



Una Voce

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

Patrons: Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)
Mrs Roma Bates; Mr Fred Kaad OBE
www.pngaa.net

*Merry Christmas
to all, and best
wishes for 2010
From the
President and
Committee*



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The **CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON**
Will be held on
Sunday 6 December
At the Killara Golf Club
556 Pacific Hwy Killara (Sydney) NSW
RSVP: 23 November 2009

Organise your family and friends
to come - booking form on yellow insert
Details on page 3

* * * * *

**NOTE: Membership fees will be increasing
to \$25 per annum from 01 January 2010.**
Also, due to international postage rates
increasing, Una Voce posting rates need to
increase slightly also...

Pacific - now \$12 airmail

International - now \$16 airmail

Please see p. 2 for online banking details.

The **AGM and LUNCHEON**
will be on
Sunday 26 April 2010



PNGAA WEBSITE
www.pngaa.net

'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.

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Advertising is available - please contact the Editor.

Website: www.pngaa.net

Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription - \$25 from 1 January 2010. 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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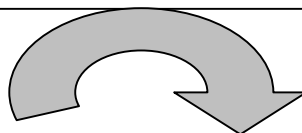
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In selecting articles and stories for *Una Voce* we aim to publish a wide range of topics from different times and places. Unfortunately due to postage we do have a page restriction and we therefore encourage both short articles (200-500 words approximately) as well as longer ones from 500-1500 words (approximately), in addition to an installment series.

Whilst we like to acknowledge contributions, we thank you for your understanding that it may take a little time.



We encourage members to please pay membership fees by direct deposit to the PNGAA account as follows:

BSB: 062 009 Account No: 0090 7724

Please ensure you include your Membership Number. If you could notify our Treasurer Will Muskens by email that would be appreciated. Thank you.

Wondering what to give somebody for Xmas?

Our DVD – Walk Into Paradise

Please use order form on separate yellow insert
For further information please contact:
Marie Clifton-Bassett PO Box 1386 MONA VALE
NSW 1660, Phone: 02-9999 4490 or
email: admin@pngaa.net.

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CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON – Sunday 6 December 2009
Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara NSW (Sydney)
11.30am onwards

RSVP: 23 November 2009

The annual Christmas luncheon is a great opportunity to catch up with family and friends. Pre-luncheon drinks (from a cash only bar) will be on the spacious verandah overlooking the beautiful grounds of Killara Golf Club and lunch will be served at 1pm. Cost is \$47.50 per person and if you haven't already booked please use the booking form on the enclosed yellow 'Treasurer's Corner' – final replies are needed by 23 November. Tables will be for 10. If you wish to be seated with family or friends please advise on the order form OR feel free to make up your own table of 10.

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

For those coming by train please take the exit on the western side of Killara station, walk along Marion Street, cross the Pacific Highway at the lights and turn left for 550m.

Alternatively, please also let us know if you would like the free shuttle transport from Lindfield station which is expected to have its upgrade completed by then, including the installation of lifts. Please phone Harry West on 9418 8793 regarding transport.

Free on-site parking is available for those driving - and to remind you, look for the red and yellow balloons at the entrance immediately after Fiddens Wharf Road on the Pacific Highway as you travel north. Entry to Killara Golf Club is *immediately* after the Noodle Blast (previously Black Stump Restaurant).

For any queries or if you are able to contribute an item for the raffle, please phone Juli Allcorn on Ph: 02-9416 1430 (h) or 0405625912 (m) or Email: j_allcorn@hotmail.com

Come along, renew friendships and share the familiar experiences once again at this delightful occasion.

Please complete the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow 'Treasurer's Corner' insert and return by 23 November.

Transport Information is also available on Ph: 131500.



The PNGAA would like to wish our Patron

Mrs Roma Bates

Happy 100th Birthday!

for 21 November 2009

THE ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEE is to be raised to \$25pa from 1 January 2010. This decision was made at a recent committee meeting after discussing the costs of running the Association and the income received.

PNG DVD's FOR SALE – See separate blue insert – Titles include: Along the Sepik; Colonists for a Day; In the South Seas; My Father My Country; New Guinea Patrol; Kompani Bilong Yumi; Australia Biography Dame Rachel Cleland

**IN 100 WORDS OR LESS –
Memories of Burns Philp Port Moresby**

I thought I was back with Errol Flynn in the 'Bengal Lancers'. A sweep of Punkah fans swayed backwards and forward from the ceiling.

