



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

The Christmas Luncheon
will be held at
Killara Golf Club
Sunday 2 December 2007
Full details on page 3,
inside this issue!

Please get your replies in quickly.
We are looking forward to a relaxing,
enjoyable day. Invite or meet up with old
friends from your past and reminisce
about days gone by. Extended families,
friends, children and grandchildren of
members are most welcome and we can
organize tables to accommodate all ages
and interests, or organise your own table
of 10. **Jot the date in your diary**
now and start making those phone
calls!

Please RSVP by 15 Nov 2007

MEMBERSHIP FEES

Will be increasing to \$20 per annum from
01 January 2008. This follows a recent
review of our current and projected
operating costs and in light of a generally
increasing cost base.

Visit to the Blue Mountains –
Thursday 11th October, 2007 – see
details on page 2.

Email Addresses - please notify or
update them to: admin@pngaa.net

www.pngaa.net

In This Issue

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON –	3
NAME OF JOURNAL	6
IN 100 WORDS OR LESS	7
NOTES FROM THE NT	9
NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA	11
NEWS FROM PNG	12
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	14
TALK ABOUT HIV /AIDS IN PNG	15
STRICTLY FOR CRICKET TRAGICS	17
MONTEVIDEO MARU	18
THE DC'S AFTERNOON TEA	20
MORE ABOUT 'THAT HIGHWAY'	21
HONIARA IN THE 60S	22
DONATION TO FRYER LIBRARY	23
FAT HONG, A REMARKABLE BOY	25
HELP WANTED	27
REUNIONS	28
AN UNCONVENTIONAL LANDING	29
MUTTU GWARE AND CAPTAIN PHIL OAKLEY	30
RESEARCH STORIES FROM PNG	33
HOW TO CUT RED TAPE	36
BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS	37
MINI-SUB IN RIVER ESTUARY?	39
SO WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL??	40
GONE FINISH	48
VALE	53
CHANGES OF ADDRESS	56
WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS	56

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

ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC

Please send all correspondence to: **The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 1386, Mona vale NSW 1660.** Items for *Una Voce* are welcome and should be marked 'For Attention: The Editor' or emailed to: 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. *Una Voce* is published in March, June, September and December.

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Website: www.pngaa.net

Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription - \$20. 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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Visit to the Blue Mountains

The annual springtime visit to the Blue Mountains will take place on **Thursday 11 October** (not 11 Nov as noted in June UV). Lunch will be at the spacious home of Edna and George Oakes, 5 Werona Avenue, Woodford – phone (02) 4758 8754, enjoying expansive views from the verandah and garden to Kurrajong and beyond. For the energetic there are short walks to adjacent waterfalls and lookouts. Please bring something for the picnic lunch. Edna will supply soup, buns, tea, coffee etc. The Oakes' will meet those who travel by train at Woodford Station with transport, but it is only 10 minutes to their house for anyone who prefers the picturesque walk.

The train departs from Central Country Concourse at 8.55am and arrives at Woodford at 10.28 am. Returns from Woodford at 3.05pm and arrives Central at 4.43pm. Join us! We had a wonderful day with Edna and George last year. Please contact Pam Foley Ph: 9967 2818 by Monday 25 September. Harry West

**Deadline for next issue
5 October 2007**

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In submitting articles, photographs or artwork, please send duplicate copies where possible as, although all care is taken, the Editor or PNGAA cannot be held responsible for any loss or damage.

Christmas Luncheon – Sunday, 2 December 2007
Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara NSW
11.30am onwards
RSVP 15 November 2007

After enjoying the Chinese banquets in the city for many years this year we've decided to try something somewhat different. We are looking forward to seeing you all at the Killara Golf Club, with all its elegant spaciousness, for the annual Christmas luncheon. Killara Golf Club is 14kms north of the city (Sydney) on the Pacific Highway and there is convenient, free, on-site parking. For those coming by car, the entry is *immediately* after the well signed Black Stump restaurant, on the left side travelling north, just after Fiddens Wharf Road.

A cash-only bar will serve drinks at club prices. Pre-lunch drinks will be served on the expansive balcony with spectacular views of the fairways and beautifully landscaped gardens.

For those coming by train, Killara Golf Club is 500-600m from Killara Station along a fairly flat and pleasant walk. Take the exit on the western side of the station, walk along Marion Street, cross the Pacific Highway at the lights and then turn left along the Highway towards the Killara Golf Club. If you do not fancy the walk please alight at Gordon Station which has a lift, very easy access and also a taxi rank [if preferred]. Gordon is approximately 2kms from the Killara Golf Club. Free return shuttle transport from Gordon Station will be provided for those who let us know they are coming by train. Please ring Harry West on 9418 8793 and let us know if you would like a lift from the station or have any questions at all about the arrangements.

Tables will be for 10. We would like to encourage you to think about organising your own table of 10 such as gathering a group from one area to sit together – give the table a special name perhaps! David Montgomery is organising a table for the 'Kimbe Connection' or the 'Talasea Troop' – could WNB folk please contact him at 'Kimbe', Grabben Gullen, NSW 2583, Phone: (02) 4836 7229.

Anyone with special dietary requests? Please let us know so we can arrange something suitable.

An advance booking form is on the enclosed yellow 'Treasurer's Corner' Insert. Please make sure you send it in to reserve your seat as soon as possible - with the change in venue we may have to limit numbers. Final RSVPs are due by 15 November please.

Transport Information Ph: 131500, Sunday Train Timetable:

Hornsby to Gordon	Depart: 10.30 10.45 11.00 11.15 11.30 Arrive: 10.43 10.58 11.13 11.28 11.43
Gordon to Hornsby	Depart: 02.34 20.49 03.04 03.19 03.34 Arrive: 02.49 03.04 03.19 03.34 03.49
Central to Gordon:	Depart: 10.00 10.13 10.28 10.43 10.58 11.13 11.28 Arrive: 10.36 10.49 11.04 11.19 11.34 11.49 12.04
Gordon to Central:	Depart: 02.44 02.49 03.13 03.29 03.44 03.59 Arrive: 03.20 03.35 03.50 04.05 04.20 04.36

WALK INTO PARADISE the DVD

The committee of the PNGAA, Penn Robinson and Rhonda Grogan are proud to announce the forthcoming launch of the DVD WALK INTO PARADISE; the classic 1950's feature film, directed by Lee Robinson and starring Chips Rafferty, Francoise Christophe, Pierre Cressoy and introducing our own Fred Kaad OBE as a supporting actor. Members of the PNGAA are invited to join the committee for drinks to celebrate this much-anticipated event.

WALK INTO PARADISE the DVD will be launched by Bob Connolly the esteemed film maker (who, with his partner the late Robin Anderson, directed and produced FIRST CONTACT, JOE LEAHY'S NEIGHBOURS AND BLACK HARVEST)

On: Wednesday 19th September 2007

From: 5.30 pm to 8.30 pm

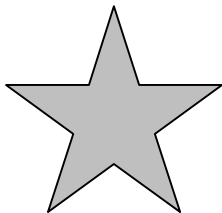
**At: The Australian Film Commission
150 William Street, Sydney (nearest station is King's Cross)**

RSVP: 12th September. Copies of the DVD featuring the extras will be on sale throughout the evening.

Because numbers are strictly limited, we suggest that those members who would like to come please ring Ann Graham, Ph: 9999 4490, to reserve a place.

Your Committee has agreed that surplus funds generated from the sale of the DVD will be used to further the objects of PNGAA, specifically "to encourage the preservation of documents and historical material related to Papua New Guinea" (Rule 2 (c) of our Constitution). In this regard assistance will be primarily given to digitising the Fryer Library PNGAA Collection at the University of Queensland.

* * *



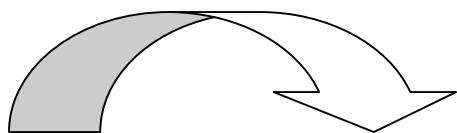
At 85 years, Frank Smith has reluctantly withdrawn from the PNGAA Committee after 19 years of sterling service.

He was in wartime PNG with the Army and returned, in 1947, to work first in the goldfields and then in Madang from 1954 to 1968.

With Pat Hopper he was always a cornerstone of our caring committee and spent an enormous amount of time visiting and phoning the ill and elderly, cheering everyone with his light-hearted sense of humour.

For years Frank and supportive wife Betty have travelled extensively throughout Australia and kept in contact with scores of members in isolated places.

Many thanks for your valuable contribution which is greatly appreciated Frank.



In Case You Were Wondering

Now that we have caught your attention, there have been a few changes – minor, but important - in the way we present *Una Voce*, the ‘Treasurer’s Corner’ insert, and to the way we record membership details.

In relation to *Una Voce*, we are trialling for this issue a different style of font which is slightly larger than that previously used. We have also asked our printer to darken the text during the copying process. We hope that these measures will make our Journal more readable and thus, more enjoyable. Your feedback as to how well we have succeeded would be very much appreciated (please send comment to ‘The Editor’).

We now have the facility to transmit *Una Voce* in PDF format (you will need Adobe Acrobat Reader installed on your computer). File sizes are generally in the order of 1 – 1.5 Mb so this facility is only really suitable for those Members who have Internet Broadband capability. If this is successful we may, in the future, look at two levels of membership fees. If you would like to participate in a trial, with a view to eventually replacing your hard copy version and thus saving costs, please email the Editor at editor@pngaa.net.

The ‘Treasurer’s Corner’ insert has also been slightly modified to group the ‘products and services’ that PNGAA offer in a more logical sequence. If you are only ordering the DVD or Tales of Papua New Guinea, don’t forget to complete the name, address and membership number panels on the front of the insert.

We have also introduced a new payment option – electronic transmission of funds – for those who prefer to do their bank transactions ‘on-line’. In this respect it is important to ensure that an information email is sent to our Treasurer advising details and reason for the transaction (admin@pngaa.net).

As you may have noticed, we have introduced a membership numbering system to positively identify each and every member, especially those who have the same names, including initials. This number together with your membership expiry date is always printed on your address label so if you have already put the envelope in the rubbish bin, retrieve it and make a note of your Membership Number and the year your membership expires. We do ask however, that in all future communications with PNGAA you make reference to this number.

Lastly, in response to suggestions from a couple of our members, and again to help you in identifying friends and colleagues, we can include in our annual list of Members (this will also appear on your *Una Voce* address label) –

- a Member’s maiden name after her ‘married’ name [e.g., xxxx (Nee yyyy)],
- a Member’s Christian name (or Nickname) in place of the ‘Initials’ before a Member’s surname.

If this appeals to you, please let our Membership Officer know by return mail or email to admin@pngaa.net. **Thank You!**

NAME OF JOURNAL

Is a name change (from *Una Voce*) appropriate and, if so, to what and why? Notice of the motion to change the name of our Journal which appeared in *Una Voce*, June 2007, page 3 has already drawn several responses and opinion is divided. A number of members are opposed to any change of name, whilst a number of members have offered the following suggestions: Kumul, Wantok, Contact, Nexus, Harim Nius, Kundu, The Mask, The Drum, Sivarai, Garamut.

Whilst keeping an open mind, your Committee considers that any of the suggested names which are currently used to identify other organisations or which are used as a name for their newsletter are not a valid proposition and should be excluded from consideration, eg -

- The Gold Coast Papua New Guinea Club Inc has a newsletter *Garamut*.
- The official newsletter of the PNG Chinese Catholic Assoc. is the *Kundu News*.
- Sydney Papua New Guinea Wantok Club Inc has the *Wantok Niusleta*
- New Guinea Volunteer Rifles & PNG Volunteer ex members Assoc Inc's newsletter is *Harim Tok Tok*
-

Similarly, the use of Melanesian Pidgin and Motu words or phrases could be construed as perpetuating the 'division' which the original name *Una Voce* (One Voice) was designed to circumvent.

We hope to include a selection of member's comments in the December *Una Voce*.

As a formal Notice of Motion has been received, the matter will be listed and determined at our 2008 Annual General Meeting in April next year. The procedure adopted will be a ballot paper listing two questions; the first question being whether members consider a change of name is warranted [YES/NO answer]. The second question will give a short-list of possible alternate names, suggested by our members, to which members can give their preference. This would allow members who vote 'NO' to still give their preference should the majority opt for a name change. *All suggestions need to be received by 08 February 2008* in order that full details of each suggested name, including a Proxy voting form, will be included in the March 2008 *Una Voce*.

This is an important chapter in the life of our Association and it behoves every member to give this matter thoughtful consideration. We would like to hear your views and of course any suggestions you may wish to make. Please direct any comments and any suggested alternative names by post to The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 1386, Mona Vale NSW 1660 or by email to: editor@pngaa.net.

IN 100 WORDS OR LESS –A VISIT BY THE BOSS

In 1966/67 I was posted to Pindiu Patrol Post where Paul Simpson was OIC. The expatriate population at the station consisted of four single officers – two *kiaps*, *didiman* and a chalky. Paul had put the *kalabus* to work creating a grass tennis court which was the weekend entertainment. DC Des Ashton arrived by air with the outgoing Director of DDA, JK McCarthy and, to the delight of the expatriate population, Des's daughter who was on holidays from Australia.

Following afternoon tea we headed back to the airstrip via the tennis court. A compliment was passed by Miss Ashton re the court and Paul immediately invited her to come out for a tennis weekend. Before she could answer the DC quipped, 'Tennis has never been your forte dear' with a glare at Simpson that would have melted the Sydney Harbour Bridge. JK McCarthy quipped to the DC 'Young whipper snapper, needs a good long patrol.' ...Nice try Paul!

Rod Morrison

At one time during 1965 I was the Acting Manager of Radio Wewak while the Manager, Roger Wilson, was overseas. One day we had an official visit by the Administrator, Sir Donald Cleland who was showing an Army General around the District. On the day of their visit, I was adjusting the flag in front of the office and keeping an eye on the front road, when there was a cough behind me and Sir Donald's voice said, 'It looks all right from here, Baskett!'

I turned round, and when I saw who it was I told him he was cheating by sneaking up the back way like that when he and his party were supposed to come up the front way! Evidently Sir Donald had decided to give the General a scenic tour by walking around the point which overlooks the reef, the brilliant ocean and the nearby islands.

While at the station, the General amused himself by playing tunes on the 'chimes' gong in the studio. Sir Donald looked at him with a chuckle and said, 'Why General, I didn't know you had the music in you!' A successful visit all round...

Geoffrey Baskett

THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE – GOING ON LEAVE

Deadline for entries **5 October 2007**

Write/Phone/Fax/Email

Please put pen to paper as we would all like to share your stories

Correction: In Una Voce No. 2 June 2007, page 13, the photo is of **Lorraine Stephenson** with Robert Kennedy (RK) Wilson. Lorraine and Lloyd Yelland were married in 1954.

A correction, also, to our paragraph on page 12 of Una Voce No. 2, June 2007 concerning award titles. Please note that Alan McLay OL is an Officer of the Order of Logohu, not a Member of the Order of Logohu as previously advised.

Congratulations to Phil Franklin MBE, son of Doug Franklin, who was awarded the MBE for services to Agriculture in the Queen's Birthday awards

recently announced. Phil is the MD of Trukai Rice in Lae, which has branched out into Agri/business in a big way, as well as being a long time Vice President of the PNG Chamber of Commerce and past President of the Lae Chamber of Commerce Inc (prior to Alan McLay OL) and Chairman of the Aust/PNG Business Council. ▪

PNG SCHEME - SUPERANNUATION CHANGES FROM 1 JULY 2007

By now you will all have received pension advice packages from ComSuper. I must admit that I was somewhat confused on first reading the superannuation (or, as ComSuper prefers, pension) details which would apply to me from 1 July 2007, but remembering the difference between gross and net and checking the Key Definitions in Pension Update June 07, it became much clearer. For instance, the 'taxable untaxed component' of a pension is the employer component of a pension.

For all of us over the age of 60, a 10% tax offset applies to the taxable untaxed (or employer) component of your pension. Remember, the 10% tax offset applies only after your gross assessable pension has been taxed at your marginal tax rate.

For those few under 60, see the details applicable to your age on page 1 of the Pension Update.

Note also that the Fact Sheet "Taxation concessions for pensions" applies to the 2006/2007 tax year, and is not applicable for payments made from 1 July 2007.

Fred Kaad OBE

Jumpers for AIDS Babies

For some time now jumpers have been knitted for AIDS related children from infants to 2 years of age for distribution to Africa.

Now, PNGAA has knitters who have decided to send jumpers to the PNG Highlands.

Sister Jenny, a Mercy Nun, who worked for many years in the Wabag Province, now based at the Devine Word Missionaries (SVD) Epping (Sydney) will take all the jumpers we can produce and send them to Goroka for distribution. The first lot of 70 jumpers leave for PNG this week.

Pamela Foley, our Vice President, will collect all future jumpers, then liaise with Sr Jenny for further dispatches. Any queries or further details are available from Pam on Ph: 9967 2818.

