



# 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 Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)  
Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia  
Mrs Roma Bates; Mr Fred Kaad OBE

## Annual General Meeting And Luncheon

To be held on **Sunday 30 April 2006** at the **Mandarin Club, Sydney**. Full details on are page 3 of this issue, booking slip and payment form are on a separate yellow insert. The meeting should not take long, and then the event becomes a social function like the Christmas luncheon. Would senior or incapacitated members who would like to attend but do not have transport please contact our secretary or assistant secretary.

*The President and Committee would like to thank all those who sent Seasons Greetings.*

If you do not wish to have your name and address included in the **MEMBERSHIP LIST** which is published in the **June** issue of *Una Voce*, please advise the Secretary.

## **ARE YOU UNFINANCIAL???**

If you notice a **red sticker** on the **address label** of your copy of *Una Voce*, you are **unfinancial**. Please complete the Membership Renewal Form on the yellow insert.

Please note: Membership Fees \$15pa.

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

## **In This Issue**

<b>IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – CATALINAS</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>GREETINGS FROM THE AIRVOS APARTMENTS</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>POPA BILONG OL</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>THE LIVESTOCK INDUSTRY OF PNG</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>TRIBAL SKIRMISH - '50S AND '70S</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Excerpt from 'FLYING MEN AND METAL BIRDS'</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>REUNIONS</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>THE LAST T.N.G. POLICE OFFICER</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>FLYING TO MT YULE REPEATER STATION BY 'CHOPPER</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>INDEPENDENCE DAY GOROKA</b>	<b>31</b>
<b>'SS MARSINA 10/7/30'</b>	<b>32</b>
<b>PAPUA NEW GUINEA ARTEFACTS</b>	<b>33</b>
<b>BOUT STOPS ASSEMBLY SITTING</b>	<b>34</b>
<b>ANOTHER ASCENT OF MT WILHELM</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>FAREWELL PARTY ON FERGUSON ISLAND</b>	<b>36</b>
<b>IMAGES FROM THE END OF AN ANCIENT WAY OF LIFE</b>	<b>38</b>
<b>COMMISSIONER FOR SUPERANNUATION ANNUAL REPORT</b>	<b>37</b>
<b>36th PACIFIC ISLANDS FORUM PORT MORESBY OCT 2005</b>	<b>40</b>
<b>THE DIARIES OF EDWARD (TED) BISHTON</b>	<b>40</b>
<b>VALE</b>	<b>48</b>
<b>WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS</b>	<b>55</b>
<b>CHANGES OF ADDRESS</b>	<b>55</b>

**'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF  
THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA**

**ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC**

Please send all correspondence to: **The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069.** Items for *Una Voce* are welcome and should be marked 'For Attention: The Editor' or emailed to: [editor@pngaa.net](mailto:editor@pngaa.net) By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet unless you advise us to the contrary.

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**Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG.**

Annual subscription - \$15. The membership year corresponds to the calendar year and an application form is available from the Secretary at the above address or you can download one from our website.

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**The Objects of the Association:**

- ☐ to foster and maintain an interest in contemporary and historical events in Papua New Guinea;
- ☐ to foster and encourage contact and friendship with Papua New Guineans;
- ☐ to encourage the preservation of documents and historical material related to Papua New Guinea;
- ☐ to encourage members to contribute to the production and recording of the oral and written history of Papua New Guinea;
- ☐ to promote friendly association among all members;
- ☐ to continue to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services.

In so far as the original association was formed to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services, including conditions applicable to their widows and dependants, the association shall continue to represent such members, their widows and dependants in all superannuation matters appropriate to their prior service in the former services.

**Included with this issue -** Your Committee has approved the publication of a special one-off booklet containing details from our Xmas Anniversary luncheon celebration – and sharing with ALL our members some history about PNG.

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

## NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 55<sup>th</sup> AGM of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Incorporated, will be held on Sunday 30 April 2006 at the Mandarin Club, Oriental Room, 4<sup>th</sup> Floor, Cnr Goulburn and Pitt Streets, Sydney, commencing at 11:30 am. The AGM will be followed by a Luncheon at approximately 1:00 pm.

### AGENDA:

1. Members present and apologies.
2. Confirmation of the Minutes of the 54<sup>th</sup> AGM (circulated in June 2005 Una Voce)
3. Business arising from the Minutes.
4. President's Report.
5. Treasurer's Report and Receipt of Audited Financial Statements.
6. Certificate required by Section 27 (1)(b) of the Associations Incorporation Act 1984.
7. Correspondence.
8. Election of Management Committee (*see Nomination Form below*) –  
President, Deputy President, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer & Membership Officer, Asst Secretary, Editor Una Voce, 5 Committee persons, Hon. Auditor.
9. General discussion.

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Note that alcoholic beverages will not be available until after the AGM.

Members together with their families and friends are all welcome – but please let us know if you are staying for, or coming to, the luncheon by completing the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow sheet and returning it as soon as possible.

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**The cost is \$30 per person** – this does not include liquor or soft drinks - would those attending please pay in advance and not at the door. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and confirm numbers with the Mandarin Club.

**Cancellations** advised to either Ross Johnson (02 9876 6178) or Pamela Foley (02 9967 2818) by Friday 28 April will secure a full refund. This is the date we inform the Club of final numbers – after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend.

**Parking** is available at the Goulburn Street Car Park (cnr Goulburn and Elizabeth Sts) for a flat rate of \$10 however as parking vouchers at a cheaper rate may be available from the Mandarin Club, do not pre-pay your parking fee..

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### IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – MY TRIP IN A CATALINA

**Suddenly** the co-pilot was tugging at our sleeves and gesticulating wildly; no chance to talk in the screaming slip-stream of air rushing across the open Catalina 'portholes' but when we saw him grabbing sacks at our feet and stumbling forward with them we caught the urgency, unclipped our safety harness and followed him in tossing sacks back up the front of the Catalina. The plane was tail-heavy and rapidly losing the characteristics of flight. We were air-dropping double-bagged sacks of rice and meat and the cargo-boys had completely emptied the first bay instead of progressively emptying each bay. Level flight again and lots of smiles! **Paul Brigg**

**In the latter half of 1952**, I was District Clerk at Kikori, where Jim O'Malley was District Commissioner. At the time Syd Smith and Des Clancy were involved in constructing the airstrip at the new station of Tari, in the Southern Highlands. Supplies for this party were airdropped by Qantas Catalina which called at Kikori for extra fuel before proceeding to Tari via Lake Kutubu. On this particular flight the DC detailed Patrol Officer Garry Keenan and I to go with the plane to assist with the actual drop procedure. All went well to start with. There were two storepedos (long containers with a parachute and collapsible nose) for the more fragile supplies, with all other items loosely packed in hessian bags. The storepedos were no trouble but the hessian bags were another thing! They were filthy, and while balancing the packages on the edge of the plane's 'blister', the slipstream forced the dust and dirt from the bags directly into our eyes, which we had to keep open to see the 'drop' signal. Somehow we managed to accomplish this and the drop was successful.

On the way home the skipper, Freddy Fox, passed word to us that he was going to give us a treat by flying low over the magnificent Beaver Falls – a sight not many had been privileged to see. Unfortunately by this time our eyes were in such a state that we could hardly see anything so the great gesture was lost to us. It took a few days for our eyes to return to normal but Qantas got the message, and supplied goggles for future airdrops.

**Terry Turner**



Catalina taking off from Port Moresby Photo: Jim Eames

\* \* \*

The toilet arrangement on the Qantas Catalina VH-EBD (or is it the 'heads' on a flying boat?) was entered through two small, low cupboard doors, aft of the two blisters. As the compartment was minute there was no room to turn or move once inside or to stand upright. Entry was best achieved by facing forward, loosening the belt in preparation, crouching, opening the doors with one hand on each and then backing in. On completion of the task one stumbled, still crouching, out of the doors attempting to repair the deshabelle often to the cheers/jeers of fellow passengers. Why is this still a vivid memory? En route by Cat to a posting in Milne Bay District at Samarai I was told that the posting had been changed to Bougainville and to stay on board to Rabaul, a further 10 hours, and to Kieta the following day. Passengers were only allowed to alight at their destination port. Having used the 'heads' once I decided to forgo the pleasure for the rest of the 10 hour trip.

**John McAlpine**

**IN 100 WORDS OR LESS**

**Theme for next issue – FISHING**

**Deadline for entries 16 May 2006 Please write/phone/fax/email**



## NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from Jim Toner

All quiet here in the Top End but over in Perth **Patrick Virgil DWYER** who left his footprints in no less than five PNG departments 1956-75 now occupies himself with grandfathering duties. He took Sophia aged 6 to school and stayed to watch morning assembly. After which she came to him and asked why he hadn't joined in the singing of 'the Australia song'. Her slightly older brother butted in explaining that 'Grand-dad came from Tasmania and they don't sing it there'. The little girl then solemnly questioned Pat: "So why did you come to Australia? Was it for a Better Life?" I note that the PNGAA has some 14 members in Tasmania who apparently have not sought a better life. Or perhaps Border Security has improved since Pat landed here....?

One of those islanders, ex-kiap **Frank LEIBFRIED**, has wings. He is now permitted to pilot a plane around the Derwent estuary but is swotting for a licence which will permit him to fly as far as Melbourne. Does Amanda Vanstone know?

**Mais MADDEN**, widow of Barney Madden, former Principal of both Moresby and Goroka Teachers Colleges, attended the public unveiling in Brisbane of Gail Burke's interesting book of recollections from former teachers in PNG most of whom trained at ASOPA. Mais thinks that if anyone wanted to publish an anthology of stories from the viewpoint of teachers' wives she could supply a riveting article.

Two of Australia's Nobel Prize winners for Medicine have associations with PNG. **Ian Burnet**, son of Sir Frank Macfarlane Burnet, was in PNG 1955-74 initially as a kiap while **Mary Mennis**, who has lived in Rabaul and Madang and is a contributor to *Una Voce*, is the daughter of Prof. Sir John Eccles. Both laureates received their awards in the early '60s when a young **Mike TYLER** was working at Nondugl for **Sir Edward Hallstrom**. Concurrently with the annual ceremony at Stockholm humorous fellows at Harvard University select someone for an IgNobel Prize. This recognises unusual and seemingly less than valuable scientific research. For 2005 it was Prof. Tyler's 'Survey of Frog Odorous Secretions'. He found that in an excited state *rokroks* exuded odours variously identifiable as peanuts, curry or chocolate. Mike's connection with PNG may now be somewhat distant but a claim to an IgNobel prize winner is not to be sniffed at.

Although of late he tended to come and go **Chris WARRILLOW**, ex-kiap, has finally concluded 45 years residence in PNG and settled with his Judy in semi-rural Victoria. Which means that bar staff at the Aviat Club, Moresby will no longer need to wear hard hats on the job in case a customer unhappy with their service decides to levitate the cash register across the counter.... An occurrence which I contrast with one recorded in the fascinating 'Diaries of Ted Bishton' from a much earlier PNG era but currently being published in *Una Voce*. There is a reference to a Scandinavian planter on New Ireland who in a brawl at a Chinese hotel 'threw the piano over the verandah'! Ah, but men were men in those days. ■

\* \* \*

The **Cultural Gifts Program**, established in 1978, has seen many items donated to institutions who otherwise could not have afforded to buy them. A recent gift under this program was a Douglas DC-2 aircraft given to the Australian National Aviation Museum at Moorabbin in Victoria. 'It was bought for the RAAF in early WWII and played an important role in the support of combat units fighting in NG. The aircraft is one of only seven remaining worldwide and the only DC-2 aircraft in a public collection in Australia.'

Aust Fin Review 20 October 2005

## **GREETINGS FROM THE AIRVOS APARTMENTS By Rick Nehmy**

‘Although the headline inflation spiked up in December due to volatile betel nut prices, there is no reason to believe that inflation is getting out of control...’ Treasurer Bart Philemon, 06/02/06.

Well, still here, still don’t know what’s happening to us, and my contract has less than months to run. Our first Airvos resident and his family have left, having completed their 18 month contract. This reduces the number of Adelaide Crows supporters in our block by one family, thank goodness. Other ECP staff are still considering their options – and many have already been offered renewals.

I doubt anyone missed the outpouring of emotion after the death of Sir William Skate. Independence Hill was declared the burial place of national leaders, and he was the first to be interred there. After a photo appeared showing the excavator preparing the grave several people wrote letters indicating that digging a grave was an honour, and there would have been many volunteers willing to dig this one. Several photos also appeared of the Funeral Director preparing Sir William’s body for the daily viewings.

Our apartment block was totally vacant over the Christmas break – we were virtually the last out and first back, even though we were TANG-FU’ed and spent an unexpected two days in Singapore. We then spent another 20 hours getting from Singapore to Port Moresby via Darwin and Cairns. Darwin Airport at 4am was horrific....we had an hours stopover and it took 40 minutes to get through security into the transit lounge – and, as none of the offloaded Singapore passengers had planned to transit Australia and there were no money changing facilities available, I was very lucky that, when leaving Moresby, I had thrown an Aussie note into my wallet – unlike almost everyone else, at least we were able to buy a cup of coffee.

PNG Airport Security is far more pragmatic than I encounter in Australia. Maybe its my Middle Eastern looks, maybe its because I always set the metal detectors off, but making me take my socks off and making me put my carryon through the scanner again just because I had picked it up from the belt before the official decided to rescan me seems to be a little over the top, especially when coming off a plane and only entering the transit lounge in order to leave the country again. And all this while travelling on an official Australian Government passport!

Its back to school time and finding school fees is an all consuming task for many people. The SP brewery is assisting by running a competition with school fee payments as prizes – the more SP you drink, the more entries you get in the competition. Some old hands are suggesting that the increase in petty crime (and prostitution) at the moment is directly related to the search for school fees.

We went to a wedding recently – a Morobe bride and a Gulf groom. The ceremony was held in the open air Murray Barracks chapel, which was a picture – given the lack of guards on the gates at the barracks, I would have expected the chapel to be in very poor condition, but the pre-independence wall mountings are still intact. The ceremony was scheduled for 1230 – we arrived at 1215, and were amongst the first arrivals. The decorating finished at 1330, the groom arrived at 1335 and the bride at 1355. There would have been 400 or so guests at the reception, and, despite several warnings that we had to vacate the venue by 1730, at 1710 women and children were still queuing to eat and cauldron upon cauldron of food was still arriving and being set up. As invited guests we were amongst the first to eat – followed by bride and groom *wantoks*, then ‘non-invited’ men, then ‘non invited’ women and children.

And on an upbeat note, in another six weeks we will be able to call the special ‘service difficulties and faults’ Telikom number reserved only for those whose phone has been out for 6 months or longer – if only we had a phone from which to call. ■

## HAVE YOU HEARD?

► **Dr Francis George Smyth** became a Member of the Order of Australia with the announcement of the 2006 awards on 26 Jan 2006 for service to the international community through the development and provision of general, oncological and reconstructive surgery services, to medical education, and to the people of PNG and in particular to the community of Port Moresby. Frank was Dux (aeq) Sydney Boys High School 1939, graduated MB BS (Hons) from Sydney University in 1945 and served with the Health Dept in PNG from 1957 till 1986 as a specialist surgeon, mainly in Port Moresby. He was an Examiner of medical students at UPNG and a WHO Fellow in Mouth Cancer, lecturing on it in many countries.

► **In the December 2005 issue of *Una Voce* (pg 7)** three recipients of the Order of the Logohu were noted. Additionally, as part of the 30<sup>th</sup> Independence Anniversary of Papua New Guinea celebrations, retired Archbishop **Sir David Hand** was made a **Grand Companion of the Order of Logohu**. The Right Revd David Hand KBE applied for PNG citizenship immediately after Independence in 1975 and was enrolled as PNG's 'Citizen No 1'. He was consecrated Assistant Bishop of New Guinea in 1950, and elected Archbishop of the newly formed independent Anglican Province of PNG in 1977. Since his retirement he has been living at Gerehu, National Capital Province. The Award was conferred on him by HRH Princess Anne.

► **Rob Manning** writes from Western Australia:

In sourcing material for my book on Salamaua, I run into a few ex New Guinea people



(I'm only married into one - the Cavanaugh family - ex Forestry - mainly Bulolo). Besides a number of soldiers I've interviewed, I had the pleasure of meeting **Con and Marybeth Giambazi**. Marybeth (*pictured left*) is **Jerry Owers's** daughter (Owers Corner, Kokoda Trail) and lives here in Perth, WA. Jerry was stationed at Salamaua before the Japanese invasion in March 1942. During the conversation we got onto the subject of gold because Jerry had worked as a surveyor for New Guinea Gold. I was shown their kitchen door stop which is a 200 oz gold weight that Jerry salvaged from the bombed-out Bank of NSW in Wau in early 1942. I sensed a great piece of history here - of the hard work in those amazing goldfields in the 1930s. If you read some of Sinclair's books you'll know what I mean. I'm not sure how he lugged it to Australia!

**Kokoda Track veterans were honoured** at a memorial presentation in Sydney by General Peter Cosgrove last November. Located on the corner of Kokoda Avenue and Clissold Road, Wahroonga, residents of Kokoda Avenue gathered the support of Rotary Clubs, local businesses and the State and Federal governments to add to their own contributions. In-kind donations from organisations also helped to produce the sandstone structure featuring a central panel depicting a scene of the 1942 battle between Australian and Japanese forces. Seven bronze plaques on the sides of the memorial list the military units that fought in the battle and a container of soil taken from the track is placed inside the structure. The ceremony, on 20 November 2005, was compered by TV personality Ross Symonds with music from the pipers of Knox Grammar School. Members of the original fighting units attended including one from Victoria who had fought with the 39<sup>th</sup> Battalion. From Nth Shore Times 16 Nov 2005

**Leo Butler** writes – I was recently a guest at **Leo and Flora Bowman's** home in Melbourne to celebrate **Leo's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday**. A family celebration in Sydney had been had with their son Peter who resides in Sydney, and their daughters Debbie, First Secretary in the Embassy at Jakarta, and Susie who has relocated with her family from Melbourne to Seattle, America. Leo spent 30 years working in PNG, mainly in Port Moresby and Lae. Originally with the Commonwealth Bank, Leo mostly worked with Mobil (Vacuum Oil). As General Manager for Mobil he covered PNG and the Solomon Islands. Leo Bowman was a well-known sportsman and acknowledged as one of PNG's star cricketers; he represented PNG in Rugby football and both he and Flora have always been keen golfers. Flora is the youngest daughter of one of PNG's pioneers, Mrs Flora (Flo) Stewart, who operated many hotels; 1906 Samarai, 1906 Wau and Lae (pre-war). She reopened and rebuilt the Hotel Cecil in Lae after returning in 1945. Mrs Stewart died in 1979 in Lae at the age of 92 years. Flora Bowman's sister, Ela, was married to Jimmy Birrell who was involved in Trucking and Service Stations in Lae.

It was a most interesting day with the Bowman's and their friends, recalling many experiences in PNG as well as some good golfing stories spanning the years 1947-1979. A great day was had by all.

\* \* \*

**Allan Neilsen** writes - **Bob and Jill Curtis celebrated their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary** on 10 December 2005 with a surprise luncheon at Aqua Dining, North Sydney, beautifully organised by their daughter and son, Julie and Mark.

Bob met Jill Minehan in 1954 when she visited her relatives in PNG. They married in Melbourne in 1955. Jill's father, Max Minehan, was an engineer with Guinea Airway both pre and post WWII. Uncle Ed Cartrell was an engineer with BDG pre-war. Ed was instrumental in taking some of the first colour movie films of PNG in 1934-35.

Besides many relatives and friends, some not seen for 30 years, ex PNG friends who attended included John and Jan Hamilton from Toowoomba QLD and Peter Holibone from Bulla Gorook VIC.

I feel sure I speak for everyone who has known them; Bob and Jill are two of the most delightful people anyone could know. This has rubbed off on Julie and Mark who were both born in PNG.

Congratulation all around.

\* \* \*

In November 2005 Pope Benedict XVI invested **Sir Kevin Shorthouse a Knight of the Order of Saint Sylvester**, and **Dame Gail Shorthouse, Dame of the Order of St Sylvester**. They were honoured with these prestigious awards for their 40 years of combined service to the Catholic Church in PNG. Archbishop Adolfo Tito Yllana, the official Vatican Diplomat to PNG and Solomon Islands presented the awards to the couple, witnessed by over 300 people at Vanimo. Sir Kevin, mission teacher and later pilot was born in Port Moresby and is the eldest son of the late Cec and Eileen Shorthouse who spent many years in Port Moresby, pre and post war. Sir Kevin and Dame Gail have served in the Aitape, Madang, Wewak and Vanimo Dioceses.

\* \* \*

Maureen (Shorthouse) O'Rourke

An original (duplicate) typewritten manuscript account of the 1926-1927 North-West Patrol by Ivan Champion and Charles Karius was seen recently for sale for \$15,000.



## **POPA BILONG OL By Harry West**

**Fred Kaads'** legion of friends will be happy to know that his outstanding contribution to the development of PNG and its people, over a period of more than 50 years, has again been recognised with the award of a 30<sup>th</sup> Independence Anniversary Commemorative Medal.

The presentation was made by Paul Nerau LLB, Papua New Guinea's Consul General located in Brisbane, at our special Christmas luncheon held at the Mandarin Club in Sydney on Sunday 4 December 2005.

Fred served with the AIF in PNG in WWII, joined the Administration as a Patrol Officer in 1946 and became a District Commissioner in 1960. A plane crash, while on duty near Madang in 1964 left him a paraplegic. Despite great privation, and with a wife and three young daughters to care about, he soon completed a Masters Degree in Education and then lectured in Government at ASOPA, Mosman, continuously till retirement in 1985, enormously impacting the career development of hundreds of students from PNG and other developing countries. Amongst the students he was affectionately known as '*Popa bilong ol*'.

In 1951 Fred played a prominent part in rescue and rehabilitation following the Mount Lamington volcanic disaster. In 1962 he was appointed Secretary of the Select Committee on Political Development of the Legislative Council and in 1963 became the Executive Officer of the Currie Commission which led to the establishment of the University of PNG in Port Moresby and the University of Technology in Lae.

He represented PNG on the committee that led to the inauguration of the South Pacific Games and in 1962 captained the athletics section of the PNG team at the British Empire and Commonwealth Games in Perth. He provided leadership at the national level in the development of athletics, basketball and soccer in PNG. He became International Commissioner for PNG on the National Association of Scouting in Australia.

For several years Fred was a director of the Council on New Guinea Affairs, a private foundation promoting knowledge of and friendly relations between PNG and Australia.

Apart from playing a prominent part as an actor in Chips Rafferty's '*Walk Into Paradise*' filmed in the Highlands, Sepik and Madang Districts in 1955, Fred was charged with ensuring authenticity, particularly in regards to the dress and the many hundreds of traditionally, spectacularly and colourfully clad highlanders in the *sing sing* scenes which live on as an important historical record of the times.

### **MARKHAM TOM**

**The memoirs of Tom Leahy capture with great humour and affection the way people really lived in PNG in the late 1940s to the late 1970s.**

**A few copies are still available for \$35.00 posted.**

**Write to:**

**The Leahy family, 'Corowa', Mail Service 999, Dalby, Qld 4405.**

**"Few books keep me up to 3 a.m. which yours did." - Harry West**

## THE LIVESTOCK INDUSTRY OF PNG by Lady Jephcott

Some time ago there was a re-print of a Roma Bates' letter describing a visit to the Gusap Races in *Una Voce*; but little has been reported about the Didimen and those who worked with livestock on the cattle stations. Where ever Australians have horses they have some sport with them, be it racing, polocrosse, showing or campdrafts. All the larger cattle properties used horses to muster cattle. On the plantations horses preceded motorbikes to inspect the crop. They had the advantage of better assessment of the labour line, the silent approach.

Race meetings were held intermittently throughout the old TPNG. There is little record of them. Often the racecourse was an airstrip, and the funds were given to charity.

By the fifties and sixties cattle were being reintroduced into TPNG. Most of the pre-war livestock had been devoured by the opposing armies. One of the amazing feats of droving was carried out by Dan Leahy. He went to Dylup to muster the cattle there to take to the Army in the Watut. He had to break-in horses and tame the wild cattle first. His trip is well described in *Kundu Dan* by John Fowke. We found some bones of one beast on Dumpu before our cattle arrived. It must have been the remnants of one of Dan's mob.