'Come this way.'

I was escorted by an ancient retainer into a frosted glass cubicle.

Mr Sinclair must have been one of the originals as he still had a Scottish accent. His 'before' tropical outfit had accessories of elastic sleeve garters and linen cuff protectors for the ink.

'You are of course now one of our valued clients. We do not have vessels to Ihu but we will send your order on the Steamships 'Kobe' tonight. This is what you'll need:

1 case Imperial Camp Pie

1 case Campbell's Irish stew

1 case Lamb tongues (to be eaten in the dark!)

1 case SPC peaches

1 case Ideal Milk

Chlorodyne, Oil of Cloves, Citronella'

And so it went on. All on account of course - £158-13-4.

I felt I was going to be a client for a long time.

Later I sat on the patio of the bottom pub; I looked across at the concrete tower flying the BP flag. 'A valued client.'

Here I was with cargo on its way; an accommodation warrant in my pocket and a booking on tomorrow's Catalina. I was coming up in the world.

Ralph Sawyer

I only ever purchased one item of clothing for my daughters, and that was for Lara, my youngest. I was visiting Port Moresby from Goroka so I took myself shopping which meant, of course, visiting Beeps.

Lara was a demure little girl of eight years old so I chose a blue and white check frock for her. I was so proud of myself for having chosen something she really liked.

Unfortunately as Beeps got older it became more dilapidated. As Lara got older she went from strength to strength. She is currently the Deputy Premier and Attorney-General of Tasmania.

Rick Giddings

STOP-PRESS: John Schindler's documentary '*The Tragedy of the Montevideo Maru*' will premiere on Foxtel's history channel on Remembrance Day, 11 November, at 7.30pm.

Visit to the Blue Mountains

George and Edna Oakes welcomed about 25 people to their home at Woodford in the Blue Mountains on Thursday 15 October. A slightly chilly and windy day did not deter those who took a delightful bushwalk to a nearby lookout. As everyone enjoyed a delicious lunch of soups and other delicacies an array of colourful birds visited the garden.

The day was very much enjoyed by all who went. To George and Edna - a huge THANK YOU for your generous and very kind hospitality which is greatly appreciated. It was a wonderful and happy day.

NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from Jim Toner

The PNG-Australia Social & Cultural Group held a 34th Independence Day celebration at the Filipino Community Centre in Darwin and a good attendance watched PNG traditional dancing after dinner.

My last mention of an elderly PIB Sergeant appearing at a Remembrance Day ceremony in Port Moresby was, I think, in 2004. I was delighted to learn that Ben Moide CBE was again on parade this year. That by my calculation makes him 86.

Mal Meninga needs no introduction to readers in the rugby league States. For others, he has captained Australia in half of his 45 Tests and as a coach has just led Queensland to victory in the last four annual State of Origin tussles with New South Wales. He is now the prestigious spearhead of an attempt to include a PNG team in the Australian national competition. This is unlikely to come about and anyone aware of the violent passion with which PNG audiences have embraced the Qld-NSW contests on TV will add "fortunately".

Prior to one such game this year the medical officer in charge of the Emergency Ward at the Moresby hospital placed a large notice on its door warning the public that the fee for treatment of injuries sustained from fighting about the Origin match would be 50 Kina. This did not deter well over 100 men whether joyful Maroons fans or sore losers supporting NSW, all sharing damage in some way, from turning up following the match. Fatalities were kept down to three.

While sport on a TV screen cannot be banned in PNG it seems wiser that Australian teams do not - in the flesh - become involved with a still volatile population not hesitant to declare a 'fight zone'. However the logistics of financing any integration with the NRL will surely obviate need for any decision.

I suspect that but for the highly laudable efforts of our Montevideo Maru committee few of us would ever have learned about the creation in 2006 of the Hellships Memorial in the Philipines. It was described by our Editor in the September issue and her visit to the former US naval base at Subic Bay had been to attend the unveiling of a plaque commemorating the 1053 civil and military prisoners packed aboard the Montevideo Maru at Rabaul in 1942 who

just nine days later lost their lives when that vessel was torpedoed by a US submarine.

The Hellships Memorial, funded privately I believe by American Veterans Associations, commemorates no less than 100 of such ships which took Allied prisoners to Japan and elsewhere. However, the Montevideo Maru was the only one to be sunk with all on board. For instance three months later 1834 British POWs captured in the fall of Hong Kong were trapped below decks when the Lisbon Maru en route Japan was also sunk by an American submarine. After the crew abandoned ship two officers broke free from one hold and began to unbatten the hatches of other holds. In consequence drowning was limited to 800 men. Sadly of the 1000 survivors eventually taken on to Japan every fifth man died in those miserable camps.