Jumper Pattern for AIDS Babies:

100g 8-ply wool (no white) Size 4.5mm or 5mm knitting needles.

Cast on 44 sts, K2,P2 – rib for 18 rows, 30 rows stocking stitch.

Next row – cast on 12 sts – K2,P2 – rib to end.

Next row – again cast on 12 sts – K2, P2 – rib to end.

Rib 22 rows, Rib 21 sts – cast off 26 – rib 21, Rib 21 sts – cast on 26 – rib 21,

Rib 22 rows, Cast off 12 sts – rib to end, Cast off 12 sts – rib to end,

30 rows stocking stitch, Rib 18 rows of K2, P2, Cast off and sew down sides.

The pattern is for babies up to 2 years old and made in one piece. The jumpers can be striped or plain.

NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from Jim Toner

More ex-Territorians depart Darwin than arrive these days but Mrs. **June DOWLING (nee Mossman)** is an exception. Born at Madang in 1925 she was a wartime teenage evacuee from Rabaul on the *Neptuna*. She has moved north to be with her daughter but says she keeps in touch with the Lussick family known to her from plantation days in New Ireland.

George and Edna OAKES deserted their Blue Mountains eyrie during May and caravanned to Darwin. Refreshment was taken on the Toner's patio and although our *plaua* display may not have matched theirs they were able to view a plentitude of our friendly *pisins* from colourful Honeyeaters to raucous Cockatoos. George was a kiap before moving to Trade & Industry as a business adviser. On going South he became Bursar of Barker College, NSW for sixteen years before retirement. George had also sailed from Rabaul, his birthplace, before War came but on the *Macdhui*. Both his and Mrs. Dowling's vessel were subsequently sent to the bottom of the harbour at Moresby and Darwin respectively courtesy of the Japanese.

Chris WARRILLOW has also been roaming the continent and at Perth met up with **Pat DWYER** and **Gus BOTTRILL**. Seemingly late in the evening a 'Limp Falling' contest was held which is always great fun. Mainly for the spectators, less so for those acquiring a bump on the back of the skull. Only going to demonstrate that you can take the junior kiap out of New Guinea but you can't.....

Norm WILSON, well known in the Eastern Highlands, now a resident of Canberra, has also been on tour and looked up other former Native Affairs staff, **Neil DESAILLY** and **Graeme MORGAN**, at Killcare on the NSW central coast. However I am assured that all was decorum.

Harry COEHN, ex-PNG headmaster and current Captain of the Darwin Golf Club, was somewhat frayed after heading the organising squad for the Australian Veterans tournament during June. Over 700 golfers arrived for a week's activities but whereas the visitors to the Top End could enjoy a presentation dinner al fresco at the Club locals were reaching for their windcheaters as the evening temperature sank below 20C. Harry then took some well-deserved R&R in Brisbane to attend a reunion of former pupils from the Sacred Heart School, Rabaul, his hometown. Having trained as a teacher at ASOPA he will also need to travel to Brisbane again in October for the grand reunion of fellow cadet education officers. He has been appointed a 'table captain' but with only eight other lapun chalkies to discipline he will find it less stressful than coping with 700 elderly golfers.

Darwin has become accustomed to hosting PNG sporting teams this year. First, the rugby players who reached the semi-final of a Sevens competition. More recently, the cricketers who also reached the semi-final of a qualifying competition for the World Cup (see page 17). Whilst at the Arafura Games multi-ethnic Darwin, in no way short of good soccer players, was defeated in the Soccer final by a side from Enga. Go, you Highlanders. And then the PNG *Pepes* (Motu for banner or pennant) were victorious in the Netball final. At the

Palmerston Leisure Centre where the girls were presented with gold medals their spearhead goal-scorer, Mona Lisa Leka, collected hers with the expected enigmatic smile.

Gathering a few likely lads together at the Papua Yacht Club was always sure to stimulate novel (to put it charitably) ideas as to what capers they could get up to next and although it is now Royal and magnificently rebuilt little seems to have changed. Earlier this year a few members agreed to someone's suggestion that "Let's all get motorbikes and compete in the Finke Desert Run". This is a 2-day off-road endurance test held on Queen's Birthday weekend which heads southwards from Alice Springs for 230 kms before retracing the route next day. The leader of the push sustained broken bones in both feet but the other six riders seem to have returned to Moresby intact.

My original feeling about Papua-Niuginians and Athletics was that the two were incompatible - that natives would never embrace the *hatwok* (training and discipline) required. I learned later that I was in error but have to admit that I was taken aback by news from Wewak last Queen's Birthday weekend. An Ironman competition incorporating a 5kms run, a 10kms cycle ride, a 700m swim in open sea concluding with a 4kms run to the finish line received entries from no fewer than seventy-five teams! Personally, *maski*.

Readers who put effort into training bright young Papua-Niuginians before Independence will have taken some pleasure in the progress of many. Staff of the Department of Information & Extension Services would be happy with **Luke SELA, OBE** who became the successful and respected editor of the Post-Courier 1976-92. Retired, he died in his village on Manus during June.

Gerry McGRADE, known to some members from his PWD days or later as licensee of the Hamamas Hotel in Rabaul [now Rabaul Hotel] was spotted aboard the Queen Mary 2 on its maiden round-world voyage. This was the 150,000 tons liner which occasioned Sydney's street traffic to fall into a state of gridlock when it entered the harbour during February.

Bruce HANNAN (of PWD and later the Mt. Hagen Council) was interested in Chips Mackellar's account in the June issue of the arrival at Mendi of its first 4-wheeled vehicle. Triumphant driven for the final few miles and to the great excitement of the populace by Desmond J. Clancy. Carrying the Landrover from the Western Highlands had been the hard part and Bruce, now retired at Atherton FNQ, knew this well because in 1956 he had to organise the carriage of a tractor over the same road-less route. It was the Ferguson said to have been designated for use in the Western Highlands but 'appropriated' to the Southern Highlands - but that is another story. Bruce also 'walked' a tractor from Mendi around the flank of Mt. Ialibu to the patrol post of that name. And then assembled another at Lake Kutubu which had been flown in pieces from Mt. Hagen by Gibbes Norseman in three trips. Just forgotten pieces of pioneering in the Highlands of the Fifties.

Doug LOVE was another PWD man who assisted with some vehicle movements and on one such trip walked a horse from Hagen to Mendi. It was as novel to the local people as the above-mentioned Landrover and Mr. Clancy decided to demonstrate how it was used. I am indebted to Bruce for his

description of what happened next. Periodically there were police parades outside the District Office and ADO Clancy proposed to inspect his constabulary on horseback. This naturally aroused some interest among residents who deserted their duties to gather and watch. It was rather reminiscent of the time when Darwin's first set of traffic lights was installed and a small crowd also gathered to watch. When the lights were ceremonially switched on this provoked mild applause.....

Bruce says that no sooner had Clancy flung his leg astride the mare than it violently pig-rooted causing him to somersault forwards out of the saddle but amazingly to land upright on both feet just like a Hollywood stuntman. Applause? More like thunderous acclaim. RIP Des.

NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA – John Kleinig

It is a special occasion when an esteemed and highly regarded pioneer in health agrees to be our guest speaker. **Dr ROY SCRAGG** was Director of Public Health in TPNG from 1957 until 1970 and succeeded Dr John Gunther. This year's Annual **ADELAIDE PNGAA LUNCH** will be held on Sunday 11 November 2007. Please note that this is a change of date from the usual last Sunday in October. There is also a change of venue and the lunch will now be held at the Public Schools' Club, 207 East Terrace, Adelaide. We are particularly grateful to Mark Bouchier, Director of Development at Pulteney for organising this change of venue. Pulteney were not able to offer us Allan Wheaton House on 11 November as senior exams will be held there during November.

Too much of my time these days is spent gazing at a computer screen and the choice of screen saver probably tells a bit more about me than I realise. Having just returned from PNG I have changed it to the picture postcard shot of Rabaul I took a few weeks ago from the ridge next to the volcanologist's station. In many ways it is as beautiful as ever except that half the town is missing. In a way the country is a bit like that and much of the infrastructure created before 1975 has disappeared. I have been lucky enough to make a number of visits to PNG in the past few years and I invariably leave with the impression that the place is slowly getting its act together. Not a restoration of what was there before but after neglect there are signs of improvement. There are many examples including the revamped domestic airport at Moresby, and those at Popondetta and Kokoda.

But the Gazelle is still a favourite with its own level of sophistication. The new Page Park market which replaces the old bung has some of the best displays of fruit and vegetables seen anywhere. Not far away at the volcanologist station on Frisby Ridge, **STEVE SAUNDERS** and his staff monitor all volcanoes in the country with particular attention to those likely to cause trouble. Steve's tour of the station is an absolute must for any visitor to the town. Down the road at **SUSIE** and **BRUCE ALEXANDER'S** Rabaul Hotel you can still get some of the best Chinese food from Chef Solis who thankfully had returned from his visit to Singapore. The dining room was as intriguing as ever with a touch of nostalgia. A woman who had attended Rabaul High School as a student in the

mid 1960's returned for the first time as did an ex resident who had worked in insurance in the town in the early 70's. The diversity was enhanced by a backpacking Italian couple who were spending a fortnight in the country and wanted somewhere in PNG with white beaches and a group of about a dozen Russians who in the past would probably have been locked up!

Just off Malaguna Road, the counting of votes and distribution of preference at the Maltech Independence Hall was a lesson in operational excellence which would have put many of the scrutineers in our own elections to shame. And it wasn't without a sense of the past with one of the candidates for the Rabaul Open electorate being **WILLIAM KAPUTIN**, younger brother of John, now Sir John. He was in second place for a while but didn't make it. In Kokopo, **PATRICK OSCAR TAMMUR** was declared the new member for Kokopo Open. And yes, he is the son of the late Oscar Tammur and he looks just like his father.

NEWS FROM PNG

► In the PNG elections, held recently, there were 44 parties and 2,875 nominations for 109 seats.

► THE 3rd Arts & Crafts Exhibition will be staged by the National Cultural Commission from 26 - 28 October, 2007 in Port Moresby. More than 100 exhibitors representing different provinces of Papua New Guinea will showcase arts and crafts from the respective areas. PNG TPA June issue

► 'A couple of tasteful memorial plaques about the Kokoda trail' have recently been placed on a pathway near Cudgen Beach. The pathway leads to a timber walkway and observation deck surrounded with mulched plants; apparently a much appreciated and peaceful area organised by the Tweed Shire Council.

Info from Tweed Daily News 2/5/07

► Queensland Health facilities are being overwhelmed by Papuans arriving by boat from the western province of PNG where there are cases of tuberculosis, malaria and HIV. Local officials have asked for compulsory health checks on visiting Papuans however federal Health Minister Tony Abbott says 'I think it's highly unlikely that we will be able to insist on health checks for every PNG person arriving'.

Info from The Australian 11/6/2007

► PNG recorded 50,000 visitors for the first six months (Jan – June) of 2007, which was 14,000 (40%) higher than for the same period last year. This growth is not just coming from Australia but from the UK, New Zealand and Asia.

Info from PNG TPA Monthly Newsletter Issue 4 July 2007

► Australia and New Zealand are exploring the possibility of a free-trade agreement with the 16 member states of the Pacific Islands Forum including PNG. Apparently consultations are at 'a very preliminary stage' but will be explored at the forum's trade ministers meeting in Vanuatu in August. The Pacific Agreement on Closer Economic Relations was signed by Australia in 2001 with a view to establishing a single market within the region, however any movement towards this will be measured. Pacific island countries are also working on an economic partnership with the European Union.

Info from Aust. Fin. Review 13/6/2007

► PAPUA New Guinea Tourism Promotion Authority has commissioned professional photographer David Kirkland to capture and develop a high resolution quality image library on PNG. ...PNG TPA's public relations coordinator Colin Taimbari will be Mr Kirkland's understudy on the 3-year project during which time they hope to create a top quality library with some 2000 images for access and use by industry, stakeholders and the media for promotional and marketing purposes. ...the public are invited to submit photo ideas to ctaimbari@pngtourism.org.pg for consideration.

Info from PNG TPA Monthly Newsletter Issue 4 July 2007

► Aaron Choulai, a talented jazz musician now living in New York, 'was born in PNG to his Chinese/Motuan mother and his Jewish/Polish/Australia father'. The 24 year old was recently in Brisbane for the Queensland Music Festival which featured his show 'We don't dance for no reason' and included a choir brought from his ancestral village, Tatana in Port Moresby. 'People that will come will get an insight into Motuan culture, and into a lot of the social problems in Papua New Guinea. First and foremost, though, you're going to hear incredible singing that's never been documented and never really been explored at all.'

Aaron grew up in Port Moresby but moved to Australia for health reasons in his early teens. He started playing the piano and was fortunate to meet his mentor, Paul Grabowsky, who offered to teach him. Completing his jazz training in Melbourne and New York, Aaron was signed to Sunnyside Records at the age of 21 and has recorded three albums. He returns to PNG three times a year and this gives him 'The energy and the space I need to be creative... going back home for me to Papua New Guinea is a renewal of energy.'

Info from the National 22 July 2007

► An unusual 10 seat, 750hp turbine powered purpose built aircraft that can lift 1.5 tonne, the PAC 750XL, was recently flown from Hamilton New Zealand via Murwillumbah to PNG. This was the culmination of many years of fund raising and planning by the Tweed Valley Adventist churches together with the wider Adventist membership throughout Australia and NZ. The Adventist Church commenced a mission aviation program in PNG with the dedication of a Cessna 180 in 1964 and has continued to provide an important aviation service for 42 years.

Info from Murwillumbah Weekly 27/5-2/6, 2007

► A team of five PNG surfers visited the Tweed Coast in late May to take part in a week-long training camp at Casuarina's Surfing Australia High Performance Centre. Andrew Abel, President of the Surfing Association in PNG said that 'surfing had grown in popularity since the movement was first established 20 years ago'. He also said: 'We want to develop the talents of young surfers in the villages who live very simple lifestyles, but have some of the best surf in the world on their doorsteps.' A Californian filmmaker and keen surfer, Adam Pesce, has spent the past four years filming a documentary about the history and evolution of surfing in PNG, tracing it 'from fringe movement to tourism money spinner'. He hopes that his film, with the working title of *Splinters* taken from the makeshift wooden boards used by villagers, will eventually be seen throughout the western world.

Info from Daily News of 25/5/07, 31/5/07 and Gold Coast Bulletin 26/5/07

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Lyle Hooper writes: My husband of the past 30 years, **Alan**, an original platoon commander of the 1st Papuan Infantry Btn who served with members of all three PNG Units between Port Moresby and Madang, was privileged to attend the dedications of the Pacific Islands Regiment and New Guinea Volunteer Rifles/Angau plaques at the Australian War Memorial on May 15th. Alan's comments about the day include the following: 'When NGVR was disbanded in March, 1943, the fittest joined ANGAU at the same time as I did. Time had taken its toll, however, and Gold Coast *Una Voce* member, Jim Birrell ex NGVR/ANGAU, was the only one present that I had known in PNG. During morning tea and lunch, however, my son and I established rapport with many new-found friends whom we discovered were indirectly linked to us by wartime events or repute.'

PNGVR state that they have developed a museum of significant interest I have yet to visit, at the old Army Barracks, Wacol, Brisbane. Please contact secretary Col Gould on 042 456 2030 should one wish to pay a visit or donate PNG memorabilia.

Note: This letter, describing the dedication of the plaques, arrived just after the June issue went to press. An article by Ross Johnson appeared on page 27 of the June issue.

* * *

'Reading about the recent dedication of memorial Plaques to NGVR/ANGAU members ('Una Voce', June 2007, p.27) brought to mind, also, the memorial at The George Cross Park in Blamey Crescent, Campbell, ACT, to George Cross recipients, including a plaque and citation commemorating the posthumous George Cross awarded to Jack Emmanuel following his tragic death on 19 August 1971. Errol John Emmanuel, District Commissioner of East New Britain, awarded the George Cross 'for gallantry', is among the total of twenty one recipients commemorated in this memorial, which was dedicated by then Governor-General Sir William Deane on 4 April, 2001. Blamey Crescent is easily found, running off Anzac Parade not far from the War Memorial in Canberra.'

Paul Jones

* * *

I can relate to the Des Clancy story on the Land Rover having worked within the Admin Transport Dept for eighteen years, with four years spent as Transport Officer Mendi, serving under Des when he was DC for the Southern Highlands District, during the late 1960s.

However while with the Transport Dept in Lae, we received a request to transport an '88' (short wheel base) Land Rover to Kokoda Patrol Post. The Skyvan had not yet graced the airways of PNG, and the Bristol Freighter could not land at the Kokoda grass strip, so the only available aircraft suitable to carry the Land Rover was the DC3, but the vehicle was too wide in its assembled state to fit inside the DC3. It was then stripped of all panels including windscreen, and four inches of both sides of the rear chassis cross member was cut, so as the base vehicle could be pushed up the ramps and tied down for transportation.

