Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC
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No. 3, 1999 - September

1999 CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Sunday 5 December at the Mandarin Club
corner Pitt & Goulburn Streets Sydney

(Full details in the next issue of *Una Voce* which you will receive mid-November.)

A NOTE TO MEMBERS from MARGARETTE WILLIAMS, WIFE OF OUR PATRON

On the occasion of our last luncheon, in May, a small group of our offspring - *pikinini bilong mipela* - gathered unexpectedly, and had great fun talking together about their PNG days. Two were from the Johnson family, one from the Bates family, one from the Williams family. The young people wondered if you would ask your family if they would come to our next get-together - our Christmas luncheon on Sunday, 5 December. Their partners would, of course, be welcome too. There has been a favourable response already. *And they want to catch up with our generation too, complaining that they have lost touch with us all.* So ... over to you.

- Margarette (Margo) Williams

2000 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - ADVANCE NOTICE

The 2000 AGM and luncheon will be held on Sunday 23 April. The AGM lasts about 30-45 mins; after that, the event is just like the Christmas Luncheon.

EXHIBITION AND INDEX OF WORK OF ARTIST S.T. CHAM OF RABAUL

Albert Speer of Goulburn NSW wrote: "Samuel Terarup Cham, a Tolai, painted many scenes of Rabaul. A PNG stamp was issued on 13 February 1963 depicting an oil painting by him of Rabaul Harbour. S T Cham has now passed away. I am hoping to have a small exhibition of his work for display at our Christmas Luncheon together with an index of his work.

I would be grateful if members who have works by this artist would send me a colour photograph of the painting together with a note containing a short subject description and the date painted. My address is: ' The Top End', Woodhouselee Road via Goulburn NSW 2580, Ph/fax 02 4843 2240 Many thanks, Albert Speer"

VISIT TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

The date for this excursion is **Thursday 23 September**, a little earlier this year to avoid the school holidays. We will be visiting Leura which is a very interesting village with a great variety of small shops containing attractive merchandise. It has much more to offer than Wentworth Falls, and the railway station is also adjacent to the village.

Lunch has been arranged at the **Leura Gourmet Restaurant** which has a variety of tasty meals very reasonably priced. It also has an attractive outlook. The proprietors would like us to be there at **12.30 pm** because the place is crowded between 1 and 2 pm. The address of the restaurant is 159 The Mall, which is on the right hand side walking down the Mall from the station. Suitable trains from Sydney's Central Station:
Dep. Central 9.02am, Arr. Leura 10.50am, or Dep. Central 9.57am, Arr. Leura 11.49am. ($2.00 return for those with Seniors Cards.) Please check train departure time with City Rail a week or so before to make sure there has not been a change. (City Rail No. in Sydney is 13 1500; from the recorded menu select 9, to speak to an operator.)

If interested please contact Pam Foley 02 9428 2078, or Joe Nitsche 02 9451 2475 before 19 September so that we can advise the restaurant. - Doug Parrish

FROM THE SECRETARY

Just a reminder that membership fees are $10.00, due on 1st January each year (overseas members are required to pay additional postage - please contact me for details). Please address ALL CORRESPONDENCE including membership fees to me. - Joe Nitsche

FROM THE EDITOR Recently I received copies of some old letters written by PNG residents. This is probably a further source of items for the newsletter. If you are lucky enough to have relatives or friends who kept your letters, could we please have copies of any which might interest readers? Also, if you have a photograph or photographs which relate to the letters, please let me know. -Marie Clifton-Bassett

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PNG AND PACIFIC INTERNET SITES: From John M Howard of Stanmore NSW:

The CocoNet Wireless: http://www.uq.edu.au/jrn/coco.index.html

The National newspaper: http://www.wr.com.au/national/home.html

The Post Courier: http://www.postcourier.com.pg/

Rob's Papua New Guinea Links:
http://www.geocities...eTropics/Paradise/4163/body-index.html
Rob's site has a PNG-e-mail directory where individuals with an interest in PNG can place their e-mail addresses.

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HAVE YOU HEARD???

Kingsley JACKSON of Jimboomba Qld wrote, "We're very involved with Beaudesert Seniors, and my great love is singing - also writing the odd article/letter to newspapers... I also sing and act the fool at Day Respite and the Wongaburra Nursing Home - and we go regularly to Canungra Blue Nurses luncheons. The grandkids and I won the B Grade tennis comp - first time I've won a trophy in my life!! ... I walk regularly and swim 300 metres every week or so. Judy's had health problems but still runs a great house and organises us all - reads very widely - it's our very great interest." Apart from all that, and looking after 'miles of lawns and shrubs', King took the lead in *Rosemarie* and was also singing (in soprano!) "Why am I Always the Bridesmaid" in full bridal gear!

King added that son Nick (now 49) has two children, Ian (18) and Sarah (16). Prue (51) is still in Toronto, and daughter Cynthia (22) is at Guelph Uni.

Syd SAVILLE of Burpengary Qld sent news of a few Didimen: "**Fred KLECKHAM** who was well known from his exploits at Popondetta and many other provinces had surgery recently... **Barry JOHNSTON** is back in Darwin after treatment in Adelaide. Barry keeps in touch with **Kevin BLACKBURN** who works with the local Dept of Agriculture and also grows tropical fruit. **Col BENTON**, after a heart bypass is back working with CDC on a plantation near Kavieng.

I spent three months in Fiji working for the Fiji Sugar Corporation under the auspices of AESOP (Australian Expert Service Overseas Program*). The end of the project coincided with the Fiji elections which were interesting but not nearly as volatile as PNG." **AESOP is always looking for volunteers. See 'Una Voce' March 1999, p20*

Stan MASON of Woody Point Qld wrote, "I always look forward to receiving *Una Voce* with all the news, which brings back memories of the good times spent in PNG '54 to '74. Having family still in Moresby, we have been back a few times since my retirement. I'm most disappointed the way the lifestyle has changed, owing to the behaviour of some of the locals. The last time we were there, 1997, had a trip to Rouna where I worked for some time. The place was not the same with 'Woodeys Hotel' gone, but some of the old buildings in the Comworks Camp were still remaining."

IN THIS ISSUE

The following item, dated 1-11-98, came from ***the late Bob BUNTING*** *just after the December issue went to print - then unfortunately it was overlooked. Apologies from the editor.*

"Today **Wally SIDEBOTTOM** celebrated his 80th birthday with some 70 friends at an excellent smorgasbord luncheon washed down with champers and assorted drinks ... Wally's wife Beryl, his son John and wife Desley, his daughter Barbara and her husband Jim and their grandchildren were all present. The highlight of the day for Wal was when his deceased brother Stan's wife Mavis arrived unexpectedly by plane from Melbourne with 16 young and some not so young Melbourne Sidebottoms, most of them Carlton and St Kilda supporters. **Bob and Nancy Bunting**, Admin, and **Col and Myra Thompson**, ex TAA, represented the Lae which Wally loved so much... Wally was well known throughout Lae for his beautification of the Lae streets and gardens. He was loved by the locals who worked with him and was known affectionately by them as *masta ars istap long hap.*" Bob Bunting presented Wally with a card with the Rhum Negrita meri label on it and a couple of stanzas of doggerel inside, parts of which read -

"For a man with his bum on one side/ Will fight for his honour with pride,/
For he knows in the end/ His bum will not bend/ 'Til he's walloped the enemy's hide. *And*
"Now I don't want to harp/And I don't want to carp/
That his ars stopped long hap,/But it did, and it's still there today."

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY:

Jim Toner writes, "The NT is running low on wantoks with **Terry KELLIHER** the latest to Go South. He has left the Attorney-General's Department to study full time at QUT Brisbane and the former kiap hopes to be awarded a Law degree in mid-2000. However, his daughter Tara remains in Darwin having just commenced a Law course at NTU. The grandson of the late PNG Commissioner for Land Titles, also named **DENNY**, continues at NTU studying Information Technology.

Few readers will not have come across a 'character' in PNG. Many lived in relative isolation such as King Cam on Kitava Island. However, with the burgeoning of the main towns in the '60s there appeared what might be termed the 'urban eccentric'. One of them was **Harold THOMPSON.** Harold was a mind-mannered artist who had bounced around Bohemian circles for several decades before he landed in Port Moresby where he opened a restaurant at the Four Mile. This certainly afforded him a better living than the sale of his paintings and was very popular while it lasted. It was rumoured, this being the Psychedelic Sixties, that more than the aroma of steak and chips was to be inhaled there. In imitation of the Arlo Guthrie classic, people sang, "You can get. Anything you want. At Harold's restaurant." In June I was delighted to see the old gentleman appear on morning TV. At 85, he was still painting and for the occasion had attired himself in what appeared to be Joseph's coat of many colours and the discarded mitre of a Coptic archbishop. Thank you Harold for brightening up downtown Boroko in the past and viewers of Channel 9 thirty years later.

That restaurant boasted a piano on which **Cecil RUSSELL** would sometimes tickle the ivories. Then with the Public Solicitor's office but also a legal Lieutenant in the RAN Reserve, Cecil, after circumnavigating the globe a couple of times, is back in Moresby where he teaches Law at UPNG. How long he and other expatriate lecturers can remain there is uncertain since the Kina plummeted to 46 cents Australian. (For those not in touch, five years ago it would get you $1.16 and even last Christmas stood at 75 cents.) I last ran into the dashing Lieutenant at the Zambesi Club in Earls Court where our evening was rudely interrupted by fisticuffs (and some rolling around the floor) amongst Rhodesians. "This wouldn't be countenanced in The Territory", huffed Cecil. On being reminded of occurrences at the Chimbu Club and that the club at Talasea was often called

'The Stadium', he replied with hauteur "I was referring to Papua". Oh, quite.

Derek NIMMO who died this year was a likeable sort of English actor specialising in comical men of the cloth. From the '70s he spent half of each year touring with his own comedy company. His obituary in *The Times* said that occasionally the location affected the choice of play and when in Papua New Guinea he felt it necessary to cancel "There's a Girl in my Soup" becaust he thought 'it might give them ideas'. Oh, maski .... I wonder if anyone recalls what the reverend gentleman actually did stage for the amusement of the anthropophagi in Lae and Moresby?"

NEWS FROM PNG:

Following is a list of cabinet members of the new government:

Hon Sir Mekere Morauta, PM, Minister for NEC (Nat. Exec.Cncl), NSC (Nat. Security Comm.) Finance & Treasury, Health, Bougainville, Information & Communication
Hon John Pundari, Dep. PM, Minister for Home Affairs, Women, Youth & Churches

Hon Alfred Pogo,	Defence
Hon Andrew Kumbakor,	Provincial & Local Governments
Hon Bart Philemon,	Transport & Civil Aviation
Hon Fabian Pok,	Lands & Physical Planning
Hon Herowa Agiwa,	Labour, Employment, Culture & Tourism
Hon John Kamb,	Housing
Hon Kilroy Genia,	Justice
Hon Mao Zeming,	Works
Hon Mathias Karani,	Police & Correctional Services
Hon Michael Nali,	Trade & Industry
Hon Michael Ogio,	Forests
Hon Moi Avei,	Planning & Implementation
Hon Peter Waieng,	Minister for State Assisting the PM
Hon Philemon Embel,	Public Service
Hon John Waiko,	Education
Hon Ron Ganarafo,	Fisheries
Hon Sir John Kaputin CMG,	Mining
Hon Sir Michael Somare GCMG,	Foreign Affairs
Hon Ted Diro,	Agriculture & Livestock
Hon Tommy Tomscholl,	Petroleum & Energy
Hon Vincent Auali,	Corporatisation & Privatisation
Hon William Ebenosi,	Rural Development, Environment & Conservation

TAIPEI ABANDONED IN FAVOUR OF BEIJING: Sir Mekere Morauta's new government has reversed previous Prime Minister Bill Skate's diplomatic recognition of Taiwan and will restore relations with Beijing under a 'One China' policy. Bill Skate's arrangement with Taiwan was believed to have been in return for generous financial aid. *Sydney Morning Herald 22-7-99*

AUSTRALIA OFFERS FURTHER AID TO PNG: Australia has offered PNG an extra $30 million in aid, in addition to the amount of $300 million in assistance this financial year. The World Bank and the IMF were due to visit PNG in mid-August to discuss a program of economic restructuring. *Sydney Morning Herald 30-7-99*

OK TEDI AND THE ENVIRONMENT: BHP has stated that its Ok Tedi copper mine in the Western Province has proved far more damaging to the environment than anticipated, and there is no clear solution to the problem. One option would be to close the mine early. Sir Mekere Morauta has asked the World Bank to set up a team to examine the environmental, economic and social impact of the mine. *SMH 19-8-99*

DEFENCE FORCE COMMANDER SUSPENDED: Sir Mekere Morauta's government has suspended Major General Jerry Singirok from office and appointed Colonel Carl Malpo, from New Ireland Province, as acting defence commander. This move is thought to be linked to sedition charges against General Singirok now before the courts relating to the 1997 Sandline crisis. *SMH 7-8-99*

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT SCHEME (CDS) FUNDED BY AusAID: This programme has been set up to help disadvantaged provinces - Kerema, Mount Hagen, Madang and Rabaul have been selected for pilot projects under the Scheme which was launched in August when K128,000 was given to 11 community groups in the Kerema area. The money will be used to assist village-oriented projects. CDS funding would be available to women's organisations, youth and church groups, mini business operators and other groups associated in improving community lives. *The National 17-8-99*

PNG SOAP TO BE USED IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND: Soap made by Lae-based Colgate-Palmolive (PNG) Ltd will soon be exported to Australia and New Zealand for use in hotels. The soap is the 40g Palmolive Naturals Body Soap - it is already being used in hotels throughout PNG and is making inroads into supermarkets and tradestores for general consumer purchase. Colgate-Palmolive bought out Melanesian Soap Products in 1986 and since then has produced an extensive range of products specifically designed for the local market. *The National 5-8-99*

INTERNATIONAL RESEARCH PROJECT RELATING TO THE PACIFIC WAR: The ANU will be holding a seminar in September as part of an international research project relating to the Pacific War. A contribution by an academic from the University of PNG is being funded by the Japanese Ministry of Education and Science - this will be on 'untold stories of the Black Water Lakes in East Sepik during the Japanese occupation at the height of the Pacific War'. Older people's explanations of what they saw and thought of the Japanese soldiers would be in the paper.

The National 17-8-99 & Post Courier 19-8-99

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REUNIONS

NEW IRELAND REUNION 1999, Gold Coast, October 23-24: The organisers advise that you have until 29 September to make your payment for the luncheon, and until 15 Sept to make a booking with the Mercure Hotel (on the prepared booking form). Venue for the reunion on 24th October is Grand Mercure Hotel Resort, 81 Surf Parade Broadbeach. If you wish to attend, please register your interest by sending $5 to Tony Thomas (address below) - full details will be posted to you. Cost per head, $29.50 based on minimum of 80 heads. If you require accommodation, a block booking has been made at the Mercure Hotel, or you can choose alternative accommodation from a list the organisers have drawn up. There is to be a golf competition on Sat 23 October. Contacts: Tony Thomas, 41 Cashmere Place, Morayfield Qld 4506, email: champers@one.net.au Ph 07 5497 8058 or 0418 156 414

George & Joelze Man, 114 Pennant Hills Rd, Normanhurst NSW 2076, Ph 02 9487 3297

Michael Kenny, 16 Oleander Avenue, Bogangar NSW 2488, Ph 02 6676 1082

SPENCER, AND THE ROYAL PAPUA YACHT CLUB

by **Chips Mackellar**

I read with sorrow in the December 1998 edition of *Una Voce* of the death of Brian William Spencer. During his time in PNG Brian was not widely known outside of Port Moresby, but during the late 1970s and early 1980s in Port Moresby, to members of the Royal Papua Yacht Club, he was almost a permanent yacht club fixture. And it was during these years that he and I worked together in a loose association which was basically administrative, but which because of his gregarious and friendly nature, spilled over into our private lives also.

He was always known as 'Spencer' to friends and administrative associates alike, and both his subordinates and mine always addressed him and referred to him as 'Spencer' as if he had no title, nor any other name.

Our administrative association began while the Ela Beach Court House was being set up as a specialist traffic court. This happened during the period immediately after independence when Port Moresby was suddenly transformed from a sleepy colonial backwater to a bustling national capital. Part of this transformation included an explosion of motor vehicle use and misuse, and the nation's capital was in danger of becoming slowly strangled by its own motor traffic system. Part of the problem was the archaic traffic laws and the inadequate court processes.