One elderly English survivor commented this year that 'the whole show in the Far East was not given much attention in Britain after the war". Yes - there and in Australia people were flat out dealing with all the problems arising from a Six Years War with its multiple tragedies. However Keith Payne, Australia's oldest living VC, whose uncle is presumed lost on the Montevideo Maru, said "It is good that this important part of our war history is finally being given some publicity as it appears to have been ignored for many years by authorities and the media". The screening in November of the new film documentary will greatly assist in this and all PNGAA members will look forward to viewing it.

In September a Darwin man attempting to cross the Torres Strait to Papua in a 5m boat had engine trouble and was obliged to beach himself in the Western Province. He declared himself fearful of headhunters and cannibals so was somewhat surprised when the village people appeared with a chair for him to rest on. He told *The NT News* that after a short wait he was taken to meet their king.....

This recalled for me a yarn of Kerry LEEN, a 1946 seniority kiap, who once when returning from leave aboard the Bulolo was told by a lady passenger that it was not her first trip to New Guinea. On the previous occasion, she informed him, she had been captured by the natives who made her their queen.....

Knowing Kerry I can picture him feigning huge astonishment and pleading for more detail. Much more. ■

Information about the Ralum Club at Kokopo was included in both the June and September 2009 Letters to the Editor. It has since been confirmed that there is a new Foundation Members name board inside the Ralum Club building.

Dick Doyle recalls that Alex Rock, Owen Genty-Nott and Rex Pullen were also foundation members. Dick still has his original Foundation Receipt. He also has one of the original Ralum Club freezers (kero) – still in use would you believe?! ■

PNG IN THE NEWS

► **Duncan Kerr**, Australia's Parliamentary Secretary for Pacific Island Affairs, is to retire from politics at the next Federal election and will relinquish his ministerial duties at the end of October. Mr Kerr, will resume his career in law.

► **A preliminary report by air safety authorities** has been issued on the recent crash of a Twin Otter aircraft in mountainous terrain near Kokoda. The interim report, issued in late September, indicates that there was no technical malfunction with the aircraft at the time of the accident. A full report into the crash, which claimed thirteen lives, including nine Australians, one Japanese and three PNG nationals, is expected within six months. The tragic crash has generated intense media comment within Australia, PNG and internationally, and is the latest in a number of aviation accidents which some observers have stated have not been subjected to rigorous investigation, due in part to a scarcity of resources. The final report is widely expected to have major ramifications, and generate significant changes to the treatment of air safety issues in Papua New Guinea.

► **World War II remains** of five skeletons found at Kokopo in June, at first believed to be Australian soldiers, have been determined by an Australian Army recovery team to be those of Indian soldiers captured by the Japanese. The site of the findings was on the old Takubar Plantation close to the Gunanur-Tobera Road and about one kilometre from the old junction known as Chinaman's Creek. Indian prisoners of war were used as labour in the Rabaul area from June 1943 until the end of the war. Many perished but over 5,600 Indians were liberated by Australian forces at the end of the war.

► **PNG's Dept of Environment and Conservation** has warned landholders that they should wait until transparent benchmarks for carbon trading are worked out at United Nations climate change talks in Copenhagen in December before entering into agreements with private companies relating to carbon.

Info from SMH 4 Sep09

► **The AAAPS (Australian Association for the Advancement of Pacific Studies)** has recently completed a 220 page report titled National Strategy for Pacific Studies, to promote Pacific Studies teaching and research in Australian universities, archives, libraries, galleries and museums.

The report identifies projects that will increase public awareness of the Pacific, and expand teaching and research in universities, archives, museums, libraries and galleries. It argues that Australia needs to regain its position as a world leader in Pacific teaching and research. The report also argues that galleries, libraries, museums and archives have extensive collections of international significance, but they need funding to catalogue, digitise and display these collections.