So with the transport group of three, we departed for Kokoda. It was while we were en route that we realized that there would not be any ramps to unload the vehicle on to; we need not have worried for on our arrival we found that the local *kiap* had constructed a solid bush timber platform, carried by *kalabus boi* [boys from the local gaol] and all we had to do was push the Land Rover onto this platform and they just walked away with it, in much the same way as in the Clancy story.

Stan Carswell, Transport Dept, 1958-1976

Patti Hopper Memorial Fund

The total funds raised to date are \$11, 425.00. A cheque will be sent to Paul Marshall of Foothill Vineyards before he leaves on his next trip to Rabaul this month. Thank you to all those people who supported this. The money will go directly to building a hospice in the Gazelle Peninsula for victims and families of AIDS and an education program is underway to help changes in attitudes and behaviours to stop the spread of the disease.

We hope to organise another event and will advise of the dates and venue in Una Voce as soon as possible. Thank you again.

Rebecca Hopper, Jane Hanson and family

TALK ABOUT HIV /AIDS IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Judy Avoa-Warrillow addressed the Patti Hopper Memorial Fund lunch on 24 March 2007. Judy is from the village of Moveave in the Gulf Province.

(Apologies to Judy who's home was incorrectly attributed in the June Una Voce.)

'Hello and a very good afternoon to you all.

'First, I would like to thank Rebecca and her family members for inviting me to this gathering to raise awareness and money for this disease that is sending hundreds and thousands to their grave unnecessarily, leaving behind a trail of emotional upheaval, not to mention the loss of a loved one; a mother or a father or a brother or sister or a son or daughter. Sadness, emptiness and loneliness are the effects of this disease in families.

'Also, we must raise awareness that the decimation of the next generation's educated elite has commenced. The rural dwellers are suffering and the urban squatter population is affected. But, for a developing nation such as PNG, the potential loss of huge numbers of future generations' professional work-force will be devastating.

'I would also like to thank the late Mrs Patricia Wiseman Hopper for her love for the country of PNG, a place where she met her husband and brought some of her children up from 1950 through to the late 1970s. Like Rebecca and her siblings and their families, who have taken it upon themselves to organize this gathering in honour of their beautiful mother and grandmother, I too would like to honour my dear sister; not to mention many, many other Papua New Guineans who have died and are dying from this deadly disease.

'Though not yet curable, the anti viral medicine needed to alleviate the suffering of the afflicted is so far out of reach of nearly all Papua new Guineans - rural and urban (unless, perhaps, one is a politician).

'I hope that what I have to share with you all today will urge you to do something. You see, HIV/AIDS hit very close to my PNG family. One of my sisters, younger than me, died from this horrible disease. She was not a village girl – she worked in a government institution.

'Much to my dismay and sadness I found much, much later when she was already in the later stages of the disease that she was infected with AIDS. She lived in an island province of PNG and I was in Moresby. But the sad irony is that she was not up front with telling her siblings and their families, not to mention her mother and father about the disease. Maybe she told her five young adult children, but if she did they never discussed it with me or any family members. It was all hush hush.

‘But after she died I went into my village and raised awareness in a community school and also spoke to small groups of villagers and did one-on-one talks with the HIV/AIDS sufferers. People are not open to talk about sex, so it is hard, but because the villagers knew me, they were comfortable with me and were at ease to listen.

‘I tried my best to get financial help from the Ausaid funded programme but the bureaucracy of it all vanquished all passion and fire I had about helping my people, although I provided them with a written CV of my family history and work experience, with phone numbers and addresses. I was treated with the attitude “Who are you? And we have many more like you”. So in the end I just shut up and did nothing up until now. But the fire and passion for helping my people is still alive and burning. But we need financial assistance.

‘You see the stigma associated with HIV/AIDS is such that the doctors don’t always tell immediate members of the family and it is left up to the patient to tell, should they choose. In many cases the affected person carries the sadness and loneliness of not telling anyone ‘til they die. The stress of this must be devastating, on top of suffering from other illnesses because of the breakdown of the immune system.

‘Yes, there is stigma; maybe stigma is there because of ignorance about the disease. You being here at the luncheon could help someone in PNG better understand the disease, so that, what’s missing in this nightmarish epidemic may have a human aspect to it; that is, one of love and comfort, of understanding and caring of the family member with HIV/AIDS.

‘There was this young woman at the Port Moresby General Hospital. She was alone and I never saw any other person who may have been her family members. She died a lonely death. There is no special section of the hospital especially for HIV/AIDS patients. There is the fear and the stigmatism of it all.

‘Far too many families who suspect AIDS take the sufferer and dump them at the nearest hospital. With road access to many major centres these days, individuals from villages many kilometres away are brought into town and dumped - they carry no identification in many cases.

‘Morgues are stretched to capacity and mass burials, organised by churches and city or town councils, are now frequent and dispose of the unclaimed dead bodies. Bodies are piled on top of each other on each tray.

‘I often spend a few minutes when I remember how my sister must have suffered silently because she was too scared to tell us. I am sure she must have felt distanced and lonely even when we took care of her. I only wish I had expressed more understanding and made her world then a little better.

‘I am told that as she lay dying she wanted to speak to me but I was in a meeting. Much to my dismay I never found out what she wanted to tell me. I got to her deathbed too late.

‘Deep in my heart, I know what I am doing here today is what she would like me to do - to tell you all and many more what this plague is doing to Papua New Guineans. PNG needs your support, be it your understanding and giving of your time or space and money.

Thank you all for coming today and in God I hope this won’t be the last of our coming together. May God give you all wisdom and understanding in all I have tried to share with you.....thank you all.’ ■

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STRICTLY FOR CRICKET TRAGICS - from Jim Toner

No sooner had Australia collected cricket's World Cup in the West Indies during March than competition for the next one commenced in May at, of all places, Darwin. The city hosted eight of the 'third division' countries including Papua New Guinea and its team arrived with high hopes. They had been seeded 1st amongst these 'minnows' of global cricket and the best two would qualify to attend the 'second division' tournament in Namibia next November. Just as importantly the International Cricket Conference would, if PNG was successful, finance training for the next three years.

It would prove to be a bumpy ride for the young Papuans from Port Moresby and district. The opening match against Fiji which scored 138 was a close thing. With just one wicket standing Chris Amini hit a boundary from the second last ball of the game to reach 142. A concurrent match was even more nail-biting. Italy made 175 but Argentina having in reply reached 7-174 snatched defeat from the jaws of victory losing their last three wickets from consecutive balls for no score! In consequence when PNG met the Argentines on the following day they were very confident. The South Americans, seeded 8th, had only been brought to Darwin as substitutes for the USA whose national administration had imploded earlier this year. Sadly PNG batsmen let themselves down with a total of only 91. The Argentines exceeded this with five wickets in hand. Chastened but determined PNG then played Italy restricting them to 134 and passing that score for the loss of only two wickets. This placed PNG into a semi-final meeting with Uganda. We *wantoks* had high hopes.

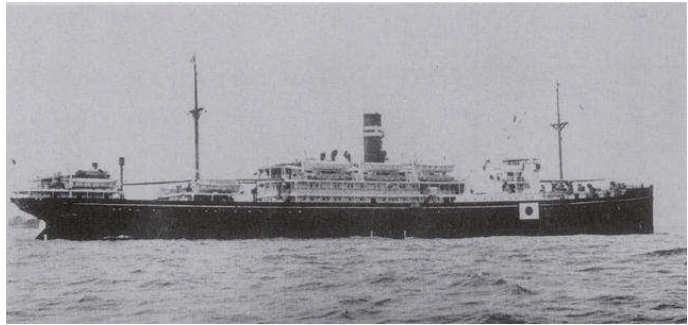
Interviewed on TV the Ugandan coach had said that little cricket was played in his country and, with a big smile, Mr. Ponting need not worry. Unfortunately some of his players had some decent form. Batting in a previous qualifying match against Malaysia one named Kamyuka was sent in at No. 10 where he hit a century...! He would prove to be the Papuans' executioner. After PNG amassed a creditable 203 it seemed that they had the Africans down and out when they reached 9-188 with just two overs remaining. A trip to Southern Africa and a sack of money beckoned. But cometh the hour, cometh the man. Kamyuka whacked 16 runs off the next 8 deliveries leaving the Moresby lads heart-broken. Never mind, they can try again in 2011. ■

MONTEVIDEO MARU

65 Years since Australia's Greatest World War II Tragedy

by Maxwell R. Hayes

It is now sixty five years since this Japanese POW vessel, sailing from Rabaul in the Territory of New Guinea, was torpedoed off Luzon, Philippines, with the believed loss of lives of some 1035 servicemen, missionaries, police



and civilians, yet the Australian Government still refuses to release documents on the vessel's loss and the Rabaul debacle, claiming that they cannot be found. Nor has the Government seen fit to ever create a monument as a tribute to Australia's greatest ever maritime loss, leaving recognition of the sinking to private and service unit memorials.

The story is well known, yet recent evidence indicates that a number of older Australians captured at Rabaul and named as being on the *Montevideo Maru*, were captives on a Japanese vessel bombed in shallow waters near Gona and subsequently murdered. Other discrepancies of those alleged to have been on this vessel also exist. A nominal roll in Japanese Katakana of those presumably intended to be on the vessel was compiled about a fortnight before the sailing; did all those on the roll sail on 22.6.1942? It seems certain that a large number of younger POW were destined to work in Hainan coal mines and this is to a very large degree reinforced by the fact that officers and nurses captured at Rabaul survived the war having been conveyed to Japan on the *Naruto Maru* which departed Rabaul around the time as the *Montevideo Maru*. There were exceptions to the taking of POW and the Tol massacre is just one of them. There is a lot to still answer for, but in view of recent denials of war crimes, unfortunately this will never occur as Japan has rewritten its war time history to exclude war time atrocities.

So far, I am only aware of one page from over 200+ pages of the Katakana roll, being available in archives. Where are the other 200+ pages? Albert Speer. MBE a couple of years ago discovered a Japanese seaman, Yoshiaki Yamachi, alive in Japan and he confirmed that Australian POW were on this unfortunate vessel. It was of sufficient interest to the Australian Broadcasting Commission to record an interview with this aging seaman, but this event did not stimulate any interest on the part of the Australian Government, a government which, in 1940-1941, sent troops to defend this hopelessly indefensible position, along with eight Wirraway, already outmoded, planes. Preparations were shoddy, there were no food or weapons reserves outside the town perimeter and the young troops were inadequately trained for their mission. Despite valiant vigorous defence by the 2/22nd Battalion, the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and the Royal Australian Air Force, the capture of Rabaul took but a few hours, such were the vastly superior Japanese forces.

Little wonder that the cover up still exists. Eventually all those brave men who defended the town will be gone and the loss of Rabaul forgotten. ■

MADANG c 1950 by Lynne James (nee Evans)

Reference was made to Tom Ellis in Laurie Le Fevre's article 'Meeting Bobby Gibbes' on page 17, June 2007 *Una Voce*.



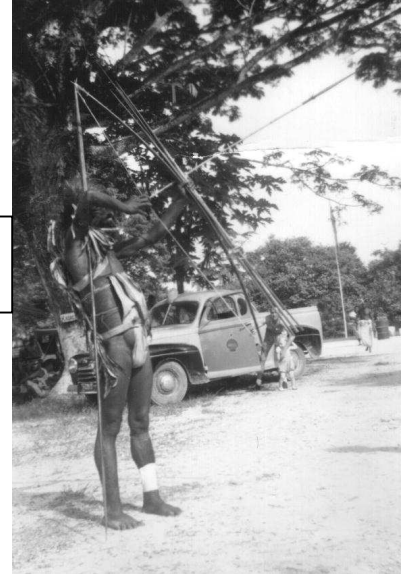
C 1950 Madang

Both photos courtesy Lynne James (nee Evans)

see vehicles parked in the background. These people from the Highlands were uncivilized. It was speculated that they might not be far removed from cannibalism.

Tom Ellis was a respected patrol officer. My father Hal Evans was then working in the Native Labour Department, Madang.

Tom Ellis brought some natives from the Highlands into Madang in about 1950. [See photos.] I was very young but we in the town must have been advised of the arrival, because you will



PNGs first-ever Physiotherapy School for Volunteers set up in the Highlands!

A physiotherapy school for PNG men has been set up in the Simbu Highlands of the EHP. This school, which now has around 20 volunteers, is training young men to visit distant villages looking for anyone with disabilities such as blindness, cerebral palsy, deafness and other ailments. The men are being trained to find children who aren't getting the help they need or who have been hidden away. When they find them, they teach their parents how to treat the children and also teach their community how to help and care for them. The training centre has been set up by Christian Blind Mission International (CBMI) which now has doctors and nurses working in 113 countries around the world.

Recently a team trekked for eight hours over the mountains and through dense jungle areas to reach one small boy with cerebral palsy. The boy, named Benedict, aged only one or two years old, was found hidden and lying in the darkness of a little hut way up in the mountains of the Simbu Highlands. The parents of the small boy have been taught how to undertake physio exercises with the boy. The lads in training at the centre even made a small armchair for him out of papier mache – using only paper, flour and water-glue!

Blind people have been carried to the CBM centre for treatment and after a 20 minute operation to remove cataracts, they are able to regain their sight. If you wish to help this school, please phone 1800 678 069.

THE DC'S AFTERNOON TEA by Paul Oates

Towards the end of 1974 at Sialum, we had a visit from the District Commissioner (DC). The Assistant District Commissioner (ADC) Frank Haviland radioed me from Finschhafen and told me to prepare for the visit. The DC, Arthur Carey was leaving and before he left, he wanted to make a farewell tour of some of the stations in the Morobe District to meet and greet the local people.

I called together the leaders of the villages around Sialum and explained to them that we were to expect a visit from the DC and that he would like to meet our local residents. After some discussion, the two local villages of Sialum and Kwamkwam decided to stage a small singsing in honour of the occasion.

Sure enough, on the appointed day, the government workboat, MV Morobe, hove into sight in the early afternoon, 'throbbing' up the coast from Finschhafen in the south. On board were the DC, the Deputy DC Mal Lang, and the ADC, Frank Haviland.

Expecting that the official party would require some refreshment after the singsing, my wife had arranged to have afternoon tea at 4pm (1600hrs) at our house. Visits from the DC were rare enough and my wife decided to pull out all stops and prepare as best she could, given our limited resources and the tropical environment. The best china was brought out and set up on the table along with some home cooking. The table arrangements were complete with cups and saucers, a sugar bowl and a milk jug.

Arthur was very pleased with the singsing and his reception and stayed talking with the local people of times gone by and of times to come. He was having such a great time that by 'belo pinis' (4pm – Finish Work Bell), there was no way I could get him to leave the gathering. I sent word to my wife that we would be delayed. Finally by about 5.30pm (1730hrs.) we all trooped over to our house for afternoon tea.

My wife had set up the afternoon for 1600hrs and had worked hard to ensure everything was ready on time. This included filling the milk jug with some of our precious longlife milk.

Eventually, everyone sat down and was offered tea. The DC was offered a cup and saucer and tea poured from a tea pot. My wife then offered some milk in the milk jug. The DC held his cup and saucer in his lap while she lifted the milk jug up and poured some milk. The milk didn't seem to be co-operating so she tilted the jug further forward. The entire contents of the milk jug, a semi congealed blob of sour milk, then did a nose dive into the DC's cup with loud 'plop'. This action caused the displaced contents of his teacup, namely hot tea, to end up in his lap.

None of us was more surprised nor horrified than my wife however Arthur was a real gentleman and smoothed the whole thing over by inviting us to have dinner with him on board his workboat that night. He then left hurriedly to change his trousers. ■

MORE ABOUT ‘THAT HIGHWAY’
Letter from Bob Cleland to Chips Mackellar re Chips' story in the June
issue of *Una Voce*, p.40

Dear Chips,

As an old road builder myself, I thoroughly enjoyed your well-told story about Des Clancy and the first Land Rover into Mendi in 1955, or was it 1956?. No matter, I'm sure you're right. But I do need to take you to task about your description of the degree of Highland road development at that time (1955-56). It's a bit of a hobby-horse of mine.

Hank Nelson, in *Taim Bilong Masta*, got it right when he said

“... by the end of 1953 there was a road from the Markham valley climbing a series of twisting ledges through the Kassam Pass to the edge of the Eastern Highlands. From there it went west across the Ramu-Purari divide, passed through the broad Goroka Valley, climbed the Daulo Pass at over 8000 feet, wound down into the Chimbu and on to Mount Hagen.”¹

I know this too, because my diary says so! I wrote it when I was working with Rupe Haviland on Kassam, then on Daulo for 10 months. For the record, the first Land Rover to drive from Goroka to Mount Hagen was driven by District Commissioner Ian Downs, comfortably, during the daylight hours of 9 October 1953. I don't think we called it 'The Highlands Highway' then, but a highway through the Highlands it certainly was – relatively speaking.