So it came about that I was assigned to the Ela Beach Traffic Court, as District Court Magistrate, and about the same time, Spencer was appointed Superintendent of the Motor Traffic Registry. We soon found ourselves thrown together to clean up the mess; he from the police perspective and me from the legal perspective. It was a combined operation which involved the city council, the traffic police, the traffic registry, the traffic court, and the legal drafting section of the Law Department. Over succeeding years, we rearranged the flow of traffic in Port Moresby, streamlined traffic prosecutions and traffic court processes and did what we could to improve the traffic situation in the nation's capital.

Now everyone knows that in all good democracies the nation's affairs are not decided in cabinet or Parliament, but after work in an exclusive private club. At that time in London it was Blades, in Australia it was the Melbourne Club, and in PNG at that time it all happened in the Royal Papua Yacht Club. It was there where the Australian senior public servants of the independent PNG Government gathered each day for lunch, and again after work to watch the sun set on the old empire. It was the only place in Port

Moresby where those who could make anything happen could be found together at the same place and the same time, in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere.

For this reason, most of our planning was done there, inside the Royal Papua Yacht Club. Because it was only there that we had easy access to Ministers' secretaries, lawyers, engineers, treasury officials, city planners, and any other experts whose advice and cooperation we needed.

So, with a quick drink here, a pat on the back there, or a friendly word on the side with the right official, the appropriate Minister would be informed, more funds were found, traffic lights would go up, and the Motor Traffic Regulations would be amended.

It was the only way around the red tape, in what would otherwise have been a quagmire of committees and estimates and administrative intransigence, and it all happened like magic, in what can only be described as a tropical version of that famous BBC television production "Yes, Minister".

In this context, the lines of communication were so good, that for propositions put at the club at lunch-time answers would often be available later in the club during after work drinks on that same day. So it came to pass that out of sheer administrative necessity, both Spencer and I had to frequent the Royal Papua Yacht Club. And this club soon became, for us, both an extension of our separate offices and also an extension of our separate homes. And it was in the Royal Papua Yacht Club that some of my most indelible memories of Spencer were formed. He was friendly, witty, and helpful, and he had an amazing capacity for beer. This was just as well, considering the amount of time he spent in the club, but it also got him into some amazing situations.

Spencer at the time had a charming wife from whom he later separated. He was always the perfect gentleman to her, but they had a young child at the time, and this meant that mother and child were mostly at home, when Spencer was mostly at the club. Everyone felt for his wife during Spencer's long hours in the club, and we often tried to encourage him to leave early and take her and the baby to a drive-in movie occasionally. Spencer always promised to do so, but every attempt he made led to failure, all because of his insatiable thirst.

And every attempt went something like this: Spencer would announce to everyone at the bar, that he couldn't stay long in the club tonight because he is taking his wife to the drive-in. Sighs of relief all round, and congratulatory encouragement. "I'll just have one drink, and then go," he would say. But one drink led to another and then to another, and someone would suggest he better leave before the movie started.

"Ah well," Spencer would say, "You know they never start on time, so I'll just have another quick drink and then I'll go."

But after several more drinks, someone would suggest that the movie had *already* started.

"Yes, but it's only the shorts or newsreels," Spencer would say, "they're always out of date, and nobody wants to see them. I'll be in time for the main feature, so I'll just have another drink and then go."

And a few drinks later somebody would suggest that the *main* movie had already started.

"Yes, but it's only the credits and all the other nonsense before the story starts, I'll get there when the story gets good," he would explain, "I'll just have another drink and then go."

And a few drinks later, someone else would say, "Hey Spencer, that movie is about halfway through now." And in desperation Spencer would say, "Ah well, it's too late to go now, there's no point in going to a movie when it's half over. Let's have another

drink. Your shout, Chips," and so it became another failed attempt to go to the movies.

One New Year's Eve, the Yacht Club had closed early because of liquor restrictions, and I was home alone. Suddenly Spencer arrived.

"I couldn't pass by without wishing you a Happy New Year," he said, "but I can't stay long because I have to buy sausages for tea, and then we're going out to a New Year's Eve party. I'll just stay for one drink."

But the inevitable happened, and one drink led to another drink, and to another, and eventually Spencer fell asleep in the chair, and he didn't buy the sausages, and he didn't take his wife to the New Year's Eve party. So while the rest of Port Moresby was celebrating the new year, Spencer's wife and child were sitting at home, alone.

But when I woke up next morning, Spencer had gone. Some pang of conscience must have woken him earlier, and alerted him to the heinous New Year's Eve domestic misdemeanour he had committed the previous night. But undeterred, Spencer decided to continue the search for the sausages, which at least might then have been put to good use as a New Year's Day breakfast.

But alas, every store in Port Moresby was closed for New Year's Day. So, defeated by the failure of his mission, Spencer went back home to the frosty stare of his wife, across the silent breakfast table. She had not seen him since she had sent him out early the previous night to buy the sausages. But believing that any lame excuse for his unexplained absence was better than no excuse at all, Spencer announced, "I've been searching all night. All the stores are closed. It's New Year's Day. There's no sausages."

It didn't work. And neither did the truth. Because, when Spencer tried to explain that he had fallen asleep at my place, while the whole of Port Moresby was celebrating New Year's Eve, his wife would not believe him. In desperation he called me in as witness, but that made his predicament even worse because his wife then thought that I was trying to cover up for him. So Spencer was humbled for the first time in his life by that constant frosty stare which haunted him all that New Year's Day.

Spencer and I were both on the Committee of the Royal Papua Yacht Club, and committee work and meetings consumed even more of our time at the club, and contributed even more to Spencer's absences from home. These absences had by now entered the annals of the Royal Papua Yacht Club and found a home amongst its favourite myths and legends.

So, thinking of Spencer's never ending absences from home, one night during a dreary yacht club committee meeting on finance and estimates, when nearly everyone was asleep from boredom, I decided to liven up the meeting with a snippet of contrived gossip.

"Did everyone hear about the stray sex Spencer had the other night?" I asked. That did it. Immediately, everyone was wide awake, including Spencer, all waiting for the punch line. "He went home to his wife," I said. Everyone roared with laughter, except Spencer. He did not like it, and within a few days he repaid the compliment.

Now these days, some 6,000 Filipino girls migrate to Australia every year as brides of Australian men. But in those days, as a result of the new air service which had then begun from Port Moresby to Manila, Australian men had then only just discovered the Philippines.

As a first step into Asia, most Australians found the Philippines to be a crazy mixed-up English-speaking exotica. Shakily independent from two diametrically opposed colonial experiences, it was said that the Filipinos mirrored 400 years in a convent and 50 years in Hollywood. They had Malay faces, and Spanish names, and spoke English with American accents, and through this kaleidoscope of contrast, they had been cursed by

fiendish politics, and blessed with beautiful girls.

So it came to pass that Australian men on holidays to the Philippines began to bring Filipino girls back with them when they returned to Port Moresby. At first these girls were so exotic that every time someone brought one into the club, everyone would stare at her in amazement.

On this particular day, Spencer and I were lunching together at the club when three Australian men came in and sat at a table near us. They were accompanied by this beautiful Filipina, and all eyes, including ours, were on her. As one of the men came back from the bar carrying drinks, I said casually to Spencer, "I wonder which of them is sleeping with her."

Without giving me any indication as to what he was up to, Spencer seized this opportunity to pay me back for that 'stray sex' trick. He stood up and beckoned the man over to our table. "Hey Mate!" he called, "come over here!" Since neither Spencer nor this man knew each other, the man hesitated momentarily, wondering if it was he whom Spencer was addressing. Spencer soon reassured him. "Yes, you Mate," Spencer said invitingly, "come over here." The man approached our table, still carrying the drinks.

"Which of you blokes is sleeping with that beautiful Philippine girl?" Spencer asked brazenly. "I am," the man replied. "Congratulations," Spencer said, "how did you manage that?" "I married her," the man replied. Then he continued, "and who wants to know?" "Chips does," Spencer replied, indicating me. And he sat down.

I felt mortified. I was so embarrassed, but before I could stammer some kind of apology, the man continued with his explanation of how he had met the girl in the Philippines and how he married her and how he got a visa for her to come to PNG and so on, and after a long conversation we parted in a friendly manner and he went back to his table.

In that land of *wontoks* and payback, it was the neatest payback from a *wontok* I had ever experienced. "Well done, Spencer," I said, praising him for his guile, but at the same time admonishing him for the situation he had created, "he could have killed me for that." "No he couldn't have," Spencer said, "I would have rescued you long before anything like that could have happened." And I knew he would have, because all he had done had been only to repay one prank with another.

But Spencer had the last laugh. We never saw the Filipina or her companions again, but for months afterwards Spencer told everyone in the club first about the prank I had played on him, and then about how he zapped me over that incident concerning that beautiful Philippine girl.

Saturday night was party night at the Royal Papua Yacht Club, with all the fun and the tradition of the expatriate social clubs of PNG. But these nights were so popular with the general population of Port Moresby that the club had a struggle to keep out the yahoos, and enforce the club's dress code. For this purpose, committee members were rostered for duty at the entrance to the club, two at a time, resplendent in white summer uniforms and epaulettes, in the best tradition of all Royal yacht clubs, right throughout the Commonwealth.

Spencer and I always did duty together, but standing at the front door for hours on end was a real drag, and we missed all the fun going on inside the club. But not to worry, Spencer soon devised some entertainment of his own to help keep us amused while we were both on duty. Remember that this was the era of Carlos the Jackal, the Beirut bombs, aircraft hijacking and the siege of American Embassies.

Security searches were all the rage then, so, keeping up with the times, Spencer introduced some interesting security searches of his own, and to this end he was greatly

assisted by the club's dress code. Actually, the dress code stated simply: "No wet or dirty clothing, no hairy chests, and no bare feet." So, provided that they were wearing shoes, girls would have automatically conformed with the dress code, *if they had been naked.* In fact, they generally wore not much more, for in those hot, steamy tropical nights the standard dress for expat girls was a short cotton shift over thin bikini briefs and, apart from shoes, nothing else.

Anyone could see at a glance if any girl was concealing anything, and none of them of course ever did. But undeterred, Spencer would insist on searching them. His *modus operandi* was to ignore old ladies, ugly women, and all men entering alone. But as soon as a young couple appeared, or a pretty girl came in alone, Spencer's security consciousness would activate and he would swing into action.

He would first sweep the man with searching looks, from top to bottom, and without touching him, wave him through the entrance into the club. But as his female companion was about to follow, or if a single girl was entering alone, Spencer would say with the stern voice of Yacht Club officialdom "Stop!... Security check!" Then with deft hands Spencer would fondle her breasts, squeeze her hips, run his hands up her skirt, pinch her thighs, withdraw his hands quickly, pat her on the bum, and say "Thank you. You're cleared. Have a nice night,"and he would wave her through. To any casual observer, it all looked like a legitimate security search, but any girl who experienced one must have wondered otherwise.

How Spencer ever got away with it, without ever being attacked by irate husbands or angry boyfriends always remained a mystery. But he was so handsome in his uniform and so charming to the girls that I often thought that they enjoyed it. Many of them knew him of course, and for some reason they seemed to submit willingly to these 'security checks' as if there were some official meaning for them. The only occasion I ever heard a complaint was when one girl was in a hurry, and when Spencer stopped her for his 'security check' she said, "You groped me all over last week, Spencer, remember? And I'm sure this week it feels just the same." "It feels better," Spencer said, and she laughed as he waved her through, with an extra pat on her bum.

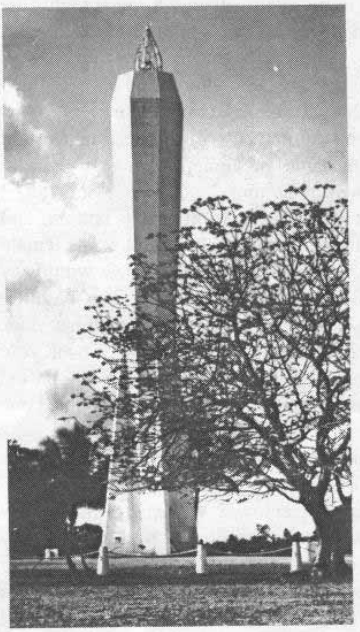
One night I said to him, "When are you going to stop mauling these women, Spencer?" He laughed and said, "When they conform strictly to the club's dress code. You know, wearing shoes and nothing else. Then I won't need to search them."

I last saw Spencer in 1981, after I had returned to Australia, and he stayed with me for a few weeks then. Later, when he also resettled in Australia, he rejoined the Victoria Police, but after that I lost track of him and I never saw him again.

Those who knew Spencer will remember him as a terrific club man, and a terrific yachtsman. And as I write this story today there is on the wall beside me, a magnificent photograph of my yacht *Nialyn* under full sail outside Port Moresby harbour with Spencer on the deck beside me.

The Royal Papua Yacht Club has since moved to a more impressive location and in the process it has lost some of its old-world charm. I wonder now if any of the club's old hands would still remember Spencer. But if there is a yachtsman's life hereafter, then I know where Spencer will be. He will be officiating in some windswept yacht club in Paradise, where the days are hot and the beer is cold, and where the girls comply strictly with the Royal Papua Yacht Club dress code ..... wearing shoes, of course.

THE UNVEILING of the COASTWATCHERS MEMORIAL LIGHTHOUSE at MADANG on 15 AUGUST 1959



Forty years ago, the Coastwatchers Memorial Lighthouse, at the entrance to Madang Harbour, was dedicated and switched on for the first time. Present at that ceremony was Roma Bates who after the dedication, wrote two letters to friends and family. The following is a composite of those two letters. Many of you will know the persons mentioned, either by repute or from personal friendship or acquaintance. Regrettably, many of them are no longer with us, however for those 'Una Voce' readers who may be interested, ***"Elma"*** *was the widow of Percy Good who was executed by the Japanese at Kessa plantation following an indiscreet Australian news broadcast which mentioned a Japanese convoy that had been sighted off Carola Haven near Kessa several days earlier. This event caused the military authorities to formally appoint all existing, and future, civilian Coastwatchers to naval rank.* ***"Edna"*** *was the wife of F. Ashton (Snowy) Rhoades (DSC [US]; Silver Star) of Guadalcanal fame.* ***"Eric Feldt"*** *(OBE), was Commander of the Coast Watchers in New Guinea, Papua and the Solomon Islands from 1939 to 1945. He was the author of "The Coast Watchers" (Re-published by Penguin Books Australia Ltd 1991).* ***"Walter Brooksbank"*** *was Assistant to the Director of Naval Intelligence, based in Melbourne.* ***"G.W.L. Townsend"*** *(OBE) was the first head of ANGAU.* ***"Alan Roberts"*** *(MC), a Coastwatcher on New Britain, became the Director of District Services & Native Affairs shortly after the war.* ***"Golpak"*** *(MBE) Paramount Luluai - responsible for the rescue of many Australian soldiers and had been tortured by the Japanese.* ***"Yawita"*** *[Yauwika](Loyal Natives' Medal) - Sergeant New Guinea Police - accompanied Coastwatcher patrols New Britain and Bougainville.* ***"Roma Bates"*** *(a long time member of the Association - Patricia, Hilary and David are her children) is the widow of C.D. Bates (MC), a Coastwatcher on New Britain who at the time of his death in 1954 was District Commissioner, Madang.*

Madang will never again have a weekend as wonderful as the one just past. A weekend of pomp and solemn ceremony, of homage and remembrance to those no longer with us, of joyous reunion and festivity. The atmosphere was overwhelming and one was caught up in it and swept along with the tide. For months and months we have watched the progress of this Lighthouse with great interest, admiring its graceful white line which gives the impression of swirling upwards to the light itself, and on Saturday we saw the culmination in the impressive unveiling ceremony which commenced at 5 p.m.

Every effort had been made by the Navy and Air Force to bring Coastwatchers,

widows and relatives from every part of Australia and New Guinea to be present at this ceremony - never again, in the history of New Guinea, will there be so many of them gathered together. It was the book "The Coastwatchers" come to life - with a few sad omissions.

