



# Una Voce

JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC  
(formerly the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc)

Patrons: His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffrey AC CVO MC (Retd)  
Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia  
Mrs Roma Bates; Mr Fred Kaad

**MERRY CHRISTMAS  
TO ALL  
& BEST WISHES FOR 2004  
FROM THE PRESIDENT  
AND COMMITTEE**

**THE CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON  
will be held on  
Sunday 7 December  
at the Mandarin Club**

Full details plus booking slip are on  
the separate yellow sheet.

\*\*\*\*\*

Wondering what to give  
somebody for Christmas? Our  
book 'Tales of Papua New  
Guinea' might solve your  
problem. For purchase details,  
see separate yellow sheet.

**The AGM and LUNCHEON  
will be on Sunday 2 May 2004**

\*\*\* Don't forget to have a look  
at our website: [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)

## In This Issue

- 2 In 100 words or less
- 3 Governor-General's personal patronage of PNGAA
- 4 Editor's job changes hands
- 4 Have You Heard??? and News from Correspondents
- 8 Telefolmin Reflection - H W West
- 9 Kiaps of PNG - The Postwar era - Nancy Johnston
- 12 Aftermaths of War - Adrian Geyle
- 15 ASOPA revisited - Graham Taylor
- 17 A Topic for a PHD - Marjorie Head
- 17 Max Hayes describes his recent visit to Rabaul - August 2003
- 21 Culture Shocks - Raymond Bamford
- 24 Book News and Reviews
- 28 Aussie Rules Football in Pre-Independent PNG - Dave Tarrant
- 30 Is this landing on the nose? - R Piper
- 31 Reunions
- 33 The Diaries of Edward (Ted) Bishton
- 42 Marquis de Rays Expedition - P Hopper
- 42 Reg Harris and the Dragon - R Blaikie
- 43 A very unusual houseboy - M Head
- 43 Senior citizens - Bill Guest
- 44 On being in the wrong place, at the wrong time - Pat Boys
- 45 Vale/New Members/Change of Address

**'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF  
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**IN 100 WORDS OR LESS -  
Engagements and Weddings**

During the early 1990s I was doing research for my small book, 'Coconuts and Tearooms' - the story of my parents' time in New Britain of the 1930s. I spent many laborious but enjoyable hours in front of microfiche machines at the Queensland University library looking for relevant articles from Gordon Thomas' 1930s *Rabaul Times* newspapers. I couldn't let the following pass me by:

Wedding at Matty Island. KORN - WALL. Gaily decked out with bunting, Carpenter's steam copra barge *Durour* presented an unwonted appearance in Agita harbour, Matty Island, on Sunday October 12 1930 for the wedding of Agnes Wall of Box Hill, Victoria with 'bashful' Bill, son of W.G. Korn of Gayndah, Queensland. The ceremony, by Captain Mahood, which was nicely punctuated by gentle crashings as the native deckhands deftly dropped lumps of hatches in place, was solemnised on the bridge deck. The temporary altar was prettily decorated with local flora - frangipani, etc. The bride, looking very charming in a pale sunset pink gown, was given away by the ubiquitous and popular purser, Eric Guthrie, while bridegroom Bill was supported at the place of execution by Bill Mirow. During the signing of the register, a wonderful Wurlitzer rendering was effected by a bursting steam pipe, accompanied by suitable comments (off stage) from engineer/organist, 'Blue' Wainwright. The couple departed for Agita per canoe (decorated with old boots). Bill Korn was at Pondo plantation prior to WWII and sadly both he and Albert Evensen (Pondo manager) were killed by the Japanese not long before the war ended.

Pat Boys, NZ

**THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE -  
INFAMOUS COOKS**

**Deadline for entries, 19 February 2004**

**Write/Phone/Fax/Email**

## GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PERSONAL PATRONAGE OF PNGAA

Your Committee is extremely pleased to advise that His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffrey AC CVO MC (Retd), Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, has graciously accepted our invitation to become a co-Patron of our Association.

In our letter to His Excellency we complimented him on his appointment as Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia and noted that we felt that we had a particular affinity with both General Jeffrey and Mrs Jeffrey as both, like most of the members of PNGAA, have served their country with distinction in the development of Papua New Guinea. We see the Governor-General's personal patronage as being recognition, in part, of the contributions made by Australian citizens over many years in the continuing development of Papua New Guinea.

In accordance with our Rules, the Governor-General's personal patronage will be formally confirmed at our next General Meeting.

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## VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS

On Thursday 9 October, the annual springtime visit to the Blue Mountains took place, this time to the home of **Edna and George OAKES** at Woodford. Twenty members were present to enjoy the cool and overcast day with a touch of drizzle.

Eight members arrived by train - **Harry WEST**, **Nancy JOHNSTON**, **Margaret SAVILLE**, **Gabriel KELENY**, **Paul DENNETT**, **Stuart Hoare** and **Neville and Margaret THRELFALL**. George met them at Woodford station but most decided to walk the kilometre to the Oakes' house, appropriately named, *Hausokis*, with PNG flags attached to each gate post.

A number of members came by car. From the Killarney Vale area came **Helen and Ian REARDON** and **Joe NITSCHKE**, from Silverdale, near Camden, **Ralph and Barbara SAWYER** and from Wentworth Falls, **Friedegarde and Bill TOMASETTI** and Bill's daughter, **Josephine**. **Muriel SNELL** and **Ailsa RYALL** came from nearby Lawson.

As Edna had only come out hospital the day before following a knee replacement, George and Edna's daughter Denise and her husband Paul, and children, Luke, Elizabeth and Andrew did an excellent job in ensuring the tea and coffee were on hand for self serving by those present and setting a large table for buffet lunch. The Oakes' served soup and sausage rolls, however everyone came with a variety of food.

Many enjoyed the crisp weather walking around the Oakes' property which had orchids, waratahs and numerous wild flowers in bloom, and enjoying the valley views. Some of those present also enjoyed walking through the Rooney garden next door which is set out as an English garden with many plants flowering. A couple of the visitors went for a walk to a nearby lookout which normally has a good view westwards to Lawson and northwards to Mt. Tomah and Bilpin, but unfortunately the weather was a little overcast.

The day seemed all too short as the train travellers had to catch the 3pm train to the city. Harry West summed up the visit in saying it was one of the best mountain visits the Association has had, despite the weather.

The Oakes' offer their house for another visit next year.

George Oakes

## The editor's job changes hands

After 7½ years I am handing over the job of editor to Andrea Williams (of the Coote family of Rabaul). Andrea has many skills to bring to the task, and what's more she is not afraid to 'give it a go'.

Being editor of *Una Voce* has been very rewarding. I have learnt a lot, and have come in contact with so many people I wouldn't have known otherwise. I have been given strong support by our president Harry West, our former editor the late Doug Parrish, and current committee members Ross Johnson, Pam Foley and Joe Nitsche.

In some ways I will be sad to give up this absorbing interest, but I feel the timing is right for me. As well, organisations stand to benefit from new blood and fresh ideas.

Please continue to address items for *Una Voce* to The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW, marked 'For Attention: The Editor'. The new editor's phone number is: 02 9449 4129; her e-mail address is: editor@pngaa.net All matters to do with membership should be sent to our Membership Officer, Ross Johnson, and not to the editor. Ross Johnson's contact details appear on page 2 of the journal.

To my many contacts over these 7½ years, it's been great working with you and all the very best, Marie

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## HAVE YOU HEARD???

By the time you receive this, our president **Harry WEST**, accompanied by **John O'DEA**, should be in China on a month's visit to celebrate his 81st birthday. Several years ago Harry spent a few weeks in the west of the country, along the Russian border, stretching from Afghanistan to Mongolia. This time he will travel south from Beijing to the Yangtze Gorge and then have a fortnight in the picturesque mountainous southern Yunnan Province, adjoining Burma and Tibet.

Did anyone see 'The Trouble with George' on SBS at 7 pm on Sunday 12 October? The half-hour documentary was filmed by Aurora Scheelings, daughter of **BEN SCHEELINGS** of Runcorn QLD. Aurora produced a five-minute piece about 'George' when in her second year of film school. After returning from filming in Vietnam and Cambodia, she reverted to the subject of George as a way of reminding herself that film-making could be fun. She proposed an extended documentary to SBS and to her surprise it was accepted - it is part of a series focussing on ordinary people dealing with extraordinary circumstances.

**Donald and Elizabeth RAMSAY** have just returned from a most enjoyable three-week holiday in Sri Lanka 'at modest cost'. Donald said that the key to their trouble-free stay was the provision of a mature and knowledgeable driver/guide and his modern air-conditioned car. From Colombo they travelled to Kandy staying at five-star hotels. Donald wrote, 'Climbing to 6,500 feet in the tea producing region surrounding Nuwara Eliya, we moved into the Hill Club there (reciprocal rights with the RACA/ISC). A jewel of a club in a bracing climate. The old traditions still exist, with the white-uniformed stewards serving dinner wearing white gloves, and hot water bottles placed in the beds at blanket turn-down time. Our next move was down to Galle on the coast, passing the site where "The Bridge over the River Kwai" was filmed in 1955.... In the old fort, we entered the house where Captain Lachlan Macquarie dined with the outgoing Dutch Governor in 1796. Very civil considering the Dutch had just surrendered to the British.' Donald concluded, 'With no fighting for the last two years and both sides talking to each

other about a final solution to their problems, tourism is starting to boom once more, mainly European visitors. Alas, we were told, prices will start to boom too!

## NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA

**Brian and Christine LOCK** have recently settled in the SA town of Renmark on the River Murray where they are caretakers of the National Trust property, 'Olivewood'. Leaving Rabaul in January after many years in PNG was fraught with challenges including getting everything owed to them by the Education Department and then ensuring that all their possessions were transported safely to Adelaide. Despite taking all necessary care, there were nevertheless a few disappointments when they eventually got access to the container.

On 16 September former Treasury officers met for the 29th time to celebrate PNG's independence. This year's gathering at the Royal Hotel, Kent Town included **Jan MARTIN, Bob and Barbara CHRISTIANSEN, Thelma MEEHAN, Meredith ANGUS, and Ron and Josette STORER**. Every few years the Adelaide group arranges reunions nationally. Last year it was at Albury, next year at Kangaroo Island. With places like Bali, Echuca, Katoomba, Maroochydore, and Tasmania, already visited and new ideas thin on the ground, it has been mentioned that the group might consider offering a small reward for the best suggestion for the 2005 venue.

Former 9PA announcer in his earlier years, **Phillip SATCHELL** finally called it a day in Adelaide after nearly 43 years with the ABC. Known affectionately as the Voice of Adelaide, Phillip exited with much fanfare and merrymaking. A public tribute dinner is planned at the Italian Club in the city.

**Marc DELINA** a former kiap in Mt Hagen, Goroka and Lae during the early seventies is relieving as CEO at Lajamanu Aboriginal settlement for the next ten weeks. Situated south west of Katherine, the town is home to some nine hundred people complete with supermarket, local police, school and a medical centre with a doctor flying in twice a week. In June this year Marc occupied a similar position at Yuendumu, 300 km north west of Alice Springs and close to the start of Australia's third largest desert, the Tanami. His wife, **Joan**, worked with him as his administrative assistant and found the experience captivating. When he is not CEO-ing and at home in Adelaide, **Marc** spends time walking the Heysen Trail. Described as 'the world's longest footpath', it starts at Cape Jervis and finishes twelve hundred kilometres later in the North Flinders Ranges. His fellow walker is another former kiap, **Rodney DONNE**, who has now moved to Darwin.

## NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY: Jim Toner writes -

In Moresby this year the official Independence Day commemoration was confined to a flag-raising ceremony. However in Darwin there was a celebration attended by approx. 250 people at the Italian Club. They were treated to a spectacular performance from an all-girl dancing/singing group called NUSAMEK (an acronym for Manus/Mekeo). Two other groups from Samoa and Kiribati also danced for a knowledgeable and appreciative audience.

There were speeches of course, and tribute was paid to the fundamental contribution of the kiaps towards the development of PNG. **Mike PRESS**, once a member of that august body, responded. Then came the feast which was blessed by Fr Karl, a Tolai priest serving the Tiwi people on Bathurst Island. A Protestant missionary, Vele from Hula, Central District, who is working with street children in Palmerston, was MC

for the evening.

**Mali GRAY**, daughter-in-law of **Bob GRAY**, a stalwart of the Government Printery, Kone, announced that the excellent function had been organised by three PNG women (**Lydia CAMERON**, **Iau ARMSTRONG** and **Jonie ANABTWI**) who, while not yet elderly, would much appreciate help from younger *wantoks* for the 29th anniversary next year. A call which will ring a bell at PNGAA HQ.

**Phil VAN DER EYCK**, ex-kiap, has deserted Darwin temporarily for work in Port Moresby. It will be interesting to get his impressions of life there 30 years after 'going South'.

Another Darwin ex-kiap, **Des PIKE** is happily retired from his second career with Parks Australia. He busies himself with orchid growing which by all accounts can turn from a pastime into a passion. As secretary of the local society he has become familiar with that deadline panic common to editors when it comes time to put out a newsletter.

News of an exhibition of paintings in Collins Street would not raise your eyebrow - Melbourne can be arty as well as footy - unless told that they were the work of **John PASQUARELLI**. Hitherto a patrol officer, parliamentarian and Pauline's *eminence grise*, John did not call on his memory of PNG landscapes, concentrating instead on rural scenery in Central Victoria. His exhibition was opened by Barry Jones, the former quizzing and Federal Minister.

Until three years ago when a cyclone destroyed Madagascar's vanilla plantations, that country commanded 70% of the world market for the widely-used flavouring. Not a lot of people know that. But a number of villagers in the East Sepik certainly do. Vanilla has been planted in PNG since the '60s but without a supply of beans from Madagascar the world price rocketed from US\$30 per kilogram to US\$150! Some Sepik villagers are said to be reaping Aus\$2000 per week and buying Toyotas as fast as did Highlands coffee growers during their commodity boom in the '80s. Let's hope there are some savings for the hard times sure to come.

*Wantoks* severely shocked when a Head Tax was introduced in PNG in 1958 (for our young readers this amounted to a whole Two Pounds per annum) will be interested to learn how things have 'progressed'. Income is of course taxed and PriceWaterhouseCoopers has calculated that, taking 50,000 Kina as an example, the PNG worker would lose K14,400 to the State whereas under the Australian tax schedules he would lose only K6,335. Apparently this makes the PNG rates the second highest in the world. On top of this there is a Sales & Services Tax of 10% but their Government is said to be looking at increasing this to 15%. Relax, it could never happen here.....

## **PNG NEWS**

**AUSTRALIAN POLICE FOR PNG:** In September the Australian government announced it would send 200 Australian police to PNG to help maintain law and order. Hugh White, director of the Australian Strategic Policy Institute, commented, 'The deployment of a substantial police contingent - along with accountants and auditors to help tidy up corruption and mismanagement in PNG's public service - is itself only a start... A functioning police force is no use without effective courts and an efficient prison system. It seems likely that we will soon be drawn into a central role in these areas as well. This is a sobering undertaking - involving significant responsibilities, large resources, and open-ended timeframes.' (SMH, 23-9-2003)

**NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL:** Sir Albert Kipalan is likely to be PNG's next Governor-General. The post has been held by Sir Silas Atopare for the past six years.



**REMEMBER 'ISLAND IN THE SKY'?**

(Over 5000 copies sold!)

**'Fire Cult' by R.B. Shaw** is now available!**Gunrunning, intrigue, tribal cults and lost gold amid the erupting volcanic islands of New Guinea**

*Dave Stark is salvaging a crashed jetliner while Fang Mitchell is gunrunning in a revamped warplane. They are recruited by two suspicious Japanese to search for their lost father's remains . . . or a fortune in stolen gold dust. In a race to find the gold they trek through the jungled river gorges and primitive tribes of the Finisterre Ranges, following an elusive trail of ancient clues.*

*There is only one man who can help, Ted, a tormented old soldier haunted by horrific nightmares of Japanese atrocities, fanatical cults and erupting volcanoes. The minute Ted steps onto the trail he embarks on a tortuous journey of self-discovery. Their quest climaxes violently amid volcanic eruptions on an exotic island controlled by a demonic chief and his fire-worshipping cult. Planes, helicopters and boats clash in a final deadly pursuit across the Bismarck Sea.*

*' . . . Fire Cult is a ripping good yarn with equal appeal for both male and female readers. R.B. Shaw is a storyteller with an awesome talent and a gift for gripping descriptive prose. Claims by his agent that he could become Australia's answer to Wilbur Smith could well be taken seriously. This engrossing novel has a most ingenious plot and ongoing sense of immediacy. The build up of tension and suspense keeps one turning the pages. This fast paced tale of heroism, terror and sickening sadism would be perfect for a thrill-a-minute action movie.' Writspot International*

*' . . . This is R.B. Shaw's second novel. Many will remember 'Island in the Sky', an excellent yarn written by someone with personal experience. His ability to conceive a plot and tell it well was also most evident. When I reviewed it, his fast racy style and descriptions of the countryside delighted me. 'Fire Cult' does not disappoint. Shaw holds the reader's attention from start to finish. I intended reading 'Fire Cult' on the plane to U.K., but two days prior I made the 'mistake' of opening the first page. I had long since finished it before I left - such was the fervour with which I devoured the story. In the finale the reader is constantly excited as the book builds to a thrilling climax.'*

*David Cooke, former reviewer, AOPA*Please send me:- **Fire Cult** \$21.95 post paid ☐ Autographed? ☐ To?