It was a doubly historic day. Accompanying Downs were Mick Leahy in another vehicle and Jim Taylor in a third. Imagine their feelings when they drove in a single day, the trip they walked, taking many weeks, twenty years earlier.

By mid 1955, traffic had got really heavy – when tropical rain hadn't sent the road falling down the mountainside! There were several days when I recorded three vehicles a day – and I thought I was on a remote outpost.

And another thing – I don't know about the Western Highlands in 1955-56, but in the Eastern Highlands in 1953-54, and again in 1955-56, there was funding for road construction. Village people were not only paid for the work they did (over and above their obligatory weekly road-work day), but they were paid for the strip of land on which the road was built. Dragging that measuring chain along many miles of road with hundreds of compass readings while recording it all, before drawing up the purchase documents, is not one of my best memories.

People on hobby-horses do get a bit picky don't they? Trouble is, this is my hobby-horse because currently, I'm writing the story of the first four years of that part of the Highlands Highway within the Eastern Highlands. I reckon it's a story that needs to be told because it's a story repeated many times over throughout the Highlands, by many kiaps. As Hank Nelson said, "The Highlands Highway was the most spectacular single project of the post war program of road building." ²

¹ *Taim Bilong Masta*, Hank Nelson, ABC, 1982, p63.

² *ibid*, p 63

HONIARA IN THE 60S By Jerry Lattin

Richard Jones's article *Memories of Old Honiara – Where Time Stood Still* certainly brought back memories for me. I visited Honiara and other parts of the BSIP (as it then was) several times between 1963 and 1970, in command of Royal Australian Navy ships based at Manus Island. Richard's recollections of the gentle lifestyle that then prevailed tally closely with my own, and the Honiara/Kavieng comparison is valid.

Nevertheless, I thought the Solomons social atmosphere, albeit that it was on a much smaller scale than PNG, showed a lot of class. In 1964 the head of the administration, the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, was Sir Robert Foster. His bailiwick extended beyond the Solomons to include the Gilbert and Ellice Islands (now Kiribati and Tuvalu) 1500 km or so away to the north east. His official Honiara residence, on the shores of Iron Bottom Sound, was built entirely of native material. Yet in this humble dwelling, Sir Robert and Lady Foster entertained very successfully in considerable style.

Honiara in the 1960s had one very fine hotel, the Hotel Mendana. I dare to say that it was superior to any hotel in PNG at about that time. It was owned and managed by Ken Dalrymple-Haigh, a man of considerable proportions, avoirdupois and presence. He was adequately equipped for his secondary role as Head of Security, but very rarely had to do any 'bouncing'. The Mendana was a well-run hotel in a remote outpost of empire, and lived up to the 'classy' standards set by the administration.

There were very few tourists visiting Honiara in those days, just a trickle. In 1964 a story was doing the rounds about an American war veteran and his wife, who had come to visit the scene of some of the most momentous fighting of World War II. The American engaged a taxi driver to show them round the town, which took considerably less than an hour. Then the American said to the driver, nudging and winking all the while, 'Now, I want you to show us the other side of Honiara. I want to see what the other tourists never see. Can you do that?'

'Yes sir', said the taxi driver, and set off towards the edge of town. At a spot on the fringes, he stopped. 'There sir', he said to the American; 'No tourists ever see that'.

The American couldn't believe his eyes. 'Is this what I think it is?' he asked.

'Yes sir', said the taxi driver; 'That's our garbage dump'.

The style and class of old Honiara were tempered with gentle innocence. Since Honiara was a strictly post-war entity (pre-war, the administration was in Tulagi), the recollections Richard and I share cover a period of only thirty years at the most. Before that, Honiara didn't exist; and now it has changed into something else. The memories are all that remain. ■

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DONATION TO FRYER LIBRARY By Laurie Le Fevre

Marie Grafen, widow of former kiap Bill Grafen, has lodged a collection of Bill's personal papers and photographs with the PNGAA Collection at the Fryer Library at the University of Queensland. Included among these papers are patrol reports, diary extracts, photographs and letters home.

Bill Grafen was a kiap in the 50s, joining the TPNG administration after a period with the WA Department of Native Affairs.

A graduate and a trained linguist, Bill brought a useful suite of capabilities to his work. However education was to prove to be of greater interest than patrolling.

He moved on to work as a teacher, education adviser, and contributor to educational policy in TPNG and Australia, but took early retirement from education to bring his skills in education and languages together to work as a volunteer on a number of NGO projects in South America.

Bill Grafen's papers show he was a very methodical man. His photographs are captioned, and many of the great names of the period appear among them. David and Alison Marsh grace the Grafen albums, and his photographs of his period at ASOPA feature Des and Marie Clifton-Bassett, Tony Trollope and Dave Permezel.

Bill Grafen's papers clearly indicate his early intention to have a career in Papua New Guinea, but ultimately he opted for a career in Victoria and then many years of caring for poor families in Peru, Columbia and Ecuador. Bill provided education and homes for them, as well as bringing a number of foster children to Australia to continue their education here while living with him and his family.

Bill and Marie also squeezed into their busy lives the support of a number of Papua New Guinea charities, using their Melbourne home for a variety of fund-raising ventures until the late 90s.

Bill combined his innate ability with languages and his formal linguistics training to quickly acquire languages. Ultimately he spoke 13 languages fluently, including Motu, Indonesia Bahasa, Japanese, Spanish, Italian and French. His well-thumbed Motu dictionary is interesting reading in itself, as his notations indicate his progress.

I am sure this collection will be a useful addition to the Fryer collection. ▪

EXPERIENCED PRIMARY TEACHER

Required for a school now being built in Papua New Guinea, by a progressive rural development company. The school will be located at DYLUP cocoa/copra plantation on the all weather North Coast Road, about 70km from the town of MADANG.

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This position is also suitable for a couple should they both be teachers, or if the partner has skills that can be utilised by the company. For further information, please contact Mrs Joesse Gardner on email: joesse@global.net.pg, or phone: 675 853 7491 and leave a message for Joesse.

DONATIONS TO PNGAA COLLECTION – FRYER LIBRARY THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND LIBRARY

W.C.J. Grafen (courtesy of L. Le Fevre): small quantity of diary entries and lengthy letter detailing life in Tufi, Northern District, 1950-1953 complemented by three photograph albums including: land/marine views, the Queen meeting locals (?Councillors), native and European houses/offices, European residents, villages/villagers, native girls with 'dread-locks', vine/lawyer cane bridges, singsings, native police, goitres, Quonset hut-style school, Port Moresby 1952, ASOPA 1952, postcards of Port Moresby 1952, Coronation Day, Tufi, 1952, the Queen and party at Suva, views of Suva, an illustrated souvenir of Papua New Guinea, small wooden carry case of slides of Tufi area. *Patrol reports: TUF7/52-53 Cape Nelson; (TUF)8/52-53 Portion of the Lower Musa: Agaiambo Swamp Area; TUF11/52-53 Collingwood Bay; TU1/53-54 Dyke Ackland Bay; TU3/53-54 Barije-Mangalase and Portion of the Upper Musa; TU5/53-54 Keveri Valley – Main Range – Upper Musa; TU7/53-54 Collingwood Bay; TUF4/54-55 Barije-Managalase.

* Sent to PAMBU (Australian National University) for micro-filming and return.

Rev. G.L. Lockley (courtesy of daughter Mrs Barbara Merefield): Member of the Australian & New Zealand Committee of the London Missionary Society ca.1946-1970, Secretary in Australia New Zealand for Congregational Council for World Mission (ex LMS) : Journal 28 June 1951 to 30 June 1951; Journal 19.xi.52 – 28.xii.52 of a trip to Papua as part of a deputation to the Papua District Committee of the LMS (typescript supplied by Mrs Merefield); diary Papuan visit 9 November 1954 to 29 January 1955, eight typescript pp. (Merefield) Trip to Papua 1959; six typescript pp. (Merefield) Papuan Journey November-December 1952 (excerpts from letters to his wife); 9 typescript pp. (Merefield) Trip to Papua-New Guinea November-December 1970 (excerpts from letters to his wife) 23.11.70 – 8.12.70; Journal 31.10.72 – 24.11.72 Central District, Papua, stations (note: carbon copy faint and difficult to read). Slides: Act of Union January 1968; 3 yellow slide boxes: 1. labelled Papua (?), 2. Papua 1972, 3. Papua and unnamed, 1 large green Hanimex slide cabinet with named and unnamed slides, 1 smaller green metal box with slides of Gemo Island (former leper hospital at mouth of Port Moresby (Fairfax) harbour, Iokea (Gulf District) and some unidentified.

Note: The PNGAA Collection (No. UQFL387) can be consulted during Fryer Library opening hours with an advance phone call to Ph: 07-3365 6276. As Dr Cahill is away from mid September until late October, please hold any donations during this period.

FAT HONG, A REMARKABLE BOY by Pat Murray

At the end of 1939, the declaration of war – with the ever acknowledged possibility of Japan becoming involved – combined with the expiry of a small bursary I had won and the disastrous price of copra, made it necessary for me to leave boarding school in Australia and return to my family in New Ireland, at Bolegila Plantation.

Early in February 1940, the District Officer Mr Penglase, called at Bolegila en route to Namatani. I was out on the reef with my younger brother and sister. When I came in I was told that I ‘had a job’. Thinking I was needed to do some chore, I was rather stunned when I was told I was expected to go to Kavieng in about a week and take over the Post Office, as the current Postmaster, Joe (Barraclough? Or it could have been another Joe) was leaving to enlist.

So, suitable accommodation being arranged for me at the Kavieng Club, I reported at the Post Office. Joe was supposed to spend the day teaching me the essentials of the job. However, in less than an hour he’d handed over – ‘Here’s the key to the Registered Mail Box; here’s the Post Office Guide. It will tell you anything you want to know. Kailas knows the general job of labelling and sealing bags – he can show you.’ So, after this brisk hand-over of forty pounds worth of stamps and cash and a ‘Cheerio!’ Joe was off. Kailas quietly and politely answered all my questions and we were in business.

In the course of examining the office – one fairly large room – to know what various drawers and shelves contained, I found a file of letters from Chinese sources. These were all addressed in Chinese calligraphy except ‘Kavieng, TNG’ on the bottom of the envelopes. How long recipients in Chinatown had waited for their mail, I had no idea. We didn’t receive it directly as no ships on the Eastern run called. All mail was redirected through Rabaul. My dilemma was soon solved when I made the acquaintance of Fat Hong. He was the eldest son of the publican, Tsang Sang, who was a well-known businessman in Kavieng. However, Tsang Sang didn’t speak English, relying on Pidgin, and was only literate in Chinese.

Fat Hong was quite a small boy (‘I am eleven years old in English years but I am twelve in Chinese years’, he assured me). As he was attending school at Maiom (later Utu) where a class for Chinese and mixed race boys (girls? I’m not sure) was held in English, he soon became fluent in English. So it was accepted by his father, and the District Office staff, that he would conduct his father’s business with them when necessary and his own signature would be accepted!

However this was not all he did. Early every morning he and a native servant of the Hotel would cycle out to Omo where Tsang Sang had a large vegetable garden. They would select vegetables required for the Hotel and excess to sell, then deliver these to various households in Kavieng. Then he went to school at Maiom, returning late in the afternoon and attending Chinese class at the Kuo Min Tang School in Chinatown. He must have managed time off occasionally to come to the District Office and Post Office!

So when I asked him to identify the addressees of the Chinese mail, he not only did so but also offered to deliver any that was for residents of Chinatown

personally. A small amount was for addresses in various parts of New Ireland, New Hanover and outlying islands. For these I had to make contact with appropriate pinnace owners when they came to town to send out mail, hoping for the best!

Then in December 1941 I, together with my mother (Mrs Stanfield), my sister (Diana) and my brother (John), was evacuated along with the other remaining European women and children, leaving New Ireland on Boxing Day. We arrived in Sydney on New Year's Day 1942, after a trip that involved travelling by schooner to Rabaul, overnighing there, then by air (my first flight) in two DC2s to Cairns, followed by a three day crowded, uncomfortable train trip to Brisbane and finally 'sleepers' for the last night. Many people left the train in Brisbane, but others including my family travelled on to Sydney.

Through the ensuing years I often thought of the unfortunate Chinese people left behind and particularly my friends Fat Hong and Rose Leung, hoping they would come through the ordeal of occupation successfully. Some took refuge on outer islands where life was primitive but generally safe. Others were conscripted as labourers by the Japanese.

Returning to Kavieng in 1946 I enquired about them and was told that Fat Hong and others of his family were among a large group of Chinese forced by the Japanese to cultivate an extensive food garden (for their troops of course!) behind Lakuramau – inland of the *kunai* strip that runs along most of New Ireland and the most fertile land on the coastal side.

The account I was given was that the Chinese working on this garden were subjected to air attack from the US air force 'planes whose pilots mistook the Chinese for Japanese. On one such raid when the workers in the garden ran for cover into the nearby bush, a small girl of about three or four years old stood screaming and paralysed by fright in the middle of the open space. Fat Hong ran out to rescue her but was only able to lie her down and cover her with his body. The airman, presumably not able to see they were only children, machine-gunned them and both were killed. ■

NEW GUINEA EXPERIENCE

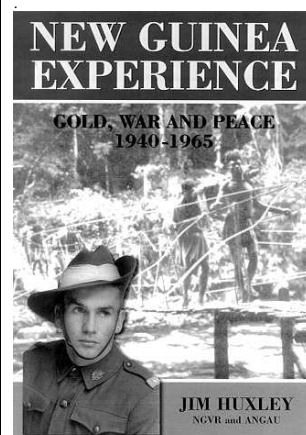
Jim Huxley went to the Wau goldfields in 1940, little realising what adventures lay ahead of him. He writes of the many pre-war characters met on the Wau-Bulolo gold areas. War came in 1941 and he joined the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (NGVR): men who knew the country and the ways of the native people. When the Japanese arrived on the New Guinea coast, Wau became the base for Australian commandos who harassed the enemy at every opportunity. Jim was a Medical Orderly near the front line much of the time – watching the action and tending the wounded. By war's end he was in ANGAI. The third phase of his story is in Lae, in the newspaper business and his part in introducing Rugby League. About 800 described in the text.

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HELP WANTED

Jim Toner writes regarding **Christian Arek**, a Papuan policeman. As Tom Grahamslaw mentioned in his fascinating memoirs recently serialised in *Una Voce* Constable Arek was involved in the first skirmish with Japanese invaders in July 1942 at Buna. Next year he retrieved the remains of Lucian Tapiedi, Anglican martyr, for Christian burial (Google Arek, item 3, for details). Ten years later and by then a bemedalled and highly respected Sergeant-Major he was marching in London with the RPNGC contingent at the Coronation.

A half-century on his daughter, Elizabeth, now resident in Brisbane has contacted PNGAA seeking "**a thin paper-back book about the war heroes of PNG**". She says "recalling slightly there was one about a PNG woman who transported injured Australian soldiers in her canoe". Eric Johns, former Education officer, is spending his retirement writing histories for use in PNG schools and the first volume was published in 2004. He identifies the canoe rescuer (of an Aussie airman) as Maiogara Gimelaia of Milne Bay but cannot locate the book. Other authorities have some recollection of it but have been unable to help. If any reader can please contact tonerjb@ozemail.com.au or PNGAA.

* * *

Jim Burton writes in advising us of his current programme – ‘Memories of the South Pacific Islands are being Recalled’. Following an earlier series of meetings, Jim is planning further short sessions to gather together groups of former Pacific islands residents including those from PNG. Jim hopes the sessions will enable a **sharing of some of their experiences and stories, photographs, music, books and/or written papers with a view to recording these for the future**. Guest speaker at the first session held in May was Dr Max Quanchi, senior Lecturer of the School of Humanities and Human Services at QUT. It is hoped that Sean Dorney will launch the new series of sessions, starting August 17. These will be held at Brisbane City Council’s Library, Indooroopilly Shoppingtown from 10-12nn and the last two dates of this series will be held on: Friday 21st September and Friday 19th October. It would be helpful to know who might attend each meeting therefore it would be appreciated if you could please contact Jim by phone 07-3376 3356 (please leave a message) or Email: burtonjf@powerup.com.

Jim is also keen to continue developing the index to the Pacific Islands Monthly from 1955-2000. He would appreciate assistance from any volunteers with an interest in this material. All that will be required will be for one to read out references from a PIM whilst I add that material to my database. ‘This is not a taxing task, but it is very time consuming, especially, and more so, when one is trying to accomplish the task as a sole operator. Same contact details. I look forward to hearing from anyone willing to assist me with my research.’