From Thursday on, planes arrived bringing interested spectators as well as the above and everywhere in Madang one would see friends reminiscing and discussing old friends and their whereabouts. Edna Rhoades arrived Friday, Ashton being already here for the occasion. Late afternoon (Friday) there was a reception aboard HMAS "SWAN" (in port for the occasion) for Coastwatchers and relatives. Most of them I hadn't seen for 13 years or more and although they all knew me, I was hard put to recognise the slim young men I remember them as, in the older and greyer edition before me. All the big brass of Allied Intelligence Bureau were there also and dear old Commander Brooksbank seemed to be as delighted to see me as I was to see him. It was a very happy evening indeed. When we got home, Roy and Elizabeth [Sowerby] and their guest Alan Roberts came over to spend the evening with us and Ashton and Alan regaled us with stories of their coastwatching activities. A wonderful time was had by all. We staggered to bed in the early a.m. Saturday, Elma Good arrived (direct from Kessa - the Governor-General had lent his plane for the RAAF to fly widows and relatives from all over to Madang for the ceremony). On the way home we called in to the hotel to check on arrangements for the ceremony and it was there we met again more Coastwatchers who had arrived in the meantime. I wish I could convey to you the excitement and feeling in the air. They were gathered there en masse and everyone made a great fuss over everyone else. We hurried home to make the wreaths. The atmosphere was terrific and it was so heart-warming and wonderful.

Throughout Saturday the roads were thronged with natives heading towards the Lighthouse and by afternoon all the enclosures were packed, every tree dripped with spectators. Also in Madang for the occasion were representatives of the United States Navy, the Director of Lighthouses (Mr. Gordon Laycock), Minister for the Navy (Senator Gorton), besides representatives of Army, Navy and Air Force; the Allied Intelligence Bureau became the official channel for activities

The Memorial is, without question, the most beautiful and magnificent design to commemorate the work these men did. As they watched the coast, so now does their memorial. The design was surely inspired. Its simple classic lines sweep from a four-finned base to a fuller top surmounted by a bronze guard in the shape of a flame (narrow strips of bronze which outline the shape of a candle flame) and within this guard swings a 1,000,000 candlepower searchlight.

The construction is of dazzling white cement. The lighthouse, 90 feet high, stands on a base of red terrazzo tiles, and on this circle, between each set of fins, is a bronze plaque. The plaque between the two front fins is the Honour Plaque with the names of the fallen, on the left side is a plaque which reads:

"In honour and grateful memory of the Coastwatchers and of the loyal natives who assisted them in their heroic service behind enemy lines during the Second World War in providing intelligence vital to the conduct of Allied operations. Not only did they transmit by means of teleradio from their jungle hideouts information which led to the sinking of numerous enemy warships, but they were able to give timely warning of impending enemy air attacks. The contribution towards the Allied victory in the Pacific by the small body of men who constituted the Coastwatchers was out of all proportion to their numbers."

The space between the fins at the back has no plaque as it serves as the entrance to the ladder that goes up inside the light. The remaining space is occupied by a plaque containing the above inscription in Pidgin English for the benefit of the native community.

The Light standing on its red circle is set in the centre of a huge cross, the wide arms of which serve as footpaths; this in turn, is surrounded by a large enclosure of crushed coral fenced with 3 foot high pyramids of white cement suitably spaced and connected with black chains. The Light is situated on the Point at the entrance to Madang Harbour - where the old light used to be.

Originally, the design was supposed to represent a torch, similar to a Legacy torch, but it was necessary to add the four fins at the base for strength and to carry the weight, so that now, it looks like a finned bomb with the warhead sliced off. A truly magnificent sight, with the revolving searchlight taking the place of the bomb warhead. This Light can be seen by any small ship 15 miles out to sea and by aircraft 50 miles away. This Light is a memorial to the work of all the Coastwatchers but only the names of the 36 men who died during operations are inscribed on the Honour Plaque.

The ceremony commenced with the posting of three sentries at the base of the Light - a member of the Volunteer Rifles (Bruce Collins), a rating from the "Swan" and the Air Force was the third. This was followed by Guards of Honour of European and Native Naval ratings, New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary taking up position. The two enclosures with seats, one for the Coastwatchers and the other for relatives, were situated on one side of the path leading to the Light and opposite was the dais on which were all the V.I.P.s previously mentioned together with local dignitaries of Church and State. Elma Good and Edna Rhoades were staying with me and we took our seats in good time. It was touching to see the warm welcome and comradeship extended to the Native Coastwatchers by their European counterparts as they arrived one by one to take up their places in the enclosure.

A bugle call announced the arrival of the Minister for the Navy who inspected the Guards of Honour before taking his place on the dais. Then followed speeches by Australian and U.S. Navy representatives, and various other dignitaries. All spoke beautifully but the speech made by the Director of Lighthouses, Mr Laycock, I considered the most moving and impressive of them all (I have since learnt that he is a poet). I appreciated it the more as he was not a Coastwatcher. When it was decided to have a lighthouse as a memorial, the committee or rather Commander Brooksbank, went to interview him about it, and so caught up with the enthusiasm for such a wonderful idea was he that he also went on the committee, and after reading about the Coastwatchers and their brave work, wrote a poem about them, the last line of which is on one of the plaques: "They watched, they warned, they died, that we might live". I would very much like a copy of his speech to keep. Eric Feldt who was visibly very moved, spoke briefly and unveiled the Honour Plaque. After the unveiling, wreaths were laid by V.I.P.s, followed by private ones (Elma, Edna, David - who was wearing his father's medals - and I placed wreaths too).

By this time it was dusk and therefore when the switch was thrown by the Minister for the Navy for the first time, the Memorial showed to best advantage. I have previously omitted mention of the floodlights on purpose to give this description of the ceremony the final dramatic touch. The Light and the floodlights flashed on together and the effect was breathtaking; we all had lumps in our throats. The floodlights are a permanent feature. They illuminate for $^1/_2$ minute every three minutes and are so placed that although the column is brightly lit, there are two shadows which cut across it from left base to right top; this greatly enhances the overall effect and seems to make the column look even

taller.

This was the official end of a solemn and very beautiful ceremony.

Everyone gathered around the Light to read the plaques and on all sides friends were greeting friends they had not previously caught up with, particularly so between Native and European. Faces lit with joy at seeing each other again. Here, for the first time, I saw exemplified what we are striving for throughout Papua and New Guinea - the mutual respect, admiration and real affection between European and Native. It filled me with hope for the future and showed that, even without the benefit of higher education, the Native and European can go forward together with mutual confidence. The happiness of comrade greeting comrade was wonderful to see and their joy was mine also when the Native Coastwatchers, unsolicited and unprompted, found me in the dusk. Shaking my hand warmly and long, they spoke glowingly and feelingly of your father and we were all very emotional. They told David about his father and I hope it is something David will always remember with pride. I had tears in my eyes and so did they, clearing of throats and so on, but one made me laugh although I was so emotional when he asked me point blank - or rather, said "I suppose you have another husband now." I didn't know any of them nor did their names ring a bell. Bless their hearts. One of them is now a police-boi stationed in Madang, transferred here a few months ago. He told me he had been looking for me on several occasions before but was told I was away on leave so was glad he had caught up with me at last. He assured me of his best attention and protection should I ever need it.

Saturday night there was a dinner at the hotel for all the Coastwatchers (men only of course) and the women were invited to go up later. At the same time as this dinner was taking place, the Native Coastwatchers had a dinner at the Native Club at Tusbab. Later in the evening Commander Townsend, the Administrator and Alan Roberts visited the Club to make a presentation to Golpak's son. You remember Golpak, the Paramount Luluai down Jacquinot Bay way, don't you? He saved the lives of over 100 airmen and, intensely loyal and even under threat of torture, would not give away their whereabouts. In the end it got so hot that his son was evacuated by the Coastwatchers for safety. He was a wonderful old man. Hilary was present at the ceremony in Rabaul years ago when Golpak was decorated. Anyway, Townsend had Golpak made a Member of the Royal Airforce Escape Society but he died a short time ago just before he could be presented with it. So Golpak's son was brought to Madang this weekend and on Saturday night, at the club, Townsend gave the assembled company a resume of Golpak's war effort and presented his son with the Certificate of Membership of the Royal Air Force Escape Society. A very high honour indeed; Golpak was with your father at one stage.

Another Coastwatcher who was made a great fuss of was Yawita. He lost his eyesight and an arm. He was flown immediately to Brisbane and Elizabeth [Sowerby] was the theatre sister when he was brought to Greenslopes. He was completely blind. But a fortunate (for him) accident happened in Brisbane just at the right moment - a man was killed in a car accident. His body was rushed immediately to Greenslopes, his eye was removed and a corneal graft was done on Yawita. Now, 14 years later, he can still see. It is wonderful don't you think? It was the first corneal graft ever done in Queensland, if not in Australia. It was lovely to see the reception Yawita got when he arrived to take his place with the Coastwatchers. Although he has sight in one eye, he cannot see with perfect vision. He arrived with his artificial arm, an eye-shade over the blank eye, and the blue eye (blue eyes on a native look so startlingly out of place) looking around questioningly; all this coupled with his flowing beard made him an outstanding

figure. The Europeans, as one man, left their seats and flocked round him shaking him by the hand and all talking at once. It was a terrific vignette. All the Native Coastwatchers received warm welcomes as they arrived, one by one.

To get back to the Coastwatcher's dinner; Elma, Edna and I were home talking about old times and so on, and come 10:30 p.m. we'd had it and decided we would go to bed. Just then, the phone rang telling us to go down to the hotel; we wouldn't be in it at first but when Brooksbank (affectionately known by his Intelligence number "B1") got on the phone, we decided we would go for a short time. The minute we got amongst them at the hotel, it was "on". I don't know whether the men had previously got together and decided to give us the great morale lift or whatever, but we had the most fabulous time. I hardly left the dance floor and even when dancing, they would "tap" so that I had changes of partners all the time. OOOoooh!, my poor feet!!!!! - and the lavish compliments they rained upon us. Well it was lots of fun and we staggered to bed at 3a.m. utterly worn out. Elma and I had to be up again at 5 a.m. as her plane was taking off at 6:30 for Kessa. Fortunately, the "Exchange boi" woke me up, I was afraid he would forget. Oh, I was tired. Had to rush back and get ready for church as I am, once more, the organist. Monday morning, bright and early, I took Edna down to the drome for her return to Rabaul. There were planes going in every direction and gatherings of people seeing the visitors off. I'm still tired. It's a weekend I'll never forget, and it's a great pity you [Patricia] weren't here to share it with me.

At the unveiling of any memorial, the feeling of respect and homage, of grateful remembrance, is always noticeable but it was intensified at the ceremony on Saturday as it was for the men who were our personal friends; we knew each one of them. Even for those people who have recently come to the Territory, it meant more than a Memorial, as although they did not know all the Coastwatchers, their names were familiar to them, and in most cases their histories were known too. Do you understand what I am trying to convey? Can you get the feeling of it all?

☐ **Compiled by Roma's daughter Pat Johnson and her husband Ross**

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TOK PISIN: **Frank Wilson** of Ocean Shores NSW wrote, "Don Drover's comments on tok pisin (*Una Voce*, June 1999 p. 8) remind me of the origin of tok pisin as told to me by a German resident of Rabaul, Mr Partsh. He said that when the Germans recruited tradesmen from the Cantonese area of China the only language they could communicate in was 'bisness-English, and so when they were brought to New Guinea, this lingua franca became the only language understood between the Germans, the Cantonese and the numerous tribes of New Guinea. Pisin-English was well established when the Australians took over after World War I. I understand that 'pisin' is a Cantonese word for business. I know this information is 'old hat' to the old-timers of PNG but it may be news to the younger people.

At one time a Labour Government (remember Eddy Ward??) with some advice from the nabobs of Papua declared that tok pisin was a slave language and must be phased out and English or Motu taught in its stead. A plantation boss-boi, on being told that he was now a 'foreman' complained bitterly about the extra work - "Mi no foa man, mi wan man tasol."

Some teachers were sent over from Papua to teach English in the schools. It finished up with these teachers learning pisin and introducing it to Papua. I understand it is still used in some rural areas of Papua. The experiment was a failure and, like Eddy Ward, disappeared into oblivion. Tok pisin was the first step towards any other language, even colours could be shown by using similes - *Em i olsem* ....."

THROUGH THE BLACK WALL

I have always been interested in any subject about Papua New Guinea and there have been hundreds of articles written by many authors, over the last ten years: snakes, travel, rock climbing, sailing, all sports, and many other subjects.

My story is unique in that in 1973/4 whilst living in Port Moresby, I was asked by a dear friend Father Paul McVinney SVD, to obtain suitable transport to remove several Catholic sisters from Yule Island to their new abode in Bomana, Port Moresby. The several sisters numbered about six and included with their luggage were two very very large dogs!!

Somehow we managed to obtain a bus from the Government Transport pool and a driver, plus Father Mac's brand new Datsun sedan. Our destination was Yule Island, on what was said to be an all weather road. Very narrow and winding, and very wet.

I had visited Yule Island four to five times via the mission plane. I had a position as an education representative on the high school board and tried to visit the island as often as possible, always planning my visits around the migration of the lobster run along the coast. Our local squash club received many very cheap crustaceans when the lobster run was happening.

Back to the story: Our convoy arrived at a place on the mainland, and in the distance we could see flat-bottomed punts, with outboard motors, chugging towards us. It was a very strange sight indeed, and I imagine the sisters would have had some concern as it would have been a frightening experience - they were all standing upright, holding onto what would have been very treasured personal belongings. Their prayers were answered, as they landed on terra firma, safely!

Introductions were made and from memory Father Mac had to insist that the large dogs were not travelling in the new Datsun.

The two hour trip back to Moresby was punctuated with many stops at the request of the sisters. They wanted to look at the streams, flowers, trees, and the odd bridge and causeway.

Our arrival at the Bomana complex was a very moving sight indeed. As we stopped at the top of the hill, one of the sisters asked to be able to take all of the sisters out of the vehicles to allow them to look over their new home. One sister mentioned to me that they were looking at a beautiful fence. My comments: "A 12 foot wired mesh fence with barbed wire on top!" I could not see too much beauty in this fence.

The sisters then mentioned that they would be able to see out of the fence, and at Yule Island they could only see a black painted wall.

Postscript: Since typing these brief notes about this restricted order of the Carmelite Nuns, I have been in touch with one of the surviving sisters who now resides in a compound at Bomana. There are only eight sisters at Bomana now. I was requested to send Sister Magdalene some biros, also nail clippers for her dogs. The parcel is in the mail, and I wish her well.

□ **BOB CALVERT, July 1999**

MY PNG YEARS

by **Kingsley Jackson**

Excerpts from a talk given to the Beaudesert CWA on 6-8-1998.

"When we left PNG we said we wouldn't look back - we'd live for the present and the future... However we're now in our mid 70s - and looking forward is not the go - so for the first time in 25 years I've tried to assess our performance... Certainly our performance wasn't perfect but there was no corruption and no time-serving - we tried!...

But first, some background information: in the early 1900s Papua was British New Guinea and the northern half was German New Guinea. Between the world wars British New Guinea became Papua, a territory under Australia, and German New Guinea became an Australian mandate. The administrations of Papua and New Guinea were totally separate; they were totally separate countries, Papua without much gold being the poor relation. This had an influence on pre-WWII administration of PNG - officers on the New Guinea side were mad keen on development, but on the Papuan side expenditure was kept to a minimum - you were a good officer if you could run the place on the smell of an oily rag! Some did. At the end of WWII the two separate administrations became one, and over the years the old enmity faded.

In the early 1900s things were bad in British New Guinea (later Papua). The 'British' officers and the Australians were at loggerheads - wouldn't mix socially, squabbled ceaselessly. Funnily enough, nearly all of the 'Britishers' were from New Zealand!

At this time the Rev Chalmers of the London Missionary Society (LMS) was killed and eaten by people from Goaribari Island. Smith, the Lieutenant Governor, had this terrible event investigated but concluded that it was impossible to prove who were guilty and the investigation was discontinued. The Goaribari people were told that the matter was closed... Shortly after, Smith went on leave and Robinson became Acting Lieutenant Governor and he sent the government trawler to Goaribari Island. The people came out trustingly in their canoes and were met by a withering hail of bullets - many killed. This matter was reported to the Melbourne Age by the Abel brothers, who'd broken away from the LMS and established the Kwato Mission, and there was an outcry in Australia. Robinson then shot himself in the garden at Government House.

Later I was stationed in the Gulf District and noticed in several places along the coastline lone gravestones with the word TAMATE - the way the people had pronounced Chalmers - chiselled thereon. The people along the whole coast of Papua mourned his death and still revered him 50 years later...