It calls on the government to establish a national Centre to promote research and excellence in teaching in Pacific Studies and also calls on DFAT to establish an Australia-Papua New Guinea Institute, primarily to fund and promote research on Papua New Guinea, our major partner in the region, and a former trust territory until its independence in 1975.

www.aaaps.edu.au

► **A new species of giant rat** has been found in a remote rainforest in Papua New Guinea by a British scientific expedition. An infra-red camera captured the first images of the animal which was discovered in the crater formed by the extinct volcano, Mount Bosavi. The Bosavi woolly rat is the size of a small domestic cat, weighing about 1.5 kilograms and measuring 82 centimetres in length from its nose to its tail.
Info from ABC Online

► **After the inaugural ceremony in 2008, Kokoda Day** will be commemorated on November 3 each year at the Kokoda Track Memorial Walkway in Sydney.
Info from Reveille

► **Oil and gas company Oil Search Pty Ltd** is being blamed for an ecological catastrophe in which toxic chemicals allegedly flooded the pristine Lake Kutubu, causing dozens of villagers to become sick. However there has been no proven link between the chemical run-off being used at the drill site, when the incident occurred in June 2007, and the deadly pollution. An internal investigation and a study by the PNG Government, not made public, has cleared Oil Search of involvement saying the chemicals used were not in sufficient concentrations to be toxic.
Info from Sun Herald 20 Sep 2009

► **A class action in the United States** against mining giant Rio Tinto could proceed to trial within two years. Bougainville islanders are seeking damages for what they claim were human rights abuses stemming from operations at the Panguna Copper mine in the 80s and 90s. A US District Court in Los Angeles said that the alleged crimes, including war crimes, crimes against humanity and racial discrimination, were of such “universal concern” that the US would hear them under the Alien tort Claims Act.
Info from SMH 8-9 Aug 2009

► **After finding populations of lost and abandoned children** in the settlements around Port Moresby Father John Glynn realised that PNG had no functioning machinery for identifying these children, or for helping them if they did. He ‘took the issue to Sunday Mass, and together with members of his struggling congregation, came up with the notion of setting up neighbourhood care groups to provided meals and medical care.’ Needing funds, he was put in contact with Denis O’Brien, the Irish telecommunications magnate who had introduced the Digicel mobile network to PNG. The Foundation for Women and Children at Risk – ‘We Care’ – was the result. “Our groups search for orphans and vulnerable children...try to feed them, give them health care, get them into school, give the older ones skills training, perhaps open a little preschool under a tree for the smaller ones.” The network has nine care groups and looks after the daily needs of about 500 children. Dame Caro Kidu says that the Government is trying to answer the crisis by ‘building a social welfare framework from the ground up. The system will largely rely on working in partnership with grassroots groups such as WeCare’.
Info from SMH 10 Sep09

► **The PNG Government will contribute at least K165 million** towards the proposed Pacific Marine Industrial Zone (PMIZ) in Madang province. The funding will be at least 20 per cent (US\$60 million) of the total estimated cost of US\$300 million (K999 million) for the marine park. The Pacific Marine Industrial Zone is a special economic zone dedicated to tuna processing.
PNG Gossip 16 Sep09

► **The initial Fuzzy Wuzzy Angel Commemorative Medallion** was awarded to Wesley Akove on PNG Remembrance Day, 23 July 2009. The medal is being awarded to living Fuzzy Wuzzies or their spouse. Three further recipients, Nepe Kumanyal, 93, an interpreter from Simbu, and Naime Raga, 95, a carrier from Central, together with the widow of John Boino, were presented with medals by Australian High Commissioner, Chris Moraitis on Battle of Australia Day, 2 September 2009.

► **Following the disaster of cyclone Guba** in November 2007, Rotary International District 9750 has adopted the Oro Province to provide humanitarian assistance.

The initial project is to provide replacement water tanks to communities devastated by Guba thereby providing clean safe drinking and cooking water. 17 water tanks were recently provided to upper coastal villages in Oro. The tanks were transported by dinghy to the villages and carried by hand from the nearby beaches. The villagers were responsible for the preparation of the tank bases, their carriage from Oro Bay to their villages and connection to the housing downpipes. In the field, the project is being supervised by Bishop Denys Ririka of the Anglican Church of PNG on behalf of host partner the Rotary Club of Goroka. Other projects in hand include donations in kind whereby recovered and serviceable second hand items such as school desks, fittings and books are being shipped from Sydney to PNG. A number of schools have still to be replaced in Oro.

<http://www.trupela.com/2009/08/19/rotary-provides-aid-to-the-people-of-oro-province/>

► **Wara Bilong Life (Water for Survival) is a global education Oxfam project**, based on the New Zealand Technology, Social Studies and Health and Physical Education curricula, and run in New Zealand schools during Term 4. The project encourages 'out of the square' problem solving for students in a 'real world' context. Students learn about the relationship between washing hands and the prevention of disease. In developed countries, when children line up at the washbasin, the last thing on their minds is whether there will be enough water to wash their hands!