* * *

A researcher is looking for **photos of Allied and Japanese wartime wrecks** (marine, land, air) in PNG, preferably with date discovered and location. If you can help please contact **Dr Peter Cahill** 07.3371.4794 or 7 Wynyard St Indooroopilly 4068. ■

REUNIONS

Treasury people will be holding another reunion at Port Stephens, NSW, from **September 13-18, 2007**. For further details contact Dave Martin on (08) 8388 4354. * * *

Kiap Reunion, Sunshine Coast – Sunday, 11 November, 2007
Kawana Waters Hotel, Nicklin Way, Buddina, Queensland.

To date we have had 80 odd acceptances for the reunion. Let us know if you can make it by contacting Denys Faithful on 07.54444484 or at faithh@flexinet.com.au (note the 2 h's) or Bob Fayle on 07.54446447 or at bobfayle@hotmail.com . (Please put 'Kiap Reunion' in the subject line if possible) For the last two gatherings we have had over 200 on each occasion and we are sure we can top that. * * *

ASOPA 'Chalkies' Get-Together- Brisbane October, 2007

It won't be news to those who are aware (and access) Keith Jackson's blog **ASOPA People** but 220 ex ASOPA 'Chalkies' are organised to meet at the Sofitel Banquet Hall in Brisbane on 13th October.

Cadet Education Officers were trained at ASOPA from 1967 to 1971 switching in the mid sixties from a Primary to a Secondary focus. Interaction between the two has, generally, been sparse but on 13th October that is all set to change.

Then Director of Education PNG, Dr Ken McKinnon will entertain and interest all with his observations on ASOPA. The word is out that (now) Professor McKinnon's address is likely to have an emphasis on entertainment.

This might be the reason why seats are already at a premium and are unlikely to be unavailable when this par goes to press.

Those who miss out should still consider a visit to Brisbane as there are various 'Meet and Greets' of the different intakes on the Friday night, a river cruise and South Bank 'walk and nibble' on the Saturday and a Thai banquet on the Sunday evening. Want more detail?

Contact: colin.huggins@brisbane.queensland.gov.au
Dick Arnold dlonrarj@aapt.net.au
Henry Bodman hmacdb@ozemail.com.au
* * *

Goroka/Banz/Kundiawa/Minj/Mt Hagen International Primary Schools Reunion will be held on Saturday **15 September 2007** at the QLD Irish Club in Brisbane. Cost will be \$50/adult and \$30/child (incl food and beverage package), DJ and photographer. Please advise contact details, numbers coming and what year/s you attended the school. GIPS: please contact Lisa Adams at: 6/3 Mauna Loa Street, Larrakeyah, Northern Territory 0820 Ph: 0432919401 Email: gipsreunion07@hotmail.com.

BIPS/HIPS: please contact Lola Collins Email: lola.Collins@defence.gov.au or Ph: 0431 273549 Lola says that her year is organising a small photo board, and other years may like to organise this too. * * *

PNG Reunion, Gold Coast Convention Centre - Broadbeach
Date: Saturday 21 June 2008 For further information please contact:
gregpik@bigpond.net.au * * *

AN UNCONVENTIONAL LANDING

An extract, with permission, from the Legacy Torchlight

Mrs Madge Blanden, one of eastern region's cherished and admired ladies recently celebrated her 100th birthday with happy gatherings of her family and friends.

Mrs Blanden was born at Randwick NSW, on November 29 1906, the only child of Ina and Ernest Cruickshank. Her father served in the army in WWI. She was only eight when her parents separated and she spent most of her childhood in the care of loving grandmothers. Shortly after leaving school in 1923 she went to visit her mother in Wau. There she met Oswald Percy Blanden, a young man from the western district of Victoria who was employed as a mining warden by the Australian Government. At the age of 17 Perce Blanden had served with the 4th Australian Light Horse Regiment in WWI.

Madge Cruickshank and Perce Blanden were married in 1927 and she declares that her 27 years in New Guinea were the happiest in her life. She recalls Wau as a tiny, happy friendly town where 'Everyone knew everyone', a wonderful community.

Perce served again in the army in WWII. Discharged as Captain in 1945 and returned to his old job in New Guinea.

One weekend Perce and Madge flew to Lae for a taste of the good life in a 'big city', the two young daughters Marybeth and Margaret were left in the care of a very close friend. On the return flight they were the only passengers in a DH84 Dragon. The pilot, thinking he was on his approach to Wau realised he had turned into the wrong valley with no room to turn around [and] decided to land in the trees. Perce flung his body across the space of the front seat to protect his wife. The flight ended abruptly as the aircraft 'landed' high in the treetops. The nose section broke off and with pilot was propelled about 500 feet forward and down. Madge and Perce were now suspended in the fuselage hanging from the tree tops, facing down at a precarious angle about 40 feet above the ground. Her right ear was nearly torn off down to the lobe and her right arm was giving some pain but her main concern was the blood dripping onto her nice new white dress. Perce seemed all right but his foot, trapped in the wreckage, was giving him some pain.

'There we waited for 25 hours until a search party found us, fortunately there was no rain.' The following afternoon they heard cries from below. It was Mr Simpson the Manager of Bulolo Gold Dredging. He organised the rescue team to rig ropes and New Guineans climbed the trees to tie them to makeshift stretchers made from chicken wire and wooden poles with a mine issue blanket for padding.

For four hours they and the pilot were gently carried down to the waiting truck, locals hacking a path through the undergrowth. The Bulolo Hospital attended to their wounds. Perce was flown to Lae thence to St Vincents Hospital in Sydney. He had a fractured ankle and a depressed fracture of the cheekbone. He spent six months in hospital whilst Madge got around with a broken arm in a sling and with the girls.

After six months it was back to Wau. Perce's golf handicap wasn't affected despite his limp. Perce died in 1954 aged 54; Madge lives at Dover Heights.

The pilot recovered and continued to fly for Qantas and then with TAA.

[It is interesting to hear that Frank Smith, along with others at Sunshine Gold, were on standby during this period in case help was needed.] ■

MUTTU GWARE AND CAPTAIN PHIL OAKLEY by Jim Eames

Two names in last issue's Vales section prompted me to recall some pertinent memories of some of the nicer people you meet at various stages of one's career, sadly though, in this case, to remember their passing.

Mutta Gware of Butibum was a colleague of mine during my time as editor of the Times Courier in Lae in the 1960s and was an invaluable part of the team that produced Tok Tok in those years. While I recall one of the most commonly held beliefs about Tok Tok was not that it was widely read but rather widely smoked as wrapped around stick tobacco, at least those of us in the Lae office took it's production seriously!. That said though, I often had difficulty coming to grips with that highly improbable image it's government underwriters might have had of locals in the Highlands in those days sitting around the village having the latest edition read to them around the fire by someone there who might have been able to READ pidgin as well as speak it. How on heaven's earth anyone out there would have grasped the meaning of some of those earlier American moon shots as they were conveyed via Tok Tok. (You know: "Nau igo round dispela ert, nau igo lusim long mun" or some such contrivance). I'd suggest it would have put that hoary old one about the helicopter being called 'mixmaster bilong Jesus Christ' well and truly in the shade. Even after all this time however, I'd rather keep the image alive despite it's improbability as I reckon most of the smoke filling the hut would be coming from the Tok Tok cigarette paper given it's value as such at that time!.



From left: Muttu Gware, Barry Pearton (ex-Brisbane Courier Mail), David (Hank) Warner, from the USA but was working a stint on the Herald and Weekly Times and was posted to PNG; Judy Boag, wife of the late Gerry Boag, with Ansett in Lae and later Mt Hagen; and far right a youthful Jim Eames. Photo: Jim Eames

Muttu though, struggled on gamely, translating the text of the stories I handed him from that week's Times Courier into pidgin and then handing them back to me to lay out the paper and write the headings. Given my limited ability with the language in those early days, some of those headings must have been doozies!

I recall it coming home to roost quite dramatically at one stage when Muttu wanted to take some leave in Australia. The two weeks of writing the actual pidgin text without him were something of a nightmare until

I had the common sense to call on the help of my cousin John Ring, then an Inspector in the Special Branch in Lae

but an old hand at the language business. We made it through Muttu's absence by the skin of our teeth.

Yes, many fond memories too, of his shy grin and gentle sense of humour which made him a wonderful workmate under somewhat trying editorial conditions in those days.

Captain Phil Oakley is the other who I recall with affection during my later years in the 1970s as Chief Press Officer at Qantas. We did several trips together but probably the most memorable was the one which took Malcolm Fraser on his first visit to China in 1976. Phil was the captain of the Boeing 707 on that flight which carried the PM, his staff, bureaucrats and about twenty or so members of the Australian press corps into Beijing after an official visit of several days to Tokyo and Osaka in Japan.

The schedule for the flight from Osaka to Beijing was a tight one with a skeleton Qantas team who would drop off the official party and the media, refuel and then return to Tokyo. Qantas in those days was very strict about delays to its aircraft and I just happened to be one of an Operations Review Committee which gathered in serious mode each Monday and Friday mornings to analyse any delays of more than fifteen minutes which may have occurred to Qantas aircraft around the world over the previous few days. If such delays were unavoidable, say in the case of weather or a technical fault, then they were well accepted but if they were caused by some human mess-up then they were quite likely to attract the ire of Ron Yates, the airline's Deputy Chief Executive and Chief Operating Officer who chaired our little committee. Bums were kicked.

Well, we landed at Beijing and watched in awe as the PM's official party disappeared in a fleet of black limousines towards the city for the start of their China visit while our little team oversaw the refuelling and generally prepared for a fairly quick departure.

Things started to go wrong when someone suggested, that, since a visit to China in those days was such a rare occurrence, we had nothing to show the eight or ten-strong Qantas team had even been there. So I suggested that the Chief Steward and I make a dash for the Beijing terminal building to grab a few items from something that might resemble a gift shop. Unfortunately we hadn't figured on the slow pace of the Chinese bureaucracy of those days. In the middle of our negotiations we heard one of the engines on the 707 start up and the Chief Steward started to express some concern about being left behind. He immediately headed for the aircraft while I gathered up the bits and pieces we'd purchased and tried to explain to the little chap behind the counter who was filling out the seemingly endless bits of paperwork required for the transaction, that he could keep the change as I had to go. He indicated he didn't seem to understand and, with my money and the paperwork firmly clasped in his hand, headed off downstairs to a destination unknown while I made a run for the aircraft, by now with two engines running.

I detected a slight frown in Phil's face from the cockpit as I raced up the steps and they closed the door behind me but, with the mission accomplished, I nonetheless settled down in the seat, buckled the seat belt and waiting for the

aircraft to start taxiing. Suddenly though, I realised the engines were being shut down and for a moment or two wondered whether we'd developed a technical fault with one of them.

However, to my horror, I looked out the window to see my little friend from the gift shop, surrounded by several of his colleagues, striding across the tarmac towards us. In the silence following the engine shutdowns, the stairs were once again placed in position and the forward door of the aircraft opened to admit the little chap who strode towards me with a handful of Chinese currency which was due to me. It seemed there was no way they were going to let us leave with us being owed something!!

Apart from the temporary embarrassment there were several upsides in the aftermath. Firstly, every one of the small Qantas crew on board therefore had the rare (in those days) privilege of taking home with them some genuine banks notes from the People's Republic of China.

Secondly, while I dreaded having to explain in person what caused the delay in the PM's flight out of Beijing when I next sat at the Operations Review meeting the following Monday, I need not have worried. As I quickly scanned the Delay Sheet to see what reason Captain Phil had given so that I could get my story right, I was greatly relieved:

It read:

"Beijing ---Prime Ministerial Special Flight .Departure Delay 18 minutes." And something about a 'pre-cautionary engine shutdown and re-start.'

Dear Phil. One of nature's gentlemen and a wonderful travelling companion. ▪



Anne McCosker Buckley and Dr Richard Buckley with some of the congregation at St Georges Anglican Church, Rabaul, Easter 2007.

Anne's, and her sister Robin's parents, were married in St Georges in December 1929. Like some other 'Beforers' - pre-WWII families - they had close ties with this church.

At Christmas, 1974, the last before PNG independence, Anne took Communion at St Georges. In 2004, following the Lambeth Conference in England, Anne presented the Anglican Archbishop of PNG with copies of her latest book of poetry, *Witch Doctor*, and of *Masked Eden, a History of the Australians in New Guinea*.

RESEARCH STORIES FROM PNG

By Jessica Mercer

For the most part responses of friends and family upon hearing I was to spend an extended period of time (7 months) in PNG undertaking research were one of shock and horror – “you’re mad”, “have you thought it through?”, “how will you cope?”, “I’ve heard.....”, the list goes on. I must admit however, the responses of my immediate family were more positive, perhaps a result of living in the UK and consequently sheltered from the adverse media which PNG experiences in Australia. The increased barrage of concern up until my departure point in August 2006 left me with a determination to enjoy what PNG had to offer, I had after all chosen to undertake my research there. Arriving in Port Moresby reminded me of flying over South Africa with the rolling hills and I eagerly anticipated landing. Things continued along the South African theme when I was whisked straight into a hotel mini bus and locked in before being driven to the hotel (if you can call it that!) in six mile district. You may be gasping at this point but being a student I flatly refused to pay the extortionate amounts of money at the more upmarket albeit safer establishments! However, I couldn’t have landed on my feet better. I was allocated a backpackers room which resembled a horse stall in a long line of stalls where the staff of the hotel slept. Each stall consisted of bare concrete floors, an iron bed, mattress and an old wooden wardrobe with washroom facilities at the end of each row. The family next door immediately took me under their wing, with the children delighting in teaching me pidgin and dropping off food their Mum had prepared. To me this was a fantastic introduction to PNG and more than made up for the lack of sleep on the uncomfortable bed! My final destination however was not Port Moresby but Lae and I was only to spend an initial week in Port Moresby before flying out to Lae. The aim of my research was to determine how rural indigenous people cope with environmental hazards such as flooding and landslides (for further information on the research please see: www.islandvulnerability.org/png.html). This meant that for half of my time in PNG I would be living in rural villages whilst the other half I would be in Lae itself. Three villages agreed to participate in the research, two in Morobe Province (Markham valley region and Bulolo region) and one in Madang Province (Manam Island). Each village was markedly different but two stand out for two funny and unexpected incidents which I will tell you now.

The first village I stayed at for a period of three weeks passed by without a hitch. There were the normal community problems and sadly incidences of domestic violence fuelled by alcohol but otherwise all went smoothly. I anticipated similar at the second village where I stayed for the month of November 06. One particular morning during my first week the women decided to go fishing in an inland lake nearby. What followed was a long procession of women walking to the lake with fishing nets slung over their shoulders – I wasn’t quite sure what to expect but merrily joined in the procession! Upon arrival at the lake the women jumped in, their aim to create a ring around the fish, pushing them together to then catch them with their hands or nets. Realising my inadequacies

in such an area and the filthiness of the lake I decided to sit out on the bank. An hour crept by and I was getting extremely hot and bothered at this point with no sign of the women finishing. Bravely I decided to cool off and gingerly stepped into the muddy lake waters, whereupon I immediately sank knee deep in mud with boiling hot water swirling around my thighs, so much for cooling off! A shout by one of the children alerted the women to my actions whereupon the fish were immediately forgotten for a while as everybody turned to stare at the white women entering their lake! I spent the next couple of hours helping the women fish. My task was to hold on to the caught fish which were threaded on a vine. Providing much hilarity I slipped the biggest fish off pretending to have caught it, there was not much chance of being believed but I'm sure the laughter was heard way back in the village.

Cutting a long story short, I thought nothing more of my excursions in the lake until I received an official letter from the counsellor in the next village asking to meet me to discuss confidential matters relating to the village I was in. The letter was intercepted before it reached me and caused uproar within my village. Smoothing things down the counsellor was invited to meet me with the community in the village rather than a visit to his home. Tensions were high all day in anticipation of his visit, however we were on 'PNG time' and the meeting was delayed till late afternoon by which point a crowd of over 200 people had gathered. This was the most I had ever had attend research meetings! Daunted I walked over to the village headman who told me the counsellor had a few questions. There was obviously a serious problem of which I was unaware of. The villagers discussed the research for a while before unusually the counsellor suddenly came to the point, "are you our ancestor (grandmother) come back from cargo cult times?" Stunned I wasn't sure what to say and had to keep myself from laughing as this was clearly a serious issue. Never have I had to stand up in front of a large crowd and explain how I could not possibly be their ancestor – for one I couldn't speak the local dialect! This seemed to work and the sigh of relief after my speech was so audible, it was funny. Sitting down to talk later the community elders were extremely relieved I had said no to the question as the counsellor was threatening to imprison myself and the community leader! How this all relates to fishing in the lake you may ask? Never before had the village experienced a white person swimming in their lake so my good intentions in trying to assist them had backfired leaving them thinking I was the ancestral spirit of their grandmother who had come back to rob them! Which just goes to show how the smallest of actions meaning nothing in our eyes, mean so much to others.