Post war, the Administration actively encouraged the development of a cattle industry. A freight subsidy was the major incentive to those who had been granted blocks for cattle production. These blocks included the open grassland of the Upper Ramu Valley, and the Markham, including Dumpu No. 1 and 2 blocks, Gusap, Leron, Rumion, Sasiang and smaller areas for mixed farming in the lower Markham. Of course conditions applied to the subsidy, specified strong fencing to contain the cattle, health tests and plenty of dipping to prevent tick coming into the tick free area. The Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries (DASF), as it was then, had a strong team of Veterinarians. Several of these had been granted scholarships to study at QLD or Sydney Veterinary Schools. There was an even stronger group of Stock Inspectors through the Territory. Cattle off the ship in Lae were run on to the wharf and driven down Milford Haven Road out to Three Mile Quarantine station. We had some 3-Mile Jersey cows driven in as leads. They were not much help, fortunately the heifers from northern QLD were well behaved and arrived at the 3-Mile. There were one or two cattle crates available to truck the larger mobs from Three Mile to Erap. The timber jinkers from Bulolo and other, increasing, traffic made it almost impossible to drive four hundred cattle along the first twenty miles of housing and jungle from Lae. We all had to give the most promising of our employees who had been fencing, yard building and erecting housing and sheds, a crash course in equitation. In other words they were dumped on a horse, mostly quiet, and rode with us behind the cattle for a hundred miles.

Early importations of cattle were undertaken by Mick Leahy to Zenag; by DASF to their cattle stations including Erap in the Markham Valley, and Arona; by RL Atkinson to Gusap, by Wally Jackson and others also in the Markham; by some copra plantations in New Britain and elsewhere to control the weeds under the trees and to feed the labour lines. More cattle poured into the Markham, in the 1960s, to Bulolo Gold's cattle station at Leron Plains and to Dumpu owned by Bruce (later Sir Bruce) and Barbara Jephcott and partners Max Titley and Jim Goldsmith. A large cattle project was established near Kimbe by the Oil Palm Company. This included a feed-lot based on oil palm expeller and molasses from Ramu Sugar. On the Papuan side DASF had stocked Moitaki. Beef cattle were shipped into Fairfax Harbour on a barge,

let go to run on Fairfax Estates, some went bush. Several dairies were started, non very successful in the wet tropics.

In July 1962 my baby daughter and I had traveled from Townsville on the *MS Cora* with 436 head of cattle for Dumpu and 24 horses for Dumpu and Gusap. The *Cora*, a properly fitted cattle ship was a dream ship compared to the 300 ton cargo ship, the *Slevik*, on which we had shipped 90 head at a time in 1961. I was on the first trip, rather pregnant. The horses imported on the *Cora* joined some bought from Arona, and some Lionel Oxlade, then owner of Arona had there, to provide the horses for the first Gusap Races. Syd Staines, manager of Gusap, and Les Brady, Chairman of the new shareholders in RL Atkinson & Co had built a racetrack and course near the big airstrip and named it Flemwick Farm. A 'bomb bay', created a grandstand. There was a bar, the secretary's office, horse stalls with rough kunai roofs and some benches. The Gusap and Aianora labour had worked hard.

The horses were station stock horses, varying from a very few thoroughbreds, through various crosses of heavy horses, ponies with mostly thoroughbred stallions. We held trials to make the races as even as possible. In the first trial I was on Pedro, a fine type of stock horse and Syd on a good mare he had named Jewel, both off the *Cora*. Syd said 'Go!' Away Pedro went, and there was Jewel beside me, minus Syd. She had bucked when Syd hit her to jump out quickly and Syd had been evicted! At the end of the trials we were able to offer owners, for the day, a fair chance in each race. We 'sold' the horses for the day; proceeds going to charity. Jack Reid bought Pedro, I rode him and we won the Cup. At the first Lae Show in 1959, Syd had driven a mob of horses to Lae from Gusap. We had a small race meeting at the end of the Show. The course was three furlongs around a U shaped track. There were three heats and a final. I rode Margo, owned by Steve Baxter. In the final I drew the inside and managed to hold off Syd and Jewel in the short straight. Syd issued a challenge at Gusap and on the big track won easily. My race riding career came to an end when unfit and with two children I became unbalanced in the straight at later Gusap races, and fell off. Bruce took over as Dumpu jockey. The races at Gusap ended in 1968, when there was a mild riot, and a fire lit at the end of the airstrip. Syd rode among the 'rioters', dispersing them with a swinging stirrup iron. The racegoers put out the fire. By then the principles of Gusap decided to end the races at Gusap. Over the seven years of Gusap Races many patrons had flown to the races on charters from Port Moresby, Mt Hagen and Madang. The horses also came from Leron, and other properties further down the valley as the Leron and Umi were bridged. Owners started to race their own horses and the auctions for horses ceased. Jockeys had varied skills, from Syd's long experience, to others who could ride well, and some who thought they could. One bank 'Johnny' decided to ride, taking a short cut inside the running rail! DASF vet Dave Purdy and others from Port Moresby rode.

For two years we raced at Kaiapit on the airstrip. In the mean time the NG Amateur Race Club (NGARC) negotiated a lease on land near Nadzab airfield. The number of meetings increased to three per year, plus races at Goroka, Banz or Mt Hagen. Horses were trucked in the cattle trucks, or floats. Regular races were held near Port Moresby at a large horse complex on land leased from Vince Neilsen at Ilimo. Over the years the races became more professional, with professional jockeys from Port Moresby and occasionally from Australia; and experienced racehorses also imported from Australia. There were few races in which the station horse had a chance. By then Polocrosse had been revived. It was played first at Koitaki initiated by Colin Sefton, then at Goroka,

Banz and Kainantu in the early sixties. It had 'died' in the Highlands for a few years to be revived in 1974, with a big influx of players and horses from the cattle stations.

Many of the riders and horses were quite versatile, competing in races, polocrosse and in the show rings of Lae and Goroka. Not only did the owner/managers from the stations compete but also many of the PNG stockmen. Some of these became very good horse men with a keen eye for a polocrosse ball. The best were chosen in PNG teams to play in Australia and New Zealand. PNG had the first multi-racial polocrosse teams in the world. Polocrosse was played near Port Moresby, at Lae, Nadzab, Dumpu, Gusap, Goroka, Mt Hagen and once at the Mendi Stampede. In the eighties there were up to nineteen teams, of six players plus and their supporters. At Dumpu we had well over a hundred camping or staying in the houses. We supported the Club by self catering for the weekend, helped largely by SP supplying the beer, and Dumpu the beef. They were fun days.

But life was not all play. We did work, hard, developing the beef cattle industry and supplying fresh young beef to the PNG butchers. Cattle need to be kept well fed and healthy. That includes improving pastures, feeding supplements eg salt and other minerals, later molasses from Ramu Sugar and copra meal, palm oil expeller and/or mill run from Lae Flour mill. We grew crops, sorghum and corn and later sugar cane. Fences, yards, housing and sheds all had to be built and maintained. Screw-worm fly strike and buffalo flies needed controlling. The cattle were mustered regularly, and inspected in the paddock weekly. The calves were branded, males castrated, cows pregnancy tested and weaners separated to another paddock and supplementary feed.

Gusap, Leron, Mumun and Narakapor were acquired by BHP in an exchange of holdings. New Guinea Industries (NGI) had acquired a majority shareholding in RL Atkinson & Co (Monty Atkinson had long since sold Gusap to local shareholders.) NGI already owned Mumun and Narakapor, and they exchanged some of their timber holdings to Bulolo Gold Dredging (BGD) for Leron Plains. Later, BHP insisted on selling all the properties to Ramu Sugar Ltd, when Gusap land was required to grow sugar. Thus Ramu Sugar Limited were running 15000 cattle, Dumpu – 5500; Zivasing (owned by local people)-7500. Collins and Leahy owned Maralumie, Maranbung, and other smaller holdings in the lower Markham. When the pastures were best they ran about 5-6000 cattle, some on leased locally owned land. Rice Industries had acquired Sulikon and Erap with 3000 cattle, and several other properties and projects added to the cattle population of the Markham/Ramu. Most beef was slaughtered in Lae and distributed to the Highlands and Port Moresby, but there was never enough to supply the whole country. Imports from Australia, NZ and Vanuatu continued.

The cattle producers formed their own association, initially the New Guinea Graziers Association (NGGA). It was effective in addressing many matters with government, and to be affiliated with other rural bodies. We had representation on the Rural Industries Council. In an attempt to obtain more control of our industry we formed the Livestock Producers Association. This was expanded to the Livestock Producers and Processors Association, because several producers were also processors, eg Collins & Leahy, Pelgens and Markham Meats. The rapport between the two groups was mostly stable and prices were set for six monthly periods. On two occasions about 1984 and the early nineties, beef was hard to sell due to the then strong kina. Low prices in Australia and New Zealand caused dumping of beef in PNG.

The cattle industry continues to thrive where the management is good, but the associated sport-racing, polocrosse, gymkhanas, eventing have faded away. Dumpu is



now owned by Ramu Sugar Ltd. That Company is now starting to grow oil palm in the Upper Ramu. Horses and cattle are still a part of the Lae Show, with the stockmen from the stations bringing in their horses, for rider classes and jumping. The same people in Lae are organizing and working at the Show. Markham Farm, now controlled by Swires, exhibit excellent young steers and were the most successful exhibitor at last year's Show.

PNG is a beautiful and productive country. It has its problems of crime and graft but life and business still go on. ■

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### **NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA - John Kleinig**

Adelaide Writers' Week is part of the Adelaide Festival which starts in March. Apart from an impressive line up of overseas and Australian writers there are four book launches. On Friday 10 March, sees the release of – Doctor in Paradise: Challenges and Rewards in Medical Service, New Guinea 1958 – 1970 by **Dr Mary GUNTNER**.

Those who had anything to do with ASOPA will be interested in the glossy new signboard that you can now find outside the former Hallstrom Library at Middle Head. Titled '**The Old Pacific Training Centre**' it goes on.....

'This collection of weatherboard buildings was built for the Army just before World War II. It became the School of Pacific Administration after the war and was later used by AusAid to train public servants, diplomats and Pacific nationals.'

The Harbour Trust, with what appears to be unlimited funds from the Commonwealth Government, is 'restoring the precinct to create a place for public use and recreation.'

So with the flick of the signwriter's wrist, it appears that the site will now be transformed into a picnickers' haven complete with some of the best views of the harbour. Other suggestions in the past have included a school holiday or arts camp, a backpacker facility for schools and visitors, an open air amphitheatre and so on. There may be some fleeting reference to the work of ASOPA, probably in one of the touristy type brochures you find in the onsite weather-proof containers. Or maybe they have some plans to incorporate some of the past into the new facility. A quick look at the website didn't give much away.

I don't want to give the impression that the Harbour Trust is an insensitive, amateurish show. In fact the opposite is the case. The refurbishment of Lower Georges' Heights is a stunning example of what can be done when you have the money, leadership and expertise. As well, the site has one of the best views of the harbour.

Before they move to the next stage, which will probably include the ASOPA site, it would be intriguing to find out what is now planned.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Postscript to 'A Thousand Miles to Freedom'** from the Sydney Morning Herald 10 November 1945 (December 2005 Una Voce) sent in by Rossi Barrand.

Escape - A Thousand Miles to Freedom is the title of the book by Mary Murray which recounts the escape referred to in great detail; it was first published in 1965 but reprinted in Paperback 1995. A second book titled Hunted follows the events after the escape.

Another book that refers to this escape in an abridged form, but includes W R B Thomas' report to Amalgamated Wireless of Australia (AWA), is The Seawatchers - the Story of Australia's Coast Watch Service by Lawrence Durrant published in 1986.

Pat Johnson

## TRIBAL SKIRMISH - '50S AND '70S by Bob Cleland

1954

I was a junior Patrol Officer (Kiap), and Officer in Charge of a small remote Base Camp called Watabung 6000 feet up in the Eastern Highlands District of Papua New Guinea. One Monday on my noisy BSA Bantam motorbike, I was headed for Chuave from Watabung, along the winding road through very steep country, when I swung around a corner and was confronted by a small group of very agitated men. I stopped; the engine stopped; and without it's noise I could hear excited yells and yodeling further on out of sight. 'O Kiap, they're all fighting', they panted in melanesian Pidgin.

Feeling like one of New York's finest scrambling to the crime in a B-grade movie, I kicked the bike into life and rode off and around the next corner. Down the steep slope of the ridge above, cascaded towards me fifteen or twenty Watabung tribesmen, with another fifteen or twenty excited, yelling, weapon-brandishing Watabung tribesmen hot on their heels. I stopped. They slowed their descent. 'The Kiap's here' some called. The skirmish slowed to a halt, so I signalled and yelled for them to come down onto the road. They came and gathered in two separate, simmering groups. The first group carried a wounded tribesman. I persuaded them to sit down, one group on the left and the other on the right of a sharp corner, each partially obscured from the other. I stood at their apex with both sides visible to me, left and right. Behind me was a fifty-foot sheer fall to the river.

*I was excercising my police powers here by intervening in the dispute and calming the participants. But, vitally, I had behind me fifteen years of Australian contact and the trust built up in the people by an imposed system of administration, but able, nevertheless, to settle their minor disputes, mostly to their satisfaction.*

The dispute was over a pig which had been part of a bride price paid by the clan on my left to the clan on my right.

Bit by bit, with the limited Pidgin they had, I pieced together the story. The two groups were from two clans or groups of the same village. A woman from the Clan on my left, had weaned and brought to maturity a pig. This pig then formed part of the Bride price paid to the Clan on my right. Months later, the woman had seen the pig tied in a garden, and her maternal instincts overcame her and she simply untied the pig and walked away with it.

Members of the Clan on my right got stroppy with the other Clan and marched upon them carrying their usual domestic weaponry. Fists led to sticks led to axes, knives and bows and the skirmish cascaded down onto the road, there to be confronted by the Watabung Kiap ! The wounded man (husband of the larcenous woman) had an axe wound on his head and blood all over him. This, in truth, was one reason the skirmish came to an end. The aggrieved Clan had shed blood, so assuaging the pig theft. My coincidental arrival was reinforcement for them to stop the scrap.

*I'm still excercising my police powers as Investigating Officer, but delving behind the overt riotous behaviour to find the events leading up to the fight and the relationship between the protagonists, to put together with what I already knew of their social organisation.*

Once I had the story, I harangued them on *Pax Australiana* and told them they would all have to attend a Court as their fighting had broken the law. This I would do on my return from Chuave in a few hours time, and while I was gone they could all take the half hour walk to Watabung with instructions to take the wounded man to the Aid

Post. They were quite happy with this expression of ‘Kiap law’, and marched off down the road, unsupervised, in a single, harmonious, singing and laughing group !

I heard the court later that day and sentenced them all (about 30 men) to do five days work on Watabung Base Camp – and they could sleep at home.

*Here, I’m a Magistrate in the Court for Native Affairs, an appointment following about a year’s field experience and a rudimentary course in basic law and procedure. My decision was correct in the imposed Australian law, and ‘correct’ in the eyes of the defendants and their clansmen. The sentence reflected total lack of incarcerating facilities on this simple Base Camp, but, again was understood by everyone and caused no serious disruption to their everyday lives. I’m also the roll-caller and work supervisor for their sentence.*

Traditionally, this dispute would have ended amicably and ‘in balance’ between the two clans as soon as the perpetrator’s husband was wounded. My intervention should have served the same purpose. But . . . this little dispute turned out to be still ‘out of balance’ with the first Clan because the wound (i.e. the payback) was too big ! When I called at the aid post to enquire after the wounded one, the *Aid post Orderly* said ‘He’s OK.’ ‘Skull not broken then?’ I asked. ‘No’, he responded, ‘his skull is broken – here look.’ With that, he removed a piece of sticking plaster from the now shaven head, folded down a 4 inch by 6 inch flap of skin (which included his ear), picked out a piece of bone three inches long by half an inch wide and said ‘See - the skull is broken, but he’s OK.’

The injured one had not flinched – merely continued smiling up at me. I thought a bit of more-skilled medical attention might do no harm, so said I’d send him in to Goroka at first opportunity. This came next morning when someone came through headed for Goroka, so off he went sitting in the back of a bouncing Landrover.

In the mean time, I persuaded the aggrieved Clan to withhold further aggression until their Clansman returned from hospital, and I made sure that the convicted men worked on the station in two separate clan groups !

A week later, the injured one returned in smart new clothes and with other gifts and, underneath a resplendant, large, spotlessly white, gauze turban, all patched and stiched up. He’d been sent on from Goroka’s rather rudimentary hospital to Madang’s Base Hospital. The DC 3 flight was his first, his view of the coast and the Bismark sea was his first, and the sights, sounds and people of Madang were his first. He returned a VIP! His Clan were so impressed and felt so vicariously important that they immediately declared peace and goodwill towards the aggressive Clan, and (at least for the rest of the time I was at Watabung) the two Clans remained happy and harmonious neighbours in their village.



1974

I’m now an Assistant District Commissioner, 20 years on, 20km further west, and in charge of a whole sub-District, in a totally different social and language group in the adjoining Chimbu District. With the District Commissioner, Laurie Doolan, I was driving in a Landcruiser from Chuave, the sub-District Headquarters, up the steep limestone slope towards the abrupt cliffs of Mount Elimbari.

We swung around a corner and were confronted by scores of very agitated men, yelling and yodelling and running in all directions through a village strung along the ridge, and firing arrows at each other – seriously. Several bodies lay on the ground,

several houses were burning fiercely and from the shelter of their houses, the women were screaming encouragement to their men and abuse to their opponents.

Following habit both of us jumped out of the Landcruiser and added our puny shouts to the general mêlée. We tried to convey the message 'Stop, you're breaking the law, we are Kiaps (they would have known that). Stop fighting and let's talk'. No effect. Men were running very close to us and our Landcruiser, and being shot at by others further away. Realisation hit us both simultaneously, that these tribesmen were totally ignoring us and weren't particularly concerned whether or not we got hit. It was the first time for both of us that we'd been so irrelevant in such a situation! Strategic retreat seemed the best course of action so we jumped back into the vehicle and returned the half-hour to Chuave. There, we told the Chuave Police Inspector of the fight. He armed his police and, in two vehicles, two hours later, left for the village we'd retreated from. The District Commissioner and I took no further part in subsequent matters arising from the village fight, but retained an administrative interest in the outcome.

The next day, I learned that by the time the police arrived at the village, the fight had stopped. Several villagers were dead, a number wounded and a number of houses were burned down. A police investigation over the next few days resulted in arrests. The arrested were brought before the well trained and conscientious Local Court Magistrate at Chuave, thence through other levels of court over a protracted period, to be finally tried for murder in the Supreme Court. For this whole period the accused had been held in custody in a gaol remote from Chuave and their clansmen.

Despite the imbalance left behind by the fight and subsequent arrests, the two villages involved held an uneasy peace pending the Court outcome.

A short time later, I took the leave due to me and afterwards was posted to a different District. My later understanding is that the charges failed for technical legal reasons, including incomplete investigation and inadequate presentation of witnesses. The charges were found not proven, the accused were found not guilty and freed and subsequently were returned to their villages. They would have been warmly welcomed by their families and clansmen, but as everyone knew they were guilty, there was expectation that they'd be in gaol for a long time. Their arrival back without conviction, would have left all parties puzzled and confused and, critically, left a massive imbalance between the two fighting groups Laurie and I had stumbled across earlier.



### *What had changed in 20 years?*

The Watabung people, traditionally, were happy to go their placid way to their gardens each day and generally conduct their daily lives peacefully with only an occasional skirmish due mostly to anger flaring on the spot. Just a little blood spilt was usually enough to end the noisy but hardly serious fighting, after which they could sit together and negotiate a settlement.

The Chuave people, though geographically close, were part of a more volatile society with different language and customs. They loved a real blood and guts fight. Under the kiap-led *Pax Australiana* that mostly prevailed twenty years earlier, with its emphasis on conflict resolution and locally appreciated justice within the letter of the law, and accommodating where possible local custom, they were becoming less beligerent and more settled. This imposed Australian law, was becoming respected because the



people saw it as an understandable, and thus acceptable, alternative to their own system of immediate eye-for-an-eye social and political sanctions.

In the period between the two events described above, both policing and the exercise of justice had significantly changed. In place of the long-evolved and eminently successful “kiap system”, were functionally separate Policing and Judicial systems.

This was an evolution which had long been Australian policy, and implementation had been gradual since the 1940s, first into towns and larger centres and gradually encompassing an increasingly educated village population in the longer-contacted areas.

From the point of view of most of the extensive Highlands population in the 1970s, there had been degrees of evolution from traditional justice to kiap-administered justice over periods ranging from 30 years in the Eastern parts and decreasing to virtually zero in some still uncontrolled Western areas. For these Chuave people, first contact was early in the 1930s but regular patrols and the introduction of *Pax Australiana* did not start until the 1950s. The sudden substitution of a new method of policing and administration of justice in the 1970s came as a very confusing and apparently worthless change.

Instead of a kiap sitting down with a group of people – albeit on many occasions with a substantial uniformed police presence – and delving deep into the tradition and causes behind an event, they saw uniformed police themselves investigating along a narrow span and strictly within the Australian imposed laws. They saw only the evidence relating to the offence presented in court, often without the broader background of tribal custom and social relationships.

Instead of either the same kiap or a more senior kiap hearing the court and using evidence which nobody questioned, then giving a decision which at least took some note of the social and political needs and expectations of the community, they found a remote magistrate or judge sticking to a confusing procedure, counsel testing evidence in incomprehensible ways, followed by a decision which rarely could be understood.

With experiences of this new way of administering the same law, is it any wonder that those Chuave villagers reverted to their own ways of solving a dispute and chose to ignore two kiaps who suddenly turned up and wanted to interfere? ■

### **TELEFOMIN MURDERS 1953 By Dr Peter Cahill**

Mrs Dorothy Healey has given the PNGAA Collection in the Fryer Library of The University of Queensland a copy of her husband’s, Rhys Healey O.B.E., report on the murders of ADO Szarka and CPO Harris. A CD of photographs (not, naturally, of the victims) complements the Report which highlights the realities of early post war patrolling in less settled areas of New Guinea.

Material like this is pure gold for researchers. If any other reader has documents or photographs concerning the murders they would be a welcome and useful addition to the PNGAA Collection.

With Mrs Healey’s permission the Report, and photographs, have been microfilmed by the Pacific Islands Manuscript Bureau within the Australian National University, Canberra.



RPNGC at grave of CPO Harris & ADO Szarka at Telefomin. Photo from estate John Grainger.

### **Excerpt from 'FLYING MEN AND METAL BIRDS' By Bryan McCook**

A Baron charter to Banz in the Wahgi Valley was delayed one foggy morning – the clients – the Administration – had requested a departure at 8am that was the very worst time – for ground fog frequently closed Goroka's airport at that time of morning. Four government departmental officers were to be taken to Mount Hagen in the Western Highlands and Mendi in the Southern Highlands and returned in the afternoon. Alan Ross – Department of Forests, Goroka; Norrie Ford – Department of Education Goroka; Bill McMahon – Department of Education, Port Moresby and a fourth – a cadet valuer with the Department of Lands. Alec Tryhorn, a coffee dealer was to be dropped off at Banz and picked up for return to Goroka later in the day. By the time the fog lifted we were running about half an hour late.

However – once we were out of the Goroka valley and into the Wahgi – the weather was perfect. A clear blue sky framed the mighty Bismark and Kubor mountains – some of the tallest in the Territory. The Baron's excellent viewing windows gave the passenger's plenty to see as we scudded down New Guinea's most spectacular, highly productive, valley. The six-place cabin was alive with chatter as everyone took in the magnificent scenery.

Twenty minutes after leaving Goroka we were banking over the river that split the valley's plain and heading in for landing at Banz. Alec, the coffee dealer, was seated beside me so as he could disembark without me having to stop the engines. His only luggage – a business satchel – was probably full of 'greenbacks' for the buying of native coffee. All those aboard were frequent flyers – using aeroplanes in the Territory as one would a bus 'down south'. The Baron was allowed to roll up the strip without braking to park near a corrugated iron shed that served as the airport agent's terminal and office. In no time the dealer had swung the door open, climbed out on to the walkway on the wing and, with a wave, jumped off on to the ground; his trousers flapping and his hair getting blasted by the slipstream. A passenger in the middle seat was now asked to move to the front seat. When he'd done so and fastened his lap-strap, I locked the door; a job I always like doing myself, while I swung the Baron around to line up with the strip.

With all appropriate radio calls and take-off checks completed – with everybody secure – I pushed the throttles up – or 'opened the taps' as some say and buzzed off down the recently mown grass runway, which was of more than ample length and breadth. Airborne, I snicked the gear switch up, listened for the whirring of the electric motor – watched the green light change to red – retracted the flaps before commencing to turn for the next destination which was to be Mount Hagen – but for operational reasons I decided that Mendi in the Southern Highlands would be our next stop – so passed the departure time and change of plan to Madang aeradio at the same time.

Our track would take us over the airport and town of Mount Hagen – then through the basin between Mount Ialibu (11,368ft) and Mount Giluwe (14,327ft) a flight of 20 minutes only in my blue coloured 'speedbird'. Time spent on the ground at Banz had been a mere three minutes.

The route was a spectacular one – full of interest for the passengers – all eyes were glued to the windows as we came over the airstrip at Mendi to go into a pre-landing circuit pattern. Mendi was an uncontrolled airport – with a one-way landing approach to the north. While circling I took a good look at the windsock near the threshold of the gravel runway, where southerly winds prevailed, fierce at times. At 5500 feet

elevation the ever present tailwinds made for a fast touchdown speed, sometimes too fast for comfort. When on a right hand downwind for landing the flight plan was cancelled with Madang and an acknowledgement received as a turn was made for final approach. Now down lower it could be seen that the wind was quite strong – the windsock horizontal, flicking its tail in gusts.