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**R.B. SHAW**, Tropicana Press, PO Box 385, Padstow NSW 2211, Australia

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## TELEFOLMIN REFLECTION

by H. W. West

November 6, 2003 is the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the tragic Telefolmin episode in which two field officers and two police constables were murdered in the only massacre of its scale that ever occurred in the history of the Department of District Services and Native Affairs.

The extremely remote and inaccessible post, apart from by light aircraft, at the very head of the Sepik River had been established by Des Clifton-Bassett five years before, in 1948. Apparently the tribesmen, completely isolated by rugged and inhospitable terrain from the unknown outside world, had resented intrusion and decided to revert to their traditional lifestyle by eliminating outsiders.

Tragically Patrol Officer Gerald Szarka, Cadet Patrol Officer Geoffrey Harris, Constable Buritori and Constable Purari were killed in the uprising, which sent shock waves throughout Papua and New Guinea at the time.

The accompanying photograph is of relevance as it depicts Constables Buritori and Purari. It was taken by me in 1950 on a patrol from Telefolmin to the headwaters of the May River, several days' hard walk, trackless, through some of the most terrible mountain terrain in PNG. It is probably the only photograph of Constables Buritori and Purari in existence. There weren't many photographs taken of police on remote outstations in those days.



L to R: Const Buritori, Suni, abducted girl, Const Pahiki, Const Purari, Miamkaling

Des Bassett was evacuated from Telefolmin in late 1948 with scrub typhus. Bobby Gibbes remembers the occasion very well. Bassett was seriously ill. Flying conditions were bad. Late in the afternoon he managed to get Dr John McNerney in from Wewak in a light aircraft. McNerney said Des would not have survived the night without attention and medication. A couple of years later McNerney himself was killed when the light aircraft he was piloting crashed at Vanimo. Passengers Ian Skinner and George Wearne survived.



To return to the accompanying photograph: the upper May River was the home of the Mianmin people, traditional enemies of the Telefomin. When I arrived there in March 1950, the people were greatly disturbed by a recent Mianmin raid involving the abduction of the young daughter of a headman and were terrified by Miamkaling, the Mianmin headman. I persuaded a number of Telefomin chiefs to accompany me on a patrol to the completely uncontrolled Mianmin territory and miraculously and unexpectedly Miamkaling turned in the abducted girl and accompanied us back to Telefomin. They are in the photograph, along with Suni, the interpreter, whose story is also interesting.

With another ten-year-old Suni was taken back from Telefomin to Goroka by Taylor and Black on their epic 1939 Hagen-Sepik patrol to be taught pidgin and become 'turnim toks' (interpreters). The other lad died, but the war was upon us and Suni was farmed out to a Goroka headman. In 1944 the Americans needed an emergency landing field at the head of the Sepik for bombers operating out of North Queensland on raids to Hollandia, Biak and other places north. A construction team was landed by gliders, launched from fixed-wing aircraft, at Telefomin, and Suni returned home with them, along with Jim Leahy, of the famous four gold-mining, exploring, pioneering Leahy brothers. Suni returned to Goroka, but went back to his home area with Des Clifton-Bassett in 1948 as an invaluable interpreter. Suni's outstanding service earned him an MBE and a Long Service Medal.

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## KIAPS OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA - The Postwar Era

*A tribute to those who followed in the tradition and footsteps of the pre-war 'outside' men in penetrating and establishing law and order in the primitive areas of Papua and New Guinea*

by Nancy Johnston

Dame Rachel Cleland wrote: *After all, when you saw a twenty year old boy with perhaps five policemen keeping 30,000 warring tribesmen in happy harmony, you were just astounded at the thought, 'how does he do it!'*

After World War II, when peace came to Papua New Guinea, many of the towns and other signs of development had been destroyed, native villages and gardens were devastated and plantations damaged or neglected. The job of reconstruction lay ahead, as well as the task of establishing good relations with the native people. There were primitive areas to be manned, and blank spots on the map that had to be brought under government control - places where cannibal warriors still practised all sorts of evil deeds.

Young Australian men, some not yet twenty years old, were selected and trained to serve in the Australian Administration as patrol officers (kiaps) with the Department of District Services and Native Affairs. DDS & NA was a trail-blazer department, its kiaps manned the primitive areas or explored and opened up others, and when an area came under control, members from other departments and agencies, missionaries and commercial people moved in. Health was usually the next department into an area, then Agriculture and Education followed and when outstations became towns, the Police Department sent in its European officers to handle police duties.

Until this happened, the kiap was the representative of all arms of government in his area. His main responsibility was law and order, he was given police powers as a member of the Native Constabulary and made a Magistrate of the Court of Native Affairs. He worked long hours and was on twenty-four hour call, seven days a week. As well as district administration, familiarising himself with the people and the country, patrolling,

court work and suchlike, the kiap needed a range of knowledge to be a 'Jack of all trades'. He had to plan and supervise the building of roads, bridges, houses, airstrips, wharves and hospitals and as records had to be kept and reports written, he needed to be a competent clerical person. His ultimate aim was to build an orderly, prosperous and unified people living in peace and harmony, with independence from Australia the long-term goal. In the main the kiaps did not abuse the powers they held; pride gave them the integrity to handle their role and earn respect.

Not all kiaps had the same experiences; they went where they were sent - some places were extremely dangerous, some not so dangerous and others were considered 'safe'. Patrols took them through a diversity of country and experiences - some young kiaps faced dreadful situations in the ultra-primitive areas where they lived and patrolled. Some 'outside' kiaps put their lives on the line several times during their long patrols - they faced the potential danger of being killed with poison-tipped arrows, spears, or axed to death, as well as the threat of accidents and sickness, including malaria and scrub typhus. They experienced food shortages and faced the continual torrential rain, the blazing hot sun, and the freezing temperatures in the swirling mists in the mountain areas; they faced the peril of crocodiles, deadly snakes, massive bush pigs and the discomfort of millions of mosquitoes as well as wasps, spiders, scrub mites and leeches. There was nothing glamorous about patrolling, it was simply hard, dirty and uncomfortable work.

In some areas the kiaps undertook dangerous climbing, with their police and carriers (burdened with patrol equipment), going through precipitous limestone gorges, climbing cliffs and picking their way along narrow ledges in 'broken glass' country. They spent weeks, sometimes months, living in clothes wet from sweat, rain, and crossing and re-crossing flooded rivers. Some raging rivers formed ferocious whirlpools sucking down anything near them. And there were traps, serving as a sign they were not welcome in the area, and needed to 'watch their back'. Some faced warriors fighting one another with bows and arrows, and the kiaps stationed on the PNG/West Irian border at the time of illegal incursions by political refugees from Irian Jaya faced the weapons of the Indonesian para-military. In the 60s/early 70s, their work was 'classified' and this could be the reason so little is known about the dangers these young men faced.

Peter Ryan, the editor of 'The Encyclopedia of PNG' wrote: *The enterprise, dedication, honesty and sheer bravery of the district staff, the 'kiaps',...were remarkable. ... the exploration and the pacification of millions were achieved at the cost of a few skirmishes. The law came, without which any general softening of life is impossible. In any event, I make no apology for this candid tribute to the kiaps, who wrote one of the most honourable pages in this country's history.* [from 'Some Unfinished Business from the Second World War' printed in the Sept 1995 issue of 'Quadrant']

It is my belief the kiaps who penetrated and patrolled the hostile primitive areas, and the young ones who were posted to isolated and dangerous outposts in the early postwar years, and those who later worked on the PNG/West Irian border, did not get the acknowledgment they deserved from the Australian Administration. Some gave their lives (Gerald Szarka and 21 year-old Geoff Harris, to name a couple, were brutally murdered near Telefomin), many gave their youth and some their health, physical and otherwise, and some have injuries and scars that will last a lifetime.

Many kiaps spent decades working for the Administration to make PNG a better place for having been there and they left without fanfare or thanks or official recognition. During peacetime young Australians are recruited into the armed forces, some see

overseas service for maybe six months, with the advantage of modern benefits, communications and extra pay. When they return they are feted whether or not they saw or heard a shot fired in anger, and the Australian government gives commendations and medals. You may recall 'Bravery Not Recognised', the postscript to an item by Tony Try, 'Life on the Border', in *Una Voce* No. 3, September 2003.

And let us not forget the indigenous police of the Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary. They made it possible for a handful of men to do so much in controlling large areas of the country for the benefit of its people; it would not have been possible for the kiaps to accomplish what they did without their help. Adrian Geyle wrote: *There would not be an ex-patrol officer who served in Papua New Guinea who had less than the highest regard for the men of the Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary who came under their command*; and after an exploratory patrol, Bill Johnston wrote: *The Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary (as it was called from 1952) was an essential part of the system of Government. The patrolling officer may have played the role of leader, the force keeping the group together and working as one, but he would have got nowhere without the effort and strength of these men; a few could ever equal them in the world. It was a unique partnership, in that the patrolling officer relied on them for so much and they relied on him for just as much in a different way. They were, on the whole, magnificent loyal men.* Sergeant Gonene said he knew the kiaps were young, but he tried to brief them or give them advice about things. He tried to be confident in himself so the young officers would have confidence in him and get that strength.

And as we do with the wartime Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels, we should not forget the contribution made by the carriers and interpreters who accompanied the patrolling officers. Bill Johnston recorded in one report: *They gave their best and they were tough men who never complained they were being pushed beyond their limit. I tried to make them part of the team and did not regard them as beasts of burden.*

Only a few people know of the contribution the kiaps and their native police and carriers made, and it seems that there never will be any other recognition of their work except from this few. I wonder if the people who went to live and work in Papua New Guinea appreciate the fact that the pre-war 'outside men' and the postwar kiaps made it possible for them to be there.

It is more than fifty years since those early postwar days and the kiaps from that era are passing. In *Una Voce* No. 2, June 2003, the deaths of six ex-kiaps were recorded - Mert Brightwell, Doug Parrish, Peter Broman, Campbell Fleay, Bill Kelly and Phil Hardy; and many have gone before them.

*(The Dept. of District Services and Native Affairs had several name changes as the country developed.)*

**HELP FOR CLEMENT CHIKALLI'S WIDOW:** Some of you will have heard of the murder of Clement Chikalli in Moresby early this year. Clement was a consul at the Consulate-General Office a few years ago, and attended PNGAA functions regularly, as did his wife Patricia. Because Clement's home village is a very long way from Moresby, Patricia is unable to afford the airfares for herself and the children to attend mourning ceremonies being conducted by Clement's relatives. If you would like to help Patricia, donations may be sent to Mr John Strang, President, Australia PNG Friendship Association, C/- PO Box 475, Mascot NSW 2020. Cheques should be made out to the Australia PNG Friendship Association.

## AFTERMATHS OF WAR

by Adrian Geyle

The Japanese naval training vessel, the *Taisei Maru*, anchored off Muschu Island - between Feb 22 and 25, 1955 - 15 km from Wewak. On board were 300 young navy cadets visiting the Territory of Papua and New Guinea to retrieve remains of their WWII war dead, almost ten years after that war ended.

For years since the war the Japanese government was asserting that there were still Japanese soldiers ensconced deep in the forests of our territory (TPNG) and it wanted permission to look for, and hopefully find, some of them. Our government in Canberra would not agree to the proposal to drop pamphlets from the air over the less-populated areas of the country, let alone agree to an unaccompanied ground search for any Japanese 'deserters' who might still be alive and hiding away from the territory authorities. It was a long time since the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had ended the war - ten years - and Canberra could not accept that some Japanese were still living free and undetected anywhere in the territory. There could be no Japanese or American or Australian soldiers living undetected in the New Guinea bush, emphatically no. Wide and active coverage by young Australian patrol officers - the kiaps - would have found them. This claim was the basis of our Australian government's refusal to give the Japanese access to our territory where so many Japanese and Allied soldiers had fought and died.

As one of those patrol officers, I had been brought in from my patrol post 250 km from Wewak, for a field break primarily, and was assigned to accept delivery of four Japanese soldiers who had come in, amazingly, 'from the bush' in Dutch New Guinea. They were flown to Wewak from the capital of Dutch New Guinea, Hollandia, about 360 km away. These 'deserters' had been arrested by police who were alerted to their existence on information given them by the villagers amongst whom they had lived for years.

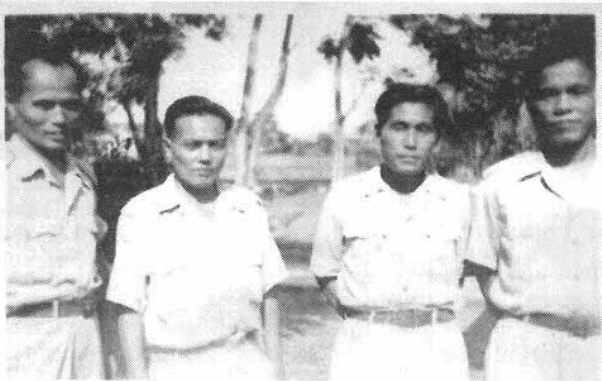
A Qantas DC-3 passenger plane off-loaded the four men at Boram Point airstrip into the care of our administration at Wewak, headquarters of the Sepik District. With their accompanying papers, handed first to the a/District Commissioner and then to me, these so-called deserters were taken into town to a press conference of dubious outcome.



The a/District Commissioner John Preston-White handing the ex-soldiers' papers to PO Adrian Geyle. Two of the four Japanese are standing at the rear with their belongings.

Journalists from several countries questioned them with the help of some not-so-skilled interpreters who really struggled with the Japanese language, and with English as well.

Many questions were asked to find out how close these men were to the villagers who had 'minded' them for so long. Did they co-habit with the people, and specifically did they have native women to live with? Had they fathered children? Did they eat food given to them, or did they tend gardens of their own? Did they 'desert' their comrades during the actual fighting? Responding to the deserter questions, they emphatically denied that they had absconded. Shockingly, these men had heard that Japan had been totally destroyed by bombs of great force which had wiped their country off the face of the earth, and they had no homeland to return to. Japan was 'no more', obliterated, and was 'melted into the earth', according to the accounts these men gave somewhat impatiently as the reason why they decided to stay in the bush. They weren't deserters! Further, they could not know what their fate would be, if they had surrendered to the Dutch government. But many details were lost through poor interpreting and it was difficult trying to get details as to what, when and from whom they had heard of the atomic devastation.



**The four Japanese at Wewak en route to Japan in early 1955**

Carrying boxes of the bones of some of the soldiers who had died among them - nine, we were told - the four men were taken on board the Administration's launch, *MV Ela* for delivery to the *Taisei Maru*. The four were all in good physical condition - eight months in police custody in Hollandia had added some fat to their frames they said - and they wore wide grins as our government launch tied up alongside the ship that was to take them home. Scores of cadets lined the ship's rails, anxious to witness the return of these survivors whose experiences were in such contrast to their own atomic age ones, suffered back home.

The four were received with minimum fuss - and certainly with no ceremony - by the deck officers on the ship. Ostensibly these 'deserters' were for immediate imprisonment and for transportation to Japan for trial, but they weren't clapped into irons and dragged away! They were led away quietly while I was being escorted to the large officers' executive room to meet the captain and his various lesser officers. Here I was treated with great politeness and respect. I was offered my choice of a drink. I chose a beer, 'Asahi' brand that I had never seen before, and a cigarette to go with it. I felt a little embarrassed over all the fuss being made to see me seated comfortably with a beer and a 'Peace' brand cigarette.