In Samarai itself there was a cairn in commemoration of Robinson who 'made British New Guinea safe for the white man' then that beautiful quote,'Life is only froth and bubble etc'. Robinson's memory must have been detested by the Papuan people and it's a credit to their tolerance that they didn't pull the cairn down. I don't think they ever have. The Administrator suggested (maybe in jest!) that I knock it over with a bulldozer - accidentally, but I thought 'let sleeping dogs lie'!

Miklouho-Maclay was sent out by a Russian Society under patronage of the Czar... He had a Swedish boatswain with him...and in 1870 they were landed in Astrolabe Bay near Madang, the first white men on the New Guinea coast by decades. He always went unarmed. The people thought he was a god and asked him where he came from and he gestured towards the mountains. They thought he pointed to the moon and called him Moon Man. An extraordinary man - no fear of death - if he felt like sleeping he just went to sleep whilst all these primitive people stood around waiting for him to wake up. He

believed the Western powers should keep out of New Guinea or they would corrupt and destroy the people - as they were doing in Egypt, Africa, India and China, and elsewhere.

He returned to Astrolabe Bay twice and on one of his visits to Sydney he married my wife Judy's great aunt! That was about 1850. Small world isn't it! They had children and he took his family over to Russia, where he made strong representations to the Czar for Russia to create a native reserve on the New Guinea north coast - but to no avail. This view that the PNG lifestyle should not be disturbed has had a lot of support down the years. As late as 1960 I saw a well-reasoned submission that PNG people should not be encouraged to grow cacao etc - should continue subsistence agriculture and not be at the mercy of world markets. There was merit in the argument but surely you can't stop the clock.

1944 CIVIL AFFAIRS, DUNTROON: In 1944 I was in charge of an anti-aircraft station at Truscott Airfield, Drysdale, south-west of Darwin from which our planes were carrying out sorties over Timor. Another fellow and I were selected to attend the First Civil Affairs Course, training officers to take over the peace-time administration of PNG - a pressure cooker of six weeks law, admin, anthropology and colonial history.

It's marvellous what can be done in wartime - no expense spared - experts from all over the British Empire: the Hon Camilla Wedgwood, Manam Island anthropologist (of Wedgwood china!); Dr Lucy Mair, the authority on colonies; Dr Ian Hogbin, anthropologist; James McAuley, brilliant academic and poet; and many more - particularly Peter Ryan who'd played will-o'-the-wisp with the Japs. (Peter was in charge of all natives behind Salamaua and the Japs were out to catch him. He was so happy to be alive and wrote *Fear Drive My Feet.*) Most of us got through the course, were commissioned lieutenants and were posted throughout PNG - me to Aitape on the north coast.

1945 AITAPE: I'm hazy about how I got to Aitape but it must have been by plane. My problem was that I couldn't communicate because I hadn't yet learned Pidgin. I was sitting around with a large group of natives, no-one saying anything, when quite out of the blue I said, "Mi les". I thought it meant "I'm tired" but it really meant "I'm fed up". The reaction from the group was electric ... "O masta mipela ol les, mipela laik go bek long ples, mipela bagarap nogud turu. Fait kilim mipela" etc. (O master, we're all fed up, we want to go home, we're all greatly upset. The war has destroyed us.) The people had been shattered by war. We tend to think of the battles but it's the village people who suffered. The giant sledgehammer of war had squashed them flat.

The war against Japan ended suddenly, following Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and in October the scores of thousands of Australian servicemen moved out, abandoning mounds of everything, leaving another young chap and me to look after 60,000 displaced native people. The Australian government then did a wonderful thing: it agreed to meet the costs of all war damage suffered by the native people. It was in three parts:

1. It paid all deferred wages owing to natives at the time of the Japanese invasion. Monthly wages were around ten shillings cash and twenty shillings deferred until the completion of the agreement, but of course the Japanese invasion meant that the deferred wages had not been paid - £36 for a three year agreement, £72 if signing on again and completing six years - but usually the period was broken.
2. It compensated for all deaths and injuries - deaths £100.
3. It compensated for all damage done - houses, gardens, tools etc. Pussycats, dogs, chooks everything.

I believe I'm correct in saying that no other nation or company reimbursed the Australian government. The average claim may have been about £30 for half a million claimants - perhaps about £15 million altogether.

Paying these large sums of money in silver (or later into Commonwealth Savings

Bank books) was a tremendous task which occupied us at least into 1952. Great lines of natives came forward daily and told us what they'd suffered during the war and we typed it straight onto forms (in quadruplicate), registered them, and on the next patrol paid them. We took their word; undoubtedly some overclaimed but in the main they were pretty honest.

My task was to pay all war damage in the Wapi area inland from Aitape across the Torricelli Mountains. From there I went down to Sissano Lagoon, on the coast west of Aitape right in the area where there have recently been these terrible tidal waves. Nothing like that in my day, but I ran slap-bang into a cargo cult at Warapu, a village that's been destroyed by the tidal waves.

A leading Warapu man had told the people that a ship would soon arrive with vast quantities of tinned food, cases of tinned meats ...they had therefore made great mounds of their sago, taro, yams and bananas to welcome their saviours - they destroyed their livelihood to welcome them.

It all sounds illogical to us - but they'd seen ships unloading great mounds of provisions and equipment along the Aitape Coast and suddenly it stopped and the troops left. Where had the ships come from? No-one knew. Why should they alone be excluded from all the bounty?

Fairly standard procedure was to charge the leading man with spreading false reports giving rise to trouble, and I suppose that's what I did: put him in gaol for a week or two and took him back to Aitape, but I don't remember well.

THE PEOPLE: I've still said scarcely a word about the people of PNG. The essential thing is that there are no tribes in PNG. A tribe has an hereditary chief or king who receives obedience from all members. PNG is not like that; you have clan leaders whom the people will listen to, but they are not hereditary rulers. Every Papua New Guinean belongs to a clan - maybe the shark clan or eagle clan or whatever - and every person looks on that shark or eagle as a relative from whom he gets his strength. In a way they thought they were eagles or possums or what-have-you!

Papua New Guineans look on all cousins as brothers and sisters, however distant. There are set rules as to how people behave towards each other, particularly between the generations. Communities are very small so everyone learns to be careful what they say, particularly to in-laws, where things can get misconstrued...

PNG people are not argumentative - they don't stand up for their rights. You'll say, "Why did you let this man cheat you time after time," and they will reply "He is our brother". But sometimes their patience cracks. Aure, a literate man from Miaru village, had a sick son. He went to the sorcerer and paid him big money for a cure, but the child got sicker. He went back to the sorcerer and asked for another cure but the sorcerer would not assist Aure because he had no money; the boy died. Aure donned ceremonial war-dress, armed himself with a steel rod and danced through the village to the sorcerer's house. He ran him through the heart with his steel rod. Aure was sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

Papua New Guineans are both very religious and very superstitious people. In most villages church services are/were conducted every afternoon, quite well attended. The people also believe that the spirits of their mothers and fathers and children are continually watching over them. In many other parts of the Third World, people believe they must appease the angry spirits of their ancestors. Papua New Guineans seemed a little different: they sought the assistance of kindly ancestors with spells and incantations to make their crops grow, to keep their lakatois safe etc.

We white people knew little about this. PNG people knew that we didn't believe their superstitions so kept them to themselves - but even the town people around Port

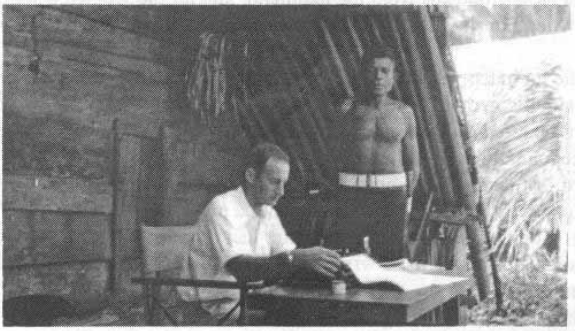
Moresby still secretly cast spells and chants to obtain success. Not very different from prayer? Basically, I think the people were always very sensitive, not burdening us with native custom that we didn't believe in, nor with their matrimonial disputes which they always settled themselves. Never once was I asked to settle a matrimonial dispute.

But sorcery was the one great fear in their lives they couldn't settle themselves. I think every Papua New Guinean believed in sorcery, believed there were people deliberately making them sick and bringing on their deaths... An understanding of infection, of cause and effect, will weaken the fear of sorcery but it's going to take years...

Now, a word about the generations. Very commonly, when a young couple marry, they are given pigs by their parents - perhaps a boar and a sow. Over the years they give presents of pork to the older generation and their parents, and receive traditional shell money in exchange. By the time their children marry they are rich in shell money and 'buy' pork from their children - and so the cycle goes on. Very simple and every effective provision for the elderly.

DECEMBER 1946 - LEAVE: I returned for Christmas in Australia in 1946, long after the war ended. My family thought I'd gone troppo because I always had a bundle of native tobacco in my hip pocket, used to roll tobacco leaves into cigars and puff blue smoke like Popeye. However my dear Judy saw some hope for me and, after a whirlwind romance, we married in February 1947. Then back to Madang on my own as there was no accommodation for white women. Fortunately, I was selected to attend the First Long Course - 2½ years at the Australian School of Pacific Administration at Mosman Sydney, a very fine tertiary course on law, administration, anthropology and colonial history.

DISTRICT ADMINISTRATION: After 2½ years of theoretical training on how to run districts we were faced with the practical task of doing it! PNG was divided into 18 districts with about three sub-districts in each district. The sub-districts were further divided into census divisions of about 30 villages, each census division with a population averaging around 10,000 people. They were our smallest administrative units, the people



Revising census in the Carterets - dots in the ocean 150 miles north-east of Sohano, Bougainville - 1953

speaking the one language and regarding themselves as one people. Our aim was to visit each village at least once per year, revise the census in the village book, carefully observe the conditions of the people, and send patrol reports to Port Moresby on completioin of each patrol. The village people would line and come forward when their names were called, and births, marriages, deaths and migrations were recorded - a human audit.

The District Commissioner and his assistants were by law responsible for 'the peace, order and good government' of the district, basically responsible for all services - postal, banking, law enforcement, police, judicial, prisons - the full range of modern society. If someone died in suspicious circumstances the District Commissioner and his

assistants became the coroner, policeman, magistrate and gaoler.

All these services required monthly returns and when I started as Assistant District Officer (ADO) Buin, Southern Bougainville, it used to take me a week each month to prepare all these documents for dispatch to distant Port Moresby. We never could escape from this heavy burden of paperwork - our only hope was to get quicker at it. However it wasn't all just routine stuff. In the 50s there were tremendous developments:

1. Co-operative trade stores were established in all coastal villages. The people were taught how to join together communally and make money selling copra, cacao, coffee etc. Their own trade stores sold groceries and clothing at competitive prices.
2. Medical aid posts were set up throughout the length and breadth of PNG and doctors were obtained from Europe - their qualifications were not accepted by the AMA in Australia, but many were fine doctors.
3. Government village schools: 'E' schools were commenced in a vast number of villages - Australian teachers with the Junior Certificate, often husband and wife teams in demountable house and classrooms.
4. Local Government Councils were commenced throughout PNG. We explained to the people that whereas the co-ops had taught them how to make money communally, the Councils helped them spend communal money wisely. This was fine training for future elections for a National government. They 'voted with their feet', and learned preferential voting.

1950 BOUGAINVILLE (My first posting after attending the ASOPA Long Course):

Let's talk about the Bougainville people. In 1950 they were very reserved island people. They kept their women cloistered and at that time not one Bougainville woman had ever left their islands. They were pitch black and considered themselves a race apart from the rest of PNG, calling them red skins. There were big plantations on Bougainville employing many Papua New Guineans from the mainland, and all the women's songs were about enticement by red skins!. They were dour, stoic people - some were cannibals in earlier times...

On the tragic battle for independence from Papua New Guinea my sympathies are entirely with the Bougainville people. They never wanted to be part of PNG - they've seen their island totally vandalised and torn apart, why shouldn't they have independence? Don't we believe in freedom any more?...

In April 1950 I'd just taken over Buin Sub-District, Southern Bougainville, and things were going along quietly. I was a bit worried about a mysterious illness inland - many natives collapsing. Additionally ... a Catholic Father had reported volcanic activity at Lake Lolobu in the mountains above us. I wrote informing District Headquarters that I was sending a patrol to investigate.

A few evenings later we were listening to the ABC News at 7pm and were startled by the announcement that our volcano was in eruption (not what I'd reported), that a patrol was investigating and that a Catalina flying boat would make a sea landing at Buin at dawn. I told Butch, a Cadet Patrol Officer, to leave that night for Lake Lolobu, which he did. The Catalina arrived next morning with A/Administrator Dr Gunther, Vulcanologist Taylor, Departmental Heads, the press etc. In the fly-over they'd seen volcanic activity but not extensive eruption.

Events then took a terrible turn. Truckloads of natives suffering varying degrees of paralysis were being brought in. Dr Gunther diagnosed it to be a very severe strain of poliomyelitis (paralysis), highly infectious, and declared the Buin Sub-District under strict quarantine for six months - no-one to enter or leave under any circumstances. No contact with the outside world for six months. The Catalina party hopped in the plane and left -

apparently they felt immune from infection. We had 60 deaths.

We got basic supplies. Had a whaleboat at Buin and tethered it to a buoy, and the Catalina would come in, pick up our mail, offload supplies and depart. We'd get out to the whaleboat and row it in - me on sweep - and run it up through the surf.

As for the volcano, the ADO Kieta and ADO Buin (me) were ordered to meet at its foot, climb it and set up and remain at an observation post for one month, which we did. We met at a hamlet and overnighted in a house on spindly stilts. There were tremors, tremendous shaking! We climbed up - there were landslides, mud, steam - we were in the crater!

Whenever serious events occurred the government always felt obliged to Do Something. In this case quarantine against polio and place observers on the volcano - equilibrium restored! It was a very harrowing time. In our years in PNG we ran into several more disasters - plane crashes, famine, earthquakes, and my sympathies do go out to all people involved in the recent tidal wave.

My wife Judy was very pregnant through all this and finally gave birth to our son Nick in a grass hut built for the occasion at Buin, Dr Tuza attending. *(To be continued)*

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INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT

As a variation on memoirs from *Taim Bilong Masta* here is an account of a recent interlude in the Western Highlands. Comment on differences between the various peoples of PNG is a matter for ethnologists. Suffice it for the layman to know that the Engans are not much noted for placidity.

In May last year an academic researcher familiar with PNG since 1963 visited a village in the Kandep sub-district of the Enga Province. He wryly tells the tale:

"To inspect a new water supply installation I climbed up a steep, log- and rock-jammed watercourse and kept slipping. I was aided by a local named David who carried a small bilum for me. This contained cash, credit cards and important field notes. On completing the arduous ascent I was somewhat amused to be told that there was an easy path down. I told David to lead the way and as he took off I bent to tie my bootlace. I never saw him again.

The local villagers were shamed by his behaviour and made every effort to get the bilum back. Three Councillors got involved and local people were yelling into the forest where David was hiding alternately cajoling him to give himself up and threatening to 'cut his neck', kill his pigs and burn his house. The party I was with told his wife that she was to come with us until the goods were returned (my protests about kidnapping and false imprisonment were disregarded as irrelevant). Fortunately the wife went to change her clothes with our consent and she too was never seen again.

The local Councillor insisted that the matter be reported to the police and we drove to Kandep with him to do so. While I was elsewhere the police went to the village and retrieved everything except the money. This was because the villagers, seeing that I was a bit upset at losing my notebook and credit cards, had yelled into the bush that David could keep the money (about K80) if only he returned everything else. He, silly man, believed them.

The following day an officer and four policemen, all armed, visited the village but were unable to find David or his wife. Sensibly they had 'gone bush' probably towards Mendi until the heat was off. Like all White Men, I would soon disappear.

As we were leaving, the police said they could not press charges because I would not be around to give evidence but that they would 'take care of the criminal'. They

threatened to hang him for a day or so on the security wire of their barracks as an example to other raskols and to punish the village by not providing them with food aid, etc. They also said they would make the whole village return the money to me. Ever reasonable, I made it clear that my dispute was with one man only and the village should not have to carry any 'shame'. I said it would be impossible to return the money to me because of my pending return to Australia but that, if it was retrieved, it should go into the Kandep drought fund or some other deserving cause.