Suddenly the radio crackled. ‘Golf Kilo Alpha this is Madang. If you have not landed at Mendi do NOT land. Have an urgent message for you. I say again do NOT land at Mendi.’

Down at about 500 feet over the field and lined up with the runway there was nothing left for me to do but pour on the power – retract the gear and flaps – climb to a safe height – then find out what was going on. As I circled over the field again – over the radio I soon learned. An aircraft’s wheel, that was believed to have parted company with the Baron, had been found on the Banz airstrip – was it mine?

In the cockpit I had no real way of knowing. At the appropriate speed, I operated the gear switch – heard the motor ‘whirr’ and watched the green light come on. That done, I reported that so far as the gear extend was concerned all was well but, as for the wheel, there was no way of knowing whether or not a wheel was missing from its leg. The passengers were now looking askance at me and were in need of an explanation. No doubt they were getting anxious over the missed approach or the other more unusual manoeuvres.

A locally operated Cessna of Ansett Mandated Airlines was brought into the picture. While still circling I was able to make radio contact with him while watching him take off and climb up. I flew the Baron slow – straight and level – while he flew alongside and under for a close look at the extended gear. My heart gave a bit of a flutter when he reported that the wheel was missing from the left gear leg!

This would mean that any landing would have to be made on one main gear wheel and one stub axle which could result in a dangerous ground loop as the axle bit into the gravel. If I ever had to do this somewhere – it would certainly not be at Mendi with a 20 knot wind chasing me up the runway. It didn’t take long to come up with a command decision to return to Goroka. There the long-sloping runway was presently under repair – the top being graded down to the dirt and would be next to perfect for a landing on the belly. A fire truck with experienced crew was always on standby. At about that time I realized how lucky it was that we had not flown into Mount Hagen from Banz – a flight of only a few minutes – when the wheel would not have been discovered in time to prevent me from landing on Hagen’s sealed runway minus one wheel! That was the first miracle in a day of miracles.

After advising Madang of my intentions we changed course for Goroka – about a forty minute more nervous ride this time – with little chatter from the passengers when I told them that they might soon be making local history! The flight gave me time to think it out and brief them on how to evacuate the aircraft smoothly through the main door and windows if necessary. This would be my first belly landing – although I had brought many a flying-boat down on to both rough and smooth water.

The emergency section of the aircraft flight manual breathed not a word about landing a Beechcraft Baron on the belly – so I decided that the smooth water technique as for a flying-boat would be used. Provided the surface is smooth enough to slide over there isn’t a lot of difference I found out later.

Goroka was well prepared with a fire tender already in position as we came over. I was advised that a section of the dirt runway had been lightly hosed – just wet enough

to lay the dust – making for a smoother slide on the delicate belly. Some heavy gear had been stowed in the cabin behind the seats with a long, heavy crowbar flat along one wall. Both the gear and the bar would best be thrown out before landing lest a sudden deceleration cause bodily injuries to some of my charges. The rear seat passenger was briefed on how, on my signal, to dispose of the gear through the rear cargo door as we came up over the runway at 100 feet. The crew waiting on the ground was to gather all the gear up before I landed. Well I know my bombing is accurate for I've done a lot of it with missiles long, large, short and small. All the gear dropped that day was recovered except the crowbar which has never been found. It must have pierced the ground at high velocity and gone deep towards the centre of the earth to record the only loss of any piece of equipment for the incident? I'm a praying man and offered a prayer as we made the final approach to the landing pad – aiming for the white stripe across the runway provided by the fire-crew. To keep the machine flat for the touchdown and prevent damage to the flaps – little flap extension was used. Holding off above the runway with the touchdown marker coming in fast – back came the throttles – off went the magnetos – fuel cocks and mixture levers. She hit firmly and stayed there, sliding straight as a die for what was about 80 metres. This time I remembered to take my feet off the pedals as any feeling in the controls became non-existent. A cheer went up from in the cabin as we came to a stop. As rehearsed, I leaned over and unlatched the door. Evacuation was neat and well disciplined. The front seat passenger pushed the door open and slipped out on to the wing – followed closely by the others from the rear seats while I came out last. We all moved away from the now helpless looking metal bird as the fire-crew started running hoses out from the tender. None of this fire-fighting discipline was necessary – there was not a hint of a fire anywhere. It was rather an anti-climax to a rather trying morning. Both propellers had contacted the ground and were bent near the tips – apart from that she looked to have been little damaged.

Later that day GKA was jacked up – the gear extended and a fresh wheel fitted before she was moved to the hangar. There were a few red faces in the engineering division when it was discovered that on an inspection the day before the wheel bearing must have been over tightened somehow and the wheel had spun off over the main retaining nut.

Soon afterwards – from the agent at Banz – I heard the story of the finding of the wheel. An indigene grass-cutter working at the bottom of the strip had watched the Baron take off and heard a rustle in the grass nearby. There he found the wheel and decided he had better take it up to Peter Harbeck the agent, which was a half-mile walk. The first miracle is over..... he could have taken the wheel to his village or left it till later! By this time the aircraft would have been end-up on Mendi airstrip possibly with some occupants being injured. For weeks past Peter's radio [in Banz] had been misbehaving. He had been frustrated by the lack of communication with his airline's office in Madang. Many times he had called without getting an early response. Fiddling with the set proved fruitless. Believing the wheel had come off the aircraft he'd heard but not seen – as its movement didn't concern him – he called Madang to report the find and got through on the first call! At that time I would probably have been over Mendi, canceling my flight plan with Madang. The airline office immediately notified the Madang control tower – who passed it on to aeradio – who, in turn, called me only just in time. Ah – it was good to be in New Guinea where people use their brains! Considering that the air frequencies are sometimes choked with traffic and the message was relayed three times – only a miracle got that warning



out in time. Had it not – then I would have landed at Mendi on a stub axle at 100 miles per hour – that might have brought an end to GKA and all aboard in a fire following a ground loop or flip-over. When I came to think about it later the most dangerous time was when we were on close final approach – green undercarriage warning light shining brightly – completely unaware that one leg was not ‘dangling the Dunlop’. To me – that – and not the belly landing – was the most critical part of this whole exercise. The belly landing closed my chapter of serious accidents although the next thirty years of solid flying in many parts of the world, under all sorts of conditions, saw me faced with several serious emergencies – by that time I had gathered much more experience to fall back on and was a much better pilot – by knowing most of the situations that could trap the over-confident or unwary flying man. GKA went to Brisbane for a major check a week or two later – which she came through without any serious stresses or strains being found. On returning there was plenty for her to do and Dennis (Buchanan) was considering the purchase of a twin sister. The man who ‘goofed’ with the bearing was beside himself with remorse – which eased when we shook hands in a ‘forgive and forget’ private ceremony in an office off the hangar. The same aircraft went on to serve the company for years – logging thousands of flights in one of the most difficult flying countries in the world.

\* \* \*

**Alan Ross**, one of the passengers on the aircraft on this eventful day, **writes:**

‘There were three critical events during the course of that morning which resulted in those of us on the flight walking away from Goroka airport unscathed:

- Bryan’s decision to fly first to Mendi, and then return to Mt Hagen. The extra flying time provided the precious additional minutes during which –
- the wheel was found by a grass cutter at the end of the Banz airstrip and the man had the good sense to take it straight to the airline agent, Peter Harbeck;
- the all-important radio call which managed to reach Madang despite previous radio difficulties;

Without the realization of all three actions, we would have experienced, *without question*, a rather nasty landing in Mendi, or for that matter (if Bryan had not changed the route) in Mt Hagen. It was clearly ‘touch and go’.

I recall vividly when Bryan was instructed by Madang control not to land in Mendi as GKA may have lost a wheel. In the cabin we all took in the stark call; I got a lump in my throat of the wrong kind. The time spent flying around the Asaro Valley in order to use up fuel was about one hour Bryan told me recently, though to me it felt much longer. Below us, Goroka Airport was closed to all traffic in preparation for our landing. At the controls, Bryan set about his plans for landing and carried out several stalling speed checks when the aircraft would come almost to a stop, a ‘beepbeep’ would sound and the aircraft’s nose would drop suddenly. These checks were to determine for Bryan the most favourable speed for landing.

When the fuel gauge finally showed zero Bryan told us it was the last loop round the Asaro and time to make the approach for landing. We were all well braced and prepared by then and actually the landing was rather uneventful, consisting of a few minor bumps; it displayed clearly what a cool headed and skilled pilot Bryan was. That afternoon I went off to celebrate the safe landing and drown any lingering post-flight butterflies. The next day, 22 July 1964, I caught the first available aircraft for Mt Hagen. ■

## REUNIONS

► **The 'EX-KIAP BUNG' (Southern Chapter) 2006** will be held at the Sandown Greyhounds Tabaret on Sunday 5th November, 2006, between 12.00 noon and 4.30pm. The Function Menu has been ordered tentatively for between 80 and 100 head at \$28.00 per head for a 4 course meal (Multiple choices for each course). Accommodation available in Sandown/Dandenong area. Please email intended attendances/any queries to either: [exkiap@aapt.net.au](mailto:exkiap@aapt.net.au) or [paulmaroney@optushome.com.au](mailto:paulmaroney@optushome.com.au). *All Ex-kiaps, former PNG Government Officers and private sector employees welcome.* Phone queries to: Peter & Maudeline Edwards Ph: 03 9775 8814 \* \* \*

### ► **PNG Reunion – GOLD COAST – Saturday 10 June 2006**

To be held at the Southport RSL Function Room, 36 Scarborough St, Southport. The three course buffet dinner will cost \$39 per person, drinks will be at Club prices. Should anyone wish to organise a group, tables can be arranged together. Further details from Paul Bolger, 5 Tamarix Ave, Bray Park QLD 4500 Ph/Fax: 07 3889 6805.

► **A SOGERI Reunion** is planned for late Sep/early Oct at South West Rocks, NSW. We hope to have further details in the June issue.

### **Sunshine Coast Kiap Reunion of 13 November 2005**

It was a great day. We were told so again and again on the day and again next morning at breakfast up at Mooloolaba waterfront where quite a few had regathered. And since then we have received so many cards, letters, telephone calls and emails that we can only concur. We have run quite a few Kiap Reunions on the Sunshine Coast but we believe this one was equal to the best.

The venue at the Kawana Waters Hotel was excellent, being open and spacious. Conversations were not inhibited by walls or windows – we could hear each other talk without having to shout and that was a major bonus. The outlook over the marina was brilliant with its many yachts and cruisers making a number of us most envious. Many asked that the chef and kitchen staff be congratulated and this was duly done. The meals were quite excellent. A Travel Agents Convention near to our allocated spot was well attended by a lot of our group and many were seen to be clutching brochures at the end of the day. Perhaps at the next reunion we will have stories of world travel.

As it was Kiaps came from Port Douglas and Cairns, from Bribie and Brisbane and the Gold Coast. Of course the Sunshine Coast was well represented but we were pleased with the roll up from Melbourne, Adelaide, Canberra and Sydney and from all points in between. Wives of Kiaps and a number of their offspring enjoyed the day. It was great to have them along as, after all, they shared our time in PNG. In all we had 204 attending, just 8 short of the previous reunion at Buderim. We are sure that our next gathering will exceed all previous turn ups when word of the success of this is spread.

Of course there were apologies from all over. From Maryborough to the Mornington Peninsular and places between, plus those from Yorkshire, Wales and even Kenya.

What went to make the day and what so many commented favourably upon was the total informality of proceedings. No speeches, no set seating arrangements. It was a case of see as many of your friends as you could, sit with whom you liked and mingle. Again it was said by one Kiap that he had 275 unfinished conversations.

We wish to thank all of those who attended and made the day what a superb day it was. Of course, particular thanks go to those who travelled such great distances to be with us.

**Bob and Heather Fayle together with Denys and Helen Faithful**

## **Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary Former Officers' Reunion Lunch By Derek Bell**

The 13<sup>th</sup> RPNGC Former Officers' Reunion Lunch was held in the Fables Restaurant at Legends Hotel, Surfers Paradise on Saturday 3 December 2005. It was attended by 47 former officers, partners, and widows from around Australia. They included **Mick and Olga Baker** from Perth, **Alistair and Jean Bain** back from 6 weeks in India and Europe, **Pat and Joan Barry**, **Barrie and Kitty Baxter**, **Bryan and Jackie Beattie** just returned from 10 weeks in Europe, **Derek and Sharenne Bell**, **Ivan and Anne Bell**, **Gerry Bellis**, **Geoff Brazier** from Cairns, **Graham and Jenny Breman**, **Harry and Audrey Bryant** from Port Macquarie, **Jean Carter**, **Helga Clegg**, **Bob Cole**, **Maz Daniel** back from Portugal, **Alan Dyer**, **Kevin Gascoigne** from Canberra, **Jim Gould** from Melbourne, **Max Hayes** from Melbourne, **John Herbert**, **David and Jeannette Illsley**, **Ted and Phyllis Jarrett**, **Sue Jewell**, **Dave and Margaret Macey**, **Alasdair and Kath MacDougall** back from a photographic safari in Botswana, **Bill MacGrath**, **John Monk** back from England, **Gordon Ramsay**, **Robbie and Cath Robinson**, **Olive Siggs**, **Jim Stratton** and his daughter **Pauline**, and **Kath Thomson** from Mareeba. As well as the inter-staters, many travelled long distances from the outer reaches of SE Queensland. Apologies were received from **Ken Cox**, **Jim Dutton**, **Paddy Erskine**, **John Gorin**, **Grev Feeney**, **Dave Fitzgibbon**, **Dud Laird**, **Bruce Inch**, **Doreen McGowan**, **Col Parry**, and **Terry Selva** delivering a Red Cross lecture in Canada.

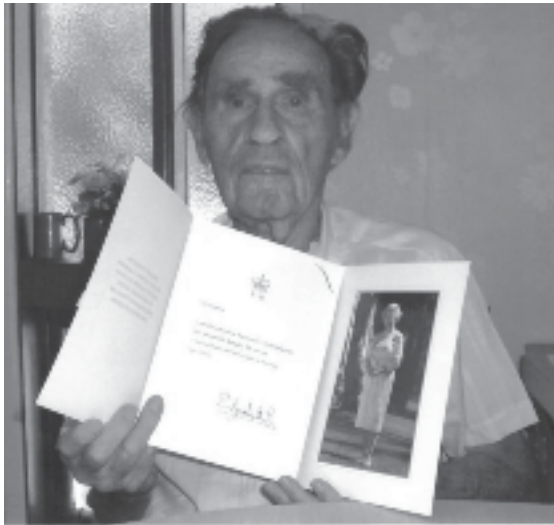
To mark the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary of PNG Independence two guests of honour were invited; **Jim Stratton** aged 100, who served in Rabaul and Salamaua in 1927-29, and **Bob Cole**, 92, former District Commissioner who served in PNG from 1938 and was Commissioner of Police 1964-69. Both Scorpios, in remarkably good health, were presented with impressive coffee mugs showing the Constabulary crest, and the names of all the police forces in German New Guinea, British New Guinea, Australian New Guinea and Papua. The mugs, designed by Alan Dyer and Bill MacGrath were for sale to other guests. (Bill still has a few available – give him a call). Jim Stratton also received a 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary flag, and Bob Cole a 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary T shirt, both donated by Gerry Bellis. Max Hayes displayed documents and memorabilia from the 1920's and Bill MacGrath donated copies of Dame Rachel Cleland's book *Pathways to Independence* to all guests. Former colleagues who passed away during the year were remembered. They included **Eric Hastings** (2004), **Fred Thomson**, **Rob Daniel**, and **Les McManus**. Their service in TP&NG and elsewhere was recalled, and toasts proposed to their memory.

Some former officers were reunited after more than 30 years and the memory cells were tested. Stories ricocheted around the room. One concerned a recent Cairns newspaper report that Pat Gallen, 83, widow of former Superintendent Mick Gallen, was given a \$30 ticket by a visiting female police officer at the small township of Malanda, for 'crossing the road not by the most direct route'. Pat who had injured her hip in a fall the previous day was walking with a stick. The ticket was promptly withdrawn by the local police sergeant. Now we know where the BBC gets its comedy scripts.

The lunch was a great success and a group of stalwarts continued over evening meals in Italian/Indian restaurants. The true stayers could be seen next morning roaming around the stalls of the Carrara Market. Next year's lunch will be held in Brisbane, probably on the second Saturday in December.

## THE LAST T.N.G. POLICE OFFICER

By Maxwell R. Hayes



Jim Stratton receives his certificate from Queen Elizabeth II on his 100<sup>th</sup> birthday. Photo courtesy Max Hayes

During my ongoing project over the last 10 years to locate and profile police officers of Papua New Guinea between 1884 and the Centenary of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary in 1988, I have located many former police officers, but none as long surviving as James (Jim) Buckingham Stratton, whom I will call the last surviving Territory of New Guinea police officer. He attained the age of 100 years on 23.11.2005, and was born at Broadwater, NSW.

After going through the TNG Gazettes I extracted the names of police officers, then compared them with the Australian electoral rolls. There were many 'James Stratton' but only one 'James Buckingham Stratton', and fearing that he then might be of considerable

age I hastened some nine years ago to interview him at Redcliffe, Brisbane. I found him with an excellent memory for names and events of his time in TNG and with much documentary evidence of events which occurred during his tenure there.

Jim joined the New Guinea Police Force effectively from 18.5.1927 the date of sailing of the *SS Montoro* (Burns Philp Line) under command of Captain A Donaldson and arrived after an uneventful voyage at Rabaul on 26.5.1927. The ships menu of that date along with a passenger list still exists. Shortly after arrival at Rabaul, he was sworn in along with fellow passenger, Ernest Steeples (who was to serve as a police officer until 1954), as a Constable with the rank of Warrant Officer (Class 2). His base salary was £336.0.0 pa to which was added a uniform allowance of £18.0.0 pa A deduction of 10/- per day was levied for the voyage to Rabaul. Conditions of service were roughly the same as existed in the post-war years, namely 21 months service with three months recreation leave, and unfurnished accommodation was provided with a small rental charge.

After being kitted out and inducted into the vagaries of general duty policing in Rabaul, on 13.9.1927 he left on *MS Lady Betty* for posting to Salamaua as the sole police officer in that area. On 3.10.1927, with three native police, he was given additional duties at Logui Police Post about 1 - 2 miles on the coast from Salamaua at the start of uncontrolled territory, taking over from Patrol Officer Ericksen. His duties were set out in a memorandum from District Officer Macdonnell, viz, to strictly enforce;

1. That no European, apart from Government Officials proceeds into an uncontrolled area (the whole of the Morobe District is an uncontrolled area) without first producing his permit.
2. That no European person proceeds to the Edie Creek Goldfield with less than 10 boys. Two men would require 20 boys and so on.
3. Every load is to be weighed, and no boy is permitted to carry more than 50 lbs weight. This includes his food for the road, unless special boys are engaged to carry food for the team.



4. A medical certificate with names of carriers proceeding to the field endorsed thereon, is supplied by the local Medical Officer to the employer or agent despatching the line. This certificate must be checked and names verified.

5. No line is permitted to proceed beyond the police post en route to the field after one o'clock in the day time.

6. No line coming to Salamaua is permitted to proceed beyond the police post after 3.30p.m. If the line reaches your post after that hour, it is to be detained there until the following morning when it is sent forward under escort to a medical officer for examination.

7. In addition to the above it is expected you will be able to carry out other police duties at Salamaua; such as serving summonses, making arrests and enforcing police regulations, etc.

He remained in the Salamaua, Logui area until November 1928, (working closely with Steeples at Edie Creek and Wau) when he was posted back to Rabaul, to be present for the Rabaul police mutiny lead by Sergeants Rami and Topali and which commenced on 2.1.1929. He would have completed his two year contract on 17.2.1929, but this was delayed due to the mutiny and the civil insurrection problems and he then commenced 100½ days leave on 18.3.1929 at the conclusion of which his service terminated formally on 26.6.1929 at noon. Recurrent bouts of dengue fever in

the Morobe District convinced him not to renew his contract.



January 1929 photo at Rabaul, of Warrant officers (2nd class) WH BIRD; JB STRATTON; CD BATES and GW WAITES

Photo courtesy Max Hayes

Prior to coming to TNG at the age of 15 he joined the Citizens Forces (NSW) as a Cadet and at age 18 was able to join the Royal Australian Garrison Artillery in which he served until 1926. To leave, he was required to pay a £10.0.0 fee and immediately joined the NSW Fire Brigade from 22.3.1926 until the date of the *Montoro* departure. After leaving TNG and leave in Sydney, he returned to the British Solomon Islands Protectorate where he worked as a plantation overseer on a Lever Bros plantation at

Yandina for 2 years. After a short time in Argentina, he then travelled to England, joined the British Army in 1932 and in his own words, as a Corporal in the Royal Army Service Corps, 'got his feet wet at Dunkirk'. He spent 1942/1943 with the North West Frontier Force in West Africa, before being discharged from the Army with the rank of Lieutenant on 26.11.1945. Returning to Australia he had various occupations of running a banana plantation, being in charge of an Aboriginal Station, pest exterminating and finally a post office before retiring. His wife of 63 years died in 2002, and he is cared for by his daughter, Pauline. At the age of 92, he reluctantly surrendered his driving licence. Owing to the efforts of a few RPNGC ex officers, Jim was the Guest of Honour at the 13th annual luncheon at the Gold Coast on Saturday 3rd December 2005. He was given a standing ovation.

Also at the luncheon was Robert (Bob) Rothsay Cole, (Commissioner of R.P.N.G.C. between 8.12.1964 and 20.4.1969) following closely behind at 92 years of age, having joined the New Guinea service in 1938 as a patrol officer. ■

## FLYING TO MT YULE REPEATER STATION BY 'CHOPPER

By Shirley Hendry

*This 'memorable experience' was in 1979 and was originally written up for 'Inner Wheel' - Rotary*  
During the course of his work with communications throughout PNG, my husband Bert frequently used helicopters. His team of native boys would first climb the mountain and clear a pad on top for the helicopter to go in, then the establishment of a microwave repeater station would commence. Solar power was used. PNG has no inter-town communication by land telephone due to the nature of the terrain. Once a helicopter pilot returned to base and called, 'Hey Bert, your boys are marching up the wrong mountain!' Just one of the many little problems that would crop up from time to time.

I had 'sort of' shelved going in the helicopter despite having many opportunities; guess I was apprehensive preferring something like a Boeing 707! However Bert would often say he would back the 'chopper any day against a fixed wing – and I expect he was justified in saying that since he had walked out of several crashes of small aircraft – like a cat with nine lives!

Anyway, using positive thinking and telling myself to think about all I would see etc, I agreed to go with Bert in the helicopter when he went to inspect the progress on the repeater station at Mt Yule in north-west Papua. While he went to collect the flight plan from the tower at Jacksons Airport, Pt Moresby, I met the pilot who greeted me with a 'So you finally made it', and I inspected the machine that was to take me off on my adventure. It was a Hughes 500, the type with the big blister cockpit, the workhorse variety. First of all I put my hand out to make sure there really was something solid between me and space.

We took off at first light for the flight of 45 minutes, cruising at a speed of 120 knots. The 'chopper did its little sideways 'waltz' around the pad and then we were cleared for take-off. Once up I was surprisingly relaxed and we did not appear to be travelling that fast because of the hovering movement peculiar to the helicopter.

Mt Yule is 11,600 feet above sea level and was discovered in the very early part of this century. Wreckage of wartime aircraft is strewn around the mountain. Due to constant cloud in this area, maps used during WWII were so much in error that mountain peaks throughout PNG were found to be between 2,000 and 5,000 feet higher than actually marked on maps. Many of the lesser peaks (ie under 9,000 feet) were not even marked on the maps. This was corrected by the Australian Government prior to Independence (1975) using aircraft for photographic topography.

The approach to Mt Yule was typical of equatorial region where cloud settles low at night in the valleys and rises with the heat of the day up the side of the mountains. This presented a problem at first but then the pilot found a hole in a cloud, through which we climbed to find sunshine and put down on the pad. Mt Yule is reasonably flat on top, six acres in area and moss forest – some moss was hanging from surrounding trees. The view from the mountain top was breathtakingly beautiful.

Bert's *bois* met me with a sheet of ice! Although in the tropics, some areas are quite cold. In fact it is the most varied country in every way.

A cup of coffee made at the camp was very welcome. Later some *meris* appeared having walked straight up the side of the mountain from their village 5,000 feet below, carrying *bilums* full of sweet oranges to sell us. I never cease to marvel at the strength which must be in the necks of PNG women for the incredible loads they carry: a *piccaninny*, a young pig, firewood, even a sewing machine. Anyway these must have

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been sure of a sale and not letting a chance go by and they were right because these oranges were really orange in colour, not like our coastal green ones. They need the cold to colour them. Our green variety was actually ripe but many an expatriate would be put off by them in the *bung*.