'The project focuses on students in primary schools in the Eastern highlands of Papua New Guinea. Currently, school water tanks often only provide half a litre of clean water per student per day. Water can only be collected from metal roofs. Some schools have a thatched roof making water collection impossible. River water is often contaminated and located a long way from the school.' Further information available from:

http://www.megabright.co.nz/WaraBlongLife/more_information.htm ▪

Website walkabout:

www.uscngp.com

<http://www.witzig.com.au/>

www.aptc.edu.au - Australia-Pacific Technical College

<http://www.ncoba.com.au/Stories/Stories-64/NS006407.html>

<http://rabaul.history.googlepages.com/home>

http://images.google.com.au/images?hl=en&rlz=1T4ADRA_enAU335AU336&um=1&q=yahoo+papua+new+guinea+images&sa=N&start=0&ndsp=18

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

His Excellency Sir Paulias Matane, Governor General of PNG, writes:

“We send to you greetings from Government House.

I have just received a copy of *Una Voce* 2009, No 3 – September and Membership as at 1st July 2009. In the next few nights I will spend some time reading the contents through. I just want to say that I have always looked forward to receiving/reading copies as the contents bring back memories of the past, and more particularly the great interests/contributions [that] former expatriate residents in PNG have of my country. It’s a pity many of them who did so much for PNG have died. These include: Derek T Bell, Alan R Walker, John Colman, Reg Thomson, Charles Bates, Geoffrey Gibson, Margarett Williams, Edward Kenna, Sir David Hay, Sir James Jacobi, Keith Gill etc. We send our sincere condolences to their families. * * *

While at May River in 1967 I visited the abandoned house of the SIL missionary Robert Conrad who was evacuated, strapped and restrained to the outside of a helicopter in 1964. John Pasquarelli said (6 September 2009) that he was there at the time and helped put him aboard by assisting the patrol officer who he believed to be Tony Pitt. Conrad’s house was in the same condition as he had left it (about 400 metres upriver from Abagaisu on the left bank) with normal kitchen stuff on the table. The local people obviously kept away from the place. Presumably it was his son, Kevin Conrad, PNG’s climate change ambassador who was the subject of a searching article by Rowan Callick, ‘The rush is on for sky money’ *The Weekend Australian* (Focus 13) September 5-6, 2009. **Martin Kerr**

* * *

Has someone inadvertently conflated several stories about different places, or has the record been distorted by errors of recall in “One Man’s Kingdom – ‘King’ Carson of Nuguria” - *Una Voce* No3, September 2009.

Where did Eileen Carson die - at Nuguria in the Feads or at Malekolon Plantation on Anir Island? Where was the airstrip - at Malekolon or on Nuguria?

Darcey’s article contains a wealth of information but it appears to wander when he writes:

“ ... In the early 1960s, he [Carson] used his own labour and materials to carve an airstrip out of the narrow island It allowed fast and easy access It also produced a stream of official visitors from government departments in Rabaul whose insistence on correctly completed paper work was not always welcomed by the busy owner of the atoll!”

Confusing, as Rabaul was headquarters of the New Britain District, and neither Nuguria nor Malekolon were in New Britain. Malekolon was part of New Ireland, as was Nuguria in the 1950s. In 1960 it became part of the Bougainville District in 1960. How could there have been a stream of official visitors from Rabaul to either place. Districts were operational compartments and the travellers, the field staff – kiaps, didiman and medassts – operated strictly within their own district boundaries.

Nuguria may have been a “fiefdom” but the very small Nuguria community lived on land specifically “reserved” to them in the new title, when it issued in the 1920s. Their land was their land. Even though they were remote, they were well serviced by the Carson family, and as far as kiaps were concerned, they were almost below the radar. They visited the Nugurian community on three occasions in the 50s and on five occasions in the 60s. **Cont.→**

Kiaps were generally renowned for their avoidance of paperwork; the visits they made in any 10-year period would have created far less paper work than one-year's operation of Carson's self-imposed Commonwealth Bank agency.

Who could have been the official visitors who streamed in from Rabaul by air? The Regional Medical Officer, Paul Enders, was a noted traveller but an unlikely visitor as he had already visited Nuguria from Namatanai in the 50s. Perhaps the specialist medical officers Stan Wiggley (Tuberculosis) or Jan Saave (Malariologist) visited? But would they have imposed any paper work?