The second story involved a trip to church one day. Walking back from church a village elder and I were deep in conversation. However with my stilted pidgin and his limited English understanding was not always possible! Thinking he wanted me to post a letter for him once I got back into town I readily agreed and thought no more of it as we parted. I soon realised this was not the case when the gentleman arrived back that afternoon with a letter for me rather than a letter to post. In my limited pidgin I understood the majority of the letter which was asking me for the P.O. Box number for dead people, specifically his deceased wife and the entry code for heaven! What does one answer in

response?! Worried I asked my interpreter to try and get him to explain a bit more about what he wanted. This was certainly not the thing to do as in no uncertain terms he told her it was none of her business and that I fully understood! I've been asked some strange questions in my time and often not been able to answer but this has to count as the strangest of them all. A PNG memory I will never forget!

These rare experiences added to the highlight of my trip to PNG. Despite all the warnings beforehand I was met with nothing but hospitality and kindness. Yes there are problems but for every 'raskal' there is a hundred and one people that will come to your aid. As in any country I visit I was careful but not unduly so and happily travelled around on local transport and stayed in rural villages. Not once did I have a problem and not once did I feel threatened. PNG is a country which I will never forget, having not only left many friends behind but two new additions born in the villages whilst I was there were named after me – a privilege I certainly never expected! ■

Update -Sydney Harbour Federation Trust and the ASOPA/ITI connection: Bob Clarke of the Trust has advised that the consultants are still in the process of undertaking an analysis of all the buildings and will be coming up with ways to adapt them to future uses, with minimum interference. Visits to individuals to obtain their recorded oral history have begun - if you would like to take part in this programme, contact Eunice Sarif at the Trust on eunice.sarif@environment.gov.au or ring the Trust on 02 8969 2100. Bob said they would probably consider something in the nature of a café/gallery with changing exhibits showing the whole ASOPA/ITI/PNG connection and that they would be able to transfer information, articles and photos to display panels. He said displaying artefacts/memorabilia would be more difficult, but did not rule it out. He suggested we put our ideas in writing. President Harry West has asked me to follow this through, so I will be contacting Ingrid Jackson (ITI), and Graham Taylor in Adelaide regarding the next step.

Marie Clifton-Bassett

In October 2006 the people of the Mt Bosavi area finally had their land declared a **Wildlife Management Area (WMA)**. This is an area of land and/or water that has been declared as protected by the PNG government. It gives customary landowners the power to 'ringfence' their land and prevent it being used for non-approved purposes in future. Unlike other types of protected areas, such as national parks, a WMA is only established at the request of the clan who owns the land. The boundaries of each WMA have to be determined by the clan and the rules by which the WMA will be governed are also the responsibility of the local community. This ensures that everyone who lives within the WMA is completely committed to its establishment and maintenance, making it an extremely effective tool for protecting and maintaining PNGs incredibly diverse environments. WWF is the world's largest and most experienced independent conservation organisation and is working with PNG's government to develop legislation that supports Wildlife Management Areas (WMAs). More information can be found at: www.wwf.org.au or phone: 1800 032 551

Bob Piper kindly replied to Marjorie Head's query on page 28 in the June 2007 issue of *Una Voce* regarding the location of a photograph. Bob says it 'looks like the Port Moresby area and a boxing match in progress. Look carefully in the centre of the photo and you can see the ring with the surrounding crowd...

The photo is taken from a small hillock looking down. The terrain and trees look like Moresby, somewhere around Jackson's Field. Boxing was popular around the time in research I have done and shows up on other Moresby diaries and photos. See War Memorial photo sites.'

HOW TO CUT RED TAPE by Geoffrey Williamson

Former Mt.Hagen District Commissioner Ian Skinner didn't suffer fools gladly. I had just arrived from Madang having been sent up to the highlands to initiate a new base station *haus wilus* which was to be set up to relieve the appalling communications situation which had existed for a long time. It was the practice before this that Madang acted as receiving station for all radio traffic emanating from the Western and Southern Highlands. There were a vast number of stations in that area who were obliged to channel all their traffic into Madang under sometimes appalling atmospheric conditions. As considerable preliminary work had to be done to install this facility at Mt Hagen, it was envisaged that this would not take place for a long time but as a temporary measure, I was despatched on an aircraft accompanied by a portable Crammond transceiver fitted with a Morse key-it was thought that this would take the load off Madang immediately and vastly improve communications between the highlands and the rest of the territory. It only took a day or two to set this up and from the date of inauguration of the service, all radio traffic was routed to Lae which took a great load off the Madang end of the network.

The station was initially setup at the end of the District Office adjoining the office of the District Commissioner and everybody was satisfied that this was a vast improvement on the previous arrangement. Inevitably things moved along and the powers that be at P and T decided that it was time to make things more permanent and they despatched some radio guru from Port Moresby who arrived complete with sets of plans so beloved by the powers that be in that town. He was granted an interview with the DC who tried to get some sort of timetable from them but they just couldn't do that so Ian Skinner promptly called his OIC works at the time-I think it was John Egington, walked out of his office strolled about 100 metres away to some grassy land nearby and I was instructed to indicate by pacing, the size of the office which I would require. I walked about 6 paces one way and 4 the next, a handful of pegs was produced by the works officer and duly hammered into place. Thus was born the new *haus wilus*. In a few days the place was finished, the sole Crammond placed into position and soon Mt Hagen became the radio base for the whole highlands. And no plans. I never did find out if they ever constructed a proper building but it certainly served us well until my departure for other places some 12 months later. ■

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

BOMBS TO BEEF, Development of Dumpu Cattle Station, Papua New Guinea, by Barbara Jephcott ISBN 978-1-921151-57-6, 178 pp. Printed 2007 by Community Books Cost: AU\$25 incl postage within Australia Please contact the author at: 'Yundah', M/S 28, Warwick. QLD 4370 Ph: 074-613516 Email: yundah@bigpond.com

This self-published family history may not entice the general reader, and – typical of its genre – lacks skilled final editing, but it covers every kind of detail anyone could want about the establishment and development of Dumpu Cattle Station in Madang's Ramu Valley after the war by veterinarian Barbara Jephcott and her husband, the late Bruce Jephcott. There, with its attendant challenges, they also raised their family. Among the details of station finances, business partners, buying and shipping cattle, beef sales, labour management, pasture improvement and assistance for the local smallholders, there are very many brief and unexpected gems and insights into 'outback' expatriate life in those years. It's a useful addition to PNG's postwar history. **SI**

Windows of New Guinea, Road to Nationhood: West Papua Debacle by Harley Dickinson ISBN-13:9780646462875 Published by **Harley Dickinson** 2007 64 pages coloured paintings, photographs and maps A4 Soft cover Cost: AU\$30 plus \$5 postage within Australia and \$10 postage overseas Available from Harley Dickinson, Box 103 PO Bannockburn VIC 3331 Ph: 03-5281 7218

This self-published book is an impressionistic collection of a life of eighteen years service in Papua New Guinea. 50 acrylic paintings are featured throughout the book along with a short narrative including a little history on each. Photographs and maps are included in the collection.

In the Epilogue, Prof Jack E Richardson AO states: 'His collection of acrylic paintings, illustrated in this book, is representative of his considerable skill as an artist of longstanding. They gather more meaning because, in a simple expressionistic style, they capture the essential and mystical features of the Papua New Guinea landscape...His paintings and photographs give glimpses of life in the communities as he saw it as early as fifty years ago.'

Tubuan and Tabernacle by **Mary Mennis**, ISBN 978-0-9750346-6-8, 265 pages, A4, soft cover, photos incl, Published by and available from Lalong Enterprises, 11 Jethro St, Aspley, QLD 4034, Phone: 07-3263 6327 or Email: lalong@iinet.net.au. Cost: AU\$35 plus postage of AU\$5 within Aust and AU\$8 to PNG.

This year is the 125th anniversary of the New Britain Mission and this book gives a broad picture of the mission history from its beginning in 1882 until 2007. It is about two priests from the Rabaul area Most Reverend Benedict ToVarpin, CBE, and Rev Father Bernard Franke MSC CBE. Benedict To Varpin grew up in the Tolai society with all the traditional tribal customs including that of the Tubuan Society, becoming a priest in 1971, Bishop of Bereina in 1980 and Archbishop of Madang in 1987. Fr Franke arrived from Germany in 1928 when he was 26 years old and spent the following 50 years in New Britain ministering to the Tolai, European and Chinese communities, both on remote mission stations and in Rabaul.

Australia's Forgotten Frontier by **Chris Viner Smith** ISBN 978-0-646-47541-7 Printed by SOS print+media. Price \$14.95 incl p/h. Available from PO Box 394, Curtin, ACT 2605 or Email chrisviner@netspeed.com.au

In 1961, at the age of nineteen, the author joined the Department of Native Affairs as a Cadet Patrol Officer in the Papua and New Guinea Administration and served in various Districts including the Gulf, Western, Northern and Bougainville. His book, "Australia's Forgotten Frontier", is written in an honest and unembellished style and Kiaps will recognise many of the stories as familiar to their own experiences. It is an anecdotal slice of history about the responsibilities the Kiaps undertook in the 1960s. It includes stories of situations and experiences on patrol and serving at the PNG/ West Irian border; and interesting stories of meetings with the many nasties inhabiting Papua New Guinea; the reptiles and insects. In the closing chapter the author points out his concern of the Kiaps doing the dangerous groundwork of policing and yet, unlike uniformed officers, they get no recognition within the PNG and Australian police honour system.

In addition to their limitless responsibilities, as Officers with the Department of Native Affairs, the Kiaps were also Commissioned Officers of the Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary, with the rank of Sub Inspector; they were issued with a certified warrant card but had no uniform or badge of office. With their loyal indigenous police, policing was carried out until an area was brought under control which then allowed the expatriate uniformed police to move in and take over police duties. In the chapter "Seeking Recognition for all Kiaps" the author tells how he challenged the Federal Government, without success. He wanted acknowledgement that Kiaps were different to the expatriate regular police and that they should be recognised for the rather amazing things they did in the early post war years including controlling the International border with the Indonesians and maintaining law and order in an Australian Territory under extreme conditions; thus assisting Papua New Guinea towards Self Government and ultimately Independence.

In the 60s/70s, the sensitive information on border work by the Kiaps was classified by the Administration's Division of Intelligence and Security, so little was/is known of the work the young Kiaps carried out and their responsibilities. In 1964, as a twenty two year old Patrol Officer, the author was posted to Weam, in the Western District of Papua, situated near the Papua New Guinea/West Irian border. He points out the variety of working situations he experienced from being confronted by the Indonesian Army as they crossed the Papua New Guinea border and being locked up by the Indonesians over the border in Merauke, to visits from ASIO, the Australian Army and Sir Paul Hasluck.

The author served in Papua New Guinea from 1961-1971 and had the experience of a lifetime which would be the envy of many adventurer. It is an interesting and enjoyable book for all people to read and the only "embellishment" is the unusual and attractive presentation of the soft cover book and the inclusion of the numerous and colourful and very descriptive photos. Nancy Johnston

MINI-SUBMARINE IN RIVER ESTUARY? By David Montgomery

During an agricultural extension patrol into the KOTTE Census Division during April 1958 and close to the conclusion of the patrol, travelling to the coast, a river estuary was crossed. Before crossing the river the village official accompanying me pointed out a cache of wartime shells still packed in a broken crate. On crossing the river he took me to the edge (of the North bank) pointed into the crystal clear and still water and said "*emi wanem?*".

I was amazed to see what clearly was a small under water type vessel lying perhaps 10 ft underwater. I recall explaining to him that I thought it was a mini-submarine and that I would report the sighting to the Kiap at Finschafen. Terry White was the ADO at the time. My Field Officers Journal does not recall the incident as a comprehensive report "KOTTE Census Division Patrol Report No.3 of 4/6/58" would have reported the sighting. I went on leave from Finschafen in November of that year and was posted to AITAPE in the Sepik District April 1959. Recent attempts to locate the patrol report have not been successful.

Without any accurate detail or recall of the location the best guess would be the SANGO River in the Northern sector, the SAWI or the TUNOM in the central sector may have been possible havens and too the SONG River in the South, close to the WW 11 action at Scarlet Beach?

Therein lies the mystery. Is there anyone out there who can add to the story? Stephen Gibson, now living at Tuross on the South Coast of New South Wales, served for five years in the Finschafen Sub-District from 1963- 1967, three of them as a Cadet Patrol Officer and two years as a Patrol Officer 1. He was never made aware of the report although extensively patrolling throughout the Census Divisions.

If anyone has any knowledge about where I may locate the Kotte Census Division Patrol Report of 4/6/58, mentioned above, or has any further information regarding this vessel, could you please contact me at: Kimbe, Grabben Gullen, NSW 2583, Phone: (02) 4836 7229, Email: montykimbe@bigpond.com.

THE THIRD FORCE

Alan Powell's history of ANGAU gives a great insight into a vital organisation in the campaigns in Papua and New Guinea. WW2 – The Third Force in the ultimate victory. The Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit was frequently led by experienced local white residents of long standing and New Guinea and the native labour they organised, enabled the white troops to operate under terrible conditions. There may not have been a victory against the Japanese in the jungles and mountains without the work done by ANGAU and the workers they supervised.

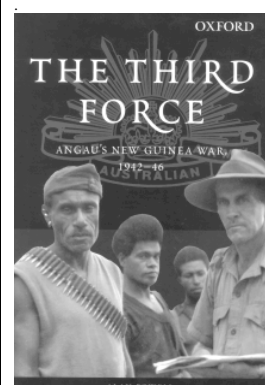
[300 pp]----- HARDBACK

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So what happened to the Montevideo Maru memorial??

Maxwell R. HAYES

RPNGC 1959-1974

One of Rabaul's most treasured memorials of the Japanese occupation of Rabaul (culminating in the sinking of this unfortunate vessel of the OSK Mitsui line, commandeered by the Imperial Japanese Government, and used for the conveyance of Australian POW from the New Guinea islands to Samah Harbour on Hainan Island), first attracted my attention in 1960. Not, I must confess, for its significance but as a means of earning 10/6d. The tragic story surrounding this ill fated vessel torpedoed with the loss of 1,053 military, missionary, civilian and police POW on 1 Jul 1942 is now well known and needs no mention here, except for a further report in the PNG Post Courier on 29 January 1971.

In a full page article, on his retirement from RPNGC, Inspector Nelson Tokiel mentioned events during his career. He had joined the former New Guinea Police Force, as a bandsman on 25 January 1938 and served in Rabaul under W/O David Crawley. As such, he was familiar with many of the leading citizens of Rabaul. As a police constable, he and others evaded capture after the Japanese captured Rabaul on Friday, 23 January, 1942 for a couple of months by traversing the jungle behind Rabaul, but was eventually captured, and along with another policeman (Henry Tohian, later Inspector in the RPNGC) forced to work as labourers. In the course of digging tunnels, Nelson became aware that Harold Page, secretary to the Administrator and about 20 other Europeans were imprisoned in a tunnel under heavy guard. One night this group was loaded onto a Japanese vessel and the captured labourers were loaded onto another vessel. The flotilla consisted of 7 warships and 7 cargo boats which sailed for Salamaua and on to Gona where the leading vessel carrying Page and the other Europeans was bombed in shallow waters by the Americans and beached. This vessel was the *Ayatosan Maru* bombed on 22 July 1942. I, knowing Nelson and having the greatest respect for his integrity, accept his version of Page's fate along with additional unknown Europeans from Rabaul.

In mid 1951, Albert Speer, M.B.E. was on a medical patrol in Cape Killerton, Gona, Tufi, Buna area following the disastrous January 1951 Mt. Lamington volcanic eruption (which killed more than 3,000 and wiped out the small town of Higaturu). He observed a graveyard containing around 20 graves between the high water mark on the beach and Canon Benson's church at Buna. He enquired about this and was told by the local villagers that, after the vessel beached, white prisoners (some injured) came ashore and were later shot by Japanese Kempeitai. The villagers buried them as they "were white men" and marked the graves with wooden crosses made by mission carpenters. Albert was told by District Commissioner, Sydney Elliott-Smith, to make no mention of this in his patrol report.

In August 1959, I arrived in Rabaul as the most junior commissioned officer of the Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary. Despite living in this (then)

halcyon town, I found the expenses of supporting a family on the low pay rates then prevailing to need a little assistance. In due course, as it was known that I was a former RAAF photographer, R.W. Robson of Pacific Publications made contact with me and offered me the chance to augment my salary by sending photographs of Rabaul events and personalities for publication in Pacific Islands Monthly at the rate of 10/6d per print. In the course of the next six years, I had over 300 photographs published in P.I.M. with many in territory newspapers as well.

It seems appropriate to complicate the issue at this stage. When Rabaul returned to post-war administration by early 1946, the recognition of a need to commemorate the 1942 battle and subsequent loss of life at the hands of the Japanese during the three and a half years occupation of Rabaul was paramount. Australian Army construction units created two identical memorials each on a two tier cement plinth and around six feet in height. One at Vulcan Beach on the side nearest to Rabaul, where the landing and battle took place, and the other at Toboi, where the p.o.w. were supposed to have physically boarded the Montevideo Maru.