We collected some pretty flowering shrubs from the mountain too – the type that only grow at high altitudes.

Tower inspected, time to go so it was farewell to the *bois* and we ducked our heads to avoid the rotor and ran crouched to the ‘chopper. We took off from the south east side of Mt Yule, over its 4,000 ft sheer face into free space. Then my heart did leap, such was the rapid descent and I wasn’t sure if Bert was in, as the door was open – but then he was used to flying with it open so as to take photos successfully! A large cross was pointed out to me which had been erected on the ‘face’ as a memorial to American pilots who had crashed their aircraft there during WWII.

On our return flight we touched down on a dry river bed to refuel from a storage tank kept there. Then we levelled out and made for home across the Gulf of Papua. We flew over many coconut plantations and the thousands of coconut palms were quite spectacular from the air.

Arriving back in Moresby during the afternoon, I felt in a different world to the one I experienced just a few hours before. I was grateful to have had this memorable trip – no joy flight just for fun, but to be able to experience the work of communications and the part played in opening up a stone-age country thrust rapidly into the 20<sup>th</sup> century. ■

\* \* \* \* \*

Jim Eames visited Melbourne recently and visited the **Civil Aviation Historical Society's Museum at Essendon Airport**. The Society, is doing a marvellous job in collecting much of the history of Australian aviation of which Papua New Guinea was such an exceptional part. In recent times they have been collecting old photos of PNG and have developed a display of them which they have in the foyer of the old airport building they occupy at Essendon. There are some wonderful shots there of Lae, Wau (a superlative aerial), Bulolo etc, which range over many years of aviation in PNG. I'm sure any of the old New Guinea hands who can find the time to pay President of the Society Roger Meyer and his chaps a visit would be very impressed with what they have collected -- and a little nostalgic as well.

The address is : Rear of Building 44, corner of Lionel St and Wirraway Rd, Essendon Airport but to confirm when the museum is open, contact Roger on (03) 98184950 or at the Museum (03) 9374 3905. Email is [cahs@optusnet.com.au](mailto:cahs@optusnet.com.au) and there's a home page: [www.airwaysmuseum.com](http://www.airwaysmuseum.com)

## HELP WANTED

If anyone has a collection of *Una Voce* which is no longer needed or wanted it would be appreciated if you could advise anyone on the committee of PNGAA.

\* \* \*

Rob Manning, in writing up a history of Salamaua, is wondering if anyone could help with **any old photos of Salamaua** please. In particular he is chasing three photos but would be interested in any others too.

- O'Dea's house which used to sit high up on the steep hill/mountain at the end of the isthmus. It was last intact in 1943.

- A photo of the rusty Kittyhawk that used to be there on the beach after the war, probably near Kila, around the corner, west from the township. Rob saw a photo in a picture book once that was published a few years ago.

- At this same place was the Morobe bakery and a few European houses with red roofs - one had a white roof too - I was after any photos of these too, if possible.

Please contact **Rob Manning** at: 301 Forrest Rd, Bibra Lake, Western Australia 6163 or email [solution@aceonline.com.au](mailto:solution@aceonline.com.au) or PH 08 9 434 2628.

\* \* \*

In **November 1970**, at Namatanai cemetery, R371 Warrant Officer RAYMON was buried, the only local in the Chinese and European cemetery. He was in the A.I.B in the war. Can anyone confirm **who the ADO in Namatanai was** at the time, and perhaps describe the burial and visitors. I think one was WJ (Jack) Read the coastwatcher. After December 1943 when he returned to Brisbane from the Solomons and New Ireland there is little known of Raymon's exploits during the rest of the war until the surrender at Rabaul. Please send information to **Jim Ridges** Box 86 Kavieng, PNG.

\* \* \*

Any details on **recruiter Wally Hook**, who was murdered by the Japanese during WWII, would be appreciated by **Don Hook**. Wally is mentioned in Tales of Papua New Guinea by Peter Villiers Best in his article Pathways of the Fractured Flag.

Don's father, also with the name of Wally Hook - but not related to recruiter Wally - was a member of No. 1 Independent Company which set up headquarters in Kavieng in July 1941. He and another commando, Mick Morrell, were in Rabaul for medical treatment when the Japanese invaded. Their epic escape is detailed in the book We Were the First edited by Alexander 'Sandy' McNab. Don's father was killed in an accident in 1945.

If anyone can help Don with information on recruiter Wally Hook, please contact him at: PO Box 90, Red Hill ACT 2603, Tel/Fax 02 6239 6204

email: [hookdon@bigpond.net.au](mailto:hookdon@bigpond.net.au)

\* \* \*

**Fay Karamanakis**, Manager of the East Point Military Museum in Darwin is writing a book: **A Tribute to the Silent Heroes**, which is intended to be a collection of short stories based on people's experiences at the time. She is looking for people who served for Australia during WWII, either in Australia or abroad, and who would be able to contribute their stories to this book. She is also interested in volunteers or civilians who contributed in other ways. If a loved one has passed away, then a family member may contribute. Please contact Fay at: Lot 5434, Alec Fong Lim Drive, East Point, Darwin NT 0820 or PO Box 2114, Parap, Darwin NT 0804 Phone: 08-898 19702. For email, please phone to verify email address.

\* \* \*



## HELP WANTED (Cont)

**Kirsty Gillespie is researching music in the Kopiago area of the Southern Highlands** Province as part of her degree at the ANU. She would like to make contact with people (ex-kiaps, missionaries, teachers etc) who were at some time located at or very near Kopiago station, to hear their stories about the music that was performed there. Please contact Kirsty at: Centre for Cross-Cultural Research, Old Canberra House, Australian National University, ACT 0200 Tel: +612 612 50427 Fax: +612 612 52438 Email: [kirsty.gillespie@anu.edu.au](mailto:kirsty.gillespie@anu.edu.au)

## BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

**Of Storms and Rainbows Volume II** By **AL Graeme-Evans** ISBN 0 646039822  
Cost: \$85 plus \$12.50 P&H Orders to A Graeme-Evans, PO Box 579, Sandy Bay TAS 7005

**Markham Tom** By **Tom Leahy** edited by Christopher Ashton with a foreword by Peter Ryan 2002 ISBN 1 86333 242 1, 222 pp, published by Crawford House Publishing Pty Ltd. \$35.00 incl p&p within Aust. Write to: The Leahy family, 'Corowa', Mail Service 999, Dalby, Qld 4405

In the early 1950s Tom was awarded a farm block in the Markham Valley where he planted copra, cocoa, peanuts and sorghum, and raised cattle. He also discovered a vocation in politics. The Leahy name is synonymous with PNG and its history since the 1930s. This is a wonderful chronicle of Tom Leahy's life, full of humorous anecdotes, and demonstrates his affection for the Melanesian people and a heartfelt concern for PNG.

**Madang** By **James Sinclair** 2005, ISBN 9980-9976-8-0 450pp Published by DWU Press, Cost: AU\$120 or PNGK250 plus postage to Australia: AU\$50 within PNG: PNGK55. Colour and black and white illustrations included.  
For further information contact Sir Peter Barter, PO Box 707, Madang, PNG  
Tel: (675) 852 2766 Fax: (675) 852 3543 e-mail: [pbarter@mtspng.com](mailto:pbarter@mtspng.com)  
(We are hoping to have a review ready for the next issue)

**Day of Reckoning** By Lachlan Strahan ISBN 1 74076 167 7 396pp Softcover \$34.95 incl. postage Available from Pandanus Books, Research School of Pacific & Asian Studies, ANU, Canberra ACT 2000 Ph: 02 9664 0999

There is plenty of meat on this bone. It took the author, a working diplomat in DFAT, eight years to research and it details some startling events in PNG in the aftermath of WW2. He enlisted the help of ex-kiap Brian Jinks who in Una Voce, June 1998, sought information regarding 'an episode in Manus in 1948 when police under Commissioner Grimshaw were sent to arrest some Chinese labourers for assaulting a villager'. In the December, 1998 edition Paul Quinlivan, a Crown Prosecutor when given access to Justice Phillips's notebooks, offered us 'Sell-Out in Manus 1946-48'. He emphasised the duty of the Administration (kiaps and police) to protect PNG people from injury by foreigners disdainful of Australian sovereignty over the Islands. Three hundred Chinese labourers had been brought to Lorengau to salvage wartime assets sold by the US Forces to the Chinese Nationalists and several strung a local teenager from the beam of a Quonset hut and beat him for allegedly stealing cigarettes. On Australia Day 1948 he went to the kiap and asked for justice. Astonishingly this relatively minor crime led to five Justices of the High Court sitting

for five days in November to consider an appeal against convictions for assault made in the PNG Supreme Court during July. All this might have been avoided if the District Officer had felt it possible to accept the offer of a Chinese Army Captain to bring the offenders along for a beating by the victim. 'Payback' is not a uniquely PNG concept....

Another of our members to be interested in Jinks's request was Peter Grimshaw who researched the affair and took issue with Quinlivan's comment that the role of his father as Police Commissioner was very minor. On 20 March 1948 a Sydney newspaper claimed that 'Three hundred Chinese on Manus are asserting extra-territorial rights and resisting attempts by the Administration to arrest some for civil offences. They have formed a defence perimeter and established machine-gun posts'(!) The same day the District Officer signalled Moresby seeking police reinforcements under an experienced officer to compel an identification parade and arrest of offenders.

On 24 March two Catalinas with fifty armed police flew to Manus and next day the uniformed, be-medalled and very experienced John Grimshaw fronted the American commanding officer and a Chinese general, lined up the labour force enabling the native complainant to identify his attackers and brought four of them before the court next morning. The contingent were back in Moresby by 27 March and anyone familiar with administration in Australia let alone TPNG would marvel at the question put by Quinlivan 'Who would defend the indigenous inhabitants of Manus?' being answered inside seven days. The decision in March 1948 of Judge Phillips as Acting Administrator to reinforce Australian legal control on Manus would have been prompted by events in Lae three months earlier. Around midnight on New Year's Eve a fracas broke out at the Cecil Hotel between Filipino Scouts, an auxiliary unit of the US Army, seeking entry to a dance and European attendees, many from Works & Housing. A manager for New Guinea Goldfields received a blow to the head - probably from a bottle - and died within days. There was only one doctor in Lae who, as Strahan points out, must at the age of 23 have found giving evidence at an inquest in which his treatment of the deceased was under scrutiny a daunting occasion. Dr. Roy Scragg OBE, later Director of Health, seems to be the only person involved in this affair still 'on the membership list'.

Twenty Scouts were operating as a US War Graves Registration team in PNG but by 14 January six of them were in Malahang Gaol charged with manslaughter and a Supreme Court trial was planned for a week later. Out of the blue the ranking US Army officer there was instructed by his HQ in Manila that Judge Advocate staff would immediately proceed to Lae and hold a court martial of the Scouts. As Strahan says 'the message revealed that the Americans did not recognise Australian jurisdiction and intended to solve the matter in their own way'. Cyril McCubbery, then 50% of the Crown Law Office, met a plane carrying no fewer than nine JAG officers but the jurisdictional contretemps rapidly ascended to the office of Dr. Evatt, Minister for External Affairs, in Canberra.

The author emphasises that the will to assert Australian justice in its Trust Territory was not selectively anti-foreigner, coloured or otherwise. In November 1947 a kiap in a faux-magisterial role committed a sickening offence against a native at Kaiapit and within six weeks a younger kiap on that patrol post emulated him. They were sentenced to three and five years imprisonment respectively. Having dealt with their own in such measure the Australian Administration was not prepared to relinquish authority over offending Chinese or Filipinos.

Dr. Strahan has written a voluminous account of administrative negotiations from local to Embassy level, court room conflicts and cross-cultural clashes in a place and period rarely examined and for the casual reader there may be too much detail. However, fifty-eight years after the foregoing events PNGAA readers will observe that the country was then being run by a handful of overworked staff who certainly didn't need problems with international ramifications. Yet within ten years a functioning Public Service had been created of which most members could be modestly proud.

JB Toner

A reminder that the following book is available (reviewed in Una Voce Dec 2002):

**Sogeri The School That Helped to Shape a Nation - A History**, 1944-1994 by **Lance Taylor** 2002 ISBN 0 949600423, 340pp including 140 photos. Cost: \$30 for Sogeri connections and PNGAA members plus \$11 postage within Australia for 1-3 books. Cheques to 'ING Direct', available from Ms Marjorie Walker, 31 Josephine Avenue, Mt Waverley. VIC 3149 Ph: 03 9803 9071

Some recent queries prompted Dave Tarrant to look up the book, **The Coast Watchers by Eric Feldt RAN** (ISBN 1141963 58 2). He found it still in print even though the original was published in 1946, sixty years ago! Perhaps some of our more recent members may be interested.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **INDEPENDENCE DAY GOROKA By Bill Guest**

A few weeks prior to the actual big day in Goroka, I was in my office at New Guinea Co (next to the old Farmers and Settlers building) when one of my boys came in and said '*Masta, sampela lapun i laik toktok wanpela taim long yu tasol*'. I told him to send them in. There were about half a dozen of the old folk, and the spokesman told me that they had come with the purpose of asking myself and my wife Pat to stay with them on the coming 16<sup>th</sup> September – in other words, not to join in the general exodus of Europeans which was currently taking place. I assured them that Pat and I would still be there. A couple of days prior to the big one, my boys told me that a number of *lapuns* were sitting outside on the sides of the baret watching the store to make sure we were still there!

Independence Day arrived. We all went down to the airstrip where the handing over ceremony was to take place. I was with the RSL members who were, apart from me, all locals (ex PIB, Police etc). Nothing could have been more peaceful as John Walsh (who was incidentally Pat's cousin) handed over control to Bernie Borok. Down came the Australian flag, and the PNG National emblem was hoisted aloft to loud applause. I asked Bernie what he intended to do with the Australian flag, and suggested giving it to the RSL. He invited me up to his office the next morning and handed it to me.

When we left Goroka in 1980, I could not see any point in leaving the flag with the depleted Goroka Sub Branch of the RSL, so I brought it back with me, and it hangs in my 'New Guinea Room' under the house together with all the masks, spears and artifacts.

I have always held the opinion that the decision for PNG to acquire Independence when it did was badly timed, and some of the fears held by the old citizens would seem justified. During my twenty five years residence in PNG, I always considered that, in general, the Australian control over both the expatriate and the national population was well carried out. ■

### **‘SS MARSINA 10/7/30’**

*The following letter was the first sent home by **Jean Cox** telling of her impressions as she arrived in Samarai and then Rabaul. Letter was sent courtesy Dr John Spensley.*

Samarai was my introduction to the tropics. Such a glorious spot you couldn't imagine. I wouldn't like to live there for its too cramped being 47 acres only. There are two big hills which make it look larger. The people are very proud of their island and jealous of New Guinea.

The hibiscuses are beyond description. The most glorious colours and about five inches across. Some double but the single ones are the most glorious. We arrived at 5am passed the Dr. and went ashore at 9. We were only there four hours worse luck. I had quite a busy time visiting several folk. People are so kind to travellers and made me very welcome. There are no telephones and all communication is per the note and boy system. I don't think I'll ever be able to work again once I get properly into making the most of native labour. It took five days from Samarai to Rabaul. Navigation is very tricky in these parts owing to the thousands of reefs, but the skipper is a very good trooper. Not only at navigating but at looking after us. Miss Marshall (she came to Rabaul to be married) and I were the white haired girls on this voyage. There were only about eight people on the ship worth talking to and six of them were men. There was amongst them a very nice old German who is greatly respected in the territory. It appears he is responsible for the terms by which the country was handed over to Britain. He's one of the nicest old chaps you could meet and I believe very well off. His wife lives in Sydney and his son manages the plantation and he spends his time going to and fro. There were two Government officials from Rabaul, the Doctor and an English engineer going to Salamaua and we played cards and quoits and deck tennis and generally amused ourselves all day long. The weather wasn't at all oppressive until we laid anchor at Rabaul. Of course no-one wore much but still it was OK.

We got to Rabaul about 3am and dropped anchor out in the harbour till daylight. There was a good breeze up there. Rabaul town is built in a hollow with high hills at the back. The streets are something to be proud of being lined on each side by glorious trees which meet overhead. The houses, Govt. offices, court house, banks, hotels etc are all built alike and are merely bungalows with wide verandahs and shutters. They are mostly German built and well built too and anything from 4-20 feet from the ground. There are no fences. One's property is outlined by glorious coloured shrubs. It appears the ordinary man in the street cannot buy land..It is all on the 99 years lease system and they pay a very low rental.

Dr Sinclair pays £46 per year for his house on Namanula Hill, which is quite the Toorak of Rabaul. It is a most imposing structure. The lounges are all so pretty. Rather like St Aubins only much larger and the chairs are in many cases lacquered over. Green is a favourite colour. All entertaining is done on these balcony lounges and there are pot plants everywhere. Maidenhair fern grows like fun and very quickly. While we were in Rabaul (2½ days) I stayed with Mrs Sinclair. She was a nurse and I knew her in Melbourne. When I arrived I was met by dozens of Government officials and they all asked me to lunch but I went to Dr Hosking's eventually. He is the acting Director of Health here and his wife a most charming woman. They have such a pretty bungalow. He told me that things were pretty busy at Salamaua and asked if I'd go round there for a while so I thought it mightn't be bad for a few months and if it's no good I'll come back to Rabaul. It takes as long to get there from Rabaul as it does to go from Melbourne to Sydney. We are due there tomorrow morning.



There are motors everywhere in Rabaul. I was whizzed everywhere the first day and ended up at Miss Marshall's wedding with Dr Morris, the ship's doctor. The church is just a bungalow and the padre wore whites with a black bib. The wedding was at 7pm which is quite dark here. After the ceremony we were piled into cars and made off about three miles round the coast to what looked like a native hut very close to the shore. It turned out to be a favourite tea resort. There we had the most marvellous dinner. I think there were seven courses each freely interspersed by champagne and finished about 11.45pm when we went back to Rabaul to the hostess's house and danced and toasted again. I was told next day that the party went on till 5am but as I was staying with the Sinclair's and didn't know Dr Sinclair very well insisted on being taken home about 1.30am. It was quite a long drive too and much too dangerous a road to go with an unsteady driver. Altogether it was a very good wedding and if I live to be 100 I'll never forget my first night in Rabaul. It is now 1.15am and we will trust that I can write more in the morning before I go ashore. ■

### **PAPUA NEW GUINEA ARTEFACTS By Dr Peter Cahill**

As PNGAA members move into more compact accommodation many enquire about disposing of their PNG artefacts. While the Fryer Library, within the University of Queensland Central Library, welcomes print/photographic/tape and disk material, artefacts - because of their size, possible fragility and quantity - are beyond its storage capacity.

The Papua New Guinea *National Cultural (Preservation) Act* 1965 protects the export of various items (a) made before 1960, (b) identified as rare, and (c) incorporating human remains and Bird of Paradise plumes. Members who think their artefacts might fall within any of these categories should seek advice from Mr Joseph Chan (joa\_chan@hotmail.com) of the PNG Museum, Waigani, before advertising them for sale. This is a courtesy to the Museum which might be prepared to negotiate for them.

So – having decided not to keep artefacts, what do you do? First, ensure no family member/s is/are interested in them. Then, do your research – check art gallery/museum holdings, glossy ethnic art magazines, scan e-bay and similar on-line auction sites and, where possible, go to displays of Melanesian cultural material. You could be quite surprised at the value of your artefacts. For example, woven Buka ware, Sepik story boards, Tami Island/Trobriand Islands wood carvings, Chambri Lakes pottery and Highlands spears and stone axes could be worth hundreds of dollars to an avid collector. You'll soon get an idea of what something is worth and, more importantly, the demand for it.

Next, take postcard size *colour* photos (and keep dated copies) of each item's front/back/sides/bottom (stand it on a mirror) and send them to whichever Australian/overseas museum/s you think might be interested in buying them. Few will be, unless they fall within the categories listed in para.2 above, and then you could have problems. **Do not send the items.** If someone is interested negotiate a price, means of delivery and a receipt before sending it/them. You could check the Yellow Pages for a company that will handle packing and forwarding. Or you might prefer to deal with a reputable gallery. *Una Voce* runs advertisements for these.

These comments are a guide only. They do not pretend to be authoritative.

Only you can decide whether you want to proceed as suggested above, or simply give the artefacts away. ■

How to purchase our book  
**TALES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA**  
Edited by Stuart Inder

Write to The Publisher, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069

Cost to PNGAA members is \$25 plus P&P (\$9 within Aust., \$11-\$17.50 international, depending on destination...see enclosed order form)

Cost to non-members is \$30 plus P&P

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Cheques and Money Orders to be payable to PNGAA. For info contact:

Pam Foley – 02 9967 2818 or Ross Johnson at: [lapun@ozemail.com.au](mailto:lapun@ozemail.com.au)

**BOUT STOPS ASSEMBLY SITTING** By **Richard Jones**

BACK in the early 1970s, Papuan professional boxer Martin Beni was rated in the Commonwealth's Top 10 in his welterweight division. So dedicated was Beni to his calling and so magnetic his drawing power, Port Moresby's Sir Hubert Murray stadium was packed each time a Martin Beni bout was staged there.

The trees surrounding the stadium provided a prime vantage point for non-paying patrons and even though they were a few hundred metres from the boxing ring their branches were always laden with Beni fans.

Twice in that era the Papuan fighter from the central province was matched against Adelaide's Colin Cassidy, also ranked in the Commonwealth Top 10. After knocking out Cassidy in nine rounds in Moresby, Beni was drawn to fight the South Australian in a return bout a few months later at Konedobu's Sir Hubert Murray Stadium.

Interest in the big fight was so high in the days leading up to the re-match that tickets were virtually impossible to procure. But imagine the capacity crowd's amazement on the night of the bout to see a long line of official cars drawing up outside the main gate. The politicians in the House of Assembly, apparently at Chief Minister Michael Somare's urging, had decided sporting matters took precedence over parliamentary proceedings that balmy evening. So standing orders were suspended and a host of politicians from all parties made their way down to Konedobu to watch the big fight.

Beni duly saluted, despatching Cassidy in six rounds this time and the polities went home happy.

Apart from acting as the ring announcer at the Sir Hubert Murray stadium for all amateur and professional bouts staged there -- on another occasion former world heavyweight champion Joe Frazier boxed four exhibition rounds -- I called the important bouts live for ABC/NBC radio.

The call went over the airwaves in English but the bizarre part was the between-the-rounds commentary. There's only a 60 second break between rounds in pro bouts, so one of my co-commentators would sum up each round, in 30 seconds, in Pidgin. Then his sidekick would come on for 30 seconds with a Hiri Motu rundown, also in 30 seconds.

Back we'd resume with the English language 'Beni leads with a left jab, Cassidy slides to his left and lets go a right hook' routine until that round ended, and back would come the Pidgin and Motu summaries.

It was something I've never heard done on radio, before or since. ■

Dr Peter Cahill collects archival material on PNG (photographs, documents, maps and patrol reports) for the Fryer Library at the University of Queensland. His email address is [p.cahill@uqconnect.net](mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.net)

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### **ANOTHER ASCENT OF MT WILHELM by Bron McKillop**

I read with interest the article 'Ascending Mt Wilhelm' by James Porter in the December issue of *Una Voce*. It brought back memories of my ascent of the mount in 1962, 4 years earlier than the ascent by Porter.

I was at that time a legal officer in the Crown Law Office at Konedobu and had befriended a Keith Wood an accountant in the Administration (if I recall the name and occupation correctly after all these years of no contact). Keith was a keen bushwalker, mountain climber and photographer, none of which I was. He suggested we climb Mt Wilhelm and be the first Europeans, so far as he knew, to sleep overnight on the summit. Why not, I thought, in adventurous mode.

We packed the necessary gear, including a small tent, flew as far up the mountains as we could, hired some native carriers and proceeded with them to the summit, camping overnight on the way. Having dumped our gear beside the rocky summit the natives cleared off down the mountain, laughing among themselves and showing no interest in the spectacular views all around us. The sun was shining for our arrival at the summit. We walked along some mountain ridges and Keith took photos with his Leica, some of which I still have. We found a glass jar with a rusty tin lid in a cairn of stones containing scraps of paper with the names and dates of our predecessors at the summit. We added ours to maintain the tradition. We pitched our low, sideless tent, embedding the edge of the sloping roof into the ground to prevent the entry of water, ate a cold meal, watched large dark clouds roll in as the night fell, then crawled into the tent and into our sleeping bags. I at least was soon asleep.