The Browns were invited to visit Nuguria by the Carsons, and we arrived there on Sunday, 12 November 1972, after an 18-hour overnight run by trawler from Buka Passage. Harry Roach was also onboard.

Graeme Carson and Tetau met us on the wharf and escorted us to accommodation, the house on the water's edge at the boat harbour. Graeme was hungry for conversation, and he was enthusiastically hospitable. The next day he was the pilot on our trawler, when he and Tetau took us on the three-hour run to the northwest group.



Graeme Carson and Tetau - November 1972

Two days later, we reluctantly departed from Nuguria, with Graeme and Tetau as our guests on the trawler. They accompanied us back to Buka Passage, then on to the Carterets, and then to the Mortlocks. Finally we returned to Kieta where they stayed with us for several days before flying to Rabaul. Graeme spoke about his travels by sea between Malekolon and Nuguria, but he never mentioned an airstrip on Nuguria?

Bill Brown

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Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels

Dedicated to Sapper Victor Cooke, 2/22nd Field Coy, R.A.E.

Many a mother in Australia,
When the busy day is done,
Sends a prayer to the Almighty
For the keeping of her son,
Asking that an angel guide him
And bring him safely back--
Now we see those prayers are answered
On the Owen Stanley Track.
For they haven't any halos,
Only holes slashed in their ears,
And their faces worked by tattoos,
With scratch pins in their hair.
Bringing back the badly wounded
Just as steady as a hearse,
Using leaves to keep the rain off
And as gentle as a nurse.
Slow and careful in bad places
On the awful mountain track,
The look upon their faces
Would make you think that Christ was black.
Not a move to hurt the wounded,
As they treat him like a saint;
It's a picture worth recording,
That an artist's yet to paint.
Many a lad will see his mother,
And husbands wee'uns and wives,
Just because the fuzzy wuzzies
Carried them to save their lives
From mortar bombs, machine-gun fire,
Or a chance surprise attack,
To safety and the care of doctors
At the bottom of the track.
May the mothers of Australia,
When they offer up a prayer,
Mention those impromptu angels,
With their fuzzy wuzzy hair.

*Written 14 October 1942, at Dump 66, the first Range
of the Owen Stanley.*

Sapper H.E. "Bert" Beros, NX6925 7 Div., R.A.E., AIF.

LET'S RECALL WHAT BERT *REALLY* WROTE IN "FUZZY WUZZY ANGELS (AND OTHER VERSES)"

by Stuart Inder

When, in 1965, the celebrated foreign correspondent Osmar White published *Parliament of a Thousand Tribes*, a first-hand look at the emerging Papua New Guinea that he knew only too well during the war, he gave a rundown on the life of the carriers who had arbitrarily been recruited by ANGAU during the war. There had been, he wrote, such maximum wartime mobilisation of native labour that "in some villages every able-bodied male over the approximate age of sixteen was rounded up, transported to the clearing centres and drafted to whatever type of work that had priority in the immediate emergency."

He said that during the Owen Stanley campaign, war correspondents had given great publicity to the part played by carriers and stretcher-bearers on the Kokoda Trail, emphasising their endurance, gallantry and loyalty and the consideration with which they treated wounded Australian soldiers – and, he added: "While it is true that some natives did show the qualities for which they were praised, it is equally true that the majority did their work only because the white men in command bullied them into it. Few if any were serving voluntarily and most would have deserted if possible. At the time, of course, such unromantic realities could not have been either reported or discussed.

"The Australian public was in a highly emotional state, alarmed and humiliated by the ease with which the Japanese had swept through the Pacific and threatened the continent with invasion. It was in desperate need of some reassurance that it was fighting on the side of the angels – an alignment which is presumed to ensure eventual victory. Failing the apparition of celestial angels in the New Guinea storm clouds to match the reported phenomenon at Mons, when the Germans were carrying all before them in the First World War, terrestrial angels would have to suffice. A sentimental soldier with a bent for versification wrote some lines of doggerel which described native stretcher-bearers as 'Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels'. The praise caught on.

"Almost overnight the most sullen, reluctant New Guinean employed on the military supply routes became in the minds of a large section of Australians a heroically faithful underdog offering proof by gallantry and devotion that he was not only a Christian gentleman at heart but he was also profoundly grateful for the benevolence of Australian policy and performance in the past.