The whole thing was a nuisance and waste of half a day. I was very embarrassed about it as I had obviously provided an unnecessary temptation and should not have taken so much cash into a village. However, everyone - particularly the police - seemed to enjoy themselves at my expense.

There is nothing like an 'international incident' to excite a host community. If only they had been allowed to start a shoot-up! Amuse the Engans by giving them a chance to define an enemy and they will do anything for you - especially if there is a chance of some good old-fashioned violence." □ **J B TONER**

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CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

by **Adrian Geyle**

Our ex-tugboat M.V. *Henrietta* was old and had a history of serving many years in harbours and along coastlines all around Australia, and possibly beyond. She ended her days ingloriously on the sea bed out from the entrance to Sydney Harbour, with her hold filled with weighty stuff like broken concrete pieces, to keep her down. Fish and crustaceans, sea snails and seaweeds - maybe a moray eel or two - dwell now in her silenced wheel-house and in her concrete garden down in the hold, as I recall our last crazy adventure with her, up the Sepik River back in 1957.

Our oil search company had a permit to look for oil around the area where the August River flows into the Sepik near the international border. (The border separated the then Territory of Papua and New Guinea from Dutch New Guinea - now West Irian - at the time.) The Captain (about 67 years), Jim McGrath (about 45 and the party leader) and I (27 and the labour supervisor/field assistant) were the only Europeans on board; surveyors and drillers joined us later. Under the Captain's command were seven New Guinean boatscrew, all young men from coastal villages near Madang Our ex-tug was just over 20m long and could carry over 30 tonnes of cargo when loaded to the gunwales (as she was when we left Madang); but she had a handicap in an aft-end draft of 2.8m. For tug work such a deep draft was necessary I suppose, but for our kind of river work it was a definite handicap. The prow and midship would sometimes pass over a snag allowing the stern to get caught.

Less than a week after leaving the sea we tied up to a tree some 400km up the Sepik, unable to go any further. The river was running so low we couldn't proceed without doing more damage to the propeller and possibly the hull itself. Following the main stream we had scraped over many submerged trees and sand bars, until we experienced a near-catastrophe and it was time to take stock. The vessel lifted what seemed to be about 10 or 20cms, and slewed side-on mid stream. It tilted about 45 degrees from upright with an alarming shift of fuel drums on deck. The more chicken-hearted of our native labourers (about 50 recruited along the way) jumped into the river and swam to the nearby bank. The crew all kept their nerve, and held on precariously as we all did who opted to stay with the good ship!

The vessel was towing sundry canoes and our fibreglass pinnace runabout, and still was pointing about 45 degrees from straight ahead. The current kept it jammed sideways on to what must have been a substantial tree trunk, but then it did come back to less of a tilt - and closer to straight ahead - with the drag of these towed craft tied to it.

Party leader Jim McGrath quickly organised a heavy rope to be tied to a large tree a few metres in from the bank. Two men were positioned on the difficult deck to cut the rope with an axe, once we got free of the snag. (For a while it looked more like 'if' rather than 'once' we got free.) Jim took the wheel and turned the rudder to use it as a lever in the powerful thrust created when he 'gunned' the Gardner engine. He was able to gradually bring the prow around. The rope ashore held so that as the vessel was slowly eased off the snag it was edged towards the bank. With a swift cut of the rope the vessel was free to drift - but now under control - with the current. It was a close call.

The brass propeller screw was a mess, curled at the end of each blade. The hull had sustained the buffeting well, being of sturdy timber construction. With a high river level we could make it to the August River tributary without trouble (other than vibration from the damaged screw) if we took it slowly, but for the time being we had no alternative but to wait.

At various villages along the river to this point we had recruited a substantial labour force for the seven-month field survey and drill work ahead. It was easy, and more comfortable, for these recruits to camp ashore near to the *Henrietta* where she lay tucked into the bank in a quiet eddy away from the main stream. The boatscrew and we three whites stayed on board.

The skipper was anxious, understandably, and probably was afraid for his own personal safety. Some of the Madang crew were too. The area was extremely remote - restricted territory - and the local population was an unknown quantity. It was certainly sparse as we had seen only a few garden sites and only one hamlet the day we came to tie up, to wait. Smoke from a few fires had shown us the locality of human presence about 100m up a small stream, as we churned past it. The Captain probably felt lonely and humiliated, and extraordinarily out of his element, to be skippering a small tug up a river after serving in both the British Royal and Mercantile Navies in his younger days, during and after World War II. He never talked unless he had to, so we were denied hearing tales from the sea that he must have been able to tell. He kept very much to himself in the wheel-house where he slept and took his meals.

One of the boatscrew who prided himself as a cook (there were plenty like him in circulation then) took prepared meals to the Captain who passed them on, without partaking, to his inoffensive little bitzer dog who stayed down on the deck without objection from anyone. The Captain came down the steep wheel-house ladder either to take a shower, to use the toilet, or to feed his dog. The cook felt sorry enough for the Captain, seeing him give his evening meals away, to take tea and biscuits up to him each morning.

One morning he got a big shock. He thought the Captain was dead. He was spread-eagled across his bunk, with mouth open and torso bare. His shorts were down below his knees, covering nothing more than his lower legs and shoeless feet. I found him still breathing, with his entire body covered with both large and small raised, blister-like weals tight with watery blood.

It looked as though he had drunk a lot of his favourite Bundaberg Rum and had fallen asleep uncovered, and had been exposed during the night to the voracious mosquitoes. When I moved his limp leg he fired off abuses to all who had conspired - in his mind - to bring about his present lowly state, including me. He was both delirious and drunk. On Air Radio (a 24-hour emergency service) I called Wewak and asked to talk

with the Department of Health's doctor for his advice. "He is an advanced case of beriberi. Get him in here as urgently as possible. We will send a plane to Ambunti to airlift him to Wewak Hospital."

Ambunti Patrol Post we knew well, having spent some time ashore there on our way upstream. It was 180km downstream and was the preferred alternative to punching a further 80km against the current to Abaru village which was about 30km overland from the airstrip at Green River station. Our party leader, Jim McGrath, was up the river still - he had set out at first light that day in a powered canoe to check the river conditions ahead, and we didn't know what he had found.

I decided to set up a bunk in our fibreglass pinnace and take the Captain down the river with the flow, doctor's orders. The pinnace was a white elephant. It was slow but it was wide, and a base for a bed was soon made up with a few wooden planks. The Captain was uncooperative and uncouth as we bedded him down, stretched full length across the beam. Until I assured him we had packed some rum and put a bottle of it in his anxious, shaky hand he would not lie down, drunk and semi-delirious as he was. The inboard engine was powerful enough (a 'modified' Holden car engine, modified for marine use - a 'Clay-Holden') but the boat tended to pull down at the stern when the throttle was applied. It pushed water rather than plane over it, and performed better when driven slower.

With a few blankets, some tinned food, a shotgun and the Captain ensconced with his bottle beside him, we pushed off and joined the main stream, the current. Garmu from the boatscrew took up engine duties as we both watched out for submerged logs, a constant worry. The Captain was less of a complainant now as he kept turning and rediscovering his revered bottle of rum, between lapses into LuLu land. He kept taking sips. Admonitions from me were counter-productive as I was one on his list of conspirators against him, so I let him be. The doctor's words that kept rattling in my brain were, "Don't give him any more liquor, okay, of any description." Yes Doctor, but without using it to entice him into the pinnace we'd not have departed at all. He would still be back in his wheel-house, stupefied and dying!

We had no more than a couple of hours of daylight ahead and were anxious to make the most of them before looking for somewhere to camp. The chances of hitting submerged snags grew as the light faded. About 5 o'clock we passed the mouth of the little creek where we had seen smoke rising from a hamlet, when pushing upstream the day before. It mattered not to our progress now, but the proximity of that hamlet gave us food for thought as the noise from our motor said both a 'gooday' and 'goodbye' to all who heard, further adding to our concern as to how safe we would be if delayed for any reason around here.

It did make a difference however to where we stopped, as we had continued downstream longer than was wise. We looked for breaks in the silhouette of the trees against the sky where a garden might be found. We found one - a small clearing with a huge tree lying obliquely down the bank that gave us easy access to the garden, once we manoeuvred around it and tied up in the quiet eddy below it. The clearing of trees was obviously in preparation for a house or a garden - probably the latter as a few banana and tapioc plants were there already to help us feel 'at home'. They gave us some sort of comfort in the wilderness about us - a kind of 'comfy blanket' from human hands!

Tall grass and the banana and tapioc plants were to be the props on our stage for the night, with a large fire casting ghastly, flickering tree shapes back at us from both the fallen and standing trees around us.

It was one hell of a night, with no sleep. The fire needed constant fuelling to keep us warm and the mosquitoes at bay - they were ferocious in their quest for our blood. We

left the Captain in the pinnace covered with a blanket, and his face, neck and arms covered with a lavish application of Citronella. He could not have cared less as long as he was left alone with his comforter, in the shape of a bottle of Bundaberg Rum.

First light could not come soon enough. We untied the boat and pushed out from the bank, with Garmu trying to start the cold engine with belt after belt from the well-charged battery as I used an oar to manoeuvre us into the main stream. A faint chant came through the heavy mist that hung over the river, suddenly turning into wild hoots and shouts that got louder as a canoe became visible, emerging from the mist and powering towards us. A couple of arrows plonked into the water around us, missing us by metres, as the engine coughed and fired into life. The paddlers took up their weapons, forgetting their need for speed as they closed in on us. We widened the distance between us and what appeared to be only one canoe with about seven or eight men standing and firing in our direction. With the single-barrelled shotgun loaded for just such an emergency I fired at the waterline near the prow of the canoe from about 30 metres. Neither man nor canoe was hit but what a commotion, what a 'sea change', as the canoe capsized and the whole crew, their proud feathers and their bows and arrows, surrendered to the eddying waters we had just pulled away from. Without an arrow in flight and with no curiosity as to who could or couldn't swim among them we sagaciously took our leave. Rounding another of the wide bends in that river, we disappeared out of their sight.

The journey downstream went without further threat, apart from those ubiquitous snags in the water. The Captain kept quiet and was no further trouble. It was as though he sensed we were well on the way to completing his rescue and that the horrors of that dreadful night and encounter of the closest kind could be left behind. A suck of the bottle alleviated all his pain, Garmu muttered, as we steered around dead trees and give-away ripples.

Garmu and I both had become very practised at picking paths around totally-submerged logs and shallow waters over sand bars. The main channel deepened the further downriver we went, and snags became less of a threat.

Delivery of our patient into safer hands was to be somewhat of an anticlimax - after our shake-up that morning - when a launch from Ambunti Station came upstream to meet us and take the Captain quickly to the plane waiting to fly him to Wewak, and hospital.

After a few days had passed I checked by radio with the doctor who received and treated the Captain, as to the outcome. "One day later and he'd have lost a leg," he said, "and two days later he'd have lost his life."

I never met up with the Captain again. When I commented on not seeing him or hearing from him after that, I was reminded by a cynical friend that "Alcohs are like that. You won't hear from him, ever."

When I get a few under the belt and occasionally think back and talk about this experience I sometimes toast the Captain, sotto voce, with a three-worded salute: YOU BLOODY INGRATE! To be frank, he was a friendly and intelligent man according to those who knew him through all his moods, his ups and downs. And for taking his *Henrietta* through places and paces most seamen would baulk at, whatever the vessel under them, he deserves some praise. He didn't complain in the face of adversity except when supply of his 'fortifier' was threatened. Generally too he maintained a 'stiff upper lip' in staying at the helm until the grog and depression caught up with him, at this Middle Sepik impasse.

He has died long since - he was in his late 60s, maybe older, in 1957. So here's to this once-proud man I never 'knew', another toast - with a charge of Nelson's Blood, no less: "Requiescat in Pace, Captain, and Adieu."

THE PALMS THEATRE AND OTHER REMINISCENCES

Jane Black, widow of Coastwatcher Guy Black MC, talks about Rabaul in the early postwar years Jane was a schoolteacher and artist when she married Guy in 1943.

THE PALMS THEATRE, RABAUL (above): "The Theatre was a limited company of five investors, formed in 1947 I think. It was a Quonset hut transhipped from Manus Island (see photo next page), roofed with black ungalvanised iron. The front and office, and the refreshment stall, were built of anything available - some of it dunnage from a ship. In those days petrol arrived in drums and I think the dunnage was used to keep cargo in place. The seating was of bamboo. Theatre-goers brought their own cushions. One night a week was native night, when Bidigop*, the Palms Theatre boy, covered the seats with blankets - and washed them all next day. Guy thought the natives would like cartoons but that was a big mistake. War films and cowboys were their favourites.

Native picture night. Guy and usher BIDIGOP. Police boys keeping order!

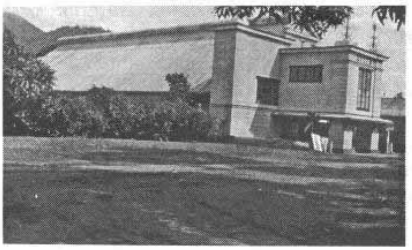
At first I think there was only one screening on Saturday night but later this was extended to two nights. Later again Guy imported Chinese films from Singapore I think, Run Run Shaw film makers or distributors rings a bell. These were shown on Sunday. Ernie Smith was a wizard with the machines, operating them and keeping them spotless. Chin Hoi Meen** had the Refreshment concession. Eventually the bamboo seats were changed to canvas deck chairs. About 1952 Guy had a Sydney architect design a new modern theatre to be built next to the Quonset hut on the site of the pre-war theatre. The Quonset hut was to be retained as a native theatre.

Fairly early two members of the Company sold their shares to Guy and in about 1955 the others pulled out as well. The new theatre was well on its way when Guy discovered he was to have opposition. There was not room

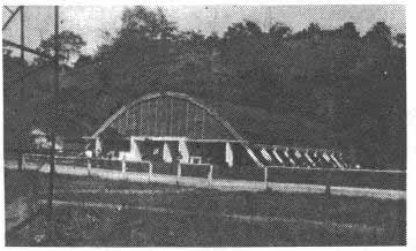
for another theatre so he sold to August Chan in 1956.

***BIDIGOP** was a Madang native taken to 'Tabragalba', Beaudesert Qld, and trained in guerrilla warfare. He landed on New Britain with John Murphy. They were ambushed and John was taken to Rabaul. Bidigop escaped and made his way to the Coastwatchers. 'Golpak', Paramount Chief, and his tribe were loyal to the Australians but his enemies were collaborators. At war's end some of these were rounded up and confined, pending trial. Bidigop, who had been told they were enemies, took the law into his own hands. He ended up in the Rabaul jail. Guy was clearing some cargo at the Customs Shed when he found Bidigop in the jail labour line unloading ships. Guy told Bidigop's story to Charlie Bates, and Chris Normoyle released him into our care. I have often wondered whether whoever Bidigop killed was one he recognised with Japs in the ambush.

****CHIN HOI MEEN** was decorated for his part in risking his life gathering information for the Coastwatchers. He was promised in return that his family would be evacuated. He was disappointed and embittered that this promise was never kept.



Regent Theatre Pre-War - 1938



The Quonset Hut in Manus

THE FIRST EUROPEAN SCHOOL IN RABAUL AFTER WORLD WAR II: Charlie Bates [District Commissioner] asked me if I would teach the European children. There were only about eight or nine of them. Guy said that I could do it on a voluntary basis until a teacher could be found and a proper school built. The first school after the war was an old army workshop which had been our first home while Guy was still in the Administration. Somewhere a battered piano was found which Alan Gow tuned, but there were one or two notes which stuck and one had to be pretty nimble with the finger to flick them up, often unsuccessfully. Charlie insisted on paying me and he always laughed and said I was the only employee he knew who did not turn up on pay-day. The children I can remember teaching were Janet Normoyle, Hilary Bates, Jennifer Penglase, Nola and Graham Lyme and Cynthia Schmidt, Iris's daughter.

'MARAU' PLANTATION: When Oscar Rondahl returned to Rabaul after the war to find his plantations devastated in part, he sold them. This probably would have been 1947 or '48. Guy's great friend Colin Hooper* was looking for investment. He and Guy bought 'Marau'. Only the stumps of the house were left. It was a beautiful place on the slope of a hill on the South Coast of New Britain. There was a lovely waterfall on the Marau river, but the river was full of puk puks. Colin built a house of native materials. After a time the work and loneliness bothered him so he 'went South' and Guy found a manager. Some time later they both agreed that 'Marau' was too small so it was sold.