I next remember waking from a dream of being enveloped by a large wet animal. It was belting down rain and the roof of the tent over me had become saturated and had sagged down all over me. I woke the still sleeping Keith and we crawled out of the tent and into the bucketing rain. The choice was to stay out in the rain or crawl back into the virtually collapsed tent. We managed the latter and waited, wide awake, for the rain to stop which it did about daybreak. We then packed up our sodden gear and, heavily burdened, stumbled off down the mountain hoping to meet as soon as possible our returning couriers. When later in the day we finally met up with them they broke into laughter at our still sodden state. They doubtless thought that sleeping at the summit, even if had never been done before, was just more white man's folly. ■

## **FAREWELL PARTY ON FERGUSON ISLAND by Jim Van der kamp**

When based at Mapamoiwa on Ferguson Island, Milne Bay, in 1966 I organised a farewell party as I was moving to Rabaul. There had been some murders on the Moruma Coast of Ferguson Island. After the villagers fled into the hills to escape the murderer who had run amok, the village pigs licked the blood of the two victims. These pigs would never be eaten. I sent a dinghy with some men from Mapamoiwa to Kukuia Village on the Moruma Coast where the murders had taken place and a huge pig was bought for seven pounds. The party was to be on the Saturday. Earlier that week however I had to administer anti-malarials for three consecutive days to all the inhabitants of the Amphlett Islands. My cook came too, as interpreter. No *Police motu* or *pidgin* was spoken on the Amphlett Islands but they spoke the same language as the Trobriands.

Having completed the task we were to be picked up again by the *MV Seamist* on the day of the party. Nothing arrived all morning. Surely we would not be left out there! To mumu a big pig is a lot of work and preparations would have started already early morning. By mid-afternoon I had almost lost hope when there appeared a tiny spot on the horizon, but in the opposite direction the *Seamist* was expected from. As the speck became slowly bigger I soon realised it must be the Health Department's trawler the *MV Hekaha* on its way to Mapamoiwa coming from Losuia. Without hesitation I told my cook to jump in the little dinghy we had and start the outboard motor. I had underestimated the distance and after a long time we hadn't even come within sight of anyone on the *Hekaha*. It was going to keep on going now to the left front of us.

By then we didn't have enough fuel left to return to the Amphletts nor make landfall anywhere else. It is an old trick but I found something, probably a tin can, to catch and reflect the sun's rays. For some time the trawler continued full steam but then, to our enormous relief, slowed down and made a wide turn. Soon we were taken aboard and the dinghy in tow.

Captain Adam Mahiti wasn't pleased at all. He had been given strict orders by his passenger to sail without any delay. The passenger was Dr. Wigley, TB Specialist, who wanted to examine all 48 TB patients at Mapamoiwa hospital that same night and depart early next morning. We reached Mapamoiwa before sunset. The *MV Seamist* was moored there too.

After witnessing some jaws dropping at my appearance, I demanded an explanation. I was told that the vessel was sailing along the Moruma Coast earlier that day and that a group of villagers were seen waving frantically and jumping up and down. The boat stopped, anchored and the incident was investigated. Due to this, I was told, there was insufficient time left to pick us up. So there I was at my farewell party that I almost missed. The food was delicious, nothing better than a good mumu. Along with the pig there was sweet potato, pumpkin, cooking bananas and cabbage. Rice was cooked separately. I noticed Dr. Wigley came too. He must have wondered what the heck that Dutchman was doing there in the middle of the ocean in a small dinghy. I will never forget that party, it was my first in PNG but many more followed before I went finish in 1985. ■

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Luke Flynn, grandson of Hollywood hero Errol Flynn, is about to portray the notorious actor in a feature film based on Errol Flynn's book Beam Ends. The book deals in a semi-fictional way with Errol Flynn's youthful years when he owned the 13-metre cutter Sirocco, sailing it up and down the Queensland coast. The film is planned to be shot in Australia and PNG this year. Courier Mail 29 Oct 05 and Daily News 14/10/05



# COMMISSIONER FOR SUPERANNUATION ANNUAL REPORT (Extract) COMSUPER 2004-2005

*The following extract is provided for the information of superannuated members of PNGAA.*

## **The PNG Schemes**

### **Legislation**

The Superannuation (Papua New Guinea) Ordinance 1951 provided retirement benefits for employees of the administration of the Territory of PNG through the establishment of the Papua and New Guinea Superannuation Fund. Since 1 July 1976, the PNG Superannuation Scheme has been administered by the Commonwealth Commissioner for Superannuation.

### **Contributions**

All benefits are paid from the Consolidated Revenue Fund. All pensions have been fully purchased and no contributions were paid during 2004-05.

### **Pensions**

During the year the number of pensions in force declined from 355 to 331. The table below sets out the number and type of pensions payable under the scheme.

#### **PNG pension commencements and cessations 2004-05**

	<b>Pensions at 1 July 2004</b>	<b>Commencements</b>	<b>Cessations</b>	<b>Pensions at 30 June 2005</b>
<b>Males</b>				
Retirement	94	-	15	79
Invalidity	27	-	-	27
Dependant	0	-	-	0
Sub-Total	121	-	15	106
<b>Females</b>				
Retirement	19	-	2	17
Invalidity	3	-	1	2
Widow	212	7	13	206
Sub-Total	234	7	16	225
<b>Total</b>	<b>355</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>31</b>	<b>331</b>

Expenditure on PNG pensions during 2004-05 was \$12 476 029 (\$13 497 024 in 2003-04).

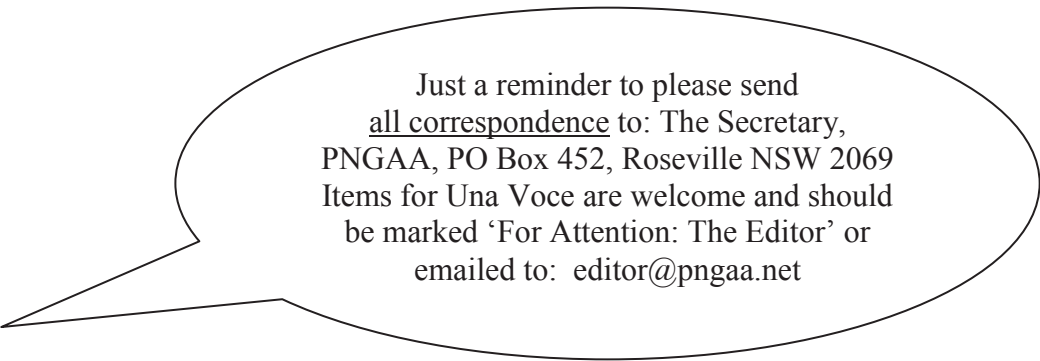
**The Papua & New Guinea Schemes** - The Commissioner for Superannuation is also responsible for the payment of pensions under the *Superannuation Ordinance 1917* of the Territory of Papua and the *Superannuation Ordinance 1928* of the Territory of New Guinea. The funds that were established under these ordinances have not existed for many years and the full cost of these pensions is met from Consolidated Revenue.

### **Miscellaneous**

#### ***Cost of administration***

Administering the PNG schemes is estimated to have cost ComSuper \$19 300 during 2004-05, (\$12 700 during 2003-04).

The full 2004-05 Annual Report of the Commissioner for Superannuation is obtainable from *The Manager, Publications, ComSuper, PO Box 22, Belconnen ACT 2616 Phone 02 62279110*



Just a reminder to please send  
all correspondence to: The Secretary,  
PNGAA, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069  
Items for Una Voce are welcome and should  
be marked 'For Attention: The Editor' or  
emailed to: [editor@pngaa.net](mailto:editor@pngaa.net)

## IMAGES FROM THE END OF AN ANCIENT WAY OF LIFE

By David Gillison

THE black and white photographs on display at Melbourne's Watson Place Gallery were taken during my first stay in the Eastern Highlands of Papua New Guinea (1973-75). I had come with my family to the village of Ubaigubi in the Crater Mountains looking for a place and people where ritual theatre might exist.

I came to this remote and cloud-covered land hoping to find a hint of that ancient past which lies hidden in all of us. But before touching the ineffable, that something beyond words which all artists seek no matter what age they live in, I would have to arrive in the everyday present.

And not for a moment, when we were preparing to leave for the Highlands, did it occur to me that my first challenge in living in a village such as Ubaigubi would be me and that I was the mysterious one, the one who must explain himself. I soon learned that our hosts had very firm ideas of what an expatriate was and did, and I didn't fit with them.

I was neither government official, missionary nor coffee trader. I hadn't come to tell them why they must not fight, but must dig pit toilets and have their children inoculated. Nor was I there as a birua (enemy) of the American evangelist who lived two days walk from their village, ready to offer a competing brand of Christianity.

Ethnographers, people who sit down with villagers and record all aspects of their lives, had been active in and around Goroka soon after World War 2. However, knowledge of this kind of person who simply observed and recorded behaviour had not travelled to Crater Mountain. To the young men of the village (with whom we conversed in Tok Pisin) who were our initial conduits to the women and older people (who spoke only Gimi, the local language) the idea that outsiders might want to hear their stories, or watch their rituals, was almost an absurdity.

For these young men there must have been another reason why we came. But as we later learned – and this of course took time – many of the elders saw things differently from the young men. For the elders there was no hidden agenda. In their eyes our reason for being there was that we were seeking our past and thus we were a familiar type of ghost. We had come in search of our past – we were looking for our relatives.

After four months or so of mutual probing, the logjam built of misunderstanding began to break. This became clear when Bate, a leader among the women of her clan, stood up at a meeting and pronounced our local names. After Bate's announcement we were no longer mystery people, no longer the red-skinned outsiders. We had identities: we now carried names associated with the plants and animals in their world. Of course, as we later learned, Bate had her own hidden agenda (hidden from us) as she had already announced to the village that she was adopting our daughter, Samantha.

There is a rule to all this. If you wish to enter an exotic society, at least exotic to you, it is best to bring a young child. He or she will be a godsend. First off, they will learn an impossibly dense language with a speed which makes your own efforts seem like a painful joke. And in the process of daily living your child will make friends who in turn will humanise you to their parents, and through them, to the village.

Even before Bate's speech and one subsequently given by her husband, a paramount leader in the village where he announced that from now on we were part of his clan, my planned photographic agenda was changing. Before arriving in Crater I had imagined my medium as being almost exclusively one of colour. One in which I would mail my assembled rolls of Kodachrome down to Australia and then wait for the processed film to come back. This idea didn't last long and soon I was shooting black and white film and developing it at night in our thatch-roofed house. I began to do this for several reasons. In the early stages I wasn't seeing the thing I had come for: ritual theatre. And almost as importantly I wanted to show my hosts what I did with my camera and thus explain myself. Additionally, this was a just-in-case strategy.

Do this and I would have some sort of record just in case one or more of my batches of colour film lost their way on their journey out of the field and down to Australia. By developing film in the field I would be left with something: I would also be able to see whether I was close to getting what I wanted or not, as the case might be. And in one of those odd visits which continually surprise photographers one path ends up as another. The photos I made in part as an aid to dialogue, in which the subject was equally aware of the process of the making of the image as the photographer, and then processed under less than prime conditions, were not planned for a gallery wall.

It is more than 30 years since I took the pictures on show at the Watson Place Gallery and many of the people in these frozen moments are distant shades, long since passed away. As Kinige, an exceptionally old and scared man in Ubaigubi once told me: *the faces of my childhood have faded from me like tracks in the morning mist*. His clan was gone - actors who made their entrances and exits in one sudden and terrible scene change. As a child, Kinige was a lone survivor. All of his family had been lost in a single night of bloody massacre. But when someone sang a song from the past they were living beings again, caught in the light of his eyes.

Like Kinige with his songs, when I again look at the images from 1973 to 1975 I often go back to an early morning in 1973, to a high ridge when the dawn sun broke over the mountain wall and shone down on the village with its tight mosaic of clan gardens and hamlets set in a bowl-like sea of deep green. The place is before me again as it was that very first time, and my dream of finding an ancient theatre which might still exist in that changing world is alive and all of its players are yet to cross the stage.

*David Gillison is a Melbourne-born photographer (born 1936), conservationist and educator. He travelled in 1973 to the Crater Mountain region of PNG to study sources of visual imagery in ethnographic art. After this two-year immersion in the culture of the Gimi people in Crater, Gillison returned to teach full-time at the City University of New York, where he is now a professor.*

*He has made many visits since the mid-70s back to Papua New Guinea with the support of the Wildlife Conservation Society, exploring the relationship between nature and art among the Gimi. These studies led to concerted efforts to conserve the flora and fauna of the Crater Mountain area.*

*His exhibition of photographs was on show at Melbourne's Watson Place Gallery from November 16 to December 10, 2005.* ■

### **36th PACIFIC ISLANDS FORUM PORT MORESBY OCT 2005**

Leaders of the 16 Pacific Islands Forum nations met in Port Moresby in October 2005 for the 36<sup>th</sup> Pacific Islands Forum. They agreed to expand access to their markets for trade in goods as part of a range of measures to help the new Pacific plan, a 10 year regional cooperation blueprint 'to combat corruption, to accelerate economic growth and to pool wastefully duplicated resources.' '[The leaders] also decided to support Australia's offer to establish a Pacific islands technical college with multiple campuses, to create a Pacific health fund to help counter diseases such as avian flu and HIV/AIDS, to consider banning deep sea bottom trawling, and to urge all countries to sign up to the new regional Pacific Aviation Safety Office, superseding national air safety agencies.' The Pacific technical college will offer Australian trade qualifications.

Australia came under strong pressure to provide islanders with special seasonal working visas however Australia's Prime Minister John Howard maintains that the problem of unemployment in Pacific island countries is in 'building the economies of these countries'. 'And ways in which we can help them to do that will do far more to solve the problem of unemployment than some imaginary relief from a guest workers' program in Australia. It would deal at its very best with a small number of the people who are unemployed.'

Aid to PNG and the Pacific has doubled to almost \$1 billion since 2001.

Aust Fin Review 27 and 28 Oct 2005 and Daily News 25/10/05

### **THE DIARIES OF EDWARD (TED) BISHTON**

*PNGAA wishes to thank Ted's 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.*

*In the last issue (December 2005) we shared Ted's experiences in Kavieng prior to the outbreak of World War II. Ted, in this final instalment, goes to War.*

#### **WAR**

It was before Christmas in 1940 this time that we noticed high flying planes over Kavieng at pretty regular intervals; at first it might be one a fortnight, then one a week, then more frequently. We presumed they were Japanese planes from their base at Truk in the Caroline Islands, which was only a couple of hundred miles north from Kavieng. Mr Merrilees was the District Officer at this time. There were no planes in Kavieng at this time and none in Rabaul. We used to get news over the wireless and knew there were enemy raiders in the Pacific Ocean. The Police Master, Jim Livingstone used to compile a weather report each morning and I used to send this to Rabaul at 5am. Because Christmas was approaching everyone in Kavieng had bought extra food supplies in preparation for the festive season. About 21st December I had just got out of bed at 5:30am to go to the wireless station to despatch the weather report, when Phil Levy, manager of the Burns Philp store, who lived opposite my place, called out that a small pinnacle had just pulled into the harbour. We did not know who was on board or where it came from and, while we were discussing the situation, a police boy handed me a note from Merrilees, asking me to report to him immediately. As I walked up the steps of his house I noticed three or four fellows in gumboots and heavy beards and at once thought they were Germans. Merrilees called me into his office and introduced me to the chief officer of the *Rangitane*. The officer clicked his heels, which increased my suspicions that they were Germans; however my suspicions were wrong, as I will explain later. They asked me how soon I could get in touch with Rabaul and I said



6am. They had already drafted a message to the Administration saying there were over five hundred men, women and children at Emirau Island, about sixty miles north of Kavieng, needing food and medical supplies and immediate assistance. I sent the message to Rabaul and waited till nearly 8am for a reply. The reply wanted to know if Kavieng had started their Christmas celebrations too early, but I convinced them that this was serious. Then we waited for instructions. In the meantime, Merrilees had organised all the small ships around Kavieng, loaded them with all our Christmas stores and any spare clothing and despatched them to Emirau Island. The Burns Philp ship *Montoro* and the E. & A. liner *Nellore* had already been diverted to Kavieng to pick up these survivors and take them to Australia. These people were the survivors of the *Rangitane* and five other ships, which the German raiders *Orion* and *Komet* had sunk off the island of Nauru, where they were loading phosphate. The chief officer of the *Rangitan*” told me that they had been treated well, but they were overcrowded and whenever there was danger they were battened down, which was their worst experience. The captain of the raider gave them a small pinnace at Emirau and told them to go to Kavieng, where there was a wireless station and they could radio for help. When the chief officer and Merrilees had handed me the radio to send to Rabaul, I asked was it OK to send in plain language and the chief officer said the Germans had told him they had all our codes and would be listening for Kavieng radio, so that when the German ship heard the message being sent to Rabaul, they would know that assistance was on the way and the survivors safe. However, it was twenty-four hours before the Administrator, General McNicoll arrived by seaplane with dozens and dozens of hard-boiled eggs. I believe Merrilees told him that the survivors needed medicine more than hard-boiled eggs.

The story of these German raiders is interesting and shows how open Australia was to attack. Disguised as a Japanese freighter, the *Orion* with Captain Weyher in command, left Germany for the Tasman Sea and the South Pacific to look for enemy ships and to lay mines. On the way he sank the British Freighter *Atlantic* and while in New Zealand waters he laid two hundred and twenty eight mines in the Rauraki Gulf, sixty miles from Auckland. It was one of these mines that sank the *Niagara* with a large quantity of gold on board. The *Orion* then captured the Norwegian steamer *Tropic Star* and sank the French steamer *Notu* off Noumea, New Caledonia. On 20 August 1940 the *Orion* sank the British ship *Turakina*, which had one gun and put up a good fight, but was finally sunk by torpedoes; twenty six survivors were picked up, but thirty six had been killed. The *Orion*’s next victim was the Norwegian steamer *Ringwood* and then it was joined by another raider *Komet* under Captain Eyssen. On 28 November, off the north coast of New Zealand, *Komet* sank the *Rangitane* a 17,000 ton liner bound for England with a large number of passengers and Australian Air Force personnel on their way to Canada for training, setting it ablaze with gunfire and torpedoes. The three hundred and three passengers and crew, including thirty-six women, were transferred to her prison quarters. A few days later *Komet* and *Orion* caught five ships off Nauru, waiting to load phosphate and all were sunk. The marksmanship of the Germans was terrific. Survivors told me that the first shell always blew the wireless cabin to pieces and that is why none of these ships ever sent a distress signal. By this time the two raiders and their supply ship *Kulmalund* had four hundred and ninety five prisoners on board between them and Captain Eyssen, who had been to Emirau Island and decided to land the prisoners there. Emirau Island was a plantation established by a German called Wilde, but at this time it was owned by W.R.Carpenter & Co. and managed by Charles Cook.

(Cont. over)

The fleet of small ships sent from Kavieng was now returning loaded with survivors from Emirau, and within a couple of days they were all aboard the *Nellore* and *Montoro* on route to Australia. Our Christmas was spoilt, but we all thought we had done some good and didn't regret the short rations we had to contend with until the next ship arrived. According to Eric Feldt's book, The Coastwatchers (page 23), this was the first report from a coast watching station in the Pacific War and he quotes the District Officer as the Coast Watcher, but I was the wireless operator who sent the message.

The Japanese had not yet entered the war and there was an air of complacency in New Guinea, but this episode brought the war more or less to our front door. I now thought it time to get Rene, Margaret and Jeannette back to Australia. Rene didn't want to go and it was not until April 1941 that she eventually left on the Burns Philp ship *Macdhui* under the command of Captain Michie. Just before the ship left, Merrilees told Rene he was the most pleased man in Kavieng to see her and the children getting away, as the responsibility for their safety worried him. He was expressing my own fears and sentiments.

A few weeks after the *Macdhui* left, the First Australian Independent Company, commanded by Major J. Edmonds-Wilson, arrived in Kavieng - about May or June 1941 - consisting of about a dozen officers and three hundred other ranks. Also on board the ship bringing the Independent Company were other troops and some civilians, going to Darwin. The ship remained in Kavieng for a couple of days and the civilians just looted everything from the Chinese stores. I saw several parties with pushcarts loaded with rolls of calico and silk and other trade goods, taking them back to the ship. They also started a riot in the Chinese Hotel and members of the Independent Company took a hand and I saw them throwing civilians over the veranda rails onto the road. The Chinese complained to the District Officer, Jerry McDonald, who had replaced Merrilees and he contacted the captain of the ship, who had the ship searched and most of the stolen property was returned before the ship sailed.

The Independent Company was a fine body of men. The officers were made honorary members of the Kavieng Club and we got to know them quite well. They used to put on boxing competitions, which kept the men in good condition and another pastime was tortoise racing. They would collect about a dozen tortoises, about two inches in diameter, number them on the back, then put them into the middle of a ring about eight or ten feet in diameter, marked out on flat ground. When they let them go, the first one to reach the outside ring was the winner. There was big betting on these events and everyone would be round the ring urging their tortoise on. The most annoying thing was that the tortoise would go well for a while and possibly get to within a couple of inches of the ring, then turn and start back towards the centre. Sometimes a race might last for five minutes, as the tortoises would go in all directions, instead of travelling straight for the outer ring.

With an extra three hundred people in Kavieng, it soon became evident that the water supply was inadequate, so the soldiers were moved a couple of miles out, where there was good, clear spring water. Some soldiers came to me one day and asked if there was anything worth shooting round Kavieng and, for a joke, I told them that the island just opposite, Nusa, was full of pigs. Nusa Island was owned by Frank Saunders, who had a couple of hundred pigs there and Roy McPherson, who worked for Saunders, used to go over to Nusa quite often to see how the pigs were going. Knowing this, I told the soldiers that, if they came across a chap on the island, not to take any notice of him, as he was mentally retarded. Three or four of the soldiers started off in a canoe

and I thought no more of it. A day or so later Roy, who was a good friend of mine, told me he happened to be making an inspection of the island that day and the next thing he knew .303 rifles were going off in all directions and pigs were going down everywhere. When he accosted the soldiers and told them the pigs were private property, he had great trouble convincing them, as they said I had told them to go ahead and shoot and to take no notice of anyone. Of course, Roy was annoyed with me and so were the soldiers, but Kavieng had a great laugh and it helped to break the monotony.

A small force of twenty soldiers went to Matins and about the same number went to Bougainville. The Bougainville troop did very good work during the Japanese occupation and the Manus troop were fortunate enough to escape to Madang and then cross overland to the highlands where they were airlifted to Moresby. The remainder of the Independent Company was captured by the Japanese and, as far as I could ascertain, only the officers survived to return to Australia after hostilities ceased.

I was transferred to Rabaul in September 1941 and my relief in Kavieng was Bill Thomas. When I arrived in Rabaul, the 2/22nd Battalion was stationed there. They were a fine lot of men, but they did not seem to realise there was a war on. They seemed to think they were just on garrison duty, having sports days, boxing contests and concerts. There was certainly no preparation being made in case of an invasion, for although Japan had not yet declared war, everyone seemed to realise it was only a matter of time before they would. Most of the civilians volunteered into the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, but trained independently of the 2/22nd. The NGVR comprised about eighty civilians, practically all of the medically fit young Europeans in Rabaul. But, as far as the soldiers were concerned, the war was a million miles away, nothing was done to train them in jungle warfare or how to live off the country in case of a withdrawal into the hills and no routes had been mapped in case of retreat. One officer asked me the symptoms of malarial fever, so that he could feign sickness and be sent back to Australia; I told him malarial fever was too easily detected and he had better try something else. However, I was pleased to learn he stuck it out and later was decorated with the Military Cross in the New Guinea campaign.

We had several coast watching stations at this time operating into Rabaul. There was Percy Good at Kessa Plantation on Buka Island; Con Page on Tabar Island, just off New Ireland and Guy Allen on the Duke of York Islands. There were several other coast watching stations scattered around, but these three were the ones from which we got all our warnings of Japanese aircraft coming to Rabaul. Rabaul was fitted out with what was called 'X Frequency'. This X Frequency receiver was on loud-speaker day and night and when the coast watcher had any information to convey, he called Rabaul and passed the information on without delay.

Early in December 1941, Japan attacked Pearl Harbour and practically destroyed the whole of the American Pacific Fleet with aircraft alone. Japan had a pretty formidable navy based in the Caroline Islands, Truk being their main base. It was from here that all the Japanese planes came to bomb Rabaul. By the end of 1941 nearly all the women and children had been evacuated from Rabaul by ship and aircraft, so Christmas was a quiet occasion and everyone had a feeling of impending disaster.

New Year 1942 confirmed our fears. On 4 January, we heard Con Page's voice on the X Frequency, informing us that about a dozen Japanese bombers had just passed over Tabar and were heading towards Rabaul. As pre-arranged, this information was conveyed to Hugh Mackenzie, the Naval Intelligence Officer and the sirens started

blowing and everyone was supposed to go to their dugouts. The bombers appeared about twenty minutes after we had received Con Page's warning, flying at about 25,000 feet, where they seemed like little miniature planes, shining silver in the sun. The next minute, terrific loud explosions told us that they had bombed the Lakunai air strip, about a mile away, but casualties were very light. Though the air raids continued almost daily, we always had at least twenty minutes' warning, because Tabar, Kavieng and Emirau lay right in the path of planes coming from Truk.