"The speed with which the public image of a New Guinean was transmogrified from that of bloodthirsty cannibal with a bone through his nose to that of a dusky-skinned, mop-headed, sexless Florence Nightingale must forever remain an inspiration to political propagandists. The new image did not quickly fade. It endured through the war long into the peace, and together with the work of ANGAU even before the Japanese were cleared out of the islands, it laid the foundations for a new deal for PNG from 1949 onwards."

As Osmar lived until 1991, he certainly learned that indeed "the new image did not quickly fade", but he might have been surprised to hear that 66 years after Bert Beros wrote *Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels* it is appearing in print more than ever.

You'll find *thousands* of references to Bert and his Fuzzy Angels, and the poem itself, on the web. Most RSL clubs display it somewhere; it is read out or

displayed at war memorial events, there is probably not one of the many Australia-based companies now touting for Kokoda Track trekkers that doesn't print it. And, of course, approaching Anzac Day, everybody quotes lines of it in their local newspapers and newsletters. Regrettably though, most of what is now out there is reverting to mere "versification" and "doggerel" – that is, crude or trivial in Osmar's putdown of Bert's poetic ability. I invite fellow *Una Voce* readers to test this for themselves.

But before we get to that, it should be recorded that Canadian-born Bert, who had served in World War 1, wrote his poem on the 14 October 1942, in the Owen Stanleys. It appeared in the Brisbane *Courier Mail* of 31 October, submitted not by Bert but by the mother of a soldier who had sent her a copy. Bert's name didn't appear in the paper. It was next published in *the Australian Women's Weekly* of 9 January 1943, with the author named.

Later that year Bert published *Fuzzy Wuzzys* and 53 more of his poems in a 103-page booklet, *The Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels and other Verses*, in Sydney through the F.H.Johnston Publishing Company, of 34 Jamieson Street. It sold for two-and-sixpence and is "dedicated to my two sons, Pte Laurie Beros (a Prisoner of War in Italy) and A.C.1. Cecil Beros (of the RAAF)." He wrote that he was "indebted to Chaplain T.R.Burt, who advised me to put these poems into book form; also for his criticism."

On the basis of this booklet, my copy of which I picked up many years ago for a few shillings, Bert was certainly a poet. Some of his verses are very moving, Many of his themes refer to mothers, or nurses, and many are dedicated to this Army mate or that. His verses were written in the Middle East, on troopships and other places as well as New Guinea. He says he dedicated *Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels* to his mate Sapper Victor Cooke because while they were helping the carriers get out the wounded from Iorabaiwa ridge, Vic had said: "There'll be a lot of black angels in heaven after this!" Bert wrote the poem next morning.

Look at any version of *The Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels* you can turn up now and compare it with what Bert published in his 1943 booklet, on p. 12 of this issue. You'll find that unlike the original, the punctuation will come in every shape and in every position. Dashes, semi-colons, commas, full stops, exclamation marks (lots of these), initial capitals, all added or excised with no thought. And the text will often be in over-imaginative stanzas, when Bert had none.

Some of the same major errors appear frequently in the various versions. Such as *Bringing back the wounded, Just as steady as a horse*. Bert wrote *hearse*, which rhymes with *nurse*, as Bert meant it to.

Another is, *Now we see those prayers are answered, Up on the Kokoda Track*. Nowhere in his poem does Bert refer to the Kokoda Track. Those prayers were answered *On the Owen Stanley Track*.

And Bert's hope that *Many a lad will see his mother, And husbands wee'uns and wives*, is apparently just too difficult for many to grasp in their revised versions.

Bert and his famous poem deserve better than this. And Bert, the blown-away Canadian who became a Digger, and led an interesting life, has surely earned a serious biography by now. If there is already one out there, I can find no reference to it. ■

FOR KERAVAT AND PNG, a ‘new direction needed’

There are moves in PNG to save the Keravat National High School from closure by finding a new direction for it. The move has the strong support of one of its old boys (1951-55), Governor-General Grand Chief Sir Paulias Matane, GCL, GCMG, KSt.J, who made his views clear in September when he launched former teacher Barbara Short’s book on the school, *Tuum Est. The History of Keravat National High School and its students 1947-1986*.

“This school has helped shape the development of PNG,” Sir Paulias said.” Some ex-students have become teachers, scientists, professors, politicians, church leaders, businessmen and women, a Prime Minister –and a Governor-General. It needs rebuilding, not closing. It has not been coping well over the past ten years. Maybe it needs a complete new direction.”