The following is based on the best evidence available to me from documentary material, personal conversations and recollections. I hope that this is correct but welcome further corrections, if any.

Vulcan Beach Memorial

On 23 January, 1946, the first memorial service, in the presence of a large number of service personnel, local citizens and accompanied by the Papuan Infantry Brigade band under the command of Private Eremas Tolik (later to have a distinguished career in RPNGC, rising to the rank of Inspector) gathered at the Vulcan Beach site around dawn in drizzling rain and, after inspection of the A.I.F. guard of honour by the General Officer Commanding, Major General K.W. Eather, several wreaths were laid in commemoration of the battle four years earlier. There are further references to annual ceremonies at this site and a couple of photographs depict a cross (probably wooden) at the foot of, or on, this memorial. By 1949 this site had been, more or less, abandoned. In 1953, the memorial had toppled into the sea and was reinstalled by a Rabaul firm. PIM deplored the lack of interest in this memorial referring to the area as a rubbish dump. By about 1965, this memorial had fallen into total disrepair and the site was inaccessible; however the last recorded service was held there in 1969 by some hardy citizens making a track through the kunai and rubbish. If it survived after then, it would surely not have survived the 1994 eruption of Vulcan.



AWM photo 124105 Vulcan Beach site, Jan 1946

Cont...

Montevideo Maru Memorial 'The Itinerant Memorial'



AWM photo 124110 Toboi, Jan 1946

At about 8am on the same date, after all had returned to Rabaul for breakfast, a very similar well attended service was held at the memorial near the end of Wharf Street in the area known as Toboi. A perusal of a 1946 AWM photo depicts this memorial as indicating its proximity to a line of buildings, but it is not sufficiently clear enough to place its position in relation to the actual shore line. Annual commemoration ceremonies were held at this site for some years.

In 1950, the Rabaul R.S.S.& A.I.L.A Battlefields Memorial Committee took over the maintenance of the memorial, contemplating installing plaques on both memorials and it may well be that it was then re-sited closer to the Colyer Watson wharf but, as the re-siting was of a temporary nature, the two tier plinth was not moved. Later it was intended to create a more permanent memorial of stone, suitably engraved, and the views of New Guinea widows were sought. Finance for this project was not forthcoming and any future permanent memorial plans were shelved.



Toboi Memorial Sept 1960
Photo: MR Hayes

So it came to pass, that I noticed a small dilapidated unnamed concrete memorial on the foreshore at Toboi a short distance from where Wharf Street ended, and one of my first photos was published in October 1960. This apparently abandoned and unloved memorial, only some three feet in height and devoid of the former twin tier plinth was then located near the native quarters of the Shell Company depot. It bore no indication as to its significance, looked abandoned and missing a damaged circular portion of the fascia on the memorial caused correspondents in PIM and the New Guinea Times Courier to testify that there had been a plaque. Others were categorical in stating there had never been a plaque. An examination of the

shallow cement surface indicated that there has never been a plaque on this important memorial.

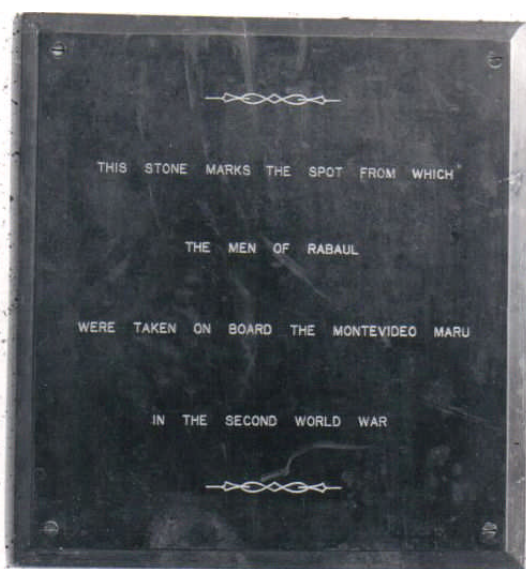
This publicity appears to have spurred ladies, many of them war widows, of the New Britain Womens' Club into action. With donations and assistance from Rabaul businesses by October 1963 the memorial had been refurbished,



Montevideo Maru Memorial, Oct 1963, refurbished with plaque added a short time later

Photos: MR Hayes

mounted on a single tier plinth and painted white. Shortly afterwards, a suitable plaque was mounted and, at last, all knew of the purpose of this memorial. I have a photo of the memorial at this site in August 1970.



There are now two scenarios as to the re-siting of this memorial and, at this stage, I cannot affirm which is correct as by 1970 I had been posted from Rabaul and rely on the testimony of those there subsequently and whose recollections differ.

1. Some time prior to 1971, the memorial was removed from its Toboi site to further around Simpson Harbour and mounted on a single plinth just above the waterline on Cleland Drive, about 300 metres north of the Rabaul Yacht Club. The reason for this re-siting, or by whom is not known. There is no reason for it to be in this position although another p.o.w. ship is believed to have departed from near here. On 14 July 1971, a tsunami of some 2-3 metres of water entered Simpson Harbour and temporarily inundated much of the town. It appears that the memorial was toppled over and damaged by this wave and was then forgotten. In 2001, Bill Harry, a 1942 veteran and frequent visitor to Rabaul, told me that this memorial was washed away in a tsunami.

2. It is the recollection of Revd. Threlfall that the memorial was not re-sited on Cleland Drive until later than 1972. If this is correct, why then was the following commemoration ceremony not held at Toboi in 1972, as mentioned in the talk by Kim Beazley (below) wherein he says, "that he (Beazley) was taken by natives who knew his brother (lost on the *Montevideo Maru*) to the water front at the spot where the memorial is and had actually been seen going out onto the ship".

In 1972, Bishop Simon Gaius of the Methodist Church suggested that there be a commemoration service for the soldiers, the 16 missionaries, and civilians lost on the Montevideo Maru. It was agreed that a better site for public access and recognition would be at Cleland Drive, rather than the largely inaccessible site at Toboi. Revd. Neville Threlfall then organized a commemoration service at 4.30pm on 22 June 1972, with about 200 persons attending, at the Community

Hostel on Cleland Drive to commemorate the 30th anniversary of the sailing date of that unfortunate vessel. Acting District Commissioner, E. Vin Smith addressed the assembled crowd on the significance of the background of former events. Other speakers were Mr H. W. Smith representing the 2/22nd Battalion Association, Revd. N. Threlfall, Revd. Mikael ToBilak of the Methodist Church, Father Mooney of the Catholic Church, Pastor Solomon of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, Mr Henry Chow, President of the Rabaul Town Council., and Mr Kim Beazley (snr) M.H.R. A special postmark designed by personnel of the Methodist Church was applied to Posts and Telegraphs covers as a special commemorative postmark.

Commemorative 30th anniversary postmark issued 22/6/1972



Despite which ever of the above propositions is correct, it remains a fact that the memorial was moved from Toboi to a position on the waterfront at Cleland Drive about 300 metres north of the Rabaul Yacht Club.

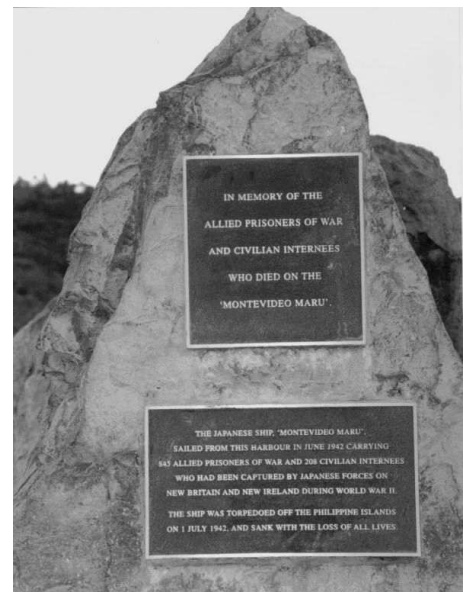


Locally quarried basalt for the second Montevideo Maru Memorial.
Photo: MR Hayes 2001

Enter a new Montevideo Maru Memorial. On a date which I have not been able to ascertain, a pyramid shaped piece of local rock was quarried and placed, (partly buried for stability), some 10 metres from the shore line at the above position. In July 2001, I saw this and noted a plaque on the rock which said, 'This memorial cairn replaces the original erected by the families of those who lost their lives on the Montevideo Maru. Original was situated on the foreshore at the approximate spot from which the Montevideo Maru left as

indicated by the arrow'. There was, however, no arrow, only evidence of one having been removed.

In September 1993, a number of former Rabaul citizens returned for the commemoration of 'The Rabaul 1942-1945 Memorial', a very large piece of locally quarried basalt, organized by



Memorial with newly installed plaques, current perspective.
Photo: MR Hayes, 2003

former coastwatcher and very long time Rabaul citizen, Mathew Bernard Foley, with Peter Cohen and the Rabaul RSL and placed about 50 metres in front of the Montevideo Maru pyramid memorial and surmounted by a very large bronze plaque detailing events of Rabaul from 1942. This rock was commissioned on 16 September, 1993, at a well attended public ceremony.

Both memorial rocks remained in situ, and were covered with about a metre of ash in the 1994 eruption. They were subsequently dug out, though they remained in a hole surrounded by ash, looking rather forelorn.



The two memorials joined on a cement base by OAWG in late 2002. Photo: MR Hayes 2003

In November/December 2002, the Office of Australian War Graves, mounted both rocks on a large cement slab about 2 metres apart and facing different directions; the Rabaul memorial rock faces the remains of the town, and the Montevideo Maru memorial rock faces the harbour. Two new bronze plaques were added to this memorial.

In August 2003, I was wandering along the foreshore near the memorial site and located, with much surprise, the damaged remains of the original Toboi memorial lying very much abandoned, damaged and partly buried by sand.

So we can establish, without a shadow of a doubt, that it was moved from Toboi to Cleland Drive on a date unknown. It was considerably damaged, but by a tsunami or by vandals, we know not. And there it remains; there being no plans by the Rabaul Historical Society to reclaim and restore this once important memorial to lost lives.



Toboi memorial now lying on Rabaul foreshore near present twin memorial site. Photo: MR Hayes, 2003.

Sixty five years after the events of 1942 there is, as far as I know, no official Government recognition by way of a memorial to commemorate Australia's greatest loss of life in a single maritime incident in World War 2. The Montevideo Maru memorial at Ballarat, Victoria, commissioned on 7 February, 2004 was financed by private contributions. This memorial was resurfaced recently to include additional names of units previously not mentioned. There are unit and personal plaques erected at the Austin Repat. Hospital at Heidelberg, Victoria, and in the Anzac Shrine in Brisbane. Perhaps others?

Why does the cover up still exist?

▪

A meeting to celebrate the end of KURU and the achievements of 50 years of research on kuru, is to be held at the Royal Society, London, in October 2007.

2007 is the 50th anniversary of kuru research and is therefore an appropriate year to celebrate the 'end of kuru' and to gather together both the principal research contributors from the past and those who analyse its contemporary significance.

The epidemic of kuru may not be entirely over but the end is certainly in sight, with at most only one death expected during the year. In those early years 200 people from the Fore linguistic group and their neighbours in the kuru-affected region of the Eastern Highlands Province of Papua New Guinea, mostly women and children, died of kuru each year. In those early years the disease was a complete mystery when it was first investigated by medical science. It was found to be an encephalopathy, or degenerative disease of the nervous system, always fatal, that was characterized by a spongy change in the brain: a spongiform encephalopathy.

By the end of the first decade of research kuru had been shown to be transmissible, with remarkably long incubation periods, as reported by D. Carleton Gajdusek, C. Joseph Gibbs and Michael P. Alpers in 1966. Thus kuru initiated our understanding of the human transmissible spongiform encephalopathies. Subsequent work in this field by Stanley Prusiner and colleagues led to the unifying concept of the prion diseases, caused by unusual infectious agents called prions.

Apart from Vincent Zigas, who first identified the disease as a medical entity, and Michael Alpers, who has been working on kuru continuously for 45 years, the Australian contribution to the scientific elucidation of this strange new disease has been considerable. The meeting will honour the work of Carleton Gajdusek, in 1976, and Stanley Prusiner, in 1997, who have both been honoured by the award of Nobel Prizes.

Kuru has not lost its relevance as the epidemic has subsided. Indeed, with the occurrence of bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE) in the UK and elsewhere and its subsequent transmission to humans causing variant Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, recent work demonstrating the very long incubation periods that can occur in kuru is of manifest significance for modern neurology, infectious diseases and public health. These studies have been carried out by John Collinge and colleagues from the MRC Prion Unit in London, in collaboration with the Papua New Guinea Institute of Medical Research.

Because of the significance of kuru to BSE and variant Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, which have their highest incidence in the UK, and the interest shown by the Royal Society, the meeting will be held in London.

The participation of Australians and Papua New Guineans in the meeting is essential if the end of kuru and the 50 years of research into this extraordinary disease are to be properly celebrated.

The big problem that remains is how to enlarge our contingent of Papua New Guineans. With promises of support from other participants and digging into our own pockets, we know that we can bring a small number, but we should

have at least six more. Moreover, we would like to have an Australian badge on this conference, either a major sponsor who is Australian or a long list of Australian supporters. Funds pledged in the UK are sufficient to support the meeting only. We are seeking support from friends and colleagues and from anyone with an interest in Papua New Guinea: any donations provided will be highly appreciated, both by ourselves and by the Papua New Guineans thus enabled to attend, and will be formally acknowledged at the Conference.

John Collinge CBE, FRS and Michael P. Alpers AO, FTWAS

Contacts in Australia: Michael Alpers, Centre for International Health, C/o ABCRC, Shenton Park Campus, Curtin University, GPO Box U1987, Perth, WA 6845 08.9266 4733 or 08.9336 7332 Email: m.alpers@curtin.edu.au

SAMTING BILONG TAIM BIPOR!



Fertility Stone obtained in 1963 when I was stationed at Kerowagi (Chimbu Province). It was brought in to me by a young lad (accompanied by a relatively large number of onlookers) who found it alongside the banks of the Upper Koronigl River (Bismark range near Mt Wilhelm). It had apparently been either washed up or uncovered after one of the many rain storms that occur in that area. The local people were afraid to

touch it (sorcery/*sanguma*) and the lad managed to tie a length of cane (*kunda*) through the opening and dragged it down the walking track to my office. The local people knew nothing about it, dismissing as '*samting bilong taim bipor*'.

Ross Johnson

Addendum to the Abridged Financial Statements

for the year ended 31 December 2006 (*Una Voce*, June 2007, page 39)

Following a request from one of our members to clarify the reduction of \$16,165 in the Association's General Reserve account for the year ended 31 December 2006, the following transactions are pertinent –

	\$	\$
General Reserve as at 31 December 2005		25,268
Less -		
(a) Deficit recorded as a result of operations during 2005	1,470	
(b) Cost of printing the special colour insert commemorating the 30th Anniversary of PNG's Independence which accompanied the March 2007 <i>Una Voce</i>	4,290	
(c) Provision for Charity (special collection – Xmas 2006 luncheon)	405	
(d) Provision for the development and production of the DVD "Walk Into Paradise" *	10,000	
Sub-total		16,165
General Reserve as at 31 December 2006		9,103

* Will be fully recouped from future sales of the DVD.

SIR HUBERT MURRAY – Lieutenant Governor of Papua, 1907-1940

Sir Hubert Murray's letters to his family and intimates are held at the National Library in Canberra. As Sir Hubert was the Lieutenant Governor for over thirty years, his private letters give an insight as to what was really going on behind the scenes.

Sir Hubert's public face exuded aloofness, superiority and confidence. His private letters betray a sensitive, humorous and sometimes insecure man.

His greatest concern as he aged was that he would be replaced by a younger man. (He died in harness at Samarai aged 78.) There were many vested interests who resented his enlightened policies towards the indigenous population. Many attempts were made to remove him but Sir Hubert's guile and humour were equal to all their efforts.

The story below is the dramatisation of one of the more notable attempts to retire him. It reveals the local intrigues that were always a part of Port Moresby's official and private lives.

GONE FINISH By Ralph Sawyer

Sir Hubert Murray didn't really want to open the Anglican Hall but there were several extenuating circumstances. Firstly, the Anglicans had been quite supportive towards Catholic functions and he, as a Catholic, could not be seen to be partial. More importantly he, as Lieutenant Governor, must be seen to be even handed towards all factions. Port Moresby had only six hundred Europeans so it was imperative that everyone attended all community functions so as to make the town work.

There were two other pragmatic reasons. The nearest Anglican bishop was stationed far away at Dogura in the Northern District. The organisers also felt that KCMG would look more appropriate on a war memorial honour roll than a bishop's DD.