Rabaul was being bombed almost daily for the next couple of weeks, but this news never appeared in the Australian papers. There was a big raid on Rabaul on 20 January by a hundred and ten bombers and ten Zeros and our X Frequency receiver ran hot, as warnings came from all directions. Apart from the usual ones from Tabar, Kavieng and Emirau, we had reports from Good at Kessa on Buka; Allen on the Duke of York Islands and other coast watchers down the coast of New Britain. The fact that planes were seen by so many coast watchers at so widely scattered places and especially with Zeros convinced the authorities that there were aircraft carriers in the vicinity. When these aircraft came over, our six and only Wirraways, forewarned, were waiting at about 10,000 feet to intercept the bombers. The bombers arrived, the Wirraways swooped down on them, then the Zeros swooped on the Wirraways and, within five minutes, we saw all our Wirraways shot out of the sky. The bombers were flying so low, only a couple of hundred feet high, that we could see the Japanese inside and they attacked all the shipping in the harbour. There was a big six thousand ton Norwegian freighter tied up at the main wharf, loading copra. The first bombs hit her for'ard, the next hit her midships and the third lot hit her aft. By this time she was a blazing inferno and, through it all, there was a gunner on the main bridge blasting away at the dive bombers, until the bridge collapsed. All Tuesday night this ship, which had broken away from the wharf, drifted about the harbour, her plates red hot. She was still drifting about when we decided to escape from Rabaul on the Thursday. Two six inch guns mounted on Praed Point, near the Matupi crater, were destroyed during the raid and there were heavy casualties among those manning them. The killed and wounded were taken to Namanula hospital and I think some of the wounded were taken to Port Moresby.

On Wednesday 21 January, all civilians were ordered to leave Rabaul and most of them went into the hills round Namanula. We of AWA were the only people in Rabaul now and during Wednesday we tore up all our records and stuffed them into unused receivers. We had two forty four gallon drums of petrol with the bungs out ready to be pushed over when we were ready to leave and a few four gallon tins to scatter around. We were still in communication with Sydney and the Navy at Port Moresby. On Wednesday night we were sitting in the radio office, when Ken Stone came to tell me he was leaving, as he was to go with Hugh Mackenzie as his wireless operator. He didn't know where he was going and was rather apprehensive as to what would happen to him. So we went to my house, opened a bottle of whisky and both had a few strong nips. We finished half the bottle in about five minutes, as Ken had to leave and we both felt a lot better for it.

Next morning, Thursday 22 January, when the Japs came over about 8am and bombed us again, I was on watch with Stan Hooper. Con Page, who gave us the alert, asked me what he should do about getting away and I told him he would have to work that out for himself as I could not advise him and Mackenzie had already left. When these raids were on, it was incumbent upon the operators on duty to stay at their post till the bombs began to fall, then to signal Sydney and Moresby that they were leaving the



station to take cover in the slit trenches. When we got notification of this raid, the other operators, not on duty, dispersed to Namanula and when the raid started, Hooper and I got into a big storm water channel, which ran alongside the radio station and made our way to the botanical gardens, where the channel ended. When the Japs disappeared and we were making our way back to the wireless station, we passed Ernie Bank's Cosmopolitan Hotel, which was wide open and not a soul in sight. So Hooper and I helped ourselves to a few stiff whiskies to steady our nerves. Ernie Banks had left Rabaul the previous night. By 11am we were back at the station and the other operators were coming in, but Harry Holland, who was in charge of the station, did not come back again. I went to Namanula to look for my brother-in-law, Harry Dodd, but learned he had left the previous night with Ernie Banks. When I saw Harry Holland and asked him what he was going to do, he said it was too late to do anything and he was remaining at Namanula with the other civilians. I told him that the other operators and I were going to try to get away. He wished us luck, but was not interested in trying to get away with us. (Harry Dodd was never heard of again.)

I went back to the station and we began to make preparations. We had a car, but there was a puncture in one tyre, so Farnsworth and I went to Tex Robert's garage to get a new inner tube. As we left the garage an army officer and four privates in a lorry asked who we were, so we explained and told him of our intention. He said we had better get away soon as there were eleven Japanese transports anchored off Watum Island, about three miles over the hills from Rabaul and the Japs were coming ashore. We raced back to the station and, while Farnsworth was getting the car ready, Hooper was sending the last message out to Sydney and I was sending the last message to the Navy at Port Moresby. I told them there were eleven Japanese transports landing troops at Watum Island. They gave me the OK for the message and wished us luck.

In the meantime, while the other fellows in the car were yelling out to Hooper and me to hurry up, my old faithful servant, Namu, came and asked me what he should do. He was the only native who remained with any of the wireless staff; the rest just went bush. There were eight of us in the car and it would have been impossible to have taken Namu with us. There were tears in his eyes as I shook hands with him and told him to go bush and get into one of the villages, where he would be looked after. During the morning, Mrs Boles, who had a sawmill at Waterfall Bay arrived in Rabaul with her schooner *Iboki* loaded with timber. Bill Luke, of the wireless staff, who knew her, went on board and persuaded her to get out of Rabaul as quickly as possible, so Bill and Mrs Boles left on the *Iboki* about 2pm. Then at 2.30pm the rest of the wireless staff, myself, Farnsworth, Hooper, Brown, Eldridge, Watson, James and Groom left by car. I was the only one in the crowd who knew the country past Kokopo, as I had been stationed at Bitu Paka before it was transferred to Rabaul, so I was appointed to lead the party. We could see the *Iboki* sailing down Simpson Harbour and I thought that if we could get to Cape Gazelle, about thirty miles from Rabaul, before the *Iboki*, which would pass within a couple of hundred yards of the Cape, we could signal them to take us on board. We had only gone about three miles towards Kokopo and were just passing the schooner *Kwong Chow*, which was anchored right inshore, when we were almost blown out of the car by a terrific explosion. Farnsworth drove the car into the bush and we all scrambled out and took cover, as we thought a Jap plane was trying to bomb the schooner. We learned later that it was the military destroying a big bomb dump. Soon we had the car back on the road and were on our way.

We had not gone more than another mile when we ran out of petrol. We had a four gallon tin in the car, but no funnel and spilt about half pouring it in. Then we had to

push the car to start it and, as it kicked off, my foot got caught under the rear door and I fell flat on my face. I thought my foot was broken, but fortunately it was not. Soon after, we picked up a despatch rider, whose motor cycle had broken down and he hung on the running board till we dropped him at Raluana Point, where there was a small detachment of about twelve soldiers. We went on toward Kokopo, but when we got to Ralum we could see the *Iboki* about a mile out. We waved towels and singlets to attract the attention of Luke and Mrs Boles and to our great delight, they sighted us and turned in towards Ralum; but within a few hundred yards of us, they turned out to sea again. So we waved and shouted again and, to our relief, they came back and picked us up. Bill Luke explained that when they came in the first time, they thought we might have been Japs.

On the *Iboki* on our way to Cape Gazelle, we passed Jack Gilmore's pinnace *Gaua* and the native captain said he was going back to Kokopo to pick up Gilmore. We continued on and about half an hour after passing Cape Gazelle, we noticed the Burns Philp steamer *Matafili* following us. As the *Iboki* was a twelve ton schooner and the *Matafili* was about one hundred and fifty tons, we decided to cut across the steamer's course and ask them to take us to Samarai, where they seemed to be heading. The captain, Taffy Williams, asked who we were and we told him we belonged to AWA and he could see us and Mrs Boles distinctly, as we were only about fifty yards from him, but the next thing we heard the 'clang clang' order down to the engine room and the *Matafili* proceeded on her way

We then altered our course to Wide Bay on the south coast of New Britain, arriving on Friday morning 23 January 1942. We anchored off Tol plantation, operated by an old friend of the 1920's Manus days, George Naess. George made us very welcome, putting everything at our disposal, then preparing a meal. Already anchored at Tol when we arrived were the Government schooner *Leander* captained by Eric Howitt and the *Kabakul* with Vic Pennyfather, Mick Thomas and her owner, Oscar Rondahl on board. Later the *Poseidon* arrived with the Chief Collector of Customs, Major Tom McAdam, Frank Burke, Joe Norris and the Chief Auditor and also some soldiers and Air Force personnel. Also Jack Gilmore arrived on the *Gaua*. Eric Howitt came and asked us to join him on *Leander* as all his boat's crew had deserted him. As she was a much bigger craft than the *Iboki* and Ernie Vidor was the engineer, we all transferred to *Leander* and left that afternoon for Waterfall Bay, where Mrs Boles had her sawmill. Captain Tom McAdam also came with us.

I tried very hard to prevail upon George Naess to come with us, but after putting a crate of fowls and some rice on board, he decided to stay. He said he had started Tol Plantation from virgin bush and it was now just coming into bearing after fifteen years of hard work and he could not leave it. Poor George was killed by the Japs, who made him and a chap called Levien dig their own graves, then shot them. (This Levien was no relation to Cecil John Levien.)

About 5.30 that afternoon, we noticed two Japanese seaplanes heading towards us flying very low, about fifty feet above the water, so we decided to turn the ship towards the shore and take to the bush. Fortunately, when we were only about a hundred yards from shore, the planes veered off and I was able to grab the tiller and turn the ship just before it ran ashore. The planes went towards Wide Bay and we proceeded to Waterfall Bay, but owing to squally weather we were unable to make it there that night and anchored at Palmalmal Plantation instead. Bill Battis, the plantation manager, decided to come with us, so we left at daylight and continued on our way to pick up Frank Cutler at Caturp Plantation. While we anchored there, Luke,

Watson, Groom and Mrs Boles went across the bay to Mrs Boles' sawmill to collect her sawyer, Schacht and also bedding and all available foodstuffs. While they were at the mill, the *Kabakul* arrived with an Air Force officer and a Patrol Officer, who took over Mrs Boles' Teleradio set to try and contact Moresby. They also asked us to send a message to the RAAF in Moresby that there were about ninety Air Force personnel at Wide Bay needing assistance. This we did with the wireless set we had aboard *Leander*. Later, on our arrival in Moresby, we learned that our message had got through and the Air Force personnel were eventually picked up. While anchored at Caturp, we saw *Gaua* and *Poseidon* passing, steering down the south coast.

We left Caturp plantation at 5.30pm the next day with the following on board: Captain Howitt, Engineer Vidor, Mrs Boles, Farnsworth, Hooper, Brown, Eldridge, Watson, James, Luke, Groom, Schacht, Cutler, Battis, McAdam, myself and three natives. We decided to steer due south, as we had no charts and reckoned we should hit the Trobriand Islands. We had not gone more than about four miles when we sighted what appeared to be *Poseidon* with all sails set, travelling a parallel course to ours. It was just getting dark and visibility was not too good, but to our dismay we realised that it was not *Poseidon*, but two Jap destroyers closing in on us. We turned off our course and went flat out to get back inside the reef we had just left, with the Japs after us. Then they stopped for some unknown reason, possibly they were getting too near land, or the rain squall that just then blew up, or the approaching darkness. The rain squall obliterated everything, so we decided to return to our original course for the Trobriands and by the time the squall had passed, it was completely dark. We travelled all that night and all next day, which was dull and cloudy and arrived at Katava in the Trobriands on Sunday evening 25 January, after a pretty rough trip. We learned from the natives that Jap bombers had been over that morning and bombed the island. At Katava the old wreck of the *Admiral Wylie* is still visible and possibly the Japs were trying to bomb her, not knowing she was a wreck. We heard later over the wireless from Tokyo that they had 'bombed a troopship' in this vicinity.

We cruised around the Trobriands all day and anchored on Monday 26 between Kirawina and Vakuta Islands. While anchored there we saw a small launch approaching us and when they arrived they heaved a sigh of relief. When they saw us in the distance, they thought we might have been Japs and they had thrown their Teleradio set overboard, also their rifles, guns and ammunition. They were very pleased to abandon their launch and come with us and we were delighted to have them, as they were locals and knew the waters well, whereas we knew nothing of them and would almost certainly have hit a reef somewhere. On this launch were Mr Brewer, a resident magistrate, Rev. Keith Gordon and Mr Cameron of Katava Plantation. They were on their way to Samarai when they met us. We left this anchorage at 5pm on 26 January and eventually arrived at Samarai, which was practically deserted. The Burns Philp store was wide open and had been looted, so we helped ourselves to things we needed. We left Samarai at 9am on Wednesday 28, with 30 souls on board, the extra seven being miners from Misima Island. We struck rough weather on the way to Port Moresby, big seas and strong head winds and arrived at 3pm Friday 30 January.

While at Moresby, we all remained on board *Leander* and were provisioned by the authorities, who supplied us with plenty of fresh meat, butter and vegetables. On Monday 2 February, the Navy commandeered *Leander* for their own use. We were quartered at the Moresby Wireless Station. The next thing, we were all told to report for medical examination and we were attested and inducted into the Army. My regimental number was PX134. ■

**VALE – With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends**  
**Nancy REASON (nee Brearley)** (4 October 2005, aged 92 years)

Nancy was born in Brisbane and moved with her family around QLD and NSW extensively, during her childhood. In 1937 Nancy met Charles Alfred Reason. They married in the Madang Lutheran church in December 1937 and then moved to Kar Kar Island where Charles worked as a Plantation Manager for Dylup Estates. Nancy and Charles' early married years in PNG were among the happiest she had ever known. The outbreak of war temporarily halted their idyllic tropical lifestyle with Nancy being evacuated by air with the other Madang women, and Charles remaining in PNG, later joining the American small ships division. Nancy returned to the territory in 1946 with her new baby Helen and the family moved to war torn Bau Plantation, near Madang, where Charles had constructed a *kunai*, *pungal* and *limbom* house for them. Nancy and Charles had a son John in 1952 completing their family. In 1954 after Charles joined the Department of Agriculture as a produce inspector, the family moved to Kavieng where they remained until 1967, the year that Charles died.

In 1994, at the sprightly age of 81, Nancy returned on a cruise to PNG with many other New Guinea ex-pats on the Fairstar. She found many things had changed in Rabaul and Madang, but her love of PNG hadn't faded even after 20 years absence.

Her house in Kenmore was full of mementos of her time in PNG and she regularly corresponded and talked to ex-pats and read her copies of *Una Voce* cover to cover.

Nancy slowed down a bit in her last years but remained mentally alert with an effervescent love of life. She will be sorely missed but remembered with joy.

Katryn Bryant

**Dr John ARMSTRONG** (10 February 2005, aged 80 years)

Born in Leura John achieved his medical degree from Sydney University in 1947 and then worked in hospitals and private practises in Narromine and Parkes. He married Ann Stevenson in Sydney in 1951. John and Ann first visited PNG in 1974 as tourists when John accepted a position as Locum in Rabaul for six weeks in 1975. He went back to Australia but returned to Bougainville to act as a locum at Panguna in 1980 before practising in Wyong for a year in 1981. He returned to Bougainville and from 1982-83 again practised at Panguna. After a short time at Walgett in 1994, he again returned to Panguna and worked there from late 1994 to March 1997. He loved fishing and travelling around visiting friends in both PNG and Australia. His final years were spent at Surfers Paradise where he practiced until 2000 when he finally retired. His son Tony pre-deceased him. He is survived by his wife, Ann, and his children Ken, Helen and Paul.

Lars Anderson

**Bill SCHLEUSENER GM 1952** (26 January 2006, aged 81 years)

Bill was enlisted in military service from 1942-47 in the Australian special wireless group. After the Mt Lamington disaster on 21 January 1951 Bill risked his own life walking into the devastation and was given the citation of the George Medal for his courage and devoted service at this time. He was also awarded the 1939-45 Star Pacific and Star Defence Medal 1939-45 War Medal Australian Service Medal. Born in Bundaberg Bill married Madeleine Jefford in Pt Moresby in 1953. Bill was a transit leader in search of Hydro electric power. Later he became marketing manager for Shell Pacific. He was selected to represent PNG as a lawn bowler the first time PNG attended the Commonwealth Games in Perth in 1962. Bill is survived by his wife Madeleine, three sons, William, Lee and Glenn and their families.

Madeleine Schleussener



**Bill YEOMANS** (aged 79 years)

Bill arrived in Rabaul in 1951 to work as an electrical mechanic with Commonwealth Dept Works. Later on he became electrical supervisor with Elcom. He served in Rabaul, Wewak, Lae and finally Moresby and retired in 1975. He is survived by wife Maureen, sons Chris and David, daughter Janine and nine grandchildren.

Maureen Yeomans

**Roger CLARIDGE** (9 October 2005, aged 75 years)

Roger died in Bowral, NSW, having settled in the Southern Highlands in 1992 after his retirement. Roger's friends and colleagues in PNG will remember he served in Northern District, Southern, Western and Eastern Highlands, New Ireland, Port Moresby and Sogeri, and Sepik Districts during his career between 1949 and 1969. He attended the short course at ASOPA before commencing in Northern District at Popondetta. His service in PNG over those 20 years included experiences as varied as being required to assist in the immediate aftermath of the Mt Lamington eruption in 1951 (on his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday); many early patrols made with others to new and challenging areas helping to set up Government establishments and goodwill; and while in Port Moresby, serving as multilingual interpreter in the House of Assembly. Roger continued in the Administration until he transferred to the Magistrate's Bench in Goroka and Wewak. In 1956 in Mendi, Roger married Margaret Fullerton of Sydney and the wonderful occasion, overseen by Bob and Kay Cole, was attended and enjoyed by the whole District. Roger and Margaret travelled and lived in many varied towns and stations. Their children Christina and Anthony were both born in Papua. Roger loved PNG, and many friends were made along the way and many contacts have been kept and valued. On their return to live in Sydney, Roger joined Comalco and began another satisfying and challenging career, completing accounting and law studies with admission to the Bar in 1982.

Roger is survived by his wife Margaret, his daughter Tina, his son Anthony and daughter-in-law Sylke and grandchildren Alexander and Philippa. Tina Claridge

**Julian CHOW** (16 October 2005, aged 67 years)

Julian was born in Rabaul, and completed high school in Sydney. He became an accountant and was involved in the family business in Rabaul before retiring to Sydney. He enjoyed fishing, and playing golf and tennis. He loved learning new things such as how to use the internet and learning mandarin. Julian especially loved cooking and sharing meals with friends. He also loved travelling. He is survived by his wife, Cathy, and his son, Jonas. Kundu News Dec 2005

**William 'Bill' AVARD** (24 August 2005, aged 90 years)

Bill went to Bougainville in the 1950s. He took with him his mechanical and sawmilling experience and skills that were learnt in the forest of the Dorrigo area, NSW. The Catholic Mission contracted Bill to set up a sawmill at Kieta for the Marist Missionaries. He later built another sawmill further down the island of Bougainville. After leaving Kieta, Bill went to Rabaul to collect wartime scrap for export to Japan. Some of Bill's jungle finds were used to set up a garage at Sulphur Creek Road in Rabaul, which flourished under his great skills in petrol and diesel engineering. As sawmilling was Bill's second trade, he bought and operated Nonga Saw Mill in Rabaul, in partnership with Fred Lawrence. The sawmill was sold in the 1970s and Bill retired to Coffs Harbour where he restored Harley Davidson motor cycles and machinery. Bill is survived by his wife, Dorothy, daughter Natalie and son, Roland.

Joe O'Regan

**Garry MCKELLAR-JAMES** (2 February 2006, aged 63 years)

It was a great shock to learn that our mate Garry died suddenly at Avenel in NW rural Victoria. Garry McKellar-James was a kiap in the then Western District of PNG and after that, the Chimbu District from the early 60s to early 70s. After leaving the PNG service he spent a number of years in SE Asia on various projects. Garry was not the type to stand back and just let it happen, he was a mover and a shaker. Of his own volition, he would challenge something if he felt it was wrong. Come to think of it, isn't this what being a kiap was all about?

During the short time I knew Garry, via the exkiap website and then via email and the telephone, I found him to be a ball of infectious energy. Recently returning to Australia from a freezing Poland, Garry and Ewa set about building a new home at Avenel and taking up where they had left off before they left Australia. Garry also joined the Country Fire Service and at 63, earned his orange overalls. He was passionate about preserving Australia's proud role, of which he was a part, in bringing PNG out of the stone age and into the modern world. He was determined that we should not let our history die with us. Our ranks may be thinning but that only brings us closer together. Bamahuta Taubada.

Paul Oates

**Hurbert CARRA** (28 December 2005, aged 81 years)

Bert was born in Melbourne, starting work at a young age to assist his family through the depression. At 16 he put his age up to enlist in the Army and was assigned to a coast watching task in PNG. Returning from war Bert started work at the Royal Melbourne Hospital where he met his wife, Pat. In 1953 Bert took a government position to go 'back' to PNG. He helped build hospitals and medical outposts across the northern part of the country which he managed. The family left Mt Hagen in 1974 and returned to Australia. Bert took a position with Ford until 1989. In 1995 he moved to Coffs Harbour for three years before moving to Brisbane. He enjoyed fishing, camping, golf and water-skiing. Bert is survived by his wife Pat, four children and nine grandchildren.

Joan Colman

**Ian 'Blue' GRUNDY** (17 January 2006, aged 68 years)

Ian was born in Jandowae, Queensland, and educated at Churchie, followed by U.Q. and then the Australian Forestry School in Canberra on a NG administration scholarship. In 1957, midway through the course, he completed a field year out of Keravat and Bulolo. On arrival back in the Territory in 1960 he was posted to the station at the Brown River.

He met Pauline that same year and they married in 1961. Pt Moresby became their base where Ian worked out of both the Regional and Head Office. Surveys included Papua Coastal regions, the Mt Hagen area, Waitapi to Brown River and finally in 1970 from Australia, Ossima to Vanimo. In 1966 the family, which was now four, relocated to Victoria where Ian joined APM in Gippsland. In 1974 he was appointed Queensland Forests Manager, and stayed a further 19 years with that company.

In 1993 Ian signed a three year contract to manage a large reforestation project out of Banda Aceh on Sumatra. He and Pauline spent three special years there. The tragedy that was the Boxing Day 2004 'quake/tsunami, when so many friends and former staff were lost, was indelible. Retirement saw Ian playing more lawn bowls. He held office at his Memorial Club and also returned to part-time work with APM. Ian read extensively and had a special interest in the WWII NG campaigns. He rarely missed a Dawn Service. He always said his NG years were special. Ian is survived by Pauline, Robyn, Neale and two grandchildren

Pauline Grundy

**Frank Henry DAVIES** (1 January 2006, aged 80 years)

Frank was born at Basingstoke, UK. After service in WW2 as a Bevan Boy in the mines in Yorkshire, he joined the Hampshire Constabulary. From January 1953 to June 1963 he served as an officer in the Kenya Police Force. Frank joined the RPNGC on 23.3.70 as an Assistant Police Inspector, and was confirmed as a Sub Inspector two years later. He served at Kainantu and Goroka, and later at Bomana Police College, then as Police Intelligence Liaison Officer, Staff Officer at Konedobu Police HQ, and finally as Port Moresby Metropolitan Superintendent. He left PNG on 30.6.80.

Frank then worked briefly as a security officer for Telecom in Brisbane. After the death of his wife Audrey in 1986 he lived at Springwood close to his family. Together with his son-in-law Lynn, he then set up the Queensland Drag Racing Club in the Springwood area for local youth. Frank was quiet and non-judgemental and made many friends with his ready smile and delightful sense of humour. He died in his sleep on the evening of New Year's Day. He leaves three children, Martin, Marion, and Richard, four grandchildren and a great grandchild. The funeral was attended by family and many friends including a large contingent of ex RPNGC officers and wives.

Max Hayes & Derek Bell

**Dr Bryan Edmund TODD** MB. BS., FAFPHM. RACP. FAMA (2 November 2005, aged 73 years)

Dr Brian Todd attended the East Brisbane Anglican Church Grammar School (Churchie) before graduating in medicine from the University of Queensland. Bryan served in Vietnam for nine months where he carried out various duties such as RMO of 2 RAR and medical advisor to the Australian Army Training Team Vietnam. Later he had a successful career as a General Practitioner in Lae, where he delivered over 300 babies and provided a medical service for TAA and Ansett Airlines. During his 11 years in Lae he was president of Apex – being a foundation member. He was a member of Rotary and Deputy Mayor. He was for some time the Regimental Medical Officer (RMO) of PNGVR, attending annual camps, and was involved with the PNG Cadet Corp at a senior level.

The Todd family departed PNG in 1970 and settled in Brisbane. Bryan served as the Australian Medical Association Queensland State President, worked as Queensland Director of Medical Services for the Department of Veteran's Affairs, was Chairman of the Commonwealth Games medical division and of the Asthma Foundation and Director of the Queensland Crippled Children's Society. He also became involved in many community projects.

He enjoyed swimming, fishing, cricket and rugby and was a keen orchid grower and gardener. Bryan is survived by his wife Rhondda, five children and sixteen grandchildren.