*Colin Hooper, Guy Black, Malcolm Wright and Lou Searle were Toowoomba Grammar School boys. All went to New Guinea, all became Coastwatchers." ☐ **JANE BLACK**

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

THE NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES 1939-43: A HISTORY by **Ian Downs**
Pacific Press,17 Park Ave, Broadbeach Waters Qld 4218, ph 07 5539 0446/fax 07 5538 4114. 359 pp, 150+ illus, maps, bibliog, index, hardcover, $59-95 packaged and posted

Comments by **Bill Harry** and **Pat Johnson**

Bill Harry*: Intelligence sources had long been alerting government in Britain, Australia and America concerning Japan's territorial ambitions: first it was Korea and later the invasion of Manchuria when Japan established the puppet state of Manchuquo. Following the outbreak of the First World War, Japan took the initiative of seizing the German colonies in the Pacific, the Caroline, Mariana and Marshall Islands.

At the same time Australia acted quickly to seize what was known as German New Guinea, perhaps forestalling any further Japanese ambitions southward. Had Japan not been beaten to this, the consequences would have been too terrible to contemplate.

Both Japan and Australia had obligations imposed upon them to administer these former German territories under Mandate conditions applied by the then League of Nations, which precluded the establishment of fortifications of military bases. Australia obeyed these conditions to the letter - not so Japan.

This is the story of the courageous civilian volunteers who were prominent initially in the defence of New Guinea. Between January and June 1942, the 500 men of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles were the only armed force in the path between the Japanese forces and Port Moresby until the arrival of Kanga Force at Wau.

The NGVR also contained the advancement of the Japanese from the coastal areas of Lae and Salamaua. They rescued 217 soldiers from Lark Force and civilians from New Britain. With less than 500 fit soldiers, the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles inflicted casualties and unsettled the Japanese in the early stages of the New Guinea Campaign in 1942. Yet many of these men were barred from the Australian regular army due to physical disability, nationality requirements or age limitations. On their own, they developed jungle tactics and initiatives that became examples for professional commando units. Many of these men stayed on as Coastwatchers or else served with ANGAU until the conclusion of hostilities in 1945. They were a mix of miners, prospectors, timber workers, planters, traders, bankers, administration officials and boats' crew.

For the first time, their full story is told in this carefully researched history with over 150 illustrations and maps together with the nominal roll.

Pat Johnson**: Every so often there is a book published on New Guinea that comes into the category of 'must have'. "The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles NGVR 1939-1943, A History" by Ian Downs is such a book. The surviving participants of events cited in the book, wives, children and grandchildren will feel a sense of pride that at long last the real story of events pertaining to this Unit is now available to all.

One is inexorably and compellingly drawn into reading the unfolding story of this ill-equipped and under-manned militia Unit. Such was the incompetence and ignorance of the Army Brass, the Government and Bureaucracies at this time, the reader can only speculate on possible omissions from the history that could be even more damning.

The book has been well researched, with many appendices of supporting documentation to verify the information. Included in these appendices is the 'Distinguished Unit Citation' awarded by the United States to the NGVR - the only military battalion in the AIF to have received such an award. The reader will also feel pride that this small band of approximately 500 men played such an important role in the early hostilities in New Guinea. Acknowledged at long last are these men of the NGVR and others who did their best, despite seemingly hopeless odds.

The book begins with an explanation and reproduction of the NGVR Unit colours. In general much anecdotal evidence passed down through families is verified by the reproduction of official and other documents included in the text. For example, the intended abandonment of Rabaul in a December 1941 cablegram from the Prime Minister's department to Washington, and a statement "... its present small garrison being regarded as hostages to fortune" (Appendix 10, p.301). The whole sad story of this disgraceful series of events, the failure to inform the population of what to expect after the impending January 1942 Japanese invasion and the abandonment of this garrison, will no doubt bring pain to surviving family members. Despite this the author is to be commended for not hiding or glossing over the facts.

Notable was the planning and organisation by (then Assistant District Officer) Keith McCarthy of a 'mini-Dunkirk' escape in small boats of remaining New Britain survivors undertaken by mainland NGVR members and other Administration and New Guinea residents. This escape, so described, being without direction by the Army or Navy.

The now infamous (to New Guinea people) Tol massacre is described and relived in the stories of the few who survived this horrendous experience. Also, how many of us knew that the sinking of the Montevideo Maru in July 1942, while en route to Japan with the loss of 853 POWs and 205 civilians, was not made public until 1945. The book lists those persons, as far as is known, in Appendices 5 and 6.

From New Britain the story of the NGVR goes to Lae, Salamaua and the Markham Valley. This force was instrumental in preventing an overland advance by Japanese forces to Port Moresby through the goldfields. It describes in detail how the men of the NGVR, despite being under-manned and ill-equipped, knew the terrain and had the ability to keep native villagers, in the main, 'on side' until reinforcements arrived. A little known raid on Japanese positions in Salamaua (June 1942) inflicted the first defeat of the Japanese since their invasion of the Pacific islands.

The book also records NGVR operations in Madang, the Sepik and Mt Hagen. Of particular interest is the detailed description of the Sepik Rebellion (p. 237) including supporting documentation (p. 299). This clarifies (for those interested) the actual sequence of events that took place.

The final section, entitled 'Recollections', contains personal experiences of some of the NGVR members. Most readers will recognise the names, if not the persons, whose stories are given. The account of Rifleman Goad (p. 271) illustrates graphically the ignorance in Australia of the NGVR.

At the end of each chapter is a series of photographs depicting not only individual, and groups of, NGVR members, but also buildings (before and after), small ships and places. These photographs complement the written word and add to the feeling of 'being there'. The inclusion of a photograph of the exhumed remains of those killed in the Tol massacre may be confronting to some.

One cannot conclude without making mention of the Chinese community who were also caught up in these events. The specific contribution of Chin Hoi Meen and his intelligence-gathering for Aust. Infantry Battalion parties was significant. The recognition the author gives to this brave man and the inclusion of his citation for the MBE, as well as Certificates of Service to other Chinese, adds to the completeness of the history.

* *Bill Harry - a member of 2/22nd Battalion 'Lark' force and later a member of ANGAU.*

** *Pat Johnson's father was Charles Bates, NGVR member, Coastwatcher & Dist.Commr. The author, Ian Downs, became a Patrol Officer in the Mandated Territory of New Guinea in 1936. During the war, he was a RANVR Officer in command of anti-submarine escort vessels and later a Coastwatcher behind Japanese lines. Later he became a District Commissioner, a House of Assembly member and a planter. This is his 4th book.*

EL TIGRE - Frank Holland, M.B.E., Commando, Coastwatcher
Oceans Enterprises; 228pp, illus, maps, index, bibliog, h/cover, $39-95 plus $6.50 p&h
Available from Mrs M Holland, 33 St Clements Rd, Oxley Qld 4075, Ph 07 3379 7109

Extracts from the Foreword by Sir Walter Campbell AO. QC.*

El Tigre [is] the story of the life of Frank Holland MBE. This book has come due to the dedication of his family, and in particular his widow, Mabel, daughter Ann, and son John. It was Mabel who over the years kept all the records, photographs, diary notes and other manuscripts and documents such as newspaper clippings. It was John who, with Mabel's help and with assistance from other people, collated all this material so as to make it possible to have this work published. ...In addition to becoming an interesting personal story about Frank Holland, it is a valuable addition to Australian war-time history. The Holland family are to be commended for having the book published. I also congratulate the editor and publisher Peter Stone [author of *Hostages to Freedom: The Fall of Rabaul*] for his efforts in collating the many documents, and for including many relevant photographs, maps and other memorabilia of those times.

This publication tells ... about the evacuation of troops from New Britain after the enemy had taken Rabaul. Holland enabled several parties of troops (and some civilians) on the island to reach points where they were able to be evacuated. His life of vigour and adventure did not cease on his return to Australia in March 1942, because in that year he enlisted in the AIF, was commissioned, and became a member of 'Z' Special Unit. He then spent some months in Timor, from where he was evacuated in 1943. During those months he was engaged in guerrilla warfare and in helping many of the Timorese people to leave Timor and find safe haven in Australia. Frank Holland was called 'El Tigre' - Tiger Man - by the Timorese, as a measure of respect for the man. ...Towards the end of the war he spent some time in Borneo as a member of 'Z' Special Unit, and was able to ferret out and even take the surrender of a number of Japanese. **Sir Walter Campbell was a pilot in the RAAF from 1941-46. After a career in law, he became Governor of Qld.*

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STILL CONTROVERSIAL: JAMES McAULEY

by **J B Toner**

Not every reader will have left a footprint at ASOPA (Aust. School of Pacific Administration) but all will have knowledge of the work of those who did. Kiaps and teachers were the chief recipients of PNG-oriented knowledge at the converted Army camp in Sydney but recruits to other professions within the Public Service were inducted there.

James McAuley was a lecturer in Government at ASOPA and one of his primary themes in the Fifties was anti-communism - a condition often described as 'hysteria' by today's media columnists most of whom were not born at the time of the Berlin Airlift or the invasion of Hungary. However, I was able to give McAuley a large tick for this when I heard him speak at Middle Head. At the time I had no idea that he was a poet or perpetrator of the Ern Malley hoax which so effectively deflated admirers of 'modern' poetry.

More than one book has been written about McAuley, the latest being "The Devil and James McAuley" by Cassandra Pybus. Donald Horne, who has had much to say about Australia's defects, analyses this biography in "The Australian's Review of Books". He says *inter alia*: "It was incomprehensible that someone we had seen as one of nature's literature professors should have an ill-paid second-rate teaching job in an institution that trained officials for service in Papua New Guinea".

Officials? Officials! Not 'God's shadow on earth' as Geoff Elworthy described kiaps in "Taim Bilong Masta"? Not the schoolteachers who were responsible for

transformations such as those I mentioned in a previous issue of "Una Voce"? (A Tolai taxidriver's son becomes a lawyer and a Highlands hauskuk's son becomes an accountant.) Clearly Mr Horne lacks knowledge of the effort and energy expended by his compatriots outside offices and outside of hours which advanced PNG into the 20th century.

Donald Horne went on to say, "I should be able to theorise about what may have been McAuley's despair with this run-down job he held for 14 years. But I can't. There is nothing to go on. He said nothing." And, I ask, why would he? The Australian School of Pacific Administration, his workplace, was located in the middle of the most beautiful harbour in the world. His limited lecture programme left him free to write books, edit magazines and compose poetry. Why would he be eager to give that up for a university lectureship, incessant faculty meetings, and marking First Year English essays? No wonder he said nothing.

Horne might have withdrawn his denigratory remarks had he been aware of a comment by the late Professor Peter Lawrence who taught Anthropology at ASOPA and said of it, "There were some remarkable men who were dedicated to the whole enterprise. One was James McAuley who imparted a sense of the moral obligation of their position to kiaps so that it was not just a career, it was almost a vocation with them." (Again from "Taim Bilong Masta"; Hank Nelson.)

Peter Coleman who has written his own book on McAuley gives Pybus short shrift in a "Weekend Australian" review. He lists numerous errors and describes the biography as 'a silly book degrading to a great writer'. However, when he launched it in Sydney E.G. Whitlam said, "The book is a great read, and informative. But you don't need to believe every word of it."

Wantoks who knew or who are intrigued by McAuley and his views may care to read more about his life in the Univ. of Qld. Press publication of 321 pages - $34.95.

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GUINEA GOLD, ***Australian Edition, dated Thursday, SEPTEMBER 6, 1945***

The headline - **"Rabaul Signing Today - 130,000 Japanese To Surrender to A.M.F."** The story was as follows: "The signing of terms of surrender for all Japanese forces in New Britain, New Ireland, Solomons and New Guinea is scheduled to take place today at 9 a.m. on board the British aircraft carrier "Glory" off Rabaul.

Signatories to the surrender document will be Lieut.-Gen. V.A.H. Sturdee, GOC First Aust. Army, and Lieut.-Gen Imamura, C-in-C Jap South Eastern Army. With Gen. Sturdee will be Capt. F. Bryce Morris, Naval Officer in charge, New Guinea....

On Tuesday, Brig. E.L. Sheehan and Capt. Morris, in the destroyer Vendetta, met senior Japanese envoys outside Rabaul. After disclosing POW held, the Japanese gave figures of their forces in SWPA (South West Pacific Area) - New Britain 81,000 including 13,000 Navy, New Ireland 12,400, Solomons 23,000, New Guinea 14,000"

Other front page items were:

"PM Announces Big Tax Cut - An all-round 12½ per cent. reduction in income tax rates, to become effective in the 1945-46 financial year, was approved last night ... The proposal met with strong opposition from a section of Caucus which contended that the concession should apply only to lower income groups."

"*Tomas Bleimi* Tells Boys - More than 750,000 leaflets conveying a proclamation from the C-in-C, General Sir Thomas Blamey, have been dropped by aircraft in FAA [First Australian Army] area. The leaflets contain surrender information and instructions to the Japanese, and news of the liberation of native populations.... In all, since the first surrender news came to hand FELO (Far Eastern Liaison Office) has prepared and arranged distribution in FAA area of 2,300,000 leaflets in both Japanese and pidgin."

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

The air of Papua New Guinea sometimes imbued expatriates with a wicked sense of humour. Even those within the gilded tower of Dept of District Administration HQ at Konedobu could be affected. On a memorable day, certain ex kiaps in the Local Government Division fell beneath its spell. Their victim was Graham Smith, an ex kiap who was in charge of the newly formed Port Moresby City Council, but who retained a watching brief over other councils in the District. Of these, the Hanuabada Council had a president infamous for his expansive perception of his office and a deserved reputation for a careless attitude towards over-expenditure of Council funds.

The Hanuabada Council was in the process of building a sea wall - a worthy piece of public works likely to benefit its taxpayers. The scope of the works was outside Council resources and tenders were called. A contractor we shall call George won the bid. Of Greek origin, he was given to degrees of excitement and animation usually lacking in the thicker blood of Anglo-Saxons, and well-known for a decidedly racy approach to the cut and thrust of business.

Work on the sea wall had progressed for a couple of weeks when some of the hot and apparently polluted air penetrated Local Government HQ. The late Frank Harris picked up the phone, dialled Graham's number, and adopted an impeccable 'Greek' accent:

"Dissa George - Ah gotta bigga trubal. Dissa Annabarda Kannsel, 'e no paya for work. Ah dunna lotta work, kosta plenny munny. 'E tella me 'e no gotta munny - wall 'e no can finis - towers 'e costa lotta munny ...."

The word 'towers' evoked an extremely robust response by Graham, "Towers! - What **** towers?" This explosion almost tore the phone from Frank's hand. Unfazed, he continued, "Ah gotta tree finis - 'e looka verra good - you go on top, you looka longa way."

We could hear Graham's voice, squeezed by the phone, and highly agitated by the problems this unauthorised expenditure would cause. Unfazed, Frank continued with a litany of complaint and, for good measure, Bob Fayle proceeded to simulate the background noise of an earth-moving machine.by pumping the drawer of a filing cabinet to and fro. Frank got the cue and complained about the high cost of having machinery on the site and how this would further inflate expenses. The deception continued for several minutes and its perpetrators anticipated that Graham would call HQ immediately. Sure enough, the moment Frank hung up, Graham was demanding to speak to Max Allwood, our legal adviser. Bob had already briefed Max who did nothing to discredit the authenticity of 'George's' complaints. Our sides were aching, tears of laughter coursed down our cheeks - all official dignity dissolved with our mirth.

Later that day, Bob and Frank visited the Boroko RSL where they found Graham Smith immersing the cares of office in a drink or two. With an air of innocence, Bob enquired, "Bad day, Graham?" "Why?" responded Graham edgily. "Didja getta fonna call?" Bob mimicked the accent.

Graham stiffened as realisation hit, "I'll murder you - you --"

Thank goodness he never did!

☐ **BOB TEBBLE**

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EARLY '50s Series 4

by **Paul J Quinlivan**

In Brisbane's *Courier Mail* of 29-7-1999 there was a farewell to a Queensland judge and, curiously enough, it began as follows: "Whether it's grass huts in Papua New Guinea or Cunnamulla courthouses, retiring Chief Judge Pat Shanahan has made it a priority to bring justice to the people. 'The New Guinea system of taking justice to the people ... inspired me to devote myself to the concept of bringing justice to the people', said Judge Shanahan, who retires as District Court president on August 9."