Sir Hubert scanned the Honour Roll as he sat on the raised stage. There were over one hundred names there on the wall which wasn't a bad effort for the Great War considering the scanty population of Papua. There were some good men too, out of that lot. There was Harry Ryan the Resident Magistrate from Kikori. Rough but effective, Ryan. The little asterisk next to Ryan's name told the sad story. Hard to believe that twenty years had slipped by since those heady days.

Back to the hall. Hello, there was Herbert Pritchard on his feet pontificating as usual. You had to watch old Pritchard and his Chamber of Commerce mates. He was the one that organised the petition for Murray's recall. 'Inimical to the interests of loyal citizens of Papua,' was the phrase they used. Their real objection was that he wouldn't let them get away with blue murder on the plantations by ignoring the native labour regulations.

Judge Murray felt for his glasses as he sensed the introduction winding up. Better not. Mustn't show his age. He could talk on his feet without notes anyway.

‘... and it gives me great pleasure to ask our esteemed Lieutenant Governor Sir Hubert Murray to declare our hall officially open.’

A few well chosen words – ‘Public spirited effort, entirely voluntary, community asset, many happy social evenings, much more civilized than the wharf warehouse or the hotel billiard room.’

Laughter, applause, the right note as usual. What’s this? Mrs Pritchard appears from behind the curtains and presents the Governor with two beautiful Moroccan leather travelling cases.

‘We’re sure you can make good use of them.’

More laughter, more applause.

Do they know something I haven’t heard? Keep your composure, smile, shake hands. Remember what Sybil used to say.

‘Try to appear gracious Hubert; remember you’re not handing out sentences all the time.’

Still they’re always angling to get some retired general with medals. Not happy with a civilian judge. After all I did go to South Africa. Before their time I suppose.

His mind flashed back to 1906 when he started out as Acting Governor. His damning evidence at the Royal Commission had not endeared him to the entrenched English clique. Sybil was right then.

‘Be perfectly nice at all times and thank them profusely for their care and attention, even when they’re insulting you.’

The pair of vice-regals did just that and the little piranhas of Port Moresby couldn’t handle it. At first they were confused and then eventually gave up trying to be nasty. Here they were again, a younger crew with subtler methods. Petitions had given way to travelling cases!

Blazes, he was only seventy two. Didn’t he just walk to Kokoda and back on a station inspection. Just as well Billy Hughes was the new Minister of Home Affairs. Saints preserve us, Billy was almost as old as he was and Billy looked older! Hughes and he had got on famously during the Minister’s last tour. They agreed on most things including their mutual opinions on the Japanese and birth control. Billy kept them all awake by gargling salt water all night. A queer little gnome.

The Humber came at ten to take him back to the Residence. Down in the harbour the *Montoro* was loading by floodlight for tomorrow’s departure. The passengers wouldn’t appreciate the clanking donkey cranes but Burns Philp Plantations owned the whole box and dice so complaints would be fruitless.

Mary Pinney, the judge’s daughter, was waiting up for him. The abstemious Hubert still could manage a snack with his daughter who was leaving on the *Montoro* in the morning.

‘How did it go?’

‘Oh, the usual nonsense. Speeches, cucumber sandwiches and good wishes.’

‘Sounds dreadful.’

Cont. over...

‘You and Pinney had better get used to it. You’ll get the same palaver at Norfolk Island. By the way, look what I got for a going away present. Kavala, you show *Sinabada* the boxes.’ The dusky houseboy presented the handsome cases with a beaming smile.

‘What an unusual present.’

‘I think they’re up to their old tricks again on a new tack.’

‘You know, daddy, it mightn’t be a bad idea. You could occupy our house at Springwood while we’re away.’

‘Not at all. I couldn’t leave this mob here on their own. They’d eat one another. Besides, what would I do at Springwood? Check the mail and watch the trains. Kavala, light the lamps, the generator goes off at any moment.’

The white *Montoro* contrasted with the blueness of the water as the morning light played on Fairfax Harbour. They had a quick breakfast of paw paw and lemon followed by toast and coffee.

‘Bring the boxes Kavala. We may as well show them off.’

The new cases were strapped on the running board by Ajax the driver and they were soon trundling along the foreshore towards the wharf. A large crowd was at the wharf to see the ship off.

‘Is it always like this?’

‘Nothing much happens in the port except the *Montoro* and the *Macdhui*. Most of them have been to church and have come down to see the fun.’

The Humber crept along the wharf at funeral pace. Happy faces peered in at the Governor and his daughter. Mary leaned forward and smiled too but her taciturn father leant back and pulled his sun helmet down tighter over his bald pate.

‘They seem glad to see you daddy.’

‘Don’t you believe it.’

Hubert noticed the usual suspects at hand. Pritchard and his venomous crew were waving and even Evans the gaoler was present; what for, God only knew. He thought he could detect a smattering of clapping. Ajax struggled up the gangway with Mary’s port. The Governor strode up the gangway followed by Kavala with the shiny Moroccan cases. They were escorted by the purser to Captain Hackett’s bridge where they exchanged pleasantries and took tea. After the half hour siren, they repaired to the railings to observe the usual rituals of departure. A few passengers threw streamers to the onlookers below on the wharf, not always to the right people. Last messages were shouted to and fro while BP shore staff struggled with hausers and chains.

A runner with the last bag of Southern mail hurried up the gangway. This seemed to be the signal for the *Montoro* to give one last urgent blast of its steam siren.

Some of the spectators cheered and the odd Union Jack was spotted. Even Hubert, who was not noted as a demonstrative person, lifted his helmet and waved. This seemed peculiar to Mary.

‘Well, goodbye my dear. Give my regards to Bob and good luck at Norfolk Island. Remember now, don’t get too friendly too quickly. It can be messy later.’ A quick handshake with Captain Hackett and down the gangway as another blast rent the air. Close on the Governor’s heels struggled Kavala with those ubiquitous cases. Ajax had the car started. Ignoring convention, Sir Hubert hopped into the front seat while Kavala shared the back seat with the cases. The crowd parted silently as the Humber crawled towards the shore.

Most of the spectators were puzzled by his sudden re-appearance. Others were confused and some even indignant. One of these latter best echoed their sentiment at the golf club that afternoon.

‘You’d think he’d at least have the decency to give them back.’

In the Humber, some of the puzzlement also prevailed. Ajax couldn’t quite see the point of going straight home without seeing the ship off. Kavala wondered why they were taking empty cases for a ride and home again but consoled himself with the thought, ‘Well, judges are like that.’

Sir Hubert Murray was in no doubt or uncertainty. He referred and deferred to his dead wife as he did more often these days.

‘Sybil, you would have been proud of me.’

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VALE SIR WAM WAN

SIR WAMP WAN, the Paramount Chief who became a Member of the British Empire (MBE) and was later knighted, died in May 2007 at his home outside Mount Hagen. He was 101.

Sir Wamp's contact with the outside world began in 1933 with the arrival of explorers and the Administration. By then, he was 27 and already a famous young tribal chieftain around the Mt Hagen area. He was the first Highlands leader to accept, welcome and help settle the pioneer western explorers into the country's interior. He was appointed a boss of *Tultuls* soon after WWII; in 1962 when local government was introduced, he became a Councillor, and in 1963 he became Council President. He, along with fellow chiefs, the Administration and the Catholic Church, forged harmonious relations with surrounding tribes – today the tribes in his area are some of the most peaceful and law-abiding in the Highlands region. He was the founding father of the multi-million-kina Wamp Nga group of companies. He assisted the BBC in filming colonial PNG before self-government. Following this, in 1973, he was sponsored to England and Italy; he met the Queen and was awarded an MBE, and continued on to Rome where he met Pope John Paul II. He invited the Pope to visit PNG. Eleven years later, in 1994, he was on hand to greet the Pope on his visit to the country. Between 1975 and 1982, he served as a Provincial Member of the PNG Government and held the Health portfolio. In 1995 he was knighted by the Queen. He stepped down from public office at the age of 79.

Sir Wamp played a major role in bringing development and services that completely changed the traditional existence of the mountain tribes under his domain. He led in the establishment of the Catholic and Lutheran churches in the region; he was one of the first to become a Catholic. The first school was established on his land. The Mount Hagen General Hospital eventuated because of him.

Like all tribal chieftains in the Highlands during this era, Sir Wamp had several wives – all five of them predeceased him. He is survived by seven sons and eight daughters, and their many descendants.

(Information from *Pacific Press* and *The National*)

VALE – With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends
Pamela Anne Quartermaine (29 March 2007, aged 73)

Pam arrived in PNG in 1955 at the age of 21 and devoted her next 38 years to community schools and to teacher education as a teacher, a Teachers College lecturer, an Inspector, and an administrator in the Waigani Central Office. She touched the lives of her students, colleagues and members of the community in Rabaul, Dregerhafen, Goroka, and Port Moresby in such a way that these relationships often turned into lifelong friendships. She had an abiding interest in the needs of females in education and was for a time the Dean of Women Students at Port Moresby Teachers College. She worked for the National Government all the while maintaining very cordial working relations with the various Churches which also operated colleges and schools. Pam studied education in Western Australia, the UK, the USA and Tasmania and traveled widely, broadening her knowledge and perspective. She left PNG in 1993 to live in Perth. In 2001 she completed her PhD thesis on Teacher Education in PNG – a very comprehensive document. In 2006 she returned to East New Britain to teach at an international school but left prematurely because of serious ill health. Pam had a deep and enduring affection for PNG and its people.

(From the eulogy given by Neville Robinson)

Brian Arthur STEVENS (4 April 2007, aged 75 years)

Brian spent his formative years in Renmark SA. He joined the Army in 1952 and attended the School of Signals. Radio became a passion which stayed with him all his life – when seniority moved him away from hands-on communication, he turned Amateur. Brian's first posting was to Korea, quickly followed by a posting to Japan. There he met and married Harumi, and their three children followed soon after. Of all their postings, the family's favourite was Port Moresby. After retirement, Brian sought to return to PNG, but soon realised that times had changed since Independence. He returned to Adelaide where he involved himself in community activities. One of the highlights of his later years was the annual PNG reunion which he enjoyed enormously. Brian is survived by Harumi, his wife of 52 years, three children, Peter, Diane and David, and five grandchildren.

Diane Brinkworth

Major General James William NORRIE AO OBE

(28 July 2007, aged 85 years)

A NSW country boy, Jim was a contemporary of Freddie Kaad at Sydney Boys High School, where both excelled at sport. He graduated from Duntroon in 1942 and an outstanding military career in war and peace followed. Jim was in charge of defence Forces in Papua New Guinea for several years in the critical transition period through Self-Government to Independence. His impressive military funeral in Sydney was attended by His Excellency the Governor General and Mrs Jeffrey.

Harry West

We hope to have further details in the next issue for the following people:

Rev. Canon Ian Duke STUART (June 21, 2007)

Allan BOVELT (June 2006)

Dr Jean (Beebo) MULHOLLAND (30 June 2007, aged 80 years)

Sir Kenneth Bruce TREZISE (28 July 2007, aged 68 years)

Bette ROLFE

Harvey BOOTH (23 July 2007)

Marjorie Surtees KLECKHAM (2 June 2007, aged 88 years)

Marjorie grew up in Brisbane, marrying Fred in 1940. Fred then went to the Middle East and Marjorie worked as a nurse at the Mackay Base Hospital. After the war Fred joined the PNG Department of Agriculture - the couple's first married posting was to Popondetta where they lived through the eruption of Mount Lamington in January 1951. Here, Marjorie's nursing experience and resourcefulness proved invaluable – she described her experiences in an article in the June 2003 *Una Voce* (p.11). Shortly after the eruption, Fred set off for the devastated area and Marjorie set to work: 'I had to prepare food for everyone, get all the bandages and medical supplies I could collect together, get the machinery cleared out of the engine sheds, spread tarpaulins across the floors of the sheds and make an emergency war hospital for the people. I supervised all of this work and also collected all the 44 gallon drums I could find and sent boys with every available bucket to carry water to fill these drums and tubs. It was very fortunate that I did this as the streams ran hot and filled with mud and dead fish and other animals.' Then a shuttle service began bringing in the burnt and dying native people. Marjorie continued, '... all the women worked tirelessly all that afternoon and all night and into the next morning. All we had for the treatment of burns was tins of dripping. Every native was given a place to lie down in the shelter of a roof. The women (European women) put dripping on all their burns ... We had no morphia, nothing except rum and whisky to ease the natives' pain. We got this from the trade store.' All the while Marjorie was caring for her two young children and breastfeeding her baby daughter.

Later in 1951 the couple were transferred to Lorengau, where Marjorie, ever resourceful, purchased a Singer treadle machine from the Edgell & Whitely store and began making laplaps for the Chinese shops to top up their modest income. She also helped at the local hospital on a voluntary basis. Further postings were to Daru, Port Moresby and Lae. The couple retired in 1975, but two years later sailed their yacht to Popondetta where Fred spent two years developing the Smallholder Oil Palm project. Following this Fred and Marjorie sailed to various ports around PNG, before finally retiring to the Mackay area. Marjorie and Fred became world renowned for their shell collecting, discovering new shells over the years. Fred predeceased her; Marjorie is survived by children, Fred and Betty, and grandchildren.

Margaret (Peggy) MERRETT (30 June 2007, aged 81 years)

Born in Thirroul NSW, Peggy completed her nursing training at the Wollongong District Hospital in 1947. A year later she obtained her obstetric certificate in Sydney. After cycling around England and Scotland and nursing at the Wollongong Hospital, she moved to PNG in 1955. She worked first in Port Moresby and then in Madang. There she met Russ Merrett - Peggy and Russ were married in the Lutheran Church, Madang, in 1958. In 1962 the family left PNG to settle in Fairy Meadow NSW. In 1984 their eldest son, Jim, died. Peggy's interests included china painting, horticulture and floral arrangement. In 1944 cancer caught up with her, and over the years she had four major operations. She passed away following complications resulting from a fall. Peggy is survived by her husband, daughter and two sons, and three grandchildren.

Russ Merrett

Peter Ross Kennedy MURRAY (8 October 2006, aged 81 years)

(The Vale notice for Peter Murray in the March 2007 issue of Una Voce described Peter's life up to 1949. His wife Pat has now sent us more information.)

In 1949 Peter leased Libba Lossu Plantation in New Ireland from the owner Mrs Margaret Grose, widow of the late WE Grose and soon met the nearest neighbours, the Stanfield family. Peter and Pat (Stanfield) were married in 1951. In 1955, when the Lossu lease expired, Peter went on to manage Luburua and from 1958, Baia. During the Baia years, Peter was a member of the District Advisory Council and twice stood for election to the House of Assembly - in an 'open' electorate. He drew considerable support from the NI people as he was well known and respected, but not enough to win a seat. Peter had a second 'occupation' that of licensed auctioneer, holding sales three or four times a year. He dealt mainly with Government disposals, especially vehicles, but also with personal property. Auction days were well attended by all races, and the event took on a carnival atmosphere. Peter joined the Freemasons Lodge and reached the status of Master. He was able to assist in the building of the Kavieng Lodge by contributing a 'wall building' machine for the construction of concrete blocks. In 1982 Peter and Pat left New Ireland because of a health problem of Peter's resulting from war service. From 1946 to 1982 Peter only 'went south' three times before 'going finish'. In Australia Peter was an active member of Legacy for over 20 years. He joined the Newcastle branch of the Naval Association and was the instigator of a suitable annual commemoration of the Battle of the Coral Sea held in Newcastle on the Sunday nearest the Battle date in early May; he was made a life member of the Naval Association in 1999. In 2005 Peter and Pat moved to a retirement home on the Central Coast of NSW. Peter is survived by his wife Pat, four children, Anne, Alastair, Rosalind and Eve, and ten grandchildren.

Pat Murray

Charles de KANTZOW (28 December 2006, aged 72 years)

Charles arrived in Mendi in 1961, a new *Didiman* recruit. After a brief introduction into Highlands life he was given the task of developing the Southern Highlands Agricultural Training Station at Kagua, on a swamp, using a bag of pearl shell and some salt to buy labour. Charlie was a Hawkesbury College graduate whose resourcefulness and resilience were born out of hard work and hard times on his parents' property on the Hawkesbury River. The focus was not just on Kagua. The local Highland people had to be contacted and Charlie eagerly took his message to them on foot. When he left to establish the Eastern Highlands Agricultural Station at Korofeigu four years later, Charlie left behind a thriving Agricultural Training College and local industries based on cattle, poultry and pig production as well as coffee, forestry and tea projects, and maize and sorghum crops. In 1971 Charles joined ICI as their Highlands representative based in Lae. Throughout his time in PNG, except for the first two years, Charles had his wife Del by his side. Del taught in the local T schools and later established the first Special School in Lae. The family, including daughters Stephanie and Kate, moved from Lae to Scone NSW in 1974. Ten years later Charles took up an agronomist position in Darwin. The family returned to NSW in 1995 and settled in Berry. Since 1998 Charles has promoted the coffee industry in the area. He died after a long battle with cancer and is survived by his wife Del, two daughters and two grandsons.

D de Kantzow

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