PNGVR, *Harim Tok Tok* and Major Bob Harvey-Hall, RFD. ED Rtd

**Lorraine Geraldine YELLAND** (29 December 2005, aged 81 years)

Born and raised in Sydney, Lorraine was employed by American Forces in Sydney during WWII, later transferring to Brisbane. In 1953 she visited Port Moresby for a holiday and stayed, working in the x-ray department of Ela Beach Base Hospital. Lorraine married Lloyd in Port Moresby in 1953 and lived in Mt Hagen (1955), Samarai (1959), Pt Moresby (1963), Goroka (1964), Mt Hagen (1966) and Wewak (1969). Early in 1974 the family departed PNG to live on the Gold Coast where Lorraine pursued many community activities and interests. Lorraine is survived by her husband Lloyd.

Joan Colman

**Michael (Mick) BELFIELD** (24 January 2006, aged 75 years)

Mick was born in Coleraine in Western Victoria and raised on the family sheep property. He was educated at Hamilton College and Longerenong Agricultural College. In 1951 he joined the Merchant Navy and met his first wife, Jane, in England; he returned with her to the family farm in Australia in 1953.

Mick started as a cadet agricultural officer in PNG in 1956, where he spent the next 21 years as a *didiman*, working his way up to a senior position in the administration of the era. After his first posting at Epo with his young family, he went to Popondetta, where, as a junior officer, he was in charge of the Northern District. It was here that Mick's organizational and leadership qualities were noticed. In 1962 he was posted to Mt Hagen in the Western Highlands to take charge of the rapidly developing agricultural industries. The Wahgi swamps were being drained to make way for land settlement and estate tea plantations; the pyrethrum industry was being pioneered and rapid expansion of plantings into the high altitude areas was required; and cattle, sheep, fish and improved strains of pigs and poultry were being introduced and market garden and orchard crops were being expanded. After the highlands, Mick was transferred to Port Moresby where he had further regional responsibilities. He retired and left for Australia in 1977 and settled in Armidale, NSW. In recognition of his services to PNG he was awarded the PNG Independence Medal. Mick returned to PNG as a consultant in 1988 to combat the spread of the newly-discovered coffee rust disease. He spent the next six years there training a team of agricultural advisers to help growers fight the disease and improve coffee production. It was there he met his present wife, Jo, and later settled in Bellbowrie, Brisbane.

Mick always enjoyed a good joke and could be a bit of a larrikin. He was very active throughout his life and enjoyed numerous sports. He was a great leader, a great boss, a loyal friend, and a devoted father and grandfather. His three children, Nick, Martin and Louise, remember him as tough but fair, and loved and respected him enormously. His sister described him as "Always quicker off the mark than the rest of us; always interested and interesting, always travelling on." He will be sadly missed by family and friends.

Louise Tigchelaar

**Ethel Irene REILLY** (20 September 2004, aged 83 years)

Ethel lived in PNG from 1950 to 1980 and was with Department of Forests in Keravat via Rabaul before moving to Mermaid Waters, Queensland.

Ken Bonnett

**Thomas William ABBERTON** (17 August 2005, aged 83 years)

Tom was brought up in Dubbo, before joining the army and being posted to the Middle East. Prior to enlisting, and as a keen Rugby League player, he had played for Penrith. Tom was interested in all sports and had a radio spot in Sydney with, among others, Reg Grundy and Brian Henderson. Tom was dubbed the 'Human Encyclopaedia on Sport'. He went to PNG to work for PMF, in charge of the bakery and became involved in the Executive of the Papuan Rugby League. From Moresby he took up the position of Manager of the Goroka Hotel and was also a director and shareholder in Golden Crust Bakery. After several years in Goroka he and Joan went to Madang to manage the Madang Hotel. In both Goroka and Madang Tom was again involved in Rugby League. He was also an active member of Rotary in Moresby, Goroka and Madang. After leaving PNG Tom managed hotels in Weipa and Port Macquarie, eventually moving to the Gold Coast two years ago. Tom is survived by his wife Joan, sons Grahame and Timothy.

Paul Bolger

**Eric John GANE** (20 December 2005 aged 97 years) Formerly of Goroka; we hope to have more details next issue.



**Thomas SHACKLADY, MBE BEM** (22 January 2006, aged 88 years)

*Composer of the PNG National Anthem "O Arise All You Sons of This Land"*

Born in the UK, Thomas never knew his parents. His father, a Corporal in the Royal Marines, was killed in WWI some months prior to his birth. Raised by a relative, he displayed an early interest and ability in music, learning the Flugelhorn. Enlisting in the Royal Marines in 1935, he subsequently attended the Marines School of Music and became a musician, proficient in the trumpet, trombone, french horn and the percussion instruments. He was also an accomplished violinist.

Prior to WWII, Tom served on RN ships patrolling with the German navy off the coast of Franco's Spain and also on the South China station based in Hong Kong and Shanghai. WWII saw Tom serving in a variety of naval stations and Royal Navy ships. In 1940 he was Marine Officer's Attendant to HRH the Duke of Edinburgh (then Prince Philip and a Midshipman) on HMS Kent. Tom was able to renew this connection many times with the Duke of Edinburgh and the Royal Family both in Australia and PNG. On discharge from the Royal Marines in 1948 he saw an advertisement for volunteers for the Australian Army and applied. Being accepted, he arrived in Australia with his family in 1951.

His initial connection with PNG was in 1957 when he was transferred to the Army Band in Port Moresby for a year. On return to Australia he was appointed Bandmaster for the 3RAR Enoggera Army Base band. Tom's contribution to PNG began in earnest in 1964 when he was appointed Bandmaster of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary Band with the rank of Inspector. After a short stint in Rabaul on General Duties in 1970, he returned to Kila in Port Moresby where he continued as Bandmaster.

Independence was on the horizon and a competition was held in 1975 for a National Anthem. Many entries were received but it was won by Thomas Shacklady for the words and music of 'O Arise All You Sons of This Land'. In 1978 he was promoted to Superintendent and Director of Music, Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary and in 1980 to Chief Superintendent. He retired to live in Brisbane in 1981. Under Tom's direction, the RPNGC band gained considerable recognition and toured many countries between 1965 and 1975. Australia several times; New Zealand; USA; South-East Asia; other Pacific Islands and in 1970, the Edinburgh Military Tattoo. The band also performed extensively at the 1969 South Pacific Games held in Port Moresby. His crowning achievement was the playing of the new National Anthem at the PNG Independence Ceremony in September 1975.

For his long, meritorious and dedicated service both to the Royal Marines and Papua New Guinea, Tom was highly decorated. Included in his awards were the MBE (1977) for service to Band Music in PNG, the Queen Elizabeth II Silver Jubilee Medal 1977, the PNG Independence Medal and the RPNGC Centenary Medal (1988).

Tom met his life-long partner, Danae Varipatis, in 1941 in Alexandria, North Africa. They married in 1942 at the British Consulate in Alexandria. Tom is survived by his sons Paul Thomas and Noel Liddle, their wives and five grandchildren.

Truly a life of service dedication and to band music. *(The Shacklady family)*

**Eva STANDEN CBE** (6 January 2005, aged 99 years)

Eva first went to Madiri Plantation in 1934. In 1936 she became a director at Bamu River Mission and remained in PNG until 1981. Her husband, Harrie, died in 1973.

SMH 11/1/2006

**Judy MUNSTER** (8 November 2005, aged 64 years)

Born in Melbourne, Judy went to PNG with her husband Peter and baby Julia in 1966. As volunteers they taught at Koaru High School and Ruatoka Teachers College, Kwikila, where Peter was Principal for two years. Trained as a Phys Ed teacher Judy proved herself very versatile by teaching students and their wives health and family welfare and acting as business manager at Ruatoka. In 1969 Peter was appointed Social Science lecturer at Goroka Teachers College, and several years later Judy became secretary to the CEO of Goroka Local Government Council. She soon got the measure of two wily old Council employees, Fuferefa and Masta Cylinder, who surprised everyone by accepting the need to take orders from a woman. One of her great achievements in Goroka was to raise thousands of kina for a town swimming pool. On another occasion she organised a 'Clean Up Goroka' campaign using the 'Noa Pipia' slogan. Her work in Goroka was acknowledged when she received the PNG Medal for service to the community. She had many great adventures in PNG climbing mountains (Mt Wilhelm, Mt Michael and Mt Otto), exploring caves and parachuting. Back in Victoria after 12 years in PNG Judy managed a cooperative for unemployed people in Maryborough and when the family moved to St Leonards on the Bellarine Peninsula she completed a commerce degree at Deakin University and then became retail manager of Trading Partners, Geelong, a not-for-profit 'fair trade' organisation selling crafts supplied by people in Third World countries.

Four years ago she contracted CIPD, a debilitating neuropathy, which she courageously fought to the end, continuing to be active in family, church and community affairs. She was also able to type and edit Peter's Ph.D. thesis, 'A History of Contact and Change in the Goroka Valley, 1929-1950'. Judy is survived by her husband, Peter, and children, Julia, Paul and Tam and grandson Jacob.

Peter Munster

**Alexander Robert MELDRUM** (aged 75 years)

'Skeeter' was an Agricultural Officer in PNG. Following his graduation from Gatton Agricultural College he began his PNG service in March 1948 when he attended Number 9 Short Course at ASOPA in Sydney with me, Jim Sinclair and others. After staying two or three years in PNG he then studied Veterinary Science at the University of Queensland and subsequently practised as a Veterinarian at Rockhampton.

Bob Blaikie

**Molly SHEEKEY** (10 February 2006)

Widow of Kevin Sheekey, formerly of Pt Moresby.

Courier Mail

**Christopher Phillip DANGERFIELD** (1 October 2005, aged 61 years)

Chris went to PNG as a cadet patrol officer in 1963 and departed after attaining District Officer standing in about 1976. He had served in the Southern Highlands, the West Sepik, the Gulf and DDA Headquarters. Chris was a graduate of ANU and whilst an employee of the Commonwealth Government, after PNG days, was reading for his PhD when illness and personal pressures precipitated his retirement and move to Western Australia in 1993.

Chris possessed a brilliant mind and his naturally high intelligence was appreciated by those who knew him well. He had a detailed understanding of astrology. Chris had a life time dedication to philosophy and had written books and articles on this discipline. Chris was the best of company, always intellectually stimulating with a quirky sense of humour. He could drink and sing along with the best of them. Chris was an excellent raconteur and will be sadly missed.

Warren Read

## WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mr	M	Anderson	1 Hanlan Place	NEWTOWN VIC	3220
Mrs	JR	Belfield	'Ples Diwai' 82 Birkin Road	BELLBOWRIE QLD	4070
Mr	MF	Bell	25-27 ZigZag Road	ELTHAM VIC	3095
Mr	P	Bunting	P O Box 4227	CASTLECRAG NSW	2068
Mr	R A	Calcutt	24 Fairweather Street	KENMORE QLD	4069
Mr	R	Dargie	7 Southdown Avenue	GLEN WAVERLEY VIC.	3150
Mr	M	Douglas	11/82-84 Yathong Road	CARINGBAH NSW	2229
Mrs	N	Eastick	32 Orange Blossom Court	NERANG QLD	4211
Mr	D	Faithful	46 Tarinarri Crescent	MOOLOOLAABA	4557
Mrs	G	Fardon	2/52 Canberra Avenue	QUEANBEYAN ACT	2620
Mr	R J	Fayle	31 Moondarra Crescent	MOOLOOLABA QLD	4557
Mrs	J	Fisk	6 Oxley Circuit	DAISY HILL QLD	4127
Mr	R	Graham	1/9-13 5 <sup>th</sup> Avenue	CAMPSIE NSW	2194
Mrs	P	Grundy	16/18 Denver Road	CARSELDINE QLD	4034
Mr	B	Hart	26 Limosa Street	BELBOWRIE QLD	4070
Capt	G	Hartnett	P O Box 11	CAIRNS QLD	4870
Mr	F	Hersheid	P O Box 15	WESTCORT QLD	4870
Mrs	V	Hewett	17 Cook Street	OXLEY QLD	4075
Mr	P	Howard	P O Box 707	CAIRNS MAIL CENTRE Q	4870
Mr	T	Kelly	L&T Dubal Alumina Project, Rayagada	ORISSA, INDIA, 765001	
Mr	JF	Leahy	P O Box 1736	NEW FARM QLD	4005
Mr	S	McCann	26 Richardson St. East	LANE COVE, NSW	2066
Mr	P	McCarthy	62 Venice St.	MENTONE, VIC	3194
Mr	D	McDonald	P O Box 1355	WODEN ACT	2606
Mr	K	O'Brien	17 Playford Close, Brinsmead	CAIRNS QLD	4870
Mr	JB	Page	'Terka' P O Box 42	WILMINGTON SA	5485
	(Ben)				
Mrs	N	Pegg	170 Burbong Street	CHAPEL HILL QLD	4069
Mrs	B	Rogers	4 Hill Street	KILCOY QLD	4515
Mr	M	Sage	8 Island Court	MINYAMA WATERS, QLD	4575
Mr	P	Sharpe MBE	Box 046 SBFZ Post Office, Olongapo City, Zimbales 2222	PHILIPPINES	
Mr	K	Simpson-Lyttle	1 Slade Crescent	HALLET COVE SA	5158
Mr	R S	Swift	P O Box 4244	KINGSTON ACT	2604
Mr	C	Thurgood	48 Lauren Drive	BUDERIM QLD	4556
Mr	RW	Webster	4 Friesa Place	ETONS HILL QLD	4037
Mr	N	Wicks	39 Pelham Close	CHAPMAN ACT	2611
Mr	AS	Williams	30 Odessa Drive	WOODCROFT SA	5162
Mrs	M	Yeomans	28 London Creek Road	PEACHESTER QLD	4519
Mrs	D	Neal	Apt.. 25 Bellevue Gdns. Ret. Village, 1 Parker St.	PORT MACQUARIE, NSW	2444
Mrs	H	Stuart	l Lot 4, One Tree Hill Rd.	KERSBROOK SA	5321

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

	<u><b>From</b></u>		<u><b>To</b></u>		
Mr D S BAKER	BURLEIGH WATERS	Post code change only	BURLEIGH WATERS	QLD	4220
Mrs E M BANNISTER	CASTLE HILL	Unit 2, 167 Pacific H'way	ROSEVILLE	NSW	2069
Rev. R J BENSON	NORTH RYDE	PO Box 1790	MACQUARIE CENTRE	NSW	2113
Mr H M BOYLE	CRANBROOK	4 Shevill Close, St James Village	HEATLEY,	QLD	4814

## **CHANGES OF ADDRESS** (Cont)

Mrs P M BOYS	AUCKLAND	19 Andersen St	FOXTON BEACH	NZ	5551
Ms M BRAZIER	HOLLAND PARK	36 Embie St	HOLLAND PARK WEST	QLD	4121
Mrs G BRUCE	SOUTHPORT	21 Corella Way	WESTLEIGH	NSW	2120
Mr J J BUCHANAN		Kerrabee Via Post Office	DENMAN	NSW	2328
Mrs G E BUNTING	KIRRIBILLI	PO Box 4227	CASTLECRAIG	NSW	2068
Mr B CLARK	Canberra	First Secretary (Transport), Manilla Bag Locked Bag 40,	KINGSTON	ACT,	2604
Mr T CUTLER	URALLA, NSW	James Muscat Drive	WALKERSTON	QLD	4751
Mrs L L DAVIS	STIRLING	38/33 Wentworth Avenue	KINGSTON	ACT	2604
Ms H M EDWARDS	Shayne Avenue	8 Janelle Court Moreton Downs	DECEPTION BAY	QLD	4508
Mr O GENTY-NOTT	AKAROA NZ	PO Box 24320, Manners Street	WELLINGTON	NZ	6001
Mr R GIBBES	COLLARROY	Unit 412, Anzac Apts, Colooli Rd RSL Veterans Retirement Village	NARRABEEN	NSW	2101
Mrs J GIBBES	COLLARROY	Unit 412, Anzac Apts, Colooli Rd, RSL Veterans Retirement Village	NARRABEEN	NSW	2101
Dr J GOERLICH	D-50937 KOELN	Falkenburgstr. 46 , D-50935	KOELN GERMANY		
Mr B F HARTLEY	PORT MACQUARIE	RMB 9, 148 Lakeside Court Oasis Village	COBRAM	VIC	3644
Mr P A HOPPER	SYDNEY	7982 Doug Hill SAN DIEGO	CALIFORNIA	USA	
Mr J M HOWARD	MADANG	26 Durham Street	STANMORE	NSW	2048
Mr A JONES	Cairns	349 Pease Street	EDGE HILL	QLD	4870
Mr N A KEENAN	BOROKO, PNG	PO Box 281	YORKEYS KNOB	QLD	4878
Mr W J KIMMORLEY	STH TWEED HDS	26 Pinegold Place	NUNDERI,	NSW	2484
Mr M J KIRBY	PENRITH	388 Bent Street	GRAFTON	NSW	2460
Mr I C McPHERSON	BELLA VISTA	78 Warks Hill Road	KURRAJONG HEIGHTS	NSW	2758
Mr Iain MITCHELL	LANE COVE	Unit 227 Cowper Close 53 Rohini Street	TURRAMURRA	NSW	2074
Mr R P MORRISON	ARDROSSAN	21 Benny Avenue	PORT NOARLUNGA	SA	5167
Mrs D NEAL	NOWRA	Apart. 25, Bellevue Gardens Retirement Village 1 Parker Street	PORT MACQUARIE	NSW	2444
Mr P D OATES	HAMILTON	205 Bunjurgan Road	WALLACE CK	QLD	4310
Mrs M H REID	ALBERT PARK	PO Box 163	MIDDLE PARK	VIC	3206
Mrs N R SIMINGTON	HAWKER	PO Box 209	KIPPAX	ACT	2615
Ms J M SKINNER	MOSMAN PARK	C/- Chevron Australia Pty Ltd, Human Resources GPO Box S1580	PERTH	WA	6845
Mr P J THOMAS	ANGASTON	22 Prider Street	NURIOOTPA	SA	5355
Ms D TUCKEY	Ultimo	40 Charlotte Street	ASHFIELD	NSW	2131
Mr C WARRILLOW	EDGE HILL	2/4 Magnolia Street	WANTIRNA	VIC	3152



# **PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA, Inc.**

## **Celebrating the 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Independence of Papua New Guinea Christmas Luncheon , Sunday 4 December 2005**



### **Foreword by President Harry West**

Our Association celebrated Papua New Guinea's 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Independence (1975-2005) with two major events. On Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> August more than 250 members and friends gathered at the Roxy Theatre, Lindfield, for a special screening of 'Walk Into Paradise', refreshments and socialising. Members from South Australia also organised a viewing and a donation of \$2000 was raised from both events for the children's Ward at ANGAU Memorial Hospital, Lae. (See page 10, Una Voce No. 4 Dec 2005).

Our regular Christmas luncheon on December 4 was transformed into a very special and joyous Independence anniversary festivity. Twenty two large round tables filled the expansive function room at the Mandarin Club in Sydney and on each of the gleaming white tablecloths were ten large sparkingly colourful laminated table mats depicting PNG's national and nineteen provincial flags. On the reverse were the national anthems and flags of both PNG and Australia – wonderful souvenirs of the occasion for the 220 who attended the luncheon and sang both national anthems. Suspended above all tables were vivid clusters of hovering balloons in red, black and yellow. The stage was surrounded and lined with palm fronds and had a focal point of a large PNG flag. On each side of the stage was a set of the PNG provincial flags. Walls were decorated with posters relating to the national and provincial flags, the national anthem and the national crest. Aviation memorabilia was supplied by Robin Mead and postage stamp and coin displays by Nancy Johnston.

Our Chief Patron, His Excellency, Major General Michael Jeffery, AC CVO MC (Rtd), Governor General of the Commonwealth of Australia, who has had a long and close association with PNG, including service with the Pacific Islands Regiment in the late 1960s, sent an inspiring address, which was read by me. Our guest of honour, Paul Nerau LLB, PNG's Consul General in Brisbane, accompanied by his wife Pauline, spoke stimulatingly about the positive side of contemporary developments in his country. There was much satisfaction and applause when he presented the 30<sup>th</sup> Independence Anniversary Commemorative Medal to legendary Fred Kaad OBE for outstanding service to the development of PNG.

We were pleased to be joined by the President of the PNG Chinese Catholic Association, Dr Dennis Chow and wife Susan, and from the Sydney-PNG Wantok Club, Daniel and Caroline Luke, Tom and Margaret Neeson and Helen and Ray Withy, who arranged the presentation of five brilliantly attired and vigorously accomplished Manus dancing girls who provided colourful and lively entertainment to the rhythm of the garamut in their dances of 'friendship, celebration and rejoicing'.

There was a large display of recently published books on PNG. People dug deep with their pockets in their quest for the wonderful raffle prizes, including a combo DVD video player donated by regular benefactor Alan Johnston, and a set of 12 recent books on PNG donated by Pandanus Books, ANU, to mark the 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Independence. Members attending were mainly from the Sydney region, but all states were represented and Jeanette Leahy was down from Zenag, near Lae. Apart from the war years she has lived in the Morobe Province since 1939.

Everyone enjoyed the day and it brought back many wonderful memories.



His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)  
Governor- General of the Commonwealth of Australia

**A Message  
from  
His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffery, AC CVO MC (Retd)  
Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia  
for  
The Annual Christmas Luncheon hosted by  
The Papua New Guinea Association of Australia  
4 December 2005**

I am disappointed that Marlena and I are unable to attend the Annual Christmas Luncheon hosted by the Association because of a long standing prior commitment.

In September this year we were privileged to make a State Visit to Papua New Guinea to attend the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary independence celebrations and to mark the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the World War II surrender ceremony at Cape Wom near Wewak. The Japanese invasion of PNG in July 1942 initiated one of the bloodiest campaigns of the war. Japan's march south through the Philippines, Malaya and Singapore, was halted – first at Milne Bay and then along the Kokoda Track.

Soldiers of the Pacific and New Guinea Infantry Battalions, carriers on the Kokoda track and loyal village people, made a splendid contribution to our respective countries' defence. Sixty years later, the trauma of those times still resonates deeply with many.

We were both delighted to be back in Papua New Guinea, as we were married in the 'Haus Lotu' at Taurama Barracks nearly forty years ago, and after a very happy three years there, I was further privileged to command 700 very fine soldiers of the Second Battalion the Pacific Islands Regiment in Wewak at Independence in 1975. Little did I realise that in commanding a company of a 1PIR Guard of Honour to welcome the new Administrator Sir David Hay, in 1967, that 38 years later I would be inspecting guards from both 1 and 2 RPIR as Governor-General of Australia.

In 2000 I returned to PNG as a member of an Eminent Person's Group tasked to review the size, structure and role of the Papua New Guinea Defence Force.

Australia's relationship with PNG is one of our deepest and most important. At its core are our close geographic proximity and shared history. There are many significant moments comprising that history, but none more important than 16 September 1975 – the day Papua New Guinea gained its independence.

On the 15<sup>th</sup> of September 1975, when the Australian flag was lowered in Papua New Guinea, PNG's first Governor-General, Sir John Guise, noted poignantly that '*the Australian flag was being lowered, not torn down*'.

Sir John's statement reflected the positive spirit in which the Independent State of Papua New Guinea was established – to the credit of both the leaders of Papua New Guinea and the Australian Governments.

In 2005 Australia and Papua New Guinea have an exceptionally close and broad-based relationship which is characterised by a great deal of affection and trust. We must all continue to work together to ensure that the positive links between our two countries, tempered through war, independence, economics and geographic proximity will continue to expand. Let us not be deterred by occasional blips on the radar screen; they come and they go, but the enduring features of our relationship are unique and will never change.

I commend the members of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia for your contribution to the building of people-to-people links between our two nations, for your continuing interest in regional affairs, and for the goodwill and opportunities you create that particularly influence our bilateral relationship.

Marlena joins me in wishing you and your families a very happy Christmas and prosperous New Year.



(Michael Jeffery)



***The Guest Speaker, Mr Paul Nerau, LLB, thanked Mr West for giving him the opportunity to address members and guests of the Association on such an important occasion. The following is an edited version of Mr Nerau's address -***

“Our motto for the 30<sup>th</sup> Independence Anniversary is: ‘PUT PNG FIRST, PNG ATOA GUNA, PUTIM PNG IGO PAS’. It is with great anticipation and optimism we stand here to celebrate the 30<sup>th</sup> Independence Anniversary of Papua New Guinea. Our country has been described as the ‘Jewel in the Crown’ of our South Pacific neighbours.

Papua New Guinea attained its Independence in 1975, from Australia under Prime Minister Gough Whitlam. I was privileged to be just completing my University studies with many others in the likes of Mr Frank Kramer. Our pioneer politicians and public servants include our current Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Sir Michael Somare, former Prime Minister Sir Rabbie Namaliu and current Foreign Minister and former Prime Ministers, the Hon. Pius Wingti, Sir Julius Chan, and Sir Mekere Morauta. Independence was achieved with mixed feelings. Some critics say it was too early but be that as it may, it happened and it happened without any bloodshed as our first Governor General, Sir John Guise at the eve of Independence with the lowering of the Australian flag, and in handing the Australian Flag to the Australian Governor General Sir John Kerr, said ‘We are lowering the flag and not tearing it down’.