I was asked several questions, mainly to do with the possibility that other 'ex-soldiers' might be discovered in our territory. I tried hard to adequately describe our administrative structures and our comprehensive field coverage which would have discovered any left-over, or rather 'left behind', ex-soldiers or deserters on our side of the border which we shared with Dutch New Guinea.

In retrospect, I consider that by delegating this escort role to me, a relatively junior patrol officer, the a/DC was making a political statement on Canberra's behalf, to show the Japanese authorities that we attached little importance to their expressed concerns and requests. After all, we had been at war against them in this very area, until the very last days, where the 'mopping up' phase along the north coast saw an end to all hostilities.

The three hundred navy cadets on the *Taisei Maru* were drawn on to make up a bone-collection party to be escorted into the hills behind Wewak for the exhumation of some of their war dead. A junior officer (second lieutenant?) had a small sketch map of the way the government blitz-wagon was to take the party directly to a site. He spoke good English. Villagers had brushed away leaves and sticks to ready the site where some inverted bottles and barely covered skulls marked out the area. This had been the site of a small army field hospital, I was informed, as a lid on half a 44-gallon drum was lifted to reveal a neat stack of papers. These were Japanese-language hospital records that had been carefully stacked and had then sat partly-submerged in rusty water, undisturbed for ten years! The sheets separated easily and were all legible.

A small marble and concrete shrine was erected in Wewak and a Shinto commemoration service was performed before the last of the Japanese visitors to Wewak returned to the *Taisei Maru* to depart for more places where their war dead were buried. The ship had visited many localities before coming to Wewak - Bougainville, Lae, Madang and Finschhafen being among them.

The value to the Japanese people of the return of the bones, the hospital records and the living so-called 'deserters' ('stragglers' in recent treatises) is best encapsulated in a quote from Dr Beatrice Trefalt's paper *Tarzans' and 'living spirits of the war dead': Japanese stragglers in New Guinea*, delivered at the Remembering the War in New Guinea symposium, Canberra, October 2000. She wrote:

'... The return of the stragglers from New Guinea to Japan in the early- and mid-1950s, unfortunately says little about the place of that battlefield in the memories of Japan, apart from exposing it as one of the battlefields that provided the most incomprehensible loss. The many letters that reached the 1955 stragglers, begging for information on the death of lost ones (my emphasis), certainly provide evidence for that point.'

While I still carry some minor prejudices hanging over from WWII, I feel privileged now to have had a small, albeit peripheral, role in a process that must have brought comforting information to many a Japanese family longing for many years for some form of closure.

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**HELP WANTED:** Bill Kitson, the Senior Curator of the Lands, Mapping and Survey Museum, situated at Coorparoo, Qld, is looking for a **photo of the ship *Pearl* which, in 1883, took Henry Chester from Thursday Is. to Port Moresby**, to declare the eastern half of New Guinea, British New Guinea, which the Brits then promptly rejected. If such a picture is available you can email me - [midgery@spiderweb.com.au](mailto:midgery@spiderweb.com.au) or phone me on 07-5482 2767, or contact Bill direct at the above museum.

Marjorie J.Head



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## ASOPA revisited- a nostalgic disaster

by Graham Taylor, ASOPA 1948, 1953-54

(ASOPA - *The Australian School of Pacific Administration*)

Having spent two and a half years or so of my life there, and given an absence of fifty years or so, I fancied some nostalgic mileage in revisiting the School. After all, with so many memorable learning experiences and enduring friendships so deeply etched on my own psyche it seemed a sensible thing to do.

The opportunity arose when Shirley, my ASOPA bride and I were visiting our son and daughter-in-law in Sydney. On an otherwise unplanned Sunday afternoon John suggested a drive. When asked if there was anywhere special I would like to go I cheerfully nominated a visit to ASOPA. I thought that it might be with some pride that I could show him where his father had spent such an important part of his adventurous life.

As we drove down Military Road to the Mosman shopping centre I looked for old familiar landmarks. On the right somewhere should be the innocuous 'Home Cafe' which many of us used to haunt on Sundays when the refectory at the School was closed and we resident students were otherwise obliged to forage for 'weeds and seeds and stale bread and cheese'. 'The Home' boasted a Sunday Student Special three-course meal at budget prices, pea soup, roast lamb and three vegies and apple pie and custard. Just like Mum used to make. Alas! the establishment no longer existed.

At the junction further down on the right used to be the Bank of New South Wales where I opened my very first bank account into which my meagre inadequate salary was paid. I recalled receiving a friendly note from the Bank Manager one day which read, 'next time you are passing would you mind popping in to see me'. Ah.....those were the days when gentlemanly bank managers treated student overdrafts with great respect! Alas!...the Bank too has now vanished.

On to the next corner and there - gladly still standing - was the shining beacon of the old Buena Vista pub. A watering hole of considerable importance to ASOPA students and where in the absence of married quarters at the School my ASOPA bride spent a week or so early on in our married life while we searched for somewhere to live.

We drove on down the road towards Georges Heights passing the old Mosman Cricket Oval on the right and Doc Evatt's family home on the left and down the hill to the Balmoral Naval Depot with the customary matelot still on guard at the gate. We passed through the upraised and unattended boom into the old ASOPA precinct.

My first sight was an abundance of modern-day motor cars parked near the open bay of the shed across from our old lecture room where we students used to park our bargain-priced bombs. I walked to the adjacent rows of old cream barrack-style buildings which were our lecture rooms and residential dormitories. I was glad that the old library building seemed to be standing on its traditional site. But there was not a soul in sight. The whole place seemed totally and eerily deserted and there was a marked absence of civic pride. I sensed a ghost-like presence and was immediately overcome not so much by heart-warming nostalgia but by an uneasy feeling that I was an alien, I did not belong and I really had no right to be there.

I thought it might be uplifting to escape to the harbour-side cliffs behind the School and the fond memories of many hours sitting on the cliff-top watching the Manly ferries ploughing to and fro as I read my lecture notes, learnt my lessons, mused and pondered and from time to time argued with the seagulls. I recalled having a heady interest in a young lady whose wealthy parents lived in a harbour-side water-edge mansion across the water in Watson's Bay and how I used to peer expectantly for the white towel draped from her bedroom window signalling that I was forever in her thoughts.

We walked through the open verge to the cliff-tops with the million dollar views only to find these joyful nostalgic reveries shattered by the realisation that we were not alone. There appeared to be some well-worn tracks through the open spaces leading to a track down the cliff to the beach below with a constant traffic of scantily dressed young men coming and going. Suddenly the significance of the cars parked up at the entrance gate dawned on me; we were in the presence of some of Sydney's gay community; the hidden beach below, it seemed, was now serving as a remote and very amorous rendezvous.

My nostalgic reveries were quickly overcome by a wave of embarrassment and an urge to beat a hasty retreat.

As we drove away from my old alma mater, so dear to my heart, I could not escape sober realisation of the way things change and how in the very late afternoon of my life I am surely no more than a colonial dinosaur!!!!

\*\*\*\*\*

#### **A FEW WORDS FROM DR PETER CAHILL, collector of archival material on PNG**

Peter wrote that the University of Qld Librarian had expressed pleasure at the way the PNGAA collection has enhanced other PNG material in the Fryer Library. Peter said that more material will be ready for depositing in the Library around February 2004.

Peter also mentioned that he was never official historian to the Administrator and that no such position ever existed (refer *Una Voce*, Sept 2003, p.17). He said that Max Hayes was confusing that non-existent position with his acting in the august position of official secretary to Sir Donald Cleland.

Finally, he advised that the university computer service has changed his e-mail address from [p.cahill@uq.edu.au](mailto:p.cahill@uq.edu.au) to [p.cahill@uqconnect.au](mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.au) but it forgot to tell him, which explains why people may not have received replies to their e-mails.

## A TOPIC FOR A PHD?

**Marjorie Head** of Gympie Qld wrote, 'Going through past copies of *Una Voce*, I re-read Nancy Johnston's article titled 'No, it's not Parkinson's' (Sept 2001, p.20), with great interest. I have been struck by the number of ex-PNG residents who have, or had, similar illnesses. Almost on a daily basis I learn about ex-PNG friends succumbing to Parkinson's, Alzheimer's, and now I can add PSP.

Am I imagining it, or is there a greater proportion of ex-PNG residents with these complaints? Is there a common factor? Did the substance used in the anti-mosquito 'fogging machine' contribute in some way? I understand it was DDT. Or was there something else?

Here I have to admit bias. My husband, Phil Head, ex Public Works, Port Moresby, is in a nursing home suffering from Alzheimer's disease. Whilst in good physical health (no strokes, blood pressure, cholesterol or prostate problems etc.) Alzheimer's has robbed him of almost all memory. He remembers nothing of the past, where he has been, what he has done, or the contribution that he made, both in PNG and in Australia. Am I just being paranoid, or is there a common factor, other than old age?

I would like to see research undertaken into the proportion of ex-PNG residents with such diseases compared with a similar section of the Australian population. Anyone out there looking for a PHD subject?

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## Max Hayes describes his recent visit to Rabaul - August 2003

*Max was stationed in Rabaul continuously between 1959 and 1967.*

*(The town was devastated by the eruption of Matupi and Vulcan in September 1994.)*

On arriving in Moresby, I was collected by a police vehicle which took me to the Officers' Mess at the rear of the cement brick headquarters of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary where I renewed friendships with some former friends. One of these was Ila Geno, a former Cadet Officer of mine at Goroka in 1968, later to become Commissioner of Police and currently fearlessly pursuing his role as Chief Ombudsman. I had hoped to contact Chief Supt. Andrew Sterns, the sole surviving expat. police officer who has served continuously since 1965, however he was on leave.

The earliest Air Niugini flight to Rabaul was on Saturday and was full. One lands at the main airstrip at Tokua on the plantation of the same name at the eastern tip of the Gazelle Peninsula, and some 50 km from the remains of Rabaul. On the way to Rabaul, I detoured to the Kabakaul jetty on which the ANMEF landed on 11-9-1914 to capture the German wireless station at Bitapaka and saw that it was pretty much as it would have been then, but with WWII wreckage added. The road to Rabaul was largely potholed, and in many places dirt only, but will be completely restored by the end of 2004 under a contract from the Gazelle Restoration Authority, with work already under way. The road goes through Kokopo which is now the main commercial centre. Near Kokopo and Ralum are several resorts catering very largely for dive enthusiasts.

It was a dusty welcome to the *Hamamas* at Rabaul as Matupi was spewing out 20 - 30 explosive bursts of fine ash which the southerly winds were depositing over the town each day I was there. Only a very few of the main streets have been cleared of ash, and everywhere skeletal remains of former buildings may be seen above the two metres of ash. Kunai seems to have survived well here in this dust bowl as have the cement block walls of former structures. These were made by Gerry McGrade's Vulcan Concrete factory in earlier days. Three hotels, *Hamamas*, *Kaivuna* and *Travelodge* are struggling to cover

their expenses due to a downturn in arrivals of Japanese coming to visit former battle sites. A handful of expats actually live in the former town. The New Guinea Club is being slowly restored by weekend working bees by two dedicated enthusiasts, Paul Blainey and Ken Morgan. This high security building is only opened on Monday nights for a Rotary meeting. As a former Rotarian, I attended this small gathering of five members and three visitors. A couple of nights later *raskols* assaulted the security guard and smashed their way into this once grand building doing over K9,000 damage and raiding the coolroom. Very disheartening for all concerned, though the Club was wise enough to effect volcanic insurance before the eruption, and can fund improvements on the interest earned from the invested proceeds. A committee has been formed with the intention of restoring the Rabaul swimming pool, currently filled with solid ash.

Dwellings further west along Malaguna Road were not devastated. Proceeding west from about where the former Andersons store and Con Pappas store were, damage was minimal, and these dwellings are still occupied. There are also several engineering workshops, Shell and Mobil installations, two small supermarkets and other businesses. I was interested to see that the usual Tolai form of currency is not visible at the markets. Although the value of a 'fathom' (6 feet is the usual measurement) of 'tambu' has remained virtually unchanged at Kina 1.00 for several decades, it is much sought after as stocks of the shell which came from Nakanai are virtually depleted.

A police station is situated at the very end of Malaguna Road in a much dilapidated former administration dwelling, which should be condemned as being dangerous to enter. Their phones and a single vehicle are seldom operational and as a result, police are largely ineffective in Rabaul. Generally the police were untidy in appearance and wearing parts of uniform. I was not impressed.

At Kokopo Police Station the scene was not much different. There are two Australian funded (AusAID) police officers from southern states at Kokopo and Ralum police headquarters attached to RPNGC as advisers. One of these is John Hurrell of the Hurrell family of Wau environs. It was at Kokopo that there was a recent large robbery, when the Tropicana takings of K320,000 were stolen by a Tolai gang, who were arrested, placed in the cells, and escaped. Police went to apprehend them, there was a shoot out, and the principal offender died of wounds during the time I was there. Police here advised that it is not safe to visit Bitapaka War Cemetery without an escort, or indeed to visit any isolated areas, due to a large number of cannabis-smoking and drug-affected youths being responsible for violence. This is an emerging and troublesome aspect of Tolai *raskols* in what has hitherto been an area usually devoid of the problems which exist in Moresby, Lae and the Highlands.

With the aid of a small bobcat, and by calling on friends and their equipment, Peter Cohen has removed over 4,500 tonnes of volcanic ash from the European cemetery (*Una Voce* June and Sept. 2003). He suspects that there are further rows of earlier graves yet to be uncovered, as early photographs seem to indicate rows of unidentified graves. However funds have been exhausted and this will have to wait. This cemetery was the site of Japanese anti-aircraft guns during WWII and was heavily bombed. Many bronze plaques have been stolen and sold for scrap as have the plaques on the former Cenotaph. By eliminating layers of ash, I was able to photograph all legible headstones in this historic cemetery, where the first recorded burial took place in 1910. I was interested to learn that the ashes of Jean McCarthy have been sent to Rabaul, to be interred in the grave of J.K. McCarthy, and this will be done by Peter Cohen.



**Montevideo Maru Memorial Plaque**

The *Montevideo Maru* memorial rock, and the large Rabaul 1942-45 memorial rock, which were some 50 metres apart, were joined together on a large single cement platform by Office of Australian War Graves in late 2002. These were previously buried in the eruption of 1994. The present venue is approximately 300 metres north of the restored Rabaul Yacht Club. On walking along the beach, I located the former *Montevideo Maru* cement obelisk which was erected on the beach near Wharf Street near Toboi, subsequently around 1970 moved further around the harbour and was washed away in the 1971 tsunami. Following this, the memorial rock was erected. Both of these rocks are a tribute to the great loss of life in the darker days of Rabaul during WWII.



**The newly re-sited memorial rocks about 300m north of Yacht Club site - Left, the *Montevideo Maru* rock, Right, the Rabaul 1942-45 rock**

I visited Steve Saunders, a technical officer at the Rabaul Vulcanological Observatory (*haus guria*), a site which commands a marvellous view of the harbour, unfortunately shrouded in ash. Steve together with Bruce Alexander of the *Hamamas* is trying to get the Rabaul Historical Society off the ground. A major project is to refurbish the former Yamamoto bunker near the New Guinea Club as a museum stocked with war memorabilia. There is also the New Britain Historical Society based at the Kokopo Museum. This museum is rich in external restored wartime militaria, but leaves a lot to be desired in documentary material within. The new curator, Samson Kakai, is addressing this problem.

Gerry McGrade, in Rabaul since 1954, was there finalising his businesses before 'going finish'. I hadn't seen Gerry for some 37 years, and he was pleased to see me and took me around to several inaccessible spots I wished to visit. He has handed over ownership of the *Hamamas* to his daughter Susie Alexander. Gerry has finally closed the unofficial *Hamamas* post office which he sponsored since the eruption, and which was a great facility for those in and near Rabaul after the Rabaul office moved to a building opposite Vunapope some 40 km distant.

We called to see Mathew Bernard Foley, a former Coastwatcher and resident in Rabaul for most of the succeeding years. For some years he was the proprietor of New Britain Transport, whose clapped-out vehicles caused me much concern as a keen young police officer in the early 1960s. Matt was also an owner and jockey in the days when the Rabaul Amateur Turf Club had a race track on the land beside Vulcan volcano. He is now in his mid 80s, and a veritable walking encyclopaedia of Rabaul in the postwar period.

I went to the Coastwatchers Memorial at Malmamuan overlooking Rabaul, and found that this fine memorial has fallen into disrepair and the jungle is taking over. As usual, the bronze commemorative plaques have been stolen. At Kokopo I photographed the plaques on the graves (surprisingly not yet stolen) in the refurbished German cemetery (not to be confused with the Queen Emma or Parkinson cemeteries). I also went to the cemetery at Vunapope and there recorded many names of those buried and also took a number of photographs of headstones.