It was most unusual - and very gratifying - to see such a comment and our 'snapshots' today give part of the background to that system.

No 8 - Speech of Chief Justice Phillips on Tuesday 12 February 1952 at Rabaul

Snapshot No 3 describes my first day in court in TPNG but, rather than give Monte's speech then, I preferred to give his performance in two truly remarkable cases. He commenced proceedings by speaking for five minutes in pidgin and then he delivered the following speech in English.

"It is good to see all of you here and, in particular, Mr Keith McCarthy, the *District Commissioner*, Mr Warner Shand, the *District Officer (Magisterial)* and Mr Commissioner Reid of the *Native Land Titles Commission* because they represent three of the five quite different careers which Kiaps can look forward to making their own. But before I discuss Kiaps, I would like to welcome Mr Quinlivan, our new Crown Prosecutor (and he then continued). We are celebrating two other events which, to my mind, must be connected. We welcome back, in the person of Mr Barry Copley, the 25 graduates of the Second Long Course of the Australian School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA) in Sydney and we celebrate the fact that, last week, the Administration sent our first group of young Natives to study in Australian secondary schools.

Until now, the solemn commitments which Australia made when she signed the Trusteeship Agreement have been little more than pious words because it has simply not been possible for anyone to do anything about creating a national feeling amongst the more than 700 different language groups and dialects here. With the two events I have just mentioned, however, we have a clear way in which such a feeling can be achieved. This is especially so in view of the fact that, since the resumption of Civil Administration, there have been constant calls for our court system to intervene in situations where, in former days, more drastic action would have been taken. 'Bai mi kotim yu' (I'll take you to Court) is a common cry and something we should be proud of, especially since it is noticeably absent in other 'dependent territories' and, in its place, there is MauMau and similar movements.

Another feature which is quite unique is the protection given to the Coastwatchers during the Japanese occupation. This was maintained, month in, month out, until Japan was conquered, despite the fact that the KEMPI-TAI were frighteningly powerful and they made it plain that unspeakable things would be done to any Native who harboured an Australian. We Australians should be forever grateful and remember that the men and women of the Territory helped us in our time of need when we are considering how best to fulfil our duty under the Trusteeship Agreement.

In addition to being eternally grateful, we should also ask ourselves: Why, when other territories have MauMau, did our people save us at such constant peril to themselves? There were two factors which make TPNG different and, to epitomise the first I quote from Sir William Fitzgerald's article "Dangerous Rigidity of Colonial Judiciary" in the current volume (vol.5 p.28) of ASOPA's magazine *South Pacific*. At

page 29 he says:

> "It is in many ways a matter for regret that the dumping down of the English legal system with all its rigidity has become so firmly rooted in African soil. .... A great task remains for the Colonial Judiciary - the task of a Coke in England or a Holmes of America, not only to adhere to the principles of the common law of England, but to adapt them to the conditions in which they find themselves; to apply, as America did, the fundamental unchanging principle to the changing conditions and needs of the people, rather than to follow slavishly decisions based on the application of those same principles to totally different conditions."

On both sides of the cordillera we were fortunate in having 'a Colonial Judiciary' which did precisely what Sir William now says should be the 'great task' everywhere. Dr Albert Hahl, in German times, Sir Hubert Murray on the Papuan side and my own Chief, Wanliss, on the New Guinea side, laid firm foundations for our law and, although they agreed that it would be wrong to keep the Territory as an anthropological museum, they grafted onto the basic principle that everyone be left in peaceful possession of their ancestral lands - itself a revolutionary innovation - a system which means that Native Society is still rather much as they found it, apart from requiring a cessation of warfare and other practices declared to be unacceptable in a modern world. The second factor is that, in other places, the colonising power conquered the local people, or they either established a policy of 'divide and rule' or they employed large armies to deter opposition. We did none of these. We sent in small representative bodies of one or two Kiaps and a handful of Native police whose rifles were quite inadequate for defence purposes.

From the Natives' side there were also two factors which we should never forget. Every group has its methods of assessing 'outsiders'. I first experienced this when I was in the Solomons and I well remember my horror at seeing how mercilessly they mimicked me. After that first natural reaction, however, I came to realise how important it was that people do make such tests so when I faced it again, here, I was glad that I was allowed to witness it (provided, of course, that I remained so unobtrusive that everyone could pretend I was not there!). For those who have not had that privilege I advise that, even though there may be nobody in the Public Gallery (which, if ever it happens, is itself a terrible indictment on the calibre of the person presiding in that court), the events of the day will be discussed that evening, in the minutest detail and with startling mimicry, and judgments will be made. It is by this constant review that Natives judge our conduct and the important point is that they judge us by our own standards. They compare each performance with all the others. And, provided we are honest according to our own lights, they accept. This does not prevent them making, in each case, decisions as to whether our system has produced a very inferior result - as, of course, would be obvious if we allow ourselves to convict 'Z' when they know, since they go into these matters with a background of knowledge we can never have, that 'A' is the person we were seeking.

The second factor is that they were quick to see the value of complaining to one section of the white tribe (and we are, to them, a 'tribe' which consists of three opposable parts, the Administration, the Mission and 'Companies') if they find something in the others hurtful. They are quick to invoke the aid of one against the other. It is the ability to complain, and the fact that Courts have always been available, which explains the new phenomenon - the cry 'Bai mi kotim yu'.

Because of these two factors our courts were tested, with untold benefit to Australia, when the need for comparison with the Japanese arose. But what courts were found to have passed the test? It is true that, since the war, the Supreme Court has adopted the Papuan practice of sitting in the 'town' closest to the scene, no matter how small that 'town' may be. But we are talking about before the war and in those days the

Supreme Court of New Guinea followed the Australian model of seldom travelling outside of the capital. And since I am talking about the New Guinea side it is clear that, with a few notable failures, it is Kiaps who have been found to have passed the continuous testing process. Which brings me to my major point about Australia's duty under the Trusteeship Agreement.

I know of no better way of doing our duty than to introduce Natives, as soon as possible, into the system as Kiaps so that village people can see that the white skin of the 'tribe' which is 'Big Government' is only incidental and that their own people, even those from the remotest areas, can become 'The Big Government'. In fact, this is the only way we can bring about a true feeling of nationhood. An additional benefit would be that, in performing that task we will also be controlling the natural tendency for people to usurp power by force, cronyism (*wantok*), bribery or other unlawful means, as well as providing the future nation with a backbone of educated people, from every language group and area, who have learned, in the same way that Australian Kiaps learnt it, how to make sure that people have an unimpeded right to complain, how to deal with people so that their rights and dignity are safeguarded, and how public money is properly distributed and accounted for. With the 25 diplomates of the Second Long Course, and the 14 who graduated in 1949, we now have 39 graduates from the intensive two-year course of which Mr John Kerr assures me law is a major component. With the further 25 who are about to start their two year sojourn south this means that, by the beginning of 1956, when we have our first Natives matriculating from secondary schools and available for training as Kiaps, we can confidently count on 50 or more experienced officers, with Diplomas, available to superintend their training as Magistrates. It is the beginning of a bright new era, and one greatly desired!

It may be asked: why am I saying this when our first recruits are only now beginning their secondary schooling? And what about the claims of Medicine, Education, Agriculture and other fields? The answer is that when our students are approaching matriculation they will, I hope, have total freedom of choice. I would be the last to limit anyone's right to elect to go on to study medicine or teaching or agriculture. But it should be a valid election and, since our students will be surrounded by those who will pressure them to choose the more lucrative fields, I feel that it is appropriate for me, at this earliest stage, to put forward the example of the three gentlemen whose presence here I have singled out.

There is also the fact that our very presence here, as an administering power, presents a danger to the stability of Native society. Unless we are constantly on our guard we could undermine the function which the traditional disputes-settling machinery has performed, for countless generations, of controlling the power-grabbing tendency I have already mentioned. Until now we have, using our unique Kiap system, been able to protect the traditional disputes-settlers and allow them to perform their task. With the introduction of Natives into that system as fully trained Kiaps - Kiaps trained in the traditional way - we can allow a truly national feeling to grow."

No 9 - "It Is is Not For Anyone to Invent ..."

The next two snapshots are for the benefit of younger readers who may sometimes fear that, perhaps, their father or uncle who was in the Admin. may not always have been as upright as family pride demands. When I arrived in TPNG in January 1952 Canberra's policy was that rehabilitation and reconstruction of TPNG had to be completed by 1957/58 and that, from that date on, the Territory would have to operate within its own resources. It was therefore necessary for solid foundations to be laid which meant that any possible misconceptions had to be eliminated. As far as I could see, the method used was to circulate two of Monte's judgements, the Hamilton Case (2-5 March 1948) which

effectively weeded out any 'Sanders of the River' types, and the Pringle Case (6-12 April 1951) which we will see next.

Harry Edward Hamilton was a Kiap who became obsessed with the problem of how to maintain order in his sub-district (Kaiapit). In a later issue we will see how Kiaps were expected to deal with the problem of 'control' but he decided to invent his own solution. Colonial governors, of every nationality, have devoted much thought to this; Julius Caesar, for instance (if you look at page 329 of Colleen McCullough's "Caesar"), chopped both hands off more than 4,000 valiant patriots so that, by spreading the handless beggars throughout France, he could make sure others toed his line. Hamilton decided to bring TUWARA into line by 'putting shame on him' by having his (TUWARA's) female relative masturbate him in public. Hamilton was charged with 'procuring an indecent assault' and, at trial, he claimed that some of the local people told him they approved of what he had done. In his written judgment Monte zeroed in on this claim and said, "Many Natives consider it unwise and lacking in tact to disagree with a Government officer. One Native Constable, (however) had the moral fibre to consider your conduct unseemly ...(T)he punishment prescribed by law is sufficiently drastic. It is not for anyone to invent or inflict punishments outside the law and everyone who does so, whether his motive be lofty or base, does so at his peril..."

Two sets of words are vitally important: "It is not for anyone to invent" and "whether (your) motive be lofty or base". Monte accepted that Hamilton had been overworked and under great strain, that he had done good service both before and during the war, and that he would probably be dismissed from the Service and deported, but he said that, to discourage others from inventing their own forms of 'control', the minimum punishment he could inflict was three years imprisonment. It had a strong dissuading effect. And, coupled with the fact that Monte was always repeating his Reichstag Fire Speech about 'people having access to someone they can complain to' and with Gunner Gore constantly repeating Sir Hubert Murray's threat that if anyone prevented a complaint getting to the highest authority he would be instantly sacked, readers may rest assured that if someone in the Admin had cooked up a new type of control (such as handcuffing someone to the flagpole, or locking them in the cells without entering the fact in the Station Occurrence Book, or whatever) he would have been found out. And, if it was something more than a simple, honest mistake, he would have been tried with maximum publicity. So if your revered relative was not convicted and severely punished you can be pretty sure that he was a decent man of whom you can be proud.

No 10 - Persons in Authority must be Particularly Careful

Readers who watched the recent BBC TV series "Ruling Passions" on SBS, and whose father or grandfather served in the Admin. must have been affected by the fact that it depicted 'free sex' as a perquisite of empire - free, that is, for officers of the administering power and their troops. The main speakers in the programme were the women involved, who had no say in the matter. In answer to this I can only point out, as Monte did in his 1952 speech, that we did not have troops in TPNG - except to fight the Japanese. In addition there is the fact that five great judges controlled the legal system for incredibly long periods and they all regarded The Rule of Law as sacred. As a result, anyone coming to TPNG with 'free sex' in mind was quickly disabused of it, not because of prudery or unreasonable beliefs in celibacy but because 'consent' was a requirement as was made frighteningly clear by the case of R v George Evan John Pringle who was sentenced, at Kundiawa, to five years imprisonment for rape on 6-4-1951.

Pringle was a Medical Assistant, a trained paramedic, and he was both conscientious and good in his work. Unfortunately for him, his wife left him and he turned his attentions to a young female attendant at Kundiawa hospital. He claimed that

she consented but Monte disagreed, HOLDING that:
"She was a young Native girl of 15 or 16, he was a 'white man' and her superior officer. He was also, to her, 'the Government'. She did not physically beat or scratch him because, she said, he was a 'white man' and that explanation, I consider, rings true. She was not on equal terms with him .... She put up all the resistance that a young Native girl, in these circumstances, could be expected to make ..."

The warning which Monte's words convey was widely circulated and it was, indirectly, the cause of my writing the article "Afek of Telefomin" published in *Oceania* for Sept-Dec 1954, pp 17-22. I had been sent, in April 1954, to investigate the Telefomin killings and the reasons for the killings were a prime consideration. Imagine my horror when, during the trials, I was told that the assumption had been voiced, at ASOPA and in Canberra, that the killings were in retribution for someone breaching the Rule in Pringle's Case! This was not only pure speculation, it was totally untrue! But it shows how all-pervasive the Warning from Pringle's Case was!

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THE WAY TO A GIRL'S HEART IS NOT EASY

by **Brian Holloway**

Tom Cole came to Madang first in 1953 and word soon got around that a crocodile shooter had arrived and was staying in Flo's Hotel. After work that day the more curious of the population and those who had never met a real live croc shooter , let alone seen a croc in the raw, went to the Hotel and there were introduced to a tough looking and big fellow who very adequately fitted the bill of Croc Shooter. Tom was rugged, but he was very good with stories too and soon had his audience enthralled. Not only was he a croc shooter, but he said the easiest way to a girl's heart was by presenting her with a handbag made of crocodile skin and if she was a really good sort, a pair of shoes made from the same skin, of the croc shot with your own hands, just for her!

As the night progressed Tom offered to teach anyone interested the art of croc shooting and several of us took up his offer and agreed to go to the Gogol River with him the following weekend. The DC kindly agreed to have the Government trawler tow a small pinnace, which belonged to one of the lads, to the mouth of the Gogol, on its trip to Saidor or one of the other Government stations and to drop us off there.

On our arrival at the Gogol and after we had made camp, Tom began our education in the art of crocodile shooting. First he said, we needed a good, sound canoe or other small vessel. We decided the pinnace we had towed from Madang would fit the bill most adequately. We had all the equipment he then listed, such as rifles and ammunition, spotlights, batteries, paddles etc, and then came the actual croc shooting. Tom said that when you first picked up a croc in your spotlight, it appeared as one red dot; as you got closer to it by paddling very quietly you could make out the outline of its head as it hung tail down in the water. Keeping the spotlight on it, you got as close as you could, and as you reached it, it turned its head away from you, so it could see you more distinctly. By doing this, it exposed its brain box, which lies under the smooth patch just behind its eyes. This was where you shot it and was usually about the size of a match box. When it was shot it went into a death roll and turned over about three or four times, finally thrusting its legs upwards and out of the water. The idea then was to grab one of the front legs and if it wasn't too big, to haul it into the boat. If it was a big fellow, a looped rope was dropped over the leg and it was allowed to sink. The idea then was to go ashore and drag the croc onto the bank. Pretty hair-raising stuff I thought. Anyway, our first night proved very successful and all of the things Tom described eventuated. We even bagged one of about fourteen feet which took a bit of dragging onto the nearby bank.

After Tom had left Madang, I shot a few more crocs as time permitted, and word obviously got around that I was available to bump off any troublesome ones that might

lurk in rivers or lagoons nearby, to the extent that Father Joe Wolochy, pilot for the Catholic Mission, came to me one day and asked if I would fly with him to the Middle Ramu to one of the Mission stations and shoot a few crocs which could become a menace to the local children who canoed and swam there. I agreed, and loaded a couple of .303 rifles, light, and other essential items onto the old Dragon DH 84 and took off. That night, with the good Father from the Mission, who dressed himself in a large army greatcoat and an army slouch hat because of the cold, I set off for the crocs, having agreed that the kids from the Mission could come along behind us in canoes, provided they were very quiet and kept at a safe distance.

Things progressed famously. We picked up two crocs in the light which was being operated over my right shoulder by the Father. One was in close to a sandbank and the other out about twenty yards from it. I decided to take the one close in to the bank and we paddled up to it. It behaved as it should, turned its head and I shot it.