Our 30<sup>th</sup> Independence motto challenges us to be patriotic in our outlook and calls for Renewal and Commitment and a beacon of Hope; Solidarity in our Commitment for Unity, and Purpose for our Nation, Papua New Guinea. We must now strive to excel in the things that bring positive outcomes and ensure we work towards protecting what we have already achieved and built over the last 30 years and continue to build on them. The vibrant Parliamentary Democracy and the Government Institutions, our diverse languages, Cultural Heritage, our unique environmental fauna and the Virgin Forest which we must treasure for future generations and not destroy for quick capital gains. We must not take these for granted but continue to nurture, protect and improve on them.

We have and will continue to have many challenges of nationhood as we have learned from the Bougainville experience. We must learn that 'Life is precious' and that we can resolve differences between ourselves without resorting to violence. Today we celebrate 'LIFE'; the life of Papua New Guineans and friends of PNG for the 30 years we have been together. Life, as you and I know, has many challenges, and PNG has had many such challenges, for example, the natural disasters of the tsunami, the frost and El-Nino; the Bougainville experience; the Sandline Crisis; economic short comings; the AIDS-HIV epidemic and others, but we will overcome such with equal determination and continue to strive to find solutions for the common good of our people.

What have we to look forward to in the next 20 to 30 years? By far the most significant will be the PNG Gas Project with the PNG to Queensland Gas Pipeline; the stability in our Parliamentary Democracy; the challenge to tackle AIDS-HIV, and improvement in both Education and Health, and the quality of Life for our people.

We need to think and do things smartly and cultivate a hunger and thirst for Excellence and Innovative thinking outside the box. As a Nation we must be ready to take proactive measures to embrace what is happening around us in regard to Globalisation and to capitalise on opportunities presented to us for those of us living and working in Australia and vice versa. We need to establish a mutually sustainable partnership between Australia and PNG at the community, corporate, political and bureaucratic levels. We must grab with both hands the opportunities presented by the Gas Pipeline Project and take a holistic approach on all fronts. Queensland, the closest neighbour to PNG, provides great opportunity which my office is promoting with the State Development and Innovation Department, the QLD/PNG Chamber of Commerce, the QLD/PNG Business Corporation Group (BCG). We look forward to strengthening this relationship with further opportunities for PNG and Australia through the accessing of Labour Market Employment Opportunities in the horticultural sector and youth training.

Today we celebrate these and say "thank you" to our Mentor, friend and neighbour, Australia, for being a true friend during the Second World War when we stood side by side at the Kokoda Track Campaign and for the assistance over the last 30 years in the provision of aid and other assistance. Also, we acknowledge other donor countries who have and continue to assist us today

I make special mention of your recipient of the Commemorative Independence Anniversary Medal, Mr Kaad. Let me thank Mr Kaad for being such a wonderful friend and ambassador for PNG. Finally let me thank your Association and its members for your great contribution to our country during your days in PNG and no doubt you will continue to maintain this link through your Association. I have read from your magazine, *UNA VOCE*, the many adventures and tasks that many of you accomplished whilst in PNG.

What can you do as friends and brothers and sisters of our people in PNG? Currently we are negotiating the seasonal labour opportunity for fruit picking and other employment opportunities in Australia. You have your networks, both through the Association and individually, to your representatives in the Parliament. Please, I urge you to support us in this, as this will make a tremendous difference for families if we are allowed to have these job opportunities. As you and I have learned from the media, the aid to PNG does not reach the families, whilst job opportunities will have immediate effect on family disposable income. I look forward to your support and hope we can once again stand side by side as we did at the 'Kokoda Track Campaign' when we needed each other.

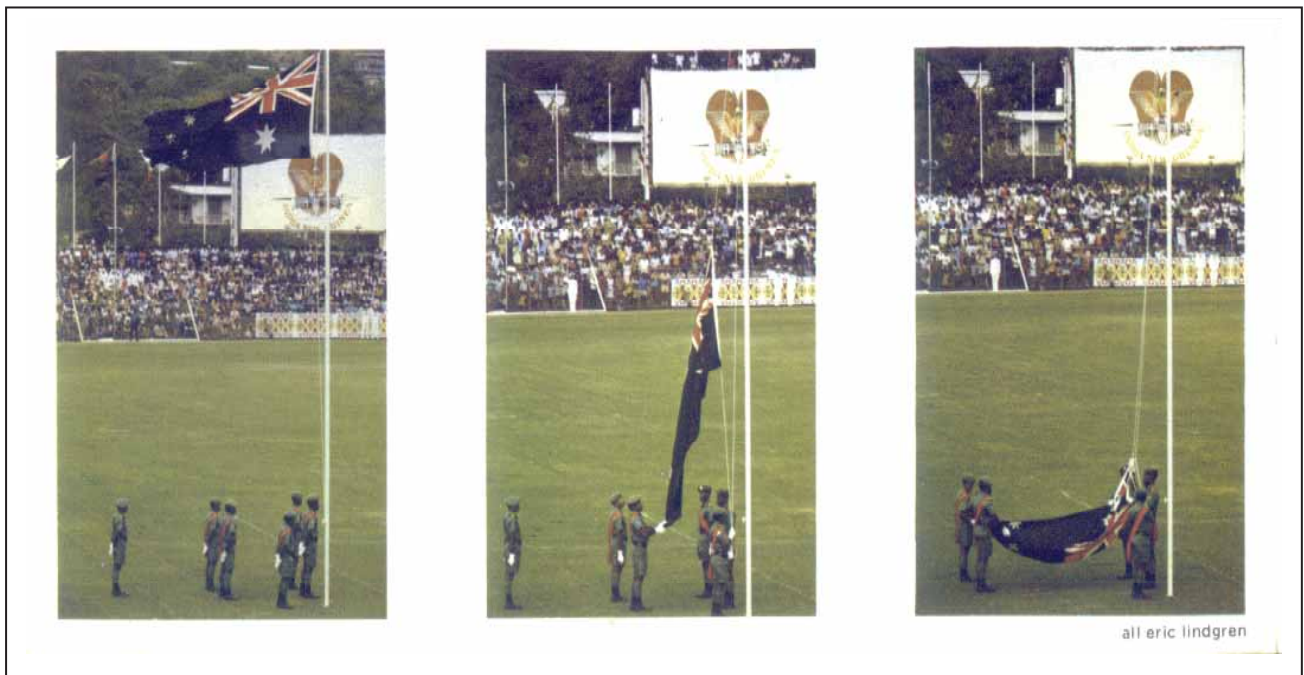
Thank you and God Bless You All."



# INDEPENDENCE

**Monday 15 September 1975**

Symbolising the end of Australian Control, the Australian flag is lowered



**Tuesday 16 September 1975**

The Proclamation and raising of the Papua New Guinea flag



## INDEPENDENT STATE OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

### PROCLAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE BY GOVERNOR GENERAL OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

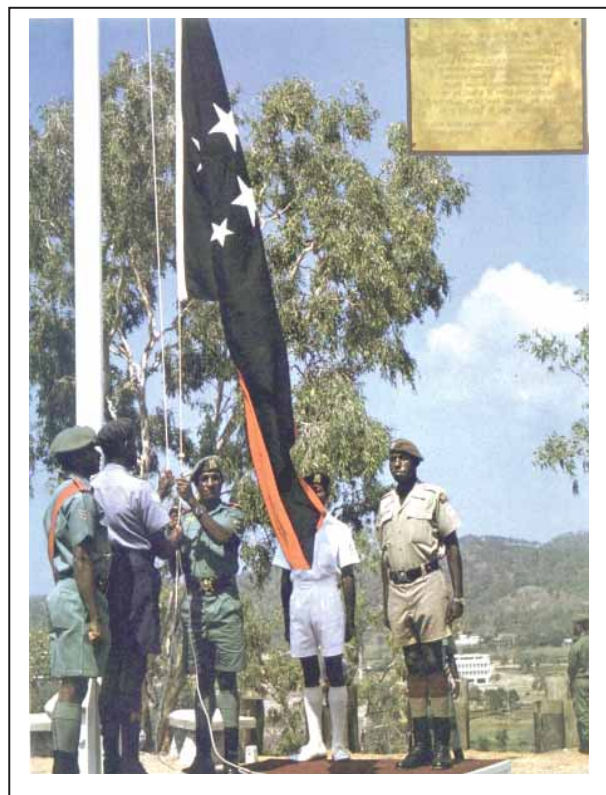
DISTINGUISHED GUESTS,  
VISITORS FROM OVERSEAS,  
PEOPLE OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA IS NOW INDEPENDENT.  
THE CONSTITUTION OF THE INDEPENDENT STATE  
OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA, UNDER WHICH ALL  
POWER RESTS WITH THE PEOPLE, IS NOW IN  
EFFECT.

WE HAVE AT THIS POINT IN TIME BROKEN  
WITH OUR COLONIAL PAST AND WE NOW STAND  
AS AN INDEPENDENT NATION IN OUR OWN RIGHT.

LET US UNITE, WITH THE ALMIGHTY GOD'S  
GUIDANCE AND HELP, IN WORKING TOGETHER  
FOR A FUTURE AS A STRONG AND FREE  
COUNTRY.

00.01 16 SEPTEMBER, 1975



*Photos – INDEPENDENCE 1975  
papua new guinea  
in truth a nation – eric lindgren*

## The Papua New Guinea Crest and Flag

The story of the crest and flag commenced during the life of the first House of Assembly when the Select Committee on Constitutional Development under the Chairmanship of the late Dr. John Guise called upon the people and schools throughout PNG for submissions about their countries flag. Hundreds of entries were submitted which, due to time restraints, were handed over to the Second Select Committee of Constitutional Development under the Chairmanship of the late Paulus Arek.

Armed with this information The Committee in October 1970 had its executive staff analyse these designs to find the most suitable colours and symbols for a crest and flag. They found the popular colours were gold, green and blue and the symbols - birds, drums, spears and stars.

This information was passed to Mr. Holman, an artist with the Dept of Information & Extension Services, for him to design a crest and flag using these colours and symbols. The committee ran with Mr. Holman's designs, a tricolour flag in green, gold and blue with the Southern Cross and a white bird of paradise superimposed. The design was shown to the house of assembly on the 17<sup>th</sup> November 1970.

Paulus Arek told the House:

*The Committee will also seek the people's views on a flag and a crest. The flag and crest do not represent the ideas of one single person but rather have been designed taking into account the overwhelmingly popular colours, designs and ideas submitted by the people to your Committee.*

*Mr Speaker, with your approval I would like to show members of the House of Assembly the flag and crest the Committee proposes to show to the people. In relation to the flag –*



- ☐ The BLUE represents the islands of our country and the sea, which surrounds them. The Cross lies above our whole country and guides our people in their travel on land and sea.
- ☐ The GOLD represents the coastal areas of our country, its past and future mineral wealth and unity.
- ☐ The GREEN represents the mainland and highland areas of our country and a Bird of Paradise, our unique bird, is turned towards the islands to represent one unified country.

*Mr Speaker, your Committee proposes to make an extensive tour of the Territory in January and February 1971. The people will be shortly notified when the Committee will be visiting their areas and will be provided with sufficient time to think about and prepare answers to the Committee's proposals, the main ones of which I have outlined in this statement.*

The Committee divided into two groups to tour the country in Jan/Feb 1971. As Deputy Chairman of the Select Committee I led one of the groups. The people universally accepted the crest although there was some parochial discussion about the design of the spear and drum.

However, the people were quite outspoken when shown the proposed design for the flag. Mostly they regarded the design as a mechanically contrived outcome designed by the Select Committee and not produced by a real person. It lacked warmth and charisma. Our group visited Yule Island on 12<sup>th</sup> February 1971. At the Yule Island meeting a schoolgirl, Susan Karike, a pupil of the Catholic Mission School, gave me a revamped design of the proposed flag drawn on a page taken from an exercise book. It had instant appeal and I immediately thought, "This is the flag",

Susan replaced the tricolour by making the lower segment of the flag black with the stars of the Southern Cross in white. The top segment was red with the stylised bird of paradise in gold. Susan described the colours as those most commonly used by the people in their traditional ceremonies.

The Committee next met in Port Moresby on the 1<sup>st</sup> March to consider the findings from its fact finding tour and finalise its report. Both groups found that that the proposed flag was not acceptable to the people as the flag for a future independent Papua New Guinea and decided to recommend one of the alternatives submitted to the committee during its tour.



*The "Johnson" flag*

The choice was narrowed down to two designs. Susan's design I had already presented to the meeting. The other, somewhat larger, from a New Ireland group, was submitted by Mr. Wally Lussick<sup>1</sup>. The Committee adjourned that evening without having come to a decision. I felt a little despondent, as I needed more than a page from an exercise book to do full justice to Susan's design. That evening Ross Johnson<sup>2</sup>

took the initiative and had his wife, Pat, put Susan's design onto a piece of cloth slightly larger than a tea towel. When this was shown to the Committee next day a consensus was soon reached. Ross & Pat's flag gave support to my presentation and the committee accepted Susan's design.

The report was presented to and adopted by the House on 4<sup>th</sup> March 1971. It said this about the crest and flag:

*"50. The crest suggested by your Committee is acceptable to the majority of the people. Many groups particularly in the New Guinea Islands region, submitted that some object representing their particular area be represented on the crest but it would not be practicable to include a representation from all areas on the crest. As there was widespread support for the crest as it stands, your Committee recommends that it be adopted."*

*"51. The Committee suggested a flag for the country and showed it to the people on its recent tour. Your Committee received numerous representations to either alter the suggested flag or replace it. Because of the wide variety of views about the colour and design of the suggested flag, your Committee has decided to choose one of the submissions made to it on its recent tour."*

*"52. The Committee has chosen a design submitted by a young Papuan girl named Susan Karike. In her submission to the Committee Susan described the colours of the flag as being the colours most commonly used by our people in their traditional ceremonies. The Committee recommends that this flag be adopted as the flag for Niugini"*



Evan Evans Pty Ltd of Melbourne supplied the first Papua New Guinea flag. I offered it to Dr. John Guise, Speaker of the House, to fly at the House of Assembly. He gracefully refused the offer as he thought it was premature. Mr. Les Johnson, the Administrator flew this flag in front of his office in Konedobu. It was the first PNG flag to be flown in the country.

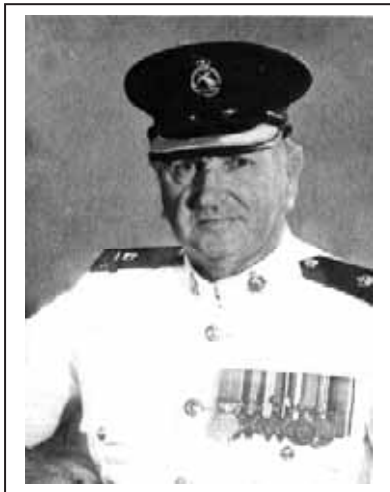
I visited PNG in August 2003 and noted the respect shown to their flag. This reinforced that the decision we made was the correct one.

Geoff Littler, Official Member, The Second House of Assembly, Territory of Papua New Guinea

<sup>1</sup> The Regional Member for New Ireland; <sup>2</sup> Deputy Executive Officer of the Select Committee



# THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA



Thomas Shacklady, the composer of the PNG National Anthem “O ARISE ALL YOU SONS OF THIS LAND” was born in Gateshead, County Durham, UK, in 1917.

Enlisting in the Royal Marines in 1935, he subsequently became a musician studying for two years at the Royal Marines School of Music (Deal, UK). Tom was proficient in playing Brass, the Flugelhorn, Trumpet, Trombone, French horn and Percussion instruments. He was also an accomplished Violinist.

Tom saw service during World War 2 on a variety of Royal Navy ships in various locations. He survived burns from a torpedo strike on HMS Cleopatra and the sinking of HMS Penelope by a U-boat. Post World War 2, he

enlisted in the Australian Army in

1951 and served in and trained various bands, including a posting to PNG in 1957. In 1964 he was appointed Bandmaster of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary band with the rank of Inspector. Under his direction, the Band toured Australia, New Zealand, United States of America and SE Asia. In 1970, the Band performed at the Edinburgh Military Tattoo.

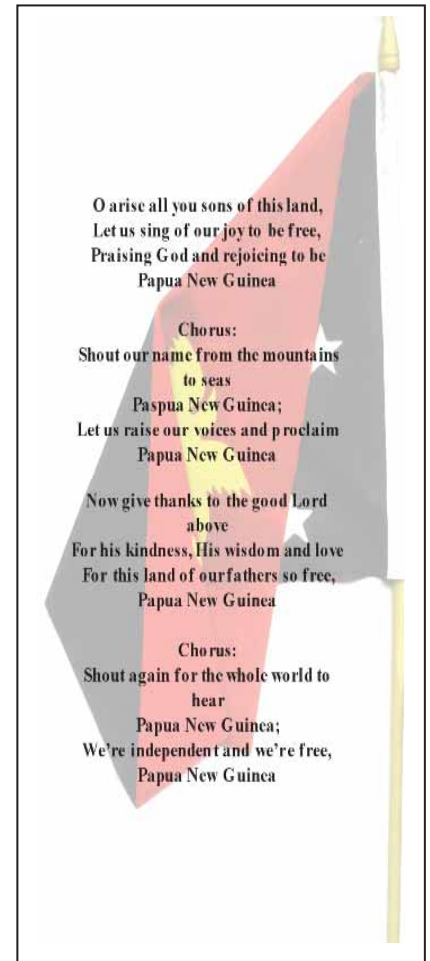
However, Thomas Shacklady will always be remembered as the winner of a competition conducted in early 1975 for a National Anthem, writing both the words and music to “O Arise All You Sons of This Land”. After an illustrious career in PNG, the much decorated Chief Superintendent Thomas Shacklady, MBE, retired in 1982 to Australia. Sadly, Tom passed away on 22 January 2006.

Bandmasters of the RPNG Constabulary Band (all from the UK):

1. Inspector David Crawley
2. Superintendent Thomas Shacklady
3. Superintendent William Harrison
4. Superintendent Keith Terrett

The present incumbent is –

5. Chief Inspector Palo Walo, MBE. Palo is the first PNG citizen to hold the post and he also received training at the Royal Marines School of Music in Deal, UK.





## **The National Crest**

In late 1970, Mr Holman, then in charge of the Art Section at the Dept of Information and Extension Services (DIES), Port Moresby, was urgently requested by officials of the House of Assembly to prepare a series of designs for both a National Crest and National Flag for consideration by the Select Committee on Constitutional Development. As the Committee were at that time travelling around Papua New Guinea in order to discuss and receive submissions on the future Constitution from the local populace, Mr Holman with his Assistant Esau Reuben, flew to Lae to attend one of the Committee's sessions to present a portfolio of design concepts.

The team's initial designs were rejected by the Committee but because of the urgency of the matter, the Committee requested that a further presentation be made the following day with the team taking into account comments made by the Committee. Working through the night, what was to become Papua New Guinea's National Crest was drafted. This was accepted by the Committee and a copy of the original art-proof is shown below.



## **The Second House of Assembly Select Committee on Constitutional Development** *(Some of the members and staff of the Committee)*



*Matiabe Yuwi, Ross Johnson (Deputy EO), Wally Lussick, Mat Toliman,  
John Middleton, Alan Kerr (Exec. Off.), Sinake Giregire, Donatus Mola, Tai Abal  
Geoff Littler (Dep. Chair.), Paulus Arek (Chairman), Tom Leahy*

## Provincial Flags of Papua New Guinea

(Source: PNG: A fact book on modern Papua New Guinea, Jackson Rannells, Oxford University Press (Melbourne), 1990 and [www.crwflags.com/fotw/](http://www.crwflags.com/fotw/))



**Central Province** - The silhouette of a Lakatoi canoe represents tradition. It is set over a blue background representing the sea. A large star (for Central Province) and five

smaller stars (the 5 districts) are set over a red background representing the land.



**East New Britain Province** - A green stripe separates red and blue triangles. Four white stars over the blue represent the national flag. Traditional shell money surrounds a

circle. Masks of Tolai (dukduk) and Baining dancers are in the centre.



**East Sepik Province** - In the upper right quarter, a yellow bird of paradise (representing the national flag) is set over a red background. In the lower left quarter, a haus tambaran (for the hill and

plains people), crocodile (for the river people), shark (for the coast people), kundu and garamut drums, spear and lime pot (representing culture) are set over a green background.



### Eastern Highlands

**Province** - Red and green triangles form the background. Inside a large yellow star in the centre, a legendary one-legged man named Nokondi holds a coffee branch (the

province's main cash crop). The star has 6 points (for the six districts). It is surrounded by 8 smaller stars (for the local government councils).



**Enga Province** - The background is divided into black (for the national flag) and green (for vegetation) triangles. At the centre is a yellow, black and white

dendrobium engae orchid (the provincial flower).



**Gulf Province** - Inside a blue background, 2 crocodiles (rivers) surround a disc with a white seagull (representing the people)

over red, and the Southern Cross (representing the 5 original districts) over black.



### Madang Province

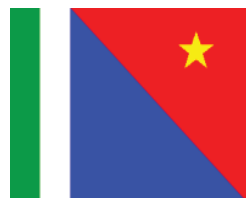
Red, yellow and black stripes (representing the national flag) form the background. Six white stars represent the 6 districts. In black and white, Madang's

memorial to the Coastwatchers of the Second World War is surrounded by coconut palm branches (for agriculture) and a slit drum (for tradition)..



### Manus Province

A yellow Manus Friarbird flies over brown (land) and blue (sea) triangles. The 5 Manus Green Snails represent the five regions.



### Milne Bay Province

Stripes of green (for plants) and white (for beaches) are shown on the left. A square is divided into triangles of blue (for the sea) and red

(for festivals). A yellow star on red represents the Eastern Star (a seafarer's guide).

**Morobe Province** - The background stripes are green (for vegetation), yellow (for Markham Valley) and blue (for the sea). A white bird of paradise (representing animal life), white pig's tusks (traditional



exchange), a brown and yellow kundu drum (for festivals) and spears (for traditional warfare) are at the centre.

**New Ireland Province** - The Southern Cross (a guide to seafarers and indicator of the seasons) is shown over a blue background for the sea. A silhouette of a paradise drongo (a bird found only in New Ireland) is shown on an orange background.



drongo (a bird found only in New Ireland) is shown on an orange background.

**North Solomons Province** - The flag is dark blue signifying the Pacific Ocean; green in the circle signifies the rich island; the jagged white shell is traditional money;



the black signifies the dark skin color of its inhabitants and is unique in the Pacific, the hat in the centre (Upe) is worn by young men at the transition period from adolescence to manhood. The stripes on the hat (red-centre) stands for men and the stripes at the side for women.

**Oro Province** - A gold strip of tapa cloth with red and black markings (representing culture) and a yellow Queen Alexandra Birdwing butterfly (representing wildlife)



cover a green background (for vegetation).

**Sandaun Province** - Black and red triangles form the background, with the gold bird of paradise symbol from the national flag set over the red. Six stars (representing the 6 districts) are set above a



light blue setting sun with yellow rays (the provincial symbol).

**Simbu Province** - The Bird of Paradise and Southern Cross from the national flag are combined with two red spears (representing leadership), a white chain (for unity) and a yellow coffee branch (for the main cash crop).



a yellow coffee branch (for the main cash crop).

**Southern Highlands Province** - A black stripe separates red (upper right) and green (lower left) triangles. Seven white stars (for the 7 districts) cover the red and green. A



cassowary head (representing traditional exchange) and two spears (for defence) are set in yellow over the black.

**Western Province** - The black and red of the national flag form borders around a gold square holding the provincial emblem. The emblem, in black outline, includes a head-dress with white wing feathers of the crane (for unity) and a bow and arrows (for tradition).



head-dress with white wing feathers of the crane (for unity) and a bow and arrows (for tradition).

**Western Highlands Province** -

A white stripe (for peace) separates triangles of green (for vegetation) and black (from the National flag). Stars represent the 3 geographic regions. The Provincial emblem is set



over the green triangle.

**West New Britain Province** - The national flag is set next to an area of blue (for the sea) with a white, brown and gold conch shell (representing communication).





# Manus Dance Presentation

A feature of the Anniversary celebrations was a performance by Manus Island dancers arranged by the Sydney Wantok Club. Thanks go to Lomot Kiap, Cecilia Parkop, Nia Kametan, Tapas Kametan and Chimo Kametan for a marvellous performance which brought back many memories. They performed a series of nine dances set to different (recorded) rhythms of a Garamut. These, including both “Entrance” and “Exit” rhythms, symbolised many of the Manus Islanders traditional dances, for example, a dance based on the U.S. occupation of Los Negros (“March”); the cry of a “Ngam” (spirit) for her dead baby; displeasure at the perceived value of a bride price (“Mus” or “Rat ”); catching of tuna (“Barieu”); leaf of a tree used to cover the breasts of women dancers (“Iawo Pirlu”); the traditional trading cycle between Manus Islanders and Ponam Islanders (N’Drehet); and a traditional dance where members of the audience are invited to join the dancers. The following are a selection of photographs of the “Dance Presentation”.