I was asked to address students at the Malaguna Technical College on life in Rabaul in former times, and was very impressed when about 300 male and female students, impeccably attired in school uniform, listened to me, and asked many questions. At Matupi Island, I saw Torodok, a long-time retainer of the Hopper family. He is perhaps the only Japanese-speaking Tolai, and I hoped to hear of some of his wartime experiences and of what happened to those prisoners of war sent on the *Montevideo Maru* in June 1942, but he was far too frail to assist me. His age is put variously between 80 and 90 years. At Matupi I saw the grave of Constable Jack Towatura, Rabaul's first Tolai motorcycle policeman in 1966, and reminded his widow, Sarah, that I had photographed their wedding in 1964. Staff at the *Hamamas* were very helpful to me, and on my visits to the European cemetery and other venues, Stanley insisted on accompanying me armed with a large bushknife. We did not encounter any problems.

I had hoped to meet Harry and Gertrude Hoerler whose wedding we attended in 1964. For those who remember, Harry was the mate on the ill-fated *Polurrian* which sank between Buka and Rabaul in 1963, with great loss of life. Harry, who helped save several lives, was himself in the water for 65 hours and circled by sharks before being rescued. Unfortunately we missed each other by a matter of days. They now live on Kerawara on the Duke of Yorks.

My time went all too quickly and after nine days it was sad to say farewell to friends and Rabaul. At Tokua, we all waited for a plane which arrived seven hours behind schedule. At Hoskins, a coffin was loaded and several wailing locals boarded for the flight to the deceased's final resting place. We then arrived far too late to make the connection to Brisbane, and had to be accommodated in Moresby by Air Niugini before being despatched through Cairns to Brisbane the following day.



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## CULTURE SHOCKS

by Raymond Bamford

I imagine that many Territory wives have indelible memories of the culture shocks they experienced upon their introduction to life in Papua New Guinea. For the first two years I lived in New Guinea as a single man. I wrote as often as possible to Elaine, a dainty and remarkable slip of a girl, whom I was determined to marry - and tried to impress upon her that life in New Guinea was going to be vastly different to the life of high fashion and comfort that she was then enjoying in Perth, Australia.

Upon my first leave, Elaine and I were married and we arrived in Lae in January 1951, the day that Mt Lamington erupted. Elaine was mostly alone at the old Hotel Cecil with its tar-paper clad walls that started about 18 inches from the floor, affording unencumbered through-access for chickens during the day and for pigs at night. There were a number of newspaper representatives staying at the hotel, who had come to cover the Mt Lamington tragedy, and their carousing late into the night, coupled with the noisy porcine traffic through the room, would have made sleeping difficult. It was also disquieting for Elaine to have to climb into the clothes-closet to dress, in order to avoid the curious reporters who were constantly on their knees peering around the accommodations.

A week or so later, Elaine and I were the sole passengers on a De Havilland Rapide aircraft bound for Wau. We were invited to board first, and then the cargo was piled in around us - even on the armrests in front of us. Before we were hidden from each other's view, Elaine waved me a tentative farewell with the aplomb of one who does this often.

From Wau we were to go to Bulolo, our final destination, and Mick Gallen, the police Sub-Inspector at Bulolo, came to pick us up in a Jeep to negotiate the rather hazardous road through the Bulolo River gorge. The road was barely wide enough to accommodate one vehicle, and because of rock-falls and erosion, one was obliged to wait sometimes until a work-crew had widened the road sufficiently to allow passage. Our Jeep had come around a corner from where we could see some impending repair activity about 100 yards ahead. There was a flagman by the side of the road who indicated for us to proceed. We had gone about 50 yards, when an explosion blew out the gorge face about 30 yards ahead. With extreme presence of mind, Mick threw the Jeep into reverse

and accelerated back along that convoluted track at three times the speed of our forward progression, just ahead of two more explosions, about 10 yards apart, which seemed hell-bent on catching up with us. If it had not been for Mick's quick action, we would have perished in the river, many feet below. I looked across at Mick who was livid with anger at the stupid and incompetent flagman. I looked anxiously at Elaine but, apart from a look of disapproval, she seemed to have taken the incident in her stride. I knew then that as long as I treated Elaine like a princess, we would be blessed with a wonderful and enduring relationship.

About two years later at Aitape my friend Bill Lester, the Medical Assistant, announced that he was going to Madang to meet his lady-friend, Ruth, who was arriving by plane from Australia. He planned to marry her in Madang that Saturday and bring her back to Aitape forthwith. I was surprised at the news and assumed that all arrangements had been made. Bill replied that, no, he had not made plans, but was confident that the District Commissioner would oblige if he had nothing better to do that Saturday afternoon.

I was curious to know how Bill had managed to persuade Ruth, a city girl, to come to New Guinea. Bill gave me a mischievous grin and told me that he had corresponded with Ruth over a period of time, his letters painting word-pictures of moonlight shimmering on a tranquil ocean framed by softly swaying palms, while courteous and smiling servants plied him with exotic drinks. There would have been a hint of softly playing ukeleles in the background, no doubt.

Elaine was excited by the prospect of having some female companionship and was most insistent that Bill make a good impression on Ruth. 'Promise me that you will wear your false teeth', Elaine demanded. Bill, who hated to wear them, said he would. When Bill got on the plane, he was asked, 'Where are your teeth?' Bill patted the bulge in his shirt pocket. He had not forgotten.

A few days later, Bill returned with Ruth. Bill quietly assured me that he and Ruth had been married in Madang as scheduled. Aware of the legalities of my own recent marriage, I did not want to know any more. Ruth looked hot, tired and discomfited, and I could only imagine how unpleasant the trip would have been for a lady coming direct from Australia to travel from the airstrip to Aitape, by canoe and jeep over some pretty rough road. She looked crestfallen when she viewed her new home, which was an old native-material house built on a concrete slab, on the seafront. No electricity! No running water!

Ruth perked up a little when Elaine hinted that there was a nice lunch waiting at our house, but when Ruth realised that she would have to negotiate a steep track upwards 300 feet, she wilted again. Ruth was a little plump and out of condition, but nevertheless she persevered. After a few rest-stops, we got to our house, but by this time Ruth was blood-red, gasping and visibly uncomfortable. We sat her down in a cool spot and after an iced drink, she began to feel better - and better still after a great meal of roasted and seasoned *goura* pigeon, followed by freshly made ice-cream (cream by courtesy of the St Anna Franciscan Mission.). After the meal, as we sat awaiting coffee, Ruth's eyes began to widen and the colour drained from her face. The cause of her consternation was a three foot snake that was threading its way towards us, through glasses and decanters, which were kept on a little table behind where Elaine was sitting. Ruth screamed, 'Snake!' and Orou, our *hausboi*, ran into the room, brandishing a *sarip*, a long grass-cutting blade, ready to do battle. By this time, Ruth had leapt out of her chair and stood

hard up against the far wall, where Bill was trying to comfort her.

'Wait!' said Elaine holding up her hand to stop Orou. Then carefully and calmly, Elaine removed all the glasses and decanters from the table - the snake taking no interest in that activity. She then nodded to Orou. "Now!" she said. With great enthusiasm, Orou swiped at the snake with his *sarip*, decapitating it; however the body wrapped itself around the knife and then flew off with some force straight at Ruth, who took it in the chest. I shall not describe her condition thereafter.

Next morning, I enquired after Ruth, and Bill said that she was much calmer. He also confided that before they had gone to bed, he checked the bedding - something that he was not in the habit of doing - and had found a scorpion therein. He quietly dispatched it but wisely decided to keep it to himself.

Ruth began to settle in, but a few days later she was taken aback, when, upon arising, she found Bill amputating a leper's toe on the dining table. He had not wanted to wake her and neither did he want her to find him already gone to the hospital. She was further astonished a few days later when, while eating their breakfast, there was a roar of a motorbike and that wonderfully eccentric Fr Dom from the Sissano Mission rode through one doorway into the dining room and, without shutting off the engine, sat astride his machine, lit up a cigarette and introduced himself to Ruth. 'Have to run', said Father Dom, stubbing out his fag on the sideboard absentmindedly, and roared out the other door, leaving Ruth and Bill to continue their breakfast in a fog of exhaust fumes.

Shortly thereafter, there was a storm. Suddenly, after Bill and Ruth had gone to bed, a violent gust of wind blew the roof thatching straight up in the air and down came the deluge, soaking everything. The house was past redemption and the Lesters had to move - which they did to a vacant house on the ridge near our home, which was convenient for Elaine and Ruth who were becoming good friends. There was one problem with this house. It was also the domicile of The Cat. The Cat was a feral monster, possessing enormous jaws and paws and a malevolent squint in one eye. His fur had the texture of coconut husk and he loved no-one, although he allowed Elaine to pet him when he sometimes called by in the evening for a bowl of fresh cream. In repayment, The Cat usually left the head and entrails of a possum in our spare bedroom - the head he deposited on the bedside table and the entrails on the floor by the bed. By tacit understanding, The Cat also left our chooks alone.

Now, Ruth had a nice voice and liked to sing. The Cat, however, became downright mean whenever Ruth sang. His reaction would be to jump *through* the woven-bamboo ceiling, leaving a gaping hole, and attack Ruth with fang and claw, then race off leaving her with a bloodied ankle. Bill tried to shoot The Cat, but was unsuccessful.

Ruth did have good times at Aitape but eventually Bill was transferred and we heard later that she returned to Australia alone.

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**HELP WANTED:** Looking for **Eileen HASSARD** - 'My name is Joan Otley, nee Taylor. Before the war (1939-45) and into the 1950s, Eileen, then living in Sydney, was my Australian pen-friend - I am English, now living in NSW. Unfortunately, we lost touch and all my efforts to reach Eileen through New Guinea Goldmines - Bulolo proved unsuccessful. Eileen is married to a Scot - John (Jock) and when I last heard, they had a son Peter. I have even found out that Jock worked on No.5 Dredge - Bulolo. I have explored several avenues - *Daily Telegraph*, ex-NGG employees etc. but to no avail.' Joan is at [otley@tsn.cc](mailto:otley@tsn.cc) or 02 6559 6687 and would be most grateful if anyone could help.

## BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

**THE KOKODA TRAIL: A History** by **Stuart Hawthorne** ISBN 1 876780 30 4

Over 320pp including 100 historical photos and maps

The Kokoda Trail campaign, fought out over six months and two days on a narrow front in appalling conditions, has become an honoured part of our Australian heritage. But there is much more to the Kokoda Trail than this. Historian and adventurer Stuart Hawthorne looks back 130 years over the Trail's captivating past. He traces the explorers, gold seekers, missionaries and colonial officials who pushed this tiny foot pad across unbelievably harsh country to set out a fascinating account of the fortunes of this 96.4 km track. This book reveals for the first time that there is another, larger, history of the Kokoda Trail which is every bit as compelling and intriguing as the grim war years of 1942. (*We hope to review this book in the next issue.*)

Normally \$35.95, but available for the reduced price of \$27 plus \$5 p&p from **CQU Press, PO Box 1615, Rockhampton Qld 4700** Ph 07 4923 2520, Fax 07 4923 2525, E-mail: [cqupress@cqu.edu.au](mailto:cqupress@cqu.edu.au). Or you may pick the book up for \$27 from Prof. David Myers at the Central Queensland University Press, Gold Coast, 60 Marine Parade (or contact the author Stuart Hawthorne on 0408 199 987).

**MISSIONAIRES, HEADHUNTERS AND COLONIAL OFFICERS: BNG and the Goaribari Affray, 1860s-1907** by **Peter Maiden**, CQU Press, \$25 (plus \$5 p&p). See previous entry for CQU's address. We hope to review this book in the next issue.

**WHEN THE CAUSE OF 'SCIENCE' IS NOT ENOUGH: FRANK HURLEY IN PAPUA** by **Jim Specht** (The Sixth University of New England Museum of Antiquities Maurice Kelly Lecture, 2002; printed at Armidale, 2003) ISBN 1 86389 824 7  
40pp, includes photos, map, bibliography

This very readable account deals with Frank Hurley's second expedition to Papua in 1922-23 when the party visited areas in the Gulf of Papua between Kaimare village and Daru Island, the Fly River and Lake Murray, and the Bamu and Aramia Rivers. The photographs are a wonderful record of the era. The lecture describes the dubious methods used by Hurley, and Allan McCulloch (from the Australian Museum) to collect artefacts from the local people and the aftermath of this activity. An extract from the introduction reads, 'Hurley's primary expertise was photographic and for McCulloch it was zoological. Had they confined themselves to their specialties, the story related here would almost certainly have been different.' Cost - \$7 (incl. GST and p&p)

Cheques to be made out to Univ. of New England and sent to **G.H.R. Horsley, School of Classics, History and Religion, University of New England, Armidale NSW 2351** (if sent generally to the university, the order may be misplaced rather than being sent on to Prof. Horsley). This is the first lecture specifically on Papua.

**THE THIRD FORCE** by **Alan Powell**

Oxford University Press, 292 pp, illus, paperback, \$55

The *SMH* of 30 August states, 'This book looks at the role played by the people of Papua New Guinea and ANGAU (the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit) in the defence of PNG between 1942 and the end of WWII'. Alan Powell is a professor from the Northern Territory University.

**FERDY: THE STORY OF FATHER FERDINAND PARER OFM 1910-1997**by **Mary Mennis**, Lalong Enterprises, \$27-50

Br Brian Grenier's review states, 'Until his death, Ferdy's priestly ministry was directed tirelessly and fearlessly towards the poor and marginalised, including homeless people, alcoholics and the mentally disturbed. Thanks to Mary Mennis's comprehensive research, we now have a detailed record of the fruitful and creative years he spent as a much loved pioneer missionary in New Guinea...'

Available from Christian Supplies, 179 Elizabeth St, Brisbane 4001 (next door to Irish Club) ph 07 3221 1925, fax 07 3221 1193, \$27.50 +\$5 p&p within Aust.

**NEW GUINEA - CROSSING BOUNDARIES AND HISTORY by Clive Moore\***

2003, 320 pp, 30 illustrations, 12 maps ISBN: 0-8248-2485-7

This work considers the island of New Guinea and its neighbouring archipelagos in its entirety. It does not separate east from west, prehistoric from historic, precontact from postcontact, or colonial from postcolonial - it is a history of New Guinea over the last 40,000 years, with an emphasis on the last 500. The volume opens with a look at the Melanesian region - its geography, prehistoric periods of settlement, agricultural development and the nature of trade networks and population movements. Succeeding chapters review the history of encounters between outsiders and New Guinea's population. The impact of colonial rule, economic and social change, WWII, decolonisation, and independence are discussed in the final chapter.

\* *The author is reader in history and head of the history department at the University of Qld.*

Cost - US\$50-00. Payment, in US funds, to University of Hawai'i Press, Order Dept., 2840 Kolowalu Street, Honolulu, Hawai'i 96822-1888. Please add postage: surface mail, outside US - US\$7-00 for first book, US\$3-00 each additional book.

**TOO LONG IN THE TROPICALS by Barbara Smythe Sherwood\***

270 pp, 70 illustrations, s/cover, \$35 plus \$7 p&amp;p within Australia ISBN 0 646 41825 4

**Reviewed by Margaret Spencer\*\***

This richly varied and unusual account of a young woman's venture into the unknown, the immediate post-WWII New Guinea, tells of her life as the wife of a medical doctor on remote outstations. Barbara gives vivid and amusing pictures of patrols and outstation life, both when based on a well-tenanted outstation and on an outstation isolated from other Europeans. Not least of her difficulties were two pregnancies and coping with the amusements and education of two young children. Her husband's yachts enlarged her horizons, sometimes almost too much.

Life in Rabaul, a growing town, was easier: here the children could go to school, and she could start a small business. This was followed by a return to Manus Island, where they had started. Barbara tells of her husband's keen interest in the disease patterns of Papua New Guineans, in local languages, in local sociology, and of the little family's long sea voyage in a 35 ft yacht from Sydney to Lae. Then they were posted back to Samarai, where the crisis occurred that led to Barbara working in Port Moresby. The book ends with Barbara's return to Australia, after 15 years of 'the roller coaster of Bill's life'.