The book took Barbara Short about five years of research. Many ex-teachers and ex-students contributed to it. The chapters are based on the years of the various headmasters, and at the end of each chapter are the names of students who graduated during that time. With the help of ex-students, Barbara then researched what the graduates had done with their lives since leaving the school. The author was not at the book launch because of ill-health.

Ex alumni associations in PNG are offering to help in reconstructing the school, which is in a poor state. Mannen Kuluwah, chairman of the Moresby branch of the Ex Keravat alumni association told *Una Voce* in September that at that point they had not reached a conclusion on how they were going to address the matter of the school’s refurbishment. Whether to rebuild completely, repair the current buildings or repair some and build others. Government departments had the responsibility and there would be discussions to see what steps could be taken, but, he said, “We are coming in because nobody is doing anything about it”.

The alumni association will be selling the book in PNG, with all profits going to the school. In Australia copies can be ordered from Barbara Short, 27 Chesterfield Rd, Epping NSW 2121, for \$30 plus \$10 p&p.

Speaking the following week at PNG’s 34th anniversary of independence, Sir Paulias referred to the government’s “great initiative” in putting together the National Strategic Plan, 2010-2040, and establishing a Task Force responsible for it. But, he added: “Roads and bridges have deteriorated since independence, while schools, hospitals and government facilities have also reached a point of disrepair, while the world is changing fast. This leaves us no other choices but to make the hard decisions on reinvesting in creating an enabling environment. Silver, gold, gas and oil will end some day, but roads, bridges, and facilities will remain with us.”

“Economies of scale and experience tell me that, no matter what the best managers do in the public sector, inefficiencies within the government and public service systems will continue to be problematic, resulting in ineffective service delivery. Remember, 34-plus years of ineffective government and public service delivery systems in PNG since independence have resulted in the unfortunate mess we are in today.

“My simple and sound advice to the NSP Taskforce, is to embrace Public Private Partnership now. Time is running out for us to turn the nation around.” ■

**3rd Conference of the Australian Association for the
Advancement of Pacific Studies (AAAPS)
'Oceanic Transformations' at the Victoria University Conference
Centre, Melbourne, 8th – 11th April 2010**

**Call for proposals, workshops, papers, panel discussions, cultural
events, displays and pre-conference events. Initial proposals by
November 10th, actual abstracts later.**

The Australian Association for the Advancement of Pacific Studies (AAAPS) holds a biennial conference. The first one, "Australia in the Pacific - the Pacific in Australia" was held in January 2006 at the Queensland University of Technology (QUT). The next, "Oceanic Connections", was held in April 2008 at the Australian National University (ANU). AAAPS now invites proposals for the 3rd AAAPS conference, "Oceanic Transformations" to be held at the Victoria University Conference Centre, 300 Flinders Street, Melbourne, from Thursday 8th to Sunday 11th April 2010.

In the 21st Century Oceania, including Australia is faced with issues such as climate change, collapse of global financial institutions, and unsustainable agriculture and fisheries. While the globalization of markets has been seen as an inevitable process, recent events point to a need for more attention to be paid to local solutions to global problems within the Oceanic region. Australia's role seems marked by contradiction. Official institutions are attempting to increase their influence in the region, yet Australians learn less and less from their educational institutions and media about Oceania. At the same time, a growing diaspora community of Pacific Islanders in Australia is making its presence felt in fields of culture, music, education and civil society. This conference encourages innovative proposals for papers, workshops, cultural events and pre-conference events addressing these and other issues that will promote Pacific Studies in Australia.

The Conference will be cross-disciplinary. Papers, workshops and other expressions of interest are invited that will illustrate the diversity of research, teaching, advocacy, international linkages, educational, communications and cultural activity relating to the Pacific Islands taking place within Australia or between Australia and the Islands.

Interest groups such as community organisations, churches, postgraduate students, journalists, teachers, or civil society associations are invited to hold pre-conference gatherings or events on the Wednesday and/or Thursday before the official conference opening.

Please contact Dr Helen Hill, School of Social Science and Psychology at Victoria University, Melbourne - Phone (03) 9419 6096, mobile 0409 546 167, or email Helen.hill@vu.edu.au - for more details. ■

Memories of the South Pacific are Calling

Tuesday 24th November 2009 - Burns Philp – '3 Branches in 3 Countries, Santo, Lautoka and Madang 1967-1975'

Tuesday 8 December 2009

Venue: