village,	LINDSAY RD, BUDERIM	QLD 4556
MRS J S	COX	Unit 1, Tours Terrace, 242 LAWSON ST,	HAMILTON NSW 2303
MR I F	DOWNS	GPO BOX 3692	SYDNEY NSW 1044
DR D P	DROVER	6/60 CARABELLA ST	KIRRIBILLI NSW 2061
MR W A	DUNCAN	30 ARNOLD JANSSEN DR	KELLYVILLE NSW 2155
MR A H	LAURENS	41 TENNENT ST	WESTLAKE QLD 4074
MR P	MARVELL	11A MIOWERA RD	TURRAMURRA NTH NSW 2074
MRS F	NITSCHKE	16 DAVID ST	GREEN POINT NSW 2251
MR F X	RYAN	PO BOX 48	DORA CREEK NSW 2264
MR L	SPARREBOOM	4 WARREGO PLACE	TERRANORA NSW 2486
MRS E	STANDEN CBE	PO BOX 407	HARRIS PARK NSW 2150
MR J B	TONER BEM	PO BOX 1965	PALMERSTON NT 0831
MRS B L	WOOD	6/6 BURRABEE ST	BURLEIGH HEADS QLD 4220

PNG'S CPI: PNG's Consumer Price Index appears to have been increasing steadily since 1997 when it was 7%. It has risen over 20% in just one year. In the three months Oct-Dec. 1998, Port Moresby was the most expensive city, increasing 9.6%, followed by Rabaul, Goroka and Lae. Madang had the lowest increase - 3.9%. *National* 18-2-99

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MRS H E	ALCORN-FROST	46 MORETON TERRACE	BEACHMERE	QLD	4510
MR T E	ATKINSON	4 FRENCH COURT	GOLDEN BEACH	QLD	4551
DR R M	BOURKE	16 DIANELLA ST	O'CONNER	ACT	2602
MR J D	BRADY	178 OBI OBI ROAD	MAPLETON	QLD	4560
MR R J	CALVERT	122 CASCADE ST	RACEVIEW	QLD	4305
MRS V	CRAGG	97 ELM ROAD	AUBURN	NSW	2144
MR M	DAVIDSON	42 HARDY TERRACE	IVANHOE	VIC	3079
MR R	DIXON	10 WILMOT ST	HOBART	TAS	7000
MR R D	DONOVAN	21 SAND ST	PORT DOUGLAS	QLD	4871
MR T	DWYER	73-75 THORA RD	CEDAR GROVE	QLD	4285
MR H J	EDWARDS	'PINE NEEDLES' 236/61	KARALTA RD ERINA	NSW	2250
MR F H	FAULKNER	114 SHADFORTH ST	KERANG	VIC	3718
MR M J	GEYLE	52 BULLI ST	MOORABBIN	VIC	3189
MR P J	GRIMSHAW MBE	153 HAWKESBURY CRES	FARRER	ACT	2607
MR A L	HENRY	15 SANDRINGHAM PLACE	CHRISTCHURCH	NZ	
MR A R	HOILE	16 VINES AVENUE	FORESTVILLE	NSW	2087
MRS M T	HOLLAND	33 ST CLEMENTS RD	OXLEY	QLD	4075
MR G	ISON	9/2 TEMPERLEY ST	NICHOLLS	ACT	2913
MRS J E	KLEINIG	4 ALEXANDRA ST	HUNTERS HILL	NSW	2110
MR J R	KLEINIG	ditto	ditto		
MR T	LARKINS	PO BOX 234 (Lapsed Mem)	GISBORNE	VIC	3437
MR P	LOGAN	258 CHURCH ROAD	TAIGUM	QLD	4018
MRS K	LYNCH	32 LYNE ST	ALEXANDRIA	NSW	2015
MR R	McDONALD	30 DOLPHIN ST	PALM BEACH	QLD	4221
MR D R	McENROE	221 VINCENT ST	CESSNOCK	NSW	2325
MR G D	McMURRAY	10 WANJINA PLACE	NORTH ROCKS	NSW	2151
MRS F	MARSHALL	26 ERAVE AVENUE	RUNAWAY BAY	QLD	4216
MR R D	MEAD	FLAT 2, 92-94 CAMBRIDGE ST	STANMORE	NSW	2048
MS E	MESZAROS	PO BOX 64	CAMPBELL	ACT	2601
MR R	MORRISON	22 BENNY AVENUE	PORT NOARLUNGA	SA	5167
MR M A	MUNRO	BANKSIA LODGE, TARCOOLA (Lapsed Mem)	SHEPPARTON	VIC	3632
MR P	MUNRO	20B REDAN ST	MOSMAN	NSW	2088
MRS P	NORMAN	PO BOX 218 (Lapsed Mem)	MADANG 511	PNG	
MR R C	OLIVE	3 BANGALOW DRIVE	NAMBUCCA HEADS	NSW	2448
MS S B	PAGE	37 BEVINGTON ROAD	GLENUNGA	SA	5064
MR F	PANNEKOEK	72 TELFER ROAD	CASTLE HILL	NSW	2154
MRS J	PRATT	2 ELLEN ST	WOODY POINT	QLD	4019
MRS R	RADFORD	PO BOX 223	TORRENS PARK	SA	5062
MR R D	RANKIN	15 RAMITTA STREET	HOLLAND PARK	QLD	4121
MR J M	REGAN	C/- PO BOX 684	BOROKO 111	PNG	
MR J P	REYNOLDS	530 BRONTE ROAD	BRONTE	NSW	2024
MRS C	RUSSELL-STONE	25 COOMASSIE AVE	FAULCONBRIDGE	NSW	2776
MR P	SKINNER	PO BOX 652	ANACORTES	WA 98221	USA
MR L B	SMART	6 PAVO STREET	CAMP HILL	QLD	4152
DR M	SPENCER	PO BOX 276	TENTERFIELD	NSW	2372
DR T	SPENCER	ditto	ditto		
MR R	STERLAND	10 GRIFFITH ST	CHARLESTOWN	NSW	2290
MR R R	STOTT, UNIT 96,	HEATH GLEN VILLAGE, 3	GLENDALE COURT		
			HOPPERS CROSSING	VIC	3030
MR J R	THOMAS	19 SUFFOLK RD	DANDENONG NORTH	VIC	3175
MR A F	WADSWORTH	10 METRICUP COURT	MERMAID WATERS	QLD	4218
MS H	WALNE	52 BLACKBUTT ST	WYOMING	NSW	2250
MR N	WATT	PO BOX 269	MOSSMAN	QLD	4873
MR J H	WATTS	6 BISDEE PLACE	NOWRA	NSW	2541
MRS P	WEAVER	UNIT 14, 25 PARK ROAD	WOY Woy	NSW	2256
MR C R	WEBB	3 HIXSON COURT	ROBINA	QLD	4226
MR E E	YOUNG	13 TANIA DRIVE	HIGHTON	VIC	3216

CORRECTION TO LIST OF NEW MEMBERS, DEC 1998

Name should be Mr H JANSEN of Germany, not Jensen