\* *The author was the wife of Dr Bill Smythe*

\*\* *Margaret Spencer and her husband (Dr Terry Spencer) followed Bill and Barbara at Mapamoiva, living in the same house and experiencing much of what Barbara described.*

The book is available from Barbara - ph. 02 9997 8754

**THE WHITE HEADHUNTER** by Nigel Randell

Constable, London. 2003. Hardcover, 331 pp. 20 illu., maps. \$39.95

**Reviewed by Barry Craig**, South Australian Museum

This gripping story 'of a 19th-century sailor who survived a South Seas heart of darkness' is more than that. It is also a story of the sailor's Malaitan friend, Kwaisulia of Ada Gege. Jack Renton was washed up on the east shore of north Malaita with three companions; only he survived to tell the tale. He was nineteen and coped better with the privations of their two thousand mile journey in an open boat across the Pacific and their ambivalent reception on Malaita. Fortunately for him, he was 'bought' by Kabou, chief of the artificial island of Sulufou, who became his guardian and mentor. Renton threw himself into the task of learning the language and culture and in this he was assisted by his minder, Kwaisulia, a young man of his own age. They became firm friends and Kwaisulia learnt English and something of the society from which Renton had come. In the process, it seems that Renton became a head-hunter, as suggested by a significant necklace of 59 human teeth, now in the National Museums of Scotland, given by Renton to his Scots bank manager.

Almost eight years after fetching up on Malaita, in August 1875, Renton was 'rescued' by a labour recruiter, Captain Murray of the *Bobtail Nag*. When Renton got to Brisbane, he was besieged by the journalists of the *Brisbane Courier*, and that Christmas saw the first instalment of *The Adventures of John Renton* (confusingly attributed to the October issue of the *Australasian Supplement*, Sydney, in Randell's bibliography). Renton returned briefly to Scotland to see his parents but came back to Australia to act as a Pacific Islands recruiting agent. Kwaisulia had signed on for three years labour in the Queensland sugar cane fields and subsequently returned to Malaita to negotiate the terms on which Europeans would relate to his people. Both men met separate, tragic ends.

Randell weaves into this story the confirming and contrasting accounts of the people of Malaita. Oral traditions recorded in the Solomons by Randell and others have preserved many details of Renton's experiences that did not come out in the narrative recorded by the Brisbane journalists. Indeed, these stories go back to first contact when Mendana landed at Santa Isabel and Malaita in 1568. The consequences of this and Mendana's subsequent visit twenty years later were so horrendous, from general mayhem and disease, that the people thereafter took the view that any number of warrior deaths were tolerable to quarantine their shores from the incursions of these disease-carrying ghosts. The reputation of the Solomon Islanders among whalers, labour recruiters and missionaries as unrepentant blood-thirsty head-hunters has its roots in these 16th century experiences and were utterly confirmed in the minds of the Solomon Islanders by the behaviour of most of the 19th century predators.

Randell has little that is good to say about these people and targets the missionaries for particular criticism as he documents the crumbling of tradition in the Solomons. Reading this book in the context of Australia's current intervention in the Solomons, it is much easier to understand the recent history of violence, civil strife and the rise and fall of the militia 'warlords', though Randell does not touch on these contemporary matters.

A great first book from a maker of documentary films, despite his repeated reference to the 'unchanging' nature of Solomon Islands cultures (belied everywhere in his story). But his editor has let him down by relying too much on the spell check device of the word processor, which fails to pick up correctly spelt but incorrectly used words (eg. 'chalked' for 'caulked' on p.57; 'if' for 'of' on p.311; 'to' for 'the' on p.315).



Malaita is described (p.1) as lying 'north-east to south-west', here and there words are missing, the journal *Oceania* is spelt *Oceana*, and the author George Bogesi incorrectly spelt Borgese in the text (p.309) and described as an anthropologist when he was in fact a local Solomon Islander working in the British administration.

But most annoying of all, the many quotes throughout the book are not sourced, except partially and only in a general way in 'Selected Sources' at the back of the book. If one wanted to pursue further reading of an aspect of the story, one would have to guess from the bibliography which items one should look at. In particular, some of the missionary sources are unidentifiable. The photographs are all interesting and relevant, but that of Kwaisulia has no source and the others are given only their present archival location (eg. Mitchell Library, Sydney; the Royal Anthropological Institute; the Mary Evans Picture Library – wherever that might be!). Book editors seem to have too much regard for the mythical layman who isn't interested in sources; it is professionally irresponsible.

Nonetheless, the author has written a complex yarn in an exciting and enlightening fashion, throwing open the doors to many other avenues of interest, and laying the groundwork for understanding contemporary political events of enormous significance to everyone living in and on the edge of the south-west Pacific.

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**Paul RAFFAELE 'THE LAST TRIBES ON EARTH', 2003. Cardcover, 336 pages. \$39 plus \$7-50 P&P within Aust. (Any two books, either title, \$10-50 P&P)**

**J. Beete JUKES 'NARRATIVE OF THE SURVEYING VOYAGE OF HMS FLY, Commanded by Captain F. P. Blackwood, RN. In Torres Strait, New Guinea and other islands of the Eastern Archipelago, during the years 1842-1846: together with an excursion into the interior of the eastern part of Java'. Numbered sets are 95, 96, 97, 99. 2 Volumes. \$290, post free. This facsimile edition was published in the year 2000, and is a reprint of the first edition published in 1847.**

**JAPANESE MERCHANT SHIPS AT WAR. The Story of Mitsui and O.S.K. Liners Lost During the Pacific War by Hisashi Noma Tokyo 2002, 619 pp, index, illus, h/cover in dust jacket. Text in Japanese with English translation of text and captions.**

The author interviewed some 170 surviving Japanese seamen from sunken vessels; includes a history of the M.V. *Montevideo Maru* 1926-42. It reports that some of the 1157 Australian military, missionaries and civilian POWs on board were rescued by a Japanese destroyer, later to be murdered by the Japanese military just prior to the Japanese surrender. US\$ 126-74, A\$ 185-00, includes GST, plus \$9 postage.

## AUSSIE RULES FOOTBALL IN PRE-INDEPENDENT PNG

by Dave Tarrant

Sport does not feature very often in *Una Voce* but some members may be interested in the development of Aussie Rules in PNG.

The life and times of the late J.K. McCarthy would be well known to many but few may know of his love and interest in football. Let me start with a speech he made at the opening of a football carnival in Port Moresby in 1968 when he was president of the Papua Australian National Football League. The participating teams were Lae, Madang, Wewak, Rabaul, Goroka and Port Moresby.

(Speech by J.K. McCarthy)

'It was not until the mid 1950s that Australian Rules football came to Papua New Guinea although during the war years the Australian Comforts Fund supplied a few balls for the troops to play with. My first sight of the code in the Territory was some soldiers kicking and marking in 1943. 'Up Cazaly' one of them shouted and it brought back memories.

During the pre-war years the only football played was in New Guinea and soccer was the game Europeans - comparatively few in those days - seldom played and so the round ball game was confined to native players.

In New Guinea soccer or variations of it was quite widely spread, games being played between teams in every village that could get hold of a ball. Rules were free and easy dependent on whether the match was a sporting fixture called 'Play Win' or a bitter struggle between teams of different tribes, when it was known as 'Kick Cross'. In the latter, rules were non-existent, the winning of the ball was incidental; the match was actually a minor war waged without spears or clubs.

In Papua soccer did not have the same appeal and in fact football was seldom played. The Papuans' first love was cricket and this was played whenever a ball could be found or a bat carved from a tree. Cricket was not confined to the males; Papuan women and girls were just as enthusiastic and I once saw a lady in a grass skirt who could swing a ball with the skill of a Bill Johnston.

Football and especially Australian Rules has come a long way since then. Calling for individual quick thinking, fast movement high marking and good kicking as well as the combining of these into teamwork, the code is very well suited to the men of this country.

And it must be remembered that the native player starts as a boy with a decided advantage over his white brother. Although the senior player wears boots, he is well able to kick without them. Visitors to the Territory are often amazed when they see a drop kick with a wet and heavy ball in bare feet. Even the iron men of the game such as Mr Jack Dyer would probably have hesitated to try this.

The Papua Australian National Football League was first firmly organised in 1962 although official games had been played in Port Moresby since 1955.

Having been a bit of a pioneer in New Guinea myself, I can deeply appreciate the debt we owe to those men who had the guts and fortitude to establish the code in this Territory and for the devotion they gave to the game as players and organisers.

These men who founded the game in Papua and New Guinea achieved

much and against great difficulties, and they are sincerely thanked for their efforts. As a result of this solid building the Papua Australian National Football League started the 1968 season with eight first grade teams ADUNI, ARMY 1, ARMY 2, AVIAT, BOROKO, BADILI, KOBONI, PORT MORESBY and PMC, the Papuan Medical College, and eight Reserve Grade teams.'

My contribution is to record the exploits of a 1956 Papuan team which flew to Cairns in September in a Qantas Catalina. The Cairns customs officers came out in a launch and gave us a good work-out with insect spray. We played two games, the first on a Saturday when we defeated the Cairns Representative side. The North Queensland Football Association hired a train carriage for us to travel to Innisfail on the Sunday morning. We played a Combined North Qld side and had our second victory in two days.

That evening the train brought us back to Cairns and there were many empty beer bottles alongside the railway track in the sugarcane fields. Arvi Pitkanen (DCA) was captain of the team and Jim Humphries (District Admin.) the vice captain.

This must have been the first and probably only time that an Aussie Rules team has flown in to Australia. The fact that we won both games was quite a shock to the locals and the icing on the cake for us. Frank Negri (Admin. College) was the manager of the side and had been a Collingwood player in the 1940s. In the *Post Courier* of 12 September he said, 'The standard of football displayed by the Papuan side was equal to any I have seen in Major Country League in Victoria'. The photo below was taken prior to our departure.



**L to R: Back Row** - Dave Tarrant (Admin.), George Osmond (Qantas), Peter Pritchard (Commonwealth Bank), Don Clamp (Comworks), Clive Stainton (Bank of NSW), Jim Thomas (Bank of NSW)

**Second Row** - Wally Cleave (Comworks), Geoff Burgess (APC), Brian Brumley (Businessman), Frank Cleary (P&T), Ray Foster (Shell Co.), Dennis Daniels (Admin.), Frank Negri (Admin College)

**Third Row** - Name unknown, Bob Pickering (South Pacific Post), Arvi Pitkanen (DCA), Jim Humphries (Admin.), Mal Benstead (Qld Insurance)

**Front Row** - Don Grimes (Admin.), Kevin Gardener (Burns Philp), Jack Beattie (South Pacific Post), Rod Slate (Commonwealth Audit Office), Noel Wright (Admin.)

## IS THIS LANDING ON THE NOSE?

by Bob Piper

It can certainly be an embarrassment to a pilot when he lands on his nose. The situation is even worse if some politicians are around. But it's a disaster if it happens on the 1<sup>st</sup> April and someone takes a photo!

All four happened to 10 Squadron's DC-3 (A65-124) when it flew to New Guinea in March 1952. On board were the Honourable W.S. Kent Hughes and party of four on an official inspection of remote northern areas.

Things went fairly smoothly until the Lae-Goroka section of the flight. Somewhere en route navigation slipped a little, especially when the captain landed at Goroka and proudly announced his arrival to the air traffic controller.

The response was brisk and definite. He was nowhere to be seen and '124' was certainly not at Goroka. A deathly silence ensued from the Dakota.

Five minutes later the pilot was back on the radio, having obviously sent someone sprinting to enquire of the nearest spectator, to announce he was at Finintigu. (Finintigu was 30 km from his destination and only designed for light aircraft.)

Special arrangements had to be made to fly the Douglas transport out. Scores of strong cane mats were made by local people and pegged down on the muddy strip for a hundred metres.

The great escape was timed for 2 pm on 1<sup>st</sup> April. Men and machine were ready. With a howl of the giant radials, '124' raced down the bamboo strip, was completely off the runway in 40 metres, and careered for another 300 metres into thick mud.

The pilot closed the throttles, immediately re-opened them and stood the Dakota beautifully on its nose. It hung there momentarily, like a poised ballerina, then settled gracefully back on the tail wheel.



**Douglas DC-3 (A65-124) up on its nose at Finintigu, 1 April 1952**

It was to be nearly four months (21 July 1952) before repairs were carried out and the aircraft was safely flown out, by the original pilot. For obvious reasons the name of the captain has been omitted to protect the innocent.

Where is '124' (ex VH-RGL) today? Well she rests happily and contentedly, in retirement, at the RAAF Association's Museum at Bulls Creek, Perth. A fitting tribute to the men that flew them and the durability of the remarkable Gooney Bird.

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## REUNIONS

### **KIAP REUNION: Sunday, 2 November 2003 at Buderim.**

The organisers wrote that after the successes at Buderim in Nov. 1998 and Nov. 2001, they are going ahead with another reunion in Nov. 2003. They invite you 'to attend a most informal gathering of kiaps, their spouses, partners and friends in the Buderim View Restaurant at the Buderim Tavern from say 10.30 am'. The Tavern is at 57 Burnett Street next to Woolworth's Supermarket. There is plenty of parking at the front and rear of the Tavern. The Tavern has allocated a large enclosed part of the 'Garden Area' for the reunion - this will be 'tree'd' off from other patrons. Drinks will be at bar prices. Lunch will be available from 11.30 am to 2.30 pm - there will be several 'specials' on the menu to cater for the group.

For those caring to remain longer there will be dinner available from 5.30 pm. A large number did stay on for the dinner in 2001. Re breakfast on the Monday morning: if the number desiring breakfast is in excess of fifty the organisers can arrange for the Mooloolaba Surf Club to open. When replying, please also advise if you would like to have breakfast at the Surf Club. The organisers would like to know who is coming by **Friday, 24 October 2003** at the latest. Contact details are:

**Bob/Heather Fayle**, telephone (07) 5444 7446, email: [bobheatherfayle@yahoo.com.au](mailto:bobheatherfayle@yahoo.com.au)

31 Moondarra Crescent, Mooloolaba, Qld 4557.

**Denys/Helen Faithful**, telephone (07) 5444 4484, email: [faith@flexinet.com.au](mailto:faith@flexinet.com.au),

46 Tarwarri Crescent, Mooloolaba, Qld 4557.

### **PNG REUNION 2004 - GOLD COAST - Saturday 12 June 2004 (Queens B'day W/E)**

This will be at the Southport RSL Function Room, 36 Scarborough Street, Southport which is the venue where the very successful 2002 event was held. Cost of the three-course buffet dinner will be \$38 per person (up from \$36 in 2002). Drinks will be at Club prices. A band will be in attendance playing subdued music.

Should anyone wish to organise a 'reunion within the reunion' from government departments, schools, or any organisation, tables can be arranged together for that purpose. For full details please contact Paul Bolger and provide him with your name, address and postcode, home and business ph. nos., and fax and mobile numbers if you have them. Paul is at: 5 Tamarix Avenue, Bray Park, Qld 4500, ph & fax 07 3889 6805

### **BIG DC-3 AND DAKOTA REUNION, 7 March 2004 at Mudgee NSW**

A group of DC-3 and Dakota aeroplane buffs is planning a reunion of former aircrews, others associated with airlines that flew the aircraft, and those who simply have a soft spot for these famous planes.

Captain Curtis, a Senior Pilot with Discovery AirTours and one of those behind the DC-3/Dakota reunion said, 'We're looking for former pilots, engineers, hostesses, ground crew, check-in clerks and others associated with the DC-3/Dakota era - Butler Airways, TAA, Qantas, East West Airlines, Ansett, RebelAir, Air North, SetAir, many others and the RAAF. . . So many friendships were struck-up aboard DC-3s and Dakotas, including many that resulted in marriages. We want to bring these old friends together for this reunion'.

Captain Curtis said they would be flying several DC-3s for a nostalgic 1-hour flight from Sydney for the reunion, with some going early-morning so there would be the opportunity to visit a couple of wineries before the reunion which will be a traditional aviators' 'hangar party' at Mudgee Airport. If people wish, there would be DC-3 short-flights over the Mudgee and Hunter Valley wine country to bring back memories from days past. Those who prefer to drive can join the group at Mudgee.