Then all hell broke loose. The kids in the following canoes, who hadn't seen a croc shot before, became so excited they screamed and yelled and to top it all off jumped onto our canoe and all over the outrigger. Over we went and down went all our equipment, guns, light, the lot. If Kieran Perkins had been present, I would have beaten him to the sandbank. It was only a matter of feet away and I made it in two seconds flat. But when I reached there and looked back, there was no Priest, just an army hat floating on top of the water. Then movement - a hand, the sleeve of a greatcoat and a spluttering, coughing head. The poor old Priest was having a bad time of it. We managed to get him to the bank and fortunately he soon recovered, but that was the end of our night's shooting. We righted the canoe and returned to the Mission house. It was a bad night for me. How was I to explain the loss of two rifles to Headquarters. Maybe the good Priest said a word or two for me because next morning at first light we returned to the scene and with the help of goodness knows how many volunteers we recovered all of the equipment and I was able to return to Madang a very relieved young Police Officer.

I never did hear what happened to the croc I shot, but much later Father Joe brought in a skin from the same Mission station and asked me to give it to Allan Strachan, who was Tom Cole's agent in Madang, which I did. It was a very large skin and I've often wondered whether it was the same croc which was lying about twenty yards away when we went in!

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CAN YOU PLEASE HELP US? We need addresses for members where *Una Voce* has been returned to us, with the indication "Left address". They are:

Mrs J Lillyman, Castle Hill NSW

Mr N D Endacott, Kalorama Vic

Mr E C Meissner, PO Box 602, Paradise Point Qld. It appears Mr Meissner stopped using this postal address, as suddenly a whole year supply (4 issues) of the newsletter were returned to us. - Joe Nitsche, Secretary.

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IT TAKES ALL TYPES! Snobbery was alive and well in Papua and New Guinea, more so in the early years... There was one who tried to impress with his wealthy Australian connections. Like some of the rich at the time, they gave themselves glamorous sounding nicknames. On this station, our connection with the outside world was by Morse code and a native radio operator. Silly, I know, but the station staff got a kick out of delivering him a radiogram addressed to Pus and signed Bottles, instead of Puss and Bootles. When the parents visited, Nance was amused with, "Look at Mummy's hair, not a sign of grey". Mummy did not know that hair tint was a prohibited import into Papua New Guinea and she suddenly began to go grey as a badger, but not a word was said. Despite all of this, his wife was a lovely person whom everyone liked. (From Bill Johnston's memoirs.)

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.

Mrs Nancy PRIMROSE (8 July 1999, aged 87 years)

Nan moved to Goroka in 1951 from the Gold Coast with husband Prim who had been appointed Branch Manager of Gibbes Sepik Airways. Nan travelled to New Guinea with her two young daughters Jocelyn and Penny on the Bulolo. She worked for Gibbes Sepik for a while and then became the Postmistress. She then became the Sub-District office clerk in Goroka, a position she held for many years. She was a very keen golfer and held positions on the Associates committee. She and Prim helped build the Goroka Sports Club, where they spent many happy hours over the years. Prim died in 1968 and Nan retired to the Gold Coast in 1971. She became a founding member of the New Guinea Club, played lots of golf and cards and helped with meals on wheels. She enjoyed spending time with her many friends. She moved to Perth in 1986 and later to a retirement village at Tewantin Qld. Nan is survived by her two daughters, and their families, including seven grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

(The foregoing was provided by Otto Alder, Nan's son-in-law and husband of Jocelyn)

Mr John Brian Douglas BACK (17 June 1999, aged 39 years)

John Back, son of Brian and Jill Back, was born in Madang Hospital in 1960; he grew up in Madang. He attended Knox Boys Grammar College in Sydney at the age of seven and remained there until the completion of his Higher School Certificate. During 1978 through to mid 1982 he worked at a variety of jobs in Sydney that included Westpac Bank, Customs Department and 3M Corporation. In September 1982 John arrived in Goroka and commenced work with ANGCO Limited, a PNG coffee and cocoa exporter.

In 1985 John and Lesley Hilgendorf were married at St Johns Lutheran Church, West Goroka. At the completion of their honeymoon John was transferred to Bougainville to work for ANGCO Cocoa in Kieta. They remained there for three years. In December 1988 John was transferred to ANGCO Coffee in Lae, and in 1993 he was promoted to Manager of the Lae Branch. In August 1998 John and Lesley were blessed with the birth of their twin sons Brendan John Back and Justin Brian Back.

John was tragically killed in a plane crash while travelling to Goroka on business.

He is survived by his wife Lesley and sons Brendan and Justin, his parents Brian and Jill, and his sisters Jan and Sandy. (From the Notice of Service, Knox Chapel, Sydney)

Mr Ronald Maslyn WILLIAMS (11 August 1999, aged 88 years)

Maslyn Williams was born in England but was sent to Australia in his teens after the death of his mother. He became a jackeroo in the Northern Tablelands - that experience was the basis of his last major work, "His Mother's Country" (his 16th book), which was published in 1988 and won the Fellowship of Australian Writers' Christina Stead award. Early in his life he achieved considerable success in writing for film and radio and in 1940 was appointed producer and writer for the official Services Film and Photography Unit. As a war correspondent he travelled widely in Europe, North America, Asia and the Pacific and later produced documentaries on the plight of postwar European refugees.

After the war he travelled widely in China, Cambodia, Indonesia and PNG and wrote of his experiences in about a dozen entertaining travel books. Maslyn was deeply interested in PNG. Bert Speer wrote, "The members of the crew who assisted Ron to produce the epic film 'New Guinea Patrol' were represented [at the funeral] by Neil Grant, John Leake and Albert Speer. This film was of great assistance to the Australian Government in persuading the United Nations to delay a demand for a crucial early vote on Independence until further uncontacted New Guineans could be educated." Maslyn is remembered by many old friends in the literary, film and music world. He is survived by his children John Paul and Kerry and their families.

(From information from Albert Speer and the *Southern Highland News* of 13-8-99)

Dr Janos J LOSCHDORFER (21 July 1999, aged 82 years)

Dr Loschdorfer obtained his medical degree and specialist qualifications as ophthalmologist at the University of Budapest, Hungary.

He came to PNG in 1950, as a member of a group of continental doctors who were recruited to reestablish the Territory's medical service. He established his ophthalmology (eye) surgery at the Port Moresby General Hospital, but he also travelled throughout PNG to examine patients, carry out surveys and select patients requiring eye surgery. He was widely known and recognised as an outstanding and highly skilled eye surgeon. Many people owe the restoration or improvement of their sight to him. During leave periods in Europe, he regularly visited eye clinics to observe the latest techniques and instruments and bring back to PNG these skills and methods.

He retired in 1972 but after a brief period commenced private practice at Orange in Western NSW. There too his outstanding quality as an ophthalmic surgeon was quickly recognised and he built up a busy practice, with patients consulting him from a wide area. He finally retired in 1987, to live in Cremorne (Sydney) - still in very good health until his final illness.

He is survived by his widow Simonne. (The foregoing was written by Gabriel Keleny)

Mr Thomas George AITCHISON (29 July 1999, aged 88 years)

Tom Aitchison (sometimes known as 'Tommy') grew up in Victoria, and graduated from Melbourne University with a degree in Economics and Commerce. In 1933 he went to the Territory as a Patrol Officer. He revelled in the challenge. He was one of the first Government officers to serve in the Eastern Highlands when that area was being opened up in the 30s and was involved in surveying the first section of road leading down into the Ramu and Markham Valleys, which eventually became the Highlands Highway. In 1936 he married his wife Sylvia at the Upper Ramu Police Post.

With the advent of war, Tom joined the Army and served in ANGAU, the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit. Tom played a leading role in the evacuation overland from Wewak to Port Moresby of a party of Chinese fleeing the Japanese. This journey, through some of the most inhospitable terrain in the world, was achieved in six weeks without the loss of a single person. At war's end, Tom - now with two daughters, Judy and Kaye - re-joined his old department in the PNG civil service and he and his fellow officers set about the formidable task of rebuilding the shattered country. Tom rose through the ranks to District Commissioner and in this capacity served in Madang, Manus and New Ireland.

In 1957 he was appointed Chief of Division - Government and Research. His Division played a leading role in the planning and implementation of the first national census in PNG, the preparation of a common roll, and the conduct of the first House of Assembly elections. He subsequently rose to the position of First Assistant Director and Acting Director of the Dept of District Administration.

In 1968 Tom retired to Schofields, in Sydney's West, where he acquired a small acreage and upon which he bred and established facilities for the agistment and spelling of race horses. He was an active member of the RSL both in PNG and Australia. During his final years Tom moved to a retirement village where he was able to maintain his independence almost to the last.

Tom is survived by daughters Judy and Kaye, grandchildren and great grandchildren. His wife Sylvia predeceased him. (The foregoing is from the eulogy given by Malcolm Lang)

Mrs Dorothy Beatrice GRAY (19 April 1999, aged 84 years)

In 1937, a few weeks after her wedding day, Dorothy, a trained teacher, and husband Ken left Sydney to undertake missionary work in Papua with the Seventh Day Adventist Mission. The family spent 1942 at Avondale College and then Ken was appointed to Fulton College in Fiji. In 1947 the couple returned to PNG and worked in Kabiufa, Port Moresby and Lae. They left PNG in the early 60s to work in the Pacific Islands. They retired in 1973. Dorothy taught in every place they lived as a paid and often unpaid teacher. Ken passed away in 1986. Dorothy is survived by her children Jo, Tony and Ken and their families.

(From the eulogy sent to us by Dorothy's daughter Jo Lee.)

Sr. Ellen Sarah KETTLE MBE (5 August 1999, aged 77 years)

Ellen Kettle was born in Colac Vic, and trained in nursing. In 1951 she nursed at Thursday Island, then in 1952 she went to the Northern Territory where she worked for the Commonwealth Department of Health as a Senior Survey Sister until 1968. She was awarded the $5,000 H.J. Heinz Scholarship of Nursing. In 1967 she was awarded an MBE for 14 years work among the Northern Territory Aboriginal people. Her book, "Gone Bush" (1967), is a charming account of her early days in the Northern Territory.

She was then seconded to Port Moresby and served as Principal Matron in charge of nursing with the Department of Public Health in PNG from 1969 to November 1974. She was instrumental, under Drs. Scragg and Syme, in energising training colleges and upgrading the administration of the profession. On going South in 1974, having been succeeded by a National, she wrote an astonishingly detailed history of nursing in PNG from the arrival of the first missionaries to the Nation's Independence on 16-9-1975 entitled "That They Might Live".

On retiring to Darwin, where she died, she completed a definitive history of Health Services in the NT which was published by the Australian National University in 1991.

(From information provided by Albert Speer and Jim Toner)

Mr Bill (William Andrew) RYAN (16 June 1999, aged approx. 33 years)

Bill Ryan, the son of Greta and F.X. Ryan, was killed in a tractor accident at Nyngan NSW. While carrying out repairs in the field the tractor fell, killing him instantly. Bill was born at Kerema in 1966. He had been married eight months. (Written by F.X. Ryan)

Dr Stanhope ROWTON SIMPSON CBE (July 1999, aged 96 years)

Dr Rowton Simpson's connection with PNG was that after 37 years in the British Colonial Service he had become a pre-eminent authority on land law and registration. Needing all the advice it could get on this fundamental problem, the Department of Territories in 1970 commissioned him to prepare a report on PNG. The result, according to Ian Downs, was an excellent adaptation by Don Grove, then Director of Lands, of 'an African solution' in support of Minister Hasluck's policies. In the event, of course, bills attempting to promote land title conversion to individual tenure through the Torrens system were rejected by the House of Assembly as contrary to 'Melanesian Way'.

During his long life which ended in England, Rowton Simpson acquired the Order of the Nile 4th class and a Ph.D. from Cambridge University at the age of 73.

(The foregoing was written by Jim Toner)

Bishop Leo ARKFELD (21 August 1999, aged 87 years)

Bishop Arkfeld, the son of an American farmer, was ordained in 1943 and travelled to Australia on the *Monterey* along with 19 other priests ordained at the same time. A year later he went to New Guinea and worked in the Madang, Morobe and Sepik provinces. It was while serving in Madang and Lae that he trained to become a pilot. He returned to the US in 1948 to be ordained as a bishop and was appointed Bishop of Wewak. As road and river transport was hazardous and time-consuming, he piloted his own plane, regularly visiting the most isolated mission stations in his area and opening new stations. He became known as 'The Flying Bishop' - in one day he could visit a dozen stations. In 1990, when he made his last flight for Wirui Air Service, it was calculated that he had probably made 25,000 to 30,000 flights. He said, "I did a lot of work but I could do that only because I could fly. Everything else just fell in line."

Having solved the transportation problem, Bishop Arkfeld improved communications with the mission stations - he established an extensive radio network, providing each outstation with a transmitter. Later he set up a printing press, and established numerous schools and health centres including a Minor Seminary and a Teachers College. In 1997 he returned to his homeland to celebrate his 50th year as a bishop and to be reunited with his family. He returned to Australia and then to PNG towards the end of 1997 and lived in retirement at Wirui, Wewak, having been given the title Emeritus Archbishop. *Post Courier 21-10-1997 & The Independent 17-10-1997*

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MR	BLISS	29 WILSON ST	BERWICK	VIC	3806
MR H	GRANT	12 LINDSAY PARADE	PARADISE POINT KEYS	QLD	4216
MR N	JANKE	PO BOX 93	KURANDA	QLD	4872
MR L	LEMKE	74 ALLWRIGHT ST	WANGURI	NT	0810
MR H	MORRIS	3 THE AVENUE	NEDLANDS	WA	6009
MR N H	PRATT	4/37 MARGATE PARADE	MARGATE	QLD	4019
MR B	SNEP	19 GOGGS ST	TOOWOOMBA	QLD	4350
MRS V H	THOMPSON	7/23 LATHAM ST	CHERMSIDE	QLD	4032
MR D B	VAN CLAARSEN	UNEP PO BOX 4704	NAIROBI	KENYA	
MRS S	JEFFORD	15 CRAIG CRESCENT	NIGHTCLIFF	NT	0180

MEMBERS REJOINED:

MRS M	BLAKE	19 YABBA ST	ASCOT	QLD	4007
MR J	FISK	110 DAISY HILL RD	DAISY HILL	QLD	4127
MRS I	LENEHAN	14/13 BURRAWALLA RD	CARINGBAH	NSW	2229
MR B	NEWELL	11 PENGILLY ST	LANE COVE	NSW	2066
MR C	SCHWASS	5 MIGHELL CLOSE	GORDONVALE	QLD	4865

CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO:

MRS P	ANDERSEN	8 GUINNESS PLACE	CHAPMAN	ACT	2611
MR B J	BEIL	345 CLEVELAND REDLAND BAY RD, THORNLANDS		QLD	4164
MR J	COLWELL	PO BOXC 5784	BOROKO 111 NCD	PNG	
MR D	DUGGAN	14 NATAN RD	MUDGEERABA	QLD	4213
MR J H	GILLMAN	2/20 MULGRAVE CIRCUIT	FORRESTLAKE	QLD	4078
MR M	HAMILTON	14 BRAMBER CLOSE, SEAFORD, EAST SUSSEX, BN25 1QA, UK			
MRS J	LATCHFORD	102/10 EDWARD ST	GORDON	NSW	2072
MR C	LIDDLE	325 CATHEDRAL AVE	BRIGADOON	WA	6069
MR K W	O'CONNOR	3/251 PACIFIC HIGHWAY	LINDFIELD	NSW	2070
MR A R	WELSH	14 BUTEL AVE	ARROWTOWN	NZ	9196
MS A	YOUNG	PO BOX 710	SUNBURY	VIC	3429
MRS A	YOUNG-WHITFORDE	23 EBOR RD	PALM BEACH	NSW	2108

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ARCHIVAL MATERIAL ON PNG - Those who have only recently become members may not know that the Association is trying to ensure that documents and historical material related to PNG are preserved. The material will eventually be housed in the Fryer Library within the Univ of Qld Central Library. The sort of material being collected includes reminiscences, memories, photographs, printed material, film & videos, tape recordings of PNG music/sing sings, etc. Recently three reels of old 16mm film were added to the collection. The person collecting this material is: **Dr Peter Cahill**, 7 Wynyard Street, Indooroopilly Qld 4068. (Note - Material on Papua still in short supply)

HELP WANTED: When in Madang in the 60s/early 70s, Des and Marie Clifton-Bassett were given **a cigarette lighter in the form of a replica of the Coastwatchers' Light** by one of the firms, probably as a goodwill gesture at Christmas. Marie inadvertently disposed of it in the course of one of their moves. Daughter Helen now collects things like this, and was very disappointed to hear it had gone. If you have one you no longer wish to keep, please ring Marie on 02 9958 3408, with details of cost.

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