Price will be \$295 per person including return air from Sydney, the winery visits, and lunch with wine. For those wishing to drive, the reunion will be \$95 pp. For more information phone 1800 246 747 or visit [www.dc3.com.au](http://www.dc3.com.au)

### **THE IRISH CLUB LUNCHEON - Past kiaps and friends in Brisbane - Report back**

Field Officers' Kivung No. 2 took place recently in Brisbane at that 'neutral' Club, the Irish Club. Spurred on by Ken Hanrahan, Vin Smith and Jack Baker, the following ex-kiaps and PNG officers partook of the kaikai, each others' company, old friendships and drink wantaim:

Trevor Buising (32 years ago in E.N.B), Graham Taylor (1948 PNG) and recently retired as head of ABC Adelaide, John Norton, Frank Faulkner (visiting from Victoria), Peter Turner (still in PNG-Public Health Adviser/Co-coordinator Works), Paul Crowe, Joe Hicks, John (J.C.) Corrigan, Bob Blaikie returned from NZ and travels around the Top End (Kakadu, Katherine, Kimberleys etc), Bob(R.C.) Browne, Bob Cleland, Johnnie Hayes, Graham (G.G.) Hardy from Springbrook, Johnnie Herbert (RPNGC the kiaps' friend ) Paul Quinlivan ('Q' the kiaps' counsel and champion), Ian Robertson (Education Inspector and historian of the Golden Handshake and the 'Going Finish'saga), Dave Ross, Ken Connelly, Bruce Dunne, Alan Ross (after 43 years in Forestry, Helen and he well settled in The Gap) as well as the aforementioned humble three.

Many old friends and colleagues caught up with each other, some after 34 years. They all wished Joe Hicks well, Joe is wheelchair-bound but continuing in his legal work for his Company. Peter Turner told of up-to-the-minute news and tales of modern-day PNG and the Highlands. We learnt that ex-kiap/Central Planning Office/Kennecott/Lihir Gold, Ron Brew and his wife Doreen have recently left PNG and settled Sunshine Coast way. We are finding his address - anyone know of his posting?

The future Kiap Reunion at beautiful Buderim was discussed, members recruited, promises made, oaths taken and debts settled! Date for patrol diary: **Luncheon and Kivung on Friday 30th January, 2004.** All welcome - Rita and Vin Smith, Gold Coast



## THE DIARIES OF EDWARD (TED) BISHTON

*In this and later issues, we will reprint extracts from the diaries of Edward (Ted) Bishton (1898-1985) who arrived in New Guinea in 1920 as a radio operator (firstly to Rabaul). In these extracts we are given insights into the characters and frontier life of the times as Ted saw them. Ted returned to Rabaul after army service in World War II and retired from New Guinea in the early 1950s. He died in Sydney in 1985.*

*PNGAA wishes to thank his daughter, Margaret Carrick, for permission to publish this edited version of the story of one man's life in New Guinea. Copyright to this series of articles is retained by Margaret Carrick.*

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I was born on 11 May 1898. No one would be interested in my babyhood, so I'll skip that period. My school days were not very exciting. I attended a few different schools and felt the wrath of some of those Irish brothers who could use the whip (or cane) with greater vigour than some of our greatest jockeys. I did not attain to any scholastic heights and was thrown on to the labour market at the tender age of fourteen. The Commonwealth Government were fortunate here; they obtained my services as a telegraph messenger in the GPO Sydney for the princely amount of fifteen shillings weekly.

One thing I can thank the Post Office for, I learnt Morse code and telegraphy there. With my knowledge of telegraphy, I decided to study wireless telegraphy, get my Radio Telegraphist's Certificate and get a job on a ship and see the world. Then the war came. I was almost through my wireless course with Amalgamated Wireless (A/asia), when the military authorities asked them if they could supply wireless operators. All the classes were asked for volunteers and most of us did volunteer. *(Ted served in Mesopotamia and later at Nazariyah on the Euphrates River and was eventually invalided back to Australia.)*

When I returned from the first World War, I was very restless and wanted to get away again. I returned to the Newtown Post Office where I had been working prior to my enlistment. I decided to finish my wireless course which I did after a year or so of study. I eventually got my Radio Telegraphist's Certificate and waited to hear from AWA regarding a job on some ship.

I had not long to wait. I was asked if I would go to the Pacific Islands and, if agreeable, I was to report to Commander Banks at Victoria Barracks. There were two other chaps there from the wireless school, Dinny Morgan and Jim Widdup. We learned that we were to enlist in the Australian Navy and Military Expeditionary Force and our destination was Rabaul, New Guinea. Although the war finished in 1918, New Guinea was still under military control. We were given the rank of Petty Officer in the Navy and issued with uniform etc. We sailed from Sydney on the Burns Philp steamer *Melusina*. The *Melusina* was classed as a troopship and there were other troops on board besides the three of us. We were bunked right aft, over the propeller. The bulkhead of our accommodation formed part of the well deck, which was being used to accommodate over one hundred head of drought-stricken cattle going to the Burns Philp Choisel Plantations Ltd at Soraken, Buka Passage. On board, sharing our accommodation, were some Fijian missionaries and their wives. We were a very happy crowd, but as we got into the tropics, things were getting a little unbearable. The only ventilation to our accommodation was through the portholes facing on to the well deck where the cattle were. We either had to put up with the stench from the cattle or close the portholes and become dehydrated. The

crew were very good; they hosed the deck thoroughly every morning and for a few hours one could breathe at ease. The cattle were in such poor condition that two or three would be dead each morning and would be dumped over the side. There is no doubt they were very well fed and by the time we arrived at Soraken they were in fairly good condition.

Port Moresby in 1920 was like an outback Queensland town. The men used braces and vests and wore lace-up boots. I don't remember seeing any women, but I imagine there were some around somewhere. The streets were very rough. As a matter of fact, there was only one road from the wharf to the top hotel; there was no kerbing or guttering and the place was very hot and dry. We lost a few of our passengers there. They were miners going out to work on the Bootless Inlet copper mine. I was not sorry to leave Moresby of those days. Our next port was Samarai. What a delightful difference! Samarai is an island of about fifty acres. It was beautifully laid out with hibiscus, frangipani and crotons in profusion. It took us about twenty minutes to walk right round the island, a very pleasant little spot. The men here dressed the same as in Moresby. There were quite a few old miners there from Misima and Woodlark Islands; they were a hardy lot and hard drinkers. We left Samarai direct for Soraken, where we arrived after a few days' sailing.

When we anchored off Soraken, there were dozens of canoes and monas awaiting our arrival and the arrival of the cattle. These would be the first cattle on Bougainville, so one could guess that the natives had never seen cattle before. The canoes and monas formed a half circle from the beach to the ship. The cattle were lowered over the side and slipped into the water, and then they swam ashore. Captain Cardew was here to meet his wife, Verney, and his six-month-old son, Richard. Captain Cardew was District Officer (DO), stationed at Kieta. I was leaning over the side of the ship when I noticed some of the first class passengers were going ashore in the ship's pinnace, so I ran down the gangway and joined them. I had a good look round Soraken Plantation which had been planted up by Jim Campbell about 1914 and a very nice job he made of it, too. The pinnace was ready to return to the ship, so we all got aboard and arrived back safely. I was first up the gangway and as soon as I got on deck I was told to make myself scarce, as the Captain was looking for the man who had gone ashore without his authority; I made myself scarce and lay low more or less until we arrived in Rabaul.

On our arrival in Rabaul, we were initiated into the Sergeants' Mess, where we spent a pleasant evening, singing and drinking beer. We left at 7 am the next morning for Bita Paka wireless station, about thirty miles out from Rabaul, aboard a small boat called the *Nusa*. We called at Ralum and dropped some cargo there. This was more or less the port for Kokopo, where there was a small garrison stationed. From Ralum we proceeded to Kabakaul, where we were met by old Lap McGuigan, who was to pick us up and take us to the wireless station. Lap had a jinker drawn by a couple of old draught horses. The *Nusa* landed our gear and stores for Bita Paka, then, after we said goodbye to Captain Jock McLeod, she headed back to Rabaul. By this time the jinker was loaded and we set off for Bita Paka, Lap driving the jinker, we three walking behind. After slogging along a very hot dusty road for eight miles, we arrived at our destination. Bita Paka was a lovely spot, approximately 1,000 feet above sea level and the nights were lovely and cool. The wireless station had been built by the Germans. The main mast was 320 feet high to carry the aerial, which had 32 outhauls a quarter mile long, radiating out from it. The station buildings were built of angle iron and fibro. There were two houses which accommodated the officer-in-charge and the ratings. There was a cement tennis court surrounded by wire netting situated between the two houses and most of our spare time was spent there.

I was only at Bita Paka for about a week, then I was transferred to Manus in the Admiralty Islands together with a chap named Roy Barker. We left Bita Paka and journeyed to Kabakaul to catch the *Nusa* back to Rabaul, where we transferred to the government steamer *Siar* for our 350 mile trip to Manus. The *Siar* had a displacement of about 150 tons and chugged along at a steady six to seven knots. We went direct and arrived after two days' sailing.

Manus was in a bit of a stir when we arrived. A German planter named Reisz, who owned Saha Plantation, had been murdered by natives from Badlok and Mundiburio in the Drukul country. Lorengau is the main government station at Manus and was opened by the German Government in 1914, just before the first World War. The Germans had first made their government station at Kali in Kali Bay, but they were driven out of there by the natives. As a reprisal for the attack on the station at Kali, the Germans sent two warships to shell the area behind Kali and this seemed to have quietened the natives in that area. Lorengau contained three houses when I arrived there in 1920. There was the DO's house, the House Soldier and the wireless house. Saha plantation is about eighteen to twenty miles along the coast between Sou plantation (which was owned by a Japanese named Komini) and Bundralis Catholic Mission, which was controlled by Father Borchardt and Father Claawater. It appears that the natives from the Drukul country came down to Saha plantation and told the German owner (Reisz) that they wanted to work for him. Reisz was sitting on his verandah, taking particulars of the would-be recruits and writing out the indenture contracts, when the head man from the Drukul country, Drukali, and a few others crept up behind Reisz and chopped him down with axes, almost severing his head. They then raided his trade store and took a lot of goods and departed for their villages. Reisz's houseboy had seen what happened from his hiding place and, as soon as the natives left, rushed off to the Catholic Mission at Bundralis and informed Father Borchardt, who in turn notified the DO at Lorengau.

At that time, the government staff at Lorengau comprised DO Captain Whitkoph, Assistant District Officer (ADO) Lieutenant Singleton, Police Master Sergeant Charlie Clarke, Clerk Corporal Culliford, Medical Assistant Corporal Stanton and two Naval wireless men, Bettington and Shaw, who were relieved by Roy Barker and myself. When we arrived at Lorengau, Whitkoph was out trying to apprehend the murderers, but was not having much success. Whenever he advanced into their territory, they retreated further back into the bush into caves known only to themselves. After a while Captain Whitkoph caught up with some of the old men, about 70 women and a number of piccaninnies. These were brought into Lorengau as hostages and it was my duty to feed them from the government store, of which I was in charge, and generally look after them. They were all housed at the native hospital, where a good many of the women had babies. All this time the Drukul natives were sending in messages, saying they were coming into Lorengau to kill all the Europeans and eat their livers. We had police boys guarding our houses day and night. In those days, the police boys were always fully armed with .303 rifle and bayonet and ten rounds of ammunition.

After some months of fruitless effort by Captain Whitkoph to capture the murderers, General Griffiths arrived at Lorengau with native police reinforcements, a European machine-gunner, Sergeant George Naess, also Captain Linacre, who was to relieve Captain Whitkoph. The ship also brought stores, including a fair supply of liquor. As it was three months since we had had a ship, our supplies were pretty short, especially the liquor. It did not take long for that part of the cargo to come ashore and in no time everyone was more or less under the influence. I was just about to go to bed about 8 pm

when I heard a commotion around our house. On making enquiries, I was told that the Police Master, Sergeant Clarke had run amok and shot one of the native prisoners. It appears that Sergeant Clarke, being under the influence, went down to the jetty to speed up the unloading of the ship and started lambasting the prisoners, some of whom dived off the end of the jetty into the water. Sergeant Clarke grabbed a rifle from one of the police boys and blazed away into the darkness and shot one of the prisoners through the heart. Next morning General Griffiths put him under close arrest in my charge. He was court-martialled in Rabaul and discharged from the Army. He was sent to Sydney and was staying at a hotel there when he committed suicide.

Meanwhile, General Griffiths sent word for Captain Whitkoph, who was still in the bush, to return to Lorengau. By the time he returned to Lorengau, General Griffiths had left for Rabaul with Lieutenant Singleton, but left instructions for Captain Whitkoph to return to Rabaul. Captain Whitkoph eventually left Lorengau for Rabaul in an open sailing boat of about 18-20 ft long, to cover the 350 miles of open water. I doubted if he would make it, but he did.

Captain Linacre was now in charge. Sergeant Naess set up a police post at Badlok and, by about October, with the assistance of another Police Master, Elliott, was successful in apprehending the murderers. They were all sent to Rabaul for trial, about 20 of them altogether. Five of them were sentenced to be hanged and the rest received terms of imprisonment ranging from five to fifteen years. Those to be hanged were sent back to Lorengau. They were Drukali, Samil, Tola, Drukul and another, whose name I have forgotten. Another Police Master had arrived in Lorengau and it was his job to do the hanging. His name was Cobban. Police boys were sent out to all the villages to inform the natives of the hangings which were to take place and to tell them to attend, as the Government wanted the natives to see the hangings, hoping it would act as a deterrent. The scaffold was erected at the Badlok government station and the five prisoners were lined up on a platform with a police boy behind each prisoner. On the word from the DO, Captain Linacre, the police boys were to lift the prisoners and drop them off the platform. The nooses were fastened around the necks of the prisoners and the other end of the ropes attached to the scaffold in front of the platform on which they stood. Just when everything was about ready, the prisoners, who were handcuffed with their hands in front of them, reached up and grabbed the ropes; so the ceremony was held up until Cobban handcuffed all the prisoners with their hands behind their backs. Things were now ready and the DO fired his revolver and the police boys dropped the doomed natives to their death. They were left hanging for about 20 minutes before the DO gave the order to cut them down and bury them. A common grave had been dug at the foot of the hill from the gallows and when the ropes had been cut, the onlookers rushed in and grabbed the ends of the ropes and dragged the dead men to their graves amid shouting and hooting; and so ended the episode of Reis's murderers. The government station at Badlok continued for another couple of months, then it was closed down and Police Master George Naess returned to Lorengau. The women, old men and piccaninnies were returned to their villages and peace reigned over the Drukul country again.

At Lorengau we lived a hum-drum kind of existence, playing cards and waiting for the next boat to arrive with our stores of food, grog and mail. We used to get a boat only every three months and by the time the boat arrived we were generally out of most things, especially drink, which generally only lasted a couple of weeks. There were a couple of nice old characters named Kraft and Dopke. They were Germans and ran a mission station at Lugos, which was between two and three miles along the coast from Lorengau. Kraft

was a small, dumpy man, who was in charge of the mission and Dopke was a big gangling cove, well over six ft high, who was a carpenter and played a big brass wind instrument. They had about 30 young boys aged from about six to ten or twelve. They kept these boys very clean and, from appearances, well fed. I don't know how they did it, as they lived a very frugal existence. They used to tell me that they had no affinities in Australia and the closest to them in religion would be the Methodists. About once a week they would send me a basket of pawpaws, bananas, pineapples, etc., for which I would pay with bully beef and some stores out of our canteen. One day Captain Linacre sent out and brought Kraft and Dopke in to Lorengau to have lunch with him. I don't think they had any lunch, but I saw the police boys carrying the two missionaries down to the jetty, where they were put in a canoe and taken home. I felt sorry for them, but Fred Linacre would enjoy that.

I remember he sent me out to the Purdy Islands to take over for the Government from a chap named Hohm, a German who had a lease from the German New Guinea Company. We started off in a schooner called the *Zabra*. Purdy Islands comprises three islands - Rat, Long and Mole. One of the islands had big mounds of phosphate. The Germans had worked it some time previously, but it was too small to be a commercial proposition. When we arrived at the island where Hohm's labourers were housed, we went ashore. There must have been millions of sea birds nesting at that time. Each coconut frond was covered with the nests of these birds. They were stacked touching each other, so it will give you an idea of the number of nests on each coconut tree; there could have been anything up to a thousand. The labourers supplied us with umbrellas, as the droppings from the birds were enormous. There was no fresh water on the island, so we had to resort to kulaus (green coconuts). After taking an inventory of everything on the island, we got the labourers to put a good supply of kulaus on the boat and started back to Lorengau. On the way, we called in at Sisi plantation, managed by Sid Ryder, at one time ADC to the Governor of South Africa. After having a few drinks with Sid, we continued on our way. Not long after, Sid Ryder committed suicide by putting a shotgun between his knees and pulling the trigger with his big toe.

I had been away about a week and when I returned, Fred Linacre asked me up to his bungalow for dinner and to get my report on the takeover of the Purdy Islands. When I arrived, Fred was pretty drunk. After several drinks we sat down to dinner, which was a long drawn out affair, as there was more drinking than eating. Eventually, when the sweets came on, Fred was very annoyed and told the boy waiting on the table to bring the Chinese cook before him. After some time the cook arrived in a state of fear and trembling, as he had a pretty good idea of what to expect having been with Fred Linacre for some time. Fred still had his revolver beside him and, after abusing the cook in no uncertain manner, he started firing at the cook's feet. The cook was jumping about like a cat on hot bricks and eventually took to his heels and that was the last we saw of him that night. Every few weeks, Linacre would invite one of us up to his house for dinner and it always finished up in a drunken orgy.

There was an island about six or seven miles from Lorengau called Pitelu, some of which was planted with coconuts and owned by a Japanese named Komini, but managed by another Japanese named Nozaki. The unplanted area of this island was occupied by natives. Komini also owned a few other plantations at Sou on the mainland about 20 miles down the coast from Lorengau and another on the island of Ponam, just opposite Sou about two miles away. Then he had another place called Papitalai and another at Rambutju. All these plantations were manned by Japanese. Apart from Nozaki at Pitelu, there were generally one or two more Japs there. Occasionally, Linacre would

get a brainwave and decide to pay Nozaki a visit and invite George Naess (Police Master), Tom Westley (Medical Assistant) and myself, as I was supposed to be in charge of the Government schooner. On one occasion he sent me a note to have the schooner ready at a certain time, as we were going to Pitelu. The party included Naess, Westley, Linacre and myself.

We arrived at Pitelu and were greeted by Nozaki and two other Japanese. Soon we were sitting down and eating raw fish and drinking anything the Japs brought along. Linacre asked Nozaki if he was having any trouble with the kanakas. He said he was having trouble with the luluai (headman) and a couple more. Linacre dispatched a couple of police boys to bring them to Nozaki's house. After holding a sort of court, hearing Nozaki's complaints etc., he ordered that the three culprits be given ten strokes of the cane, which was duly executed. All this time the drinking went on unabated, until about 4 pm it was decided to return to Lorengau.

Before Ian Westley arrived in Lorengau, the Medical Assistant was a chap named Stanton. I used to visit him occasionally. He used to amuse himself lying on his back on his stretcher, shooting geckos (small lizards) on the ceiling of his house. The roof was made of sago palm leaf (sac sac), so the hole the .22 long bullet made was nil. One day when I went to see Stanton, he was, as usual, lying on his stretcher with his .22 rifle. We were enjoying a few beers when his meri walked in, grinning like a Cheshire cat, wearing one of Stanton's shirts. Stanton said to her, 'What are you doing wearing one of my shirts?' She only grinned at him and sat down on the floor. He picked up his rifle and said, 'If you don't take that shirt off, I'll shoot you.' She still grinned at him, so he let fly at her. He aimed in front of her, thinking the bullet would go through the floor, but being made of hardwood (kwila), it caused the bullet to ricochet into her bottom. There was a hell of a yell from her and Stanton grabbed her as she was flying out the door. He asked me to go to the native hospital and help him extract the bullet. I had never done anything like this, but he was a pretty smart medical assistant. He showed me how to administer the anaesthetic, which stood me in good stead later on. The operation was a success and the meri was soon up and about again. He went from Lorengau to Madang, where he died.

Early in 1921, the Government were concentrating all the Germans in Rabaul, preparatory to sending them back to Germany. About this time there were quite a lot of Germans absconding from various plantations throughout the Territory and working their way to Dutch New Guinea in various schooners.

Another interesting character, who passed through Lorengau at this period was Lieutenant Winston. He was ADO to Captain Linacre. He was a very conscientious office man, but not much good on outside work. On one occasion word came from Rabaul to Captain Linacre to procure 30 or 40 boys to be sent in to Rabaul to be trained as police boys. I was deputed to go with Lieut. Winston on this trip. We called in at Pitelu Island and lined up all the men and Winston walked along the line and picked out about ten of the best looking boys. They were picked for their good looks, intelligence and physique. Their names were taken and they were told to be ready when we returned in three or four days' time. We then proceeded to Hus Island and the same procedure was carried out there. Then we went to Andra Island and then on to Ponam Island. We then started on our return trip. We took eight or ten boys from Ponam; there was a lot of crying by the women and children, even the men who were going away and the men who were remaining were also crying and wailing. We then went to Andra, where the same scene was enacted after we took eight or ten boys from there. It was the same at Hus and Pitelu. Eventually we



arrived back at Lorengau with about forty boys, who were sent on to Rabaul for training. Manus boys made very good police boys and always looked good. All police boys were recruited in this manner and it was some years after that, that the police force had to rely on volunteers. Lieut. Winston continued on in the civil administration and, in 1928, was sent out to the Bainings district outside Rabaul to endeavour to apprehend the murderers of Collins, Marley, Nichols and a fourth man I cannot remember. During this expedition, the party was jumped by hostile natives and Winston's force suffered some casualties. One police boy, in Winston's opinion, was past medical aid, so he shot him to prevent him falling into enemy hands. Winston was tried for this offence and dismissed from the service. He then migrated to the British Solomon Islands, where he committed suicide by undressing and walking out into the water and blowing his brains out.

We all used to eat together and at this time I was running the mess. I remembered we had a pig's head cooking and I enquired if anyone would like a cup of soup. Some said yes, so I proceeded to the cook house, but the door was locked. Two natives were asleep on the floor just inside the door with a hurricane lamp hanging on the door knob. I banged on the door, but I could not waken the two boys, so I pushed the door till it burst open. I was carrying a hurricane lamp myself and noticed when I got into the cook house that the hurricane lamp had fallen off the door knob and was lying on the floor alongside the two natives. I went about the business of serving the soup out, when I heard a scream and looking round, saw one of the natives with his hair on fire. Manus boys were very proud of their hair; they used to let it grow long and wrap banana leaves around it to make it stand up. At times it would be two feet above the head. This fellow had a particularly good crop. When I saw what had happened, I grabbed a towel, but the native shot out the door with me after him; he ran round the bungalow and came to one of the water tanks; he shoved his head under the tap and turned it on. By this time there was practically no hair left - he was bald. I took him into the kitchen, opened a tin of butter and placed it on his head. Next morning he was none the worse for his experience; he had a few blisters on his head and was as bald as a billiard ball.

Another Medical Assistant to pass through Lorengau was a young chap named Giles. He had completed one year as a medical student, when his father was killed while fighting in France. He told me he could not afford to continue his studies and got a job with Nelson and Robertson, who owned the Rabaul hotel. I think his job was supervising the native labourers. He was telling me that he got into conversation with the Principal Medical Officer (Doctor Brennan), who heard Giles' story and asked him if he would like to join the medical public service. Giles accepted and was sent to Lorengau. He was very keen and rather good. He would do minor surgical operations, such as taking a toe or finger off, or a circumcision. I generally assisted him in these operations. One day he asked me to assist him in a particular operation. I asked him what it was and he said one of the meris had cancer of the breast and he was going to cut it off. He told me that when he cut the breast off, wherever I saw blood spurting I was to jab the forceps in and clamp them. He seemed to do a very good job and was quite pleased with himself. A few days after I happened to ask him how the operation went. He said it was a huge success. I said that was good and how was the meri. 'Oh, she died,' he said. 'But I thought you said the operation was a success,' I said. He replied that yes, the operation was a success, but she died of heart failure. I suppose she would have died in any case.

Manus was a very bad place for malaria fever; that is why people were always coming and going. Quite a few people would arrive on one boat and get loaded up with fever and be sent back to Rabaul on the next boat. George Naess used to get very bad

attacks; his temperature at times would go up to 106° and more. To try and get his temperature down we used to put hurricane lamps under his canvas stretcher and pile all available blankets on him to try and make him perspire. I remember on one occasion we could not get it down and we were soaking sheets in cold water and wringing them out and putting them on George, who was singing out 'A thousand pounds for a block of ice'. Within a few minutes of putting those sheets on him they would be dry again as his body was so hot. Poor old George was shot by the Japs at Lindenhafen about 1943, with another medical assistant, Dick Squires, who passed through Lorengau when I was there.

I think Manus natives are the best sailors I've met in the Southwest Pacific. There were several days during the year when we had canoe racing. Canoes would come to Lorengau from near and far. I have seen canoes with five masts and to see 60 to 80 of these canoes sailing under a good breeze is really a magnificent sight. These big canoes under good conditions could travel 15-20 knots and carry up to five tons of cargo.

After a little over twelve months at Lorengau, I returned to Sydney on furlough of one month. In the meantime I had risen to the dizzy heights of Chief Petty Officer. Whilst on leave in Sydney, some of the new ratings would embarrass me by throwing me a salute. I had had no naval training and couldn't even return their salute in the orthodox naval fashion. I generally got over it by looking the other way. After a very pleasant month in Sydney, I found myself once again in Rabaul.

By this time (May 1921) the military occupation of ex-German New Guinea had ceased and civil administration had been introduced. All German properties had been taken over by the Expropriation Board, with Captain Fred Jolley in charge. The Civil Administration was headed by General Tom Griffiths. Most of the army personnel were taken over by the civil administration. Naturally there were a lot of misfits, but these were eventually sorted out and rectified. The Germans were given a chit on the German Government for the value of their plantations and this amount, in turn, was credited to the Australian War Damage Fund. The Germans got practically nothing for their plantations, because by the time they returned to Germany, the economy was in such a state that the German mark was thousands to the pound sterling instead of the usual 20.

Most of the Germans were repatriated to Germany, via Sydney, but a few that were brought in to Rabaul from some of the outlying islands were in Rabaul, waiting to return to Germany via Dutch New Guinea and Java. The Government ship *Sumatra* was commissioned to take these people and I was wireless operator for the trip. There was one German, who had come into Rabaul from the Western Islands. He had a meri and three children. He wanted to take the children back to Germany, but not the meri. The Administration said he could not take the children without their mother, so he then agreed to take the mother also. Then the Administration said he could not take the mother unless he married her, which he assented to; so we were now ready to sail. We had on board also about 150 Malays, who were returning to their homeland. Most of them were clerks in the employ of the German companies. Quite a number of the Malays stayed on and worked for the Administration and the Expropriation Board. There was great excitement and crying as we pulled out from the wharf. The Malays were crying to each other and throwing money into the water - it's one of their customs, but I don't know what it means.

We were bound for Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea. We called into a few places and picked up a few Germans from various plantations. Wallis Island was one plantation I recall, near Wewak on the New Guinea Coast. We also called at the Government station at Aitape and landed some stores there. We eventually arrived at Hollandia - the Dutch

ship *Van Swol* was already anchored there. The captain of the *Sumatra* asked me to take some papers over to the captain of the *Van Swol*. When I arrived on board, I enquired from a Dutch engineer the whereabouts of the captain. He directed me to the upper deck, where I saw a very black man, as black as any Buka boy, dressed in whites. I asked him where I could find the captain. He said 'I am zee Captain.' I nearly fell over from shock. The *Van Swol* was a steamer of about 3000 tons and I could not imagine a black man being the Captain, but I learned afterwards that that sort of thing was not uncommon in Java. We transported our expatriate Germans on to the *Van Swol*.

We stayed in Hollandia a couple of days. The only Europeans there at that time were the Dutch District Officer, a Dutch Missionary and his wife and a Dutch wireless operator. Hollandia is set in a valley between two high mountains and is very hot. There were quite a number of trade stores there, run by Malays and Chinese. The surrounding country was very dry and what vegetation there was, was very poor. The only thing that seemed to keep the place going was birds of paradise. All the stores had all sorts of birds of paradise hanging round the place. The local natives and the Malays used to shoot the birds and sell them to the trade stores, who in turn exported them, mostly to America, where they brought good prices. I learned later that most of the birds were shot in our Territory (ex-German New Guinea).

We called at several plantations on the way back to Rabaul, picking up copra. We called at Bogadjim and a few more places, then Alexishafen which was run by the Catholic Missions. They had a beautiful cathedral there and the mission was very well run. It was a pretty large plantation and there were small railway lines to all parts of the plantation. There seemed to be hundreds of half caste children, mostly or practically all, of German descent. The schools were conducted by nuns and brothers, who seemed to be doing a good job. These half-castes were unfortunate. As soon as they were old enough, the Germans sent them to the missions. They were unwanted by the whites and unacceptable to the natives and, had the mission not taken care of them, God knows what would have happened to them. We called at Madang, where we stayed for a few days. It was a very pretty place and was the original capital of German New Guinea, but owing to so much malarial fever and so many deaths, the Germans transferred the capital to Kokopo and later to Rabaul. Most of the plantations in the Rabaul and Aitape districts were built from the proceeds of the bird of paradise. Madang seemed to be the dividing line for the bird of paradise. From Madang to Aitape and further to the Dutch border it was all yellow birds and from Madang in the opposite direction and further to the Papuan border, it was all red birds. I am only speaking of along the coast, it may be different inland.

We left Madang for Witu in the French Islands to pick up more copra. The harbour at Witu is an extinct volcano crater - the entrance is so narrow one could throw a stone on to the land on both sides. This group of islands at one time belonged to Peter Hanson, who was very wealthy, but somehow he lost everything and, when I knew him in Rabaul, he was very appreciative to those who would buy him a drink. Some of the best plantations in the Territory were in the Witu group and most of the coconut plantations were interplanted with cocoa trees. After leaving Witu we returned to Rabaul. My stay in Rabaul was very short and after a few days I was on my way to Kieta, the capital of Bougainville in the German Solomon Islands. (*To be continued*)

## THE MARQUIS DE RAYS EXPEDITION by Pat Hopper

In 1879, a French nobleman the Marquis de Rays sent out 600 men, women and children to settle in New Guinea on a site just north-west of Cape St. George in New Ireland. For huge sums of money he had promised them a new life in a South Pacific paradise known as Port Breton which was to have roads, bridges, schools and crops waiting for them. On arrival they found it was an isolated barren site with absolutely no facilities and constant rainfall. Soon they were starving and riddled with malaria. A Methodist minister, the Rev. Benjamin Danks at the Duke of York Islands, heard of their plight and rescued some of them. The others went on one of the ships to New Caledonia.

Sir Henry Parkes heard about this group, mostly Italians, and sent the *James Patterson* to rescue them. They came to Sydney and then went north to Woodburn, south of Ballina, and the area became known as 'Little Italy'. They established an Italian farming community growing all their own food and even grapes for wine. But the area was too remote to survive its early growth and soon declined. Today the little volunteer-run museum and café on the Pacific Highway are a reminder of the pioneer spirit of the original settlers.

Last year, exactly 122 years after Sir Henry Parkes rescued them, another (acting) Premier of NSW, Andrew Refshauge, visited the remains of the settlement and, flanked by dozens of the settlers' descendants, placed 'Little Italy' on the NSW Heritage List.

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## REG HARRIS AND THE DRAGON by Robert Blaikie

Reg Harris and I had become firm friends during our primary school years at New Farm State School in Brisbane. Unlike most other pupils Reg always knew what he wanted to do after he finished primary school. He went off to study at Gatton Agricultural College while I went on to secondary school.

We lost touch somewhat after that. Reg went to Papua New Guinea as an Agricultural Officer while I remained in Brisbane. As I recall it he spent some time at South Johnstone in Far North Queensland selecting seedlings for the newly established experimental tea plantation at Garaina in the Waria Valley of the Morobe District.

It must have been Reg who initially interested me in Papua New Guinea as I can remember his visit when home on leave when he regaled me with stories and photographs of life there. So when I saw a newspaper advertisement for Cadet Patrol Officers I jumped at the idea. This was for me. I applied for the position and was eventually selected to attend Number 9 Short Course at the Australian School of Pacific Administration in March 1948.

Together with Jim Sinclair I was eventually posted to the Morobe District in early September 1948. Reg, by this time, was at the tea plantation at Garaina and we saw each other a few times in Lae.

One evening in October 1948 I was surprised when Reg came to visit me with his arm in a sling. The story as recounted to me by him was that the day before, at Garaina, he had been cleaning a rifle when it accidentally discharged shooting a fellow Agricultural Officer in the thigh. Reg called for assistance for his injured colleague and a DH84 Dragon was flown in to evacuate him to hospital in Lae. With the injured passenger safely aboard, the Dragon prepared for takeoff. Reg swung the props for the pilot as was often the practice. The first engine roared into life but the second prop kicked and hit Reg's arm. However, the engine fired, but the pilot being totally unaware

of Reg's predicament, taxied out and took off for Lae leaving injured Reg standing at the side of the strip.

With the Dragon disappearing into the distance Reg tottered back to the house with his arm hanging limply by his side. He called Lae on the radio and asked for another aircraft to be sent in but this time for his own evacuation. He had a bit of trouble convincing the operator that he was serious about what had happened and that he really did have a broken arm. Eventually a second aircraft was despatched to take Reg to Lae.

Unfortunately Reg and I lost contact shortly after that and I have not heard of him since then and have often wondered what became of him.

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### A VERY UNUSUAL HOUSEBOY by Marjorie J.Head

Max Hayes' few words on 'Just Checking Up On The Banks', reminded me of the following -

Our neighbour's houseboy was a canny fellow. He could neither read nor write, and insisted on me keeping his bank book. This allowed him to say, in all honesty that he didn't have any money, when *wantoks* asked for some. In this way he managed to save and start a PMV trucking business, even though he also could not drive! He employed the same *wantoks* to drive for him. Each year I was instructed to go to the bank to get his 'win' money, his bank interest. He was from New Guinea, his bank employed Papuans, or so he felt. He further felt that said Papuans would not give him, a New Guinean, his true interest. However he had great faith that they would treat me, a European, with complete honesty. So off to the bank I went each year, to collect his interest, and as he thought, they treated me with complete honesty.

His vigilance paid off, and he not only ran a successful business, but was one of the first local people to buy a house when the housing commission was set up. With my husband's help he filled out the forms, put in his application and became a proud home owner. Not bad for an illiterate houseboy.

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### SENIOR CITIZENS by Bill Guest

It was early 1956, and another warrant officer (George Harris) and myself were taking a patrol of PIR from Vanimo to the border with Dutch New Guinea. We passed through Warimo and came to Iako. As usual, George and I went to the *haus kiap* whilst the residents looked after the two police bois and the patrol members. The inevitable throng of sightseers arrived and sat staring at us as we sucked away at *kulaus* (green coconuts). The luluai had arrived, and George asked him where all the old people were, for there were none in our admiring throng. The luluai indicated to us to follow him - we proceeded down a narrow track towards the sea front. We stood there and looked at the water gently lapping on the golden sand.

'Lukim' quoth the luluai. We followed the direction of his outstretched hand and saw a row of small huts up against a cliff face. Seated around were about 20 old villagers staring out across the water. The luluai then explained that when the people reached the stage in life when they could no longer take part in everyday activities, they were brought down to live out their final days in this location. The villagers provided food and any necessary attention until they finally passed away.

We resumed our trek heading for Mushu and then on to Wutung, and subsequently the border. George said to me as we trudged along, 'You know Bill, these people have got something that we have not!' How right he was.

## ON BEING IN THE WRONG PLACE, AT THE WRONG TIME

*This extract is from Pat Boys' book Coconuts and Tearooms, the story of her mother's life in pre-war New Guinea..*

'Some years ago, I was extremely interested to read a resume on Rudolph Janke's life. Rudolph, one of seven children, was born in Queensland in 1887 to German parents who had emigrated to Australia. The family worked hard, farming at Innisfail.

In response to an advertisement for farmers to take up land in German-owned New Guinea, Rudolph, then 18, went with his family to the Bainings area. They were allotted land at Neinduk which was covered in thick jungle. The land had to be cleared and planted out in coconut trees. Malaria was rife, food was hard to obtain and labour almost unobtainable. Conditions were almost unbearable. Rudolph lost his eldest brother to blackwater fever, and his mother died five years after their arrival.

Daunted by the harsh conditions, the Jankes returned to Australia, leaving Rudolph and his young brother to continue developing their plantation.

When Australian forces occupied New Guinea in 1914 Rudolph and his brother were classed as aliens but allowed to stay on at Neinduk. Eight years later, in 1922, when their work was almost completed the property was taken by the Expropriation Board as reparation for Germany's involvement in the war. Even the £39 Rudolph had in the bank was taken; and he was left homeless and penniless. He never recovered from this cruel experience.

With his future plans ruined, he accepted the position of manager of Nambung plantation and stayed there for six years. During this time he made a recruiting trip to Aitape on the New Guinea mainland and brought back 80 labourers and worked hard to bring the plantation to full production. However, Nambung was also taken over by the Expropriation Board and Rudolph was again on his own.

In 1928, aged 41, he married Johanna Till and took over management of Lilinakaia plantation which was neglected and very run down. Later, Rudolph managed his father-in-law's properties in Lae on the New Guinea mainland.

In October 1939 Rudolph and Johanna went to Wunung plantation on the south coast of New Britain, about 140 miles from Rabaul. They managed the plantation until May 1940 when, with Australia at war with Germany, Rudolph was taken to Australia for internment and did not see his wife again for four years. Johanna stayed behind to run the plantation at Wunung and when the Japanese occupied the Gazelle Peninsula she was instrumental in helping ill and shocked escapees from Rabaul as they passed along the coast. She was later rescued and taken to Melbourne.

After the war Rudolph was released and the couple remained in Melbourne until 1947 when Johanna's father died, and they returned to the Territory.

Eventually, in 1949, they settled at Ramandu plantation on the north Bainings coast. The property had suffered badly during the Japanese occupation and, with financial assistance refused by the Australian Government, they had to start from scratch once again. They were there for nine years when Johanna died. Rudolph, in his old age, remained at the plantation with the Woolcott family but finally shifted to Maryborough, Queensland, where he died.'



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

**Arie Henry (Harry) LAURENS and Lola Jean LAURENS** (26 and 27 August 2003)

David Laurens wrote of his father Arie and mother Lola, 'Harry as he was affectionately known passed away quietly at around 4.00 pm on 26 August, and his eternally loving wife Lola whose love for him was stronger than life itself followed him eight hours later in the early hours of 27 August. . . They were a very well liked and respected couple . . . To all their friends past and present we wish to apologise for not contacting you personally.'

Harry Laurens was born in Batavia, NEI, in 1918. He was a POW for 3½ years and arrived in Australia in January 1946. He had been with the Dutch Navy Air Force flying DC3s and Catalinas between Australia and the Dutch Indies. In 1951 he worked with a group building diesel electric generating plants on all the aerodromes in Victoria and Tasmania as a back-up in case of power failure. In 1953 DCA sent him to PNG to do the same there. In 1956 he joined Posts and Telegraphs to work on sub-installations. Soon after he was offered a job in the drawing office where he worked his way up to the position of senior draftsman. Then he obtained a diploma in architecture, and became their chief draftsman. He left in 1973 due to ill health as a result of war injuries. Harry and Lola are survived by their son David, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

David Laurens, and PNGAA records

**Robert Gilder DIXON** (12 August 2003, aged 77 years)

Born in Denman, NSW, Robert joined the RAAF at age 18, following which he studied Science at Sydney University, followed by a Diploma of Forestry at Canberra. Shortly after, he proceeded to Malaya and was a Forestry Officer in the British Colonial Service between 1954-1960. During this time, he married Kathrynann Fletcher, a daughter of Harold Ockenden Fletcher, who joined the TNG Administration in 1922 as a police officer, later patrol officer and planter for many years prior to WWII. Because of this connection, Robert came to Rabaul as Principal Forest Officer in early 1961 remaining in this capacity at Rabaul and Lae until his resignation in 1964. Following this, he joined the UN Food and Agriculture Organisation and worked in various forestry projects in Venezuela, Nigeria, Indonesia, Nepal and Ecuador where he discovered 19 new species of tree, 3 of which were named after him. Because of medical problems he retired to northern NSW around 1981, where he took a great interest in civic affairs and politics. He is survived by his wife, and children Lee, James, Paul, and Awan. Max Hayes

**Arthur Robert Wyndham (Jim) HOILE** (28 August 2003, aged 81 years)

Jim went to PNG in 1931, and left in 1959. Pre-war he lived in Lower Edie Creek, Wau, Narakapor, Lae and Salamaua. Postwar he was in Lae, Finschhafen, Wau and Edie Creek. He held many positions from gold miner/sawmiller to aircraft engineer with MAL. He was in the Army and the RAAF, he was a marine trader and an aircraft engineer with Qantas. In 1953 he married Judith and the couple had four children. On returning to Sydney, Jim worked for Qantas until his retirement in the early 80s. He and Judy settled in Forestville NSW in 1961 and remained there ever since. Jim's great love was sailing and his dream was to build a home on his block of land at Scotland Island and have his yacht moored nearby. He also travelled regularly to his hobby farm outside Lismore and to a property at Terrigal. Jim is survived by his wife Judy, children and grandchildren.

Judy Hoile and PNGAA records

**Sydney Harley JOHNSON** (17 May 2003, aged 88 years)

Syd grew up in Western Australia. He gained his LLB in 1937 and was admitted to the bar in 1940. He excelled at hockey and in 1949 was made a life member of the WA Hockey Association and in 2000 was the recipient of the Australian Sports Medal in recognition for services to the sport of hockey. He was an enthusiastic golfer and was Captain and President of the Port Moresby Golf Club during the 1960s.

He joined the RAAF the day after the bombing of Pearl Harbour and on arriving in England went straight into a crew of Master Bomber Pathfinders of Bomber Command. He was first in and last out in raids over Germany, directing the Lancaster bombers of Main Force over the target area. Syd was the navigator set operator - bomb aimer. He qualified for the rare distinction of being both Primary Visual Marker and Primary Blind Marker. He did a double tour of 55 operations and gained the immediate award of the DFC in 1944 and a bar at the end of his service.

Postwar Syd was appointed Crown Prosecutor in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea and served there for 20 years, the last eight as Crown Solicitor. Returning to Perth, Syd became the first Registrar of the District Court of WA in 1970, finally retiring in 1977. He continued to have many interests in retirement - his family, Legacy, golf, gardening and writing. He published 'It's Never Dark Above the Clouds', a memoir of his wartime experiences, which was very well received.

Syd leaves a widow, June, two children, Rose and John both of whom were born in the Territory, and four grandchildren. June Johnson

**Gwendoline Ruth JONES** (15 September 2003 aged 87 years)

Gwenie grew up in Maroubra NSW along with her sister Margaret and three brothers. Gwen's career started as secretary to J. Walter Thompson, an advertising agency in Sydney. When WWII came, she volunteered for the land army. At this time she became engaged to Ken Fisher, who unfortunately was killed during the war.

She joined the Public Curator's Office in 1950 and the Supreme Court in 1953 where she was secretary to the Supreme Court Registrar and four judges. She had several overseas holidays, and made frequent trips back to Australia to keep in touch with her family. She left PNG in 1966. Gwen's interests included writing articles for the local newspaper, *The Messenger*, under the pen name Gemma. In retirement she continued to travel extensively. Swimming was another of her life enjoyments, as was tennis and reading, and the company of her many friends. Bronwyn, Warwick and Fiahra Kelly

**David MOORHOUSE** (31 August 2003, aged 66 years)

Growing up in Albury NSW, David finished the Leaving Certificate in 1954 and by January 1955 was off to PNG as a cadet patrol officer - he was the youngest cadet to join the service. His first posting was Kandrian. In 1960 he led an expedition into the unexplored areas of the Whiteman Range for the National Geographic Society, searching for new species. This resulted in finding the first new genus of the Paradisaea in 26 years (subsequently named *phyllosopis rubricala Moorhousei*).

In the mid-1960s, after attending ASOPA, he served as Assistant District Commissioner at Vanimo, Amanab and Maprik. The Border postings sharpened his interest in 'Intelligence' and he was seconded to Peter Sheekey's unit in the Department of the Administrator. David was Deputy District Commissioner in Bougainville from 1971 until he returned to Australia in 1974. He is survived by his sons Matthew and Stephen and his sister Robin Moorhouse (Stubbs). Bill Brown and Robin Moorhouse

**Mollie PARER** (17 July 2003, aged 98 years)

Mollie was enjoying life to the fullest in her own villa in Brisbane until she was admitted to hospital two days before her death. It embarrassed her to have no aches and pains while everyone around her had health problems. In the 1930s and 40s she survived two bouts of blackwater fever - very few survive one. Mollie's husband Bob died in 1977. Mollie had two sets of twins born in PNG pre-war. First were Robert and Carolin at Wau in 1937 and then Sheila and Ian at Wewak in 1941. After the family was evacuated in December 1941 Mollie had Teresa in 1944 and Michele in 1946. Son Robert wrote, 'I hope to send more about Mum for the next issue, she was an inspiring person'.

**Laura MARTIN** (1 September 2003, 81 years)

Laura Martin, from Victoria, arrived in the Sepik as a young teacher in the early 1950s. She was fascinated by the place and its people and has been in the Sepik ever since. She was given a State funeral and the Wewak Catholic Cathedral was full to overflowing with hundreds outside. Over many years she championed for the rights of the little people, especially women. An article in *The National* of 5 September said, 'Though Laura Martin was the acting chairperson of the hospital board, she would be seen around the hospital picking up rubbish and talking to patients. Her interest in the state of the hospital goes as far back as the old hospital, which was situated on Wewak Hill. She has been the acting chairperson of the Boram Hospital Board since 1995'. She did not survive a bout of malaria, her first in 50 years in the Sepik. Arthur T. Somare, Minister for State Enterprises & Communications, said, 'Until her death, Mrs Martin remained passionate about Sepik and its people. We thank her for being one of us and will remember her for many years to come'. She is survived by her children Lesley and Paul and grandchildren.

**Judy BENNETT (nee Kwan)**

Ben Scheelings' sister-in-law Judy Bennett of the Red Lantern Chinese Restaurant and Bird of Paradise (Goroka) fame passed away recently after a short illness. Further details in next issue.

**Keith Thomas BUXTON** (28 September 2003, aged 70 years)

Keith was a medical assistant until 1966, then in private enterprise. Further details in next issue.

**Desmond Mylne HUSBAND** (4 September 2003, aged 83 years)

Des was born in Charters Towers and traced his ancestry to George Bernard Shaw. He grew up in Mackay and had his secondary education at All Saints College, Charters Towers, where he was followed, in due course, by four of his five sons, during the time he was a government surveyor in PNG.

In the 1939-45 war he served with the 2<sup>nd</sup> AIF Survey Corps. He then worked as a surveyor in Brisbane and Maryborough before taking up a position with the Administration in Goroka in 1958. He was subsequently stationed at Minj, Wau and Lae, before being transferred to Rabaul for eight years where he was in charge of the Lands Department in the New Guinea Islands Region. In 1974 he moved back to Australia and settled at Lawnton, Qld. In retirement he devoted a lot of time to golf and bridge and travelled widely in Australia with his wife, Fran, keeping in touch with his far-flung family of five sons, their wives and eleven grandchildren.

Harry West

**HELP WANTED:** Laurie le Fevre wrote, 'Can any former field officers recall the name **MANGEN NUMBOIN** who was a police sergeant in the 1960s and 70s – probably in the Sepik, or in Hengenofi. I am writing a piece on his daughter Christine for my book 'Faces in the Cloud'. She knows very little about her father, apart from him working and patrolling with the kiaps. He died in 1984 after a long illness. At the time Christine was in her second year at art school. Any information would be appreciated. My address is [laurie.lefevre@optusnet.com.au](mailto:laurie.lefevre@optusnet.com.au)

My home address is: 16 Highland Avenue, Croydon Vic 3136.

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Mr M WATERHOUSE	14 Moore Park Road , PADDINGTON, NSW, 2021
Mrs N WATKINS	"Allowrie" , WALLENDREEN, NSW, 2588

### **WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:**

Mrs K BROWN	1/31 Fifth Avenue Gables Of Saint Morris, ST MORRIS, SA, 5068
Mr P CLARK	17 Margaret Street , FIRLE, SA, 5070
Mr J R COCHRANE	PO Box 58 , CRESCENT HEAD, NSW, 2440
Mr D EMERY	13/8 Goodwin Street , KANGAROO POINT, QLD, 4169
Mr G M FISHER	116 William Lindsay Road , WAMURAN, QLD, 4512
Mrs F HUSBAND	94 Bray Road , LAWNTON, QLD, 4501
Rev'd D W JOHNSTON	PO Box 114 , POINT LONSDALE, VIC, 3225
Mr A P MAHER	325 Moranding Road , WILLOWMAVIN, VIC, 3764
Ms W REID	8 Derby Downs Place Ellerslie, AUCKLAND, NZ, 1005
Ms M L SAVILLE	Unit 1, "Killarney" 2 Dalton Road, MOSMAN, NSW, 2088
Mr R TARLTON	PO Box 599 , MOOLOOLABA, QLD, 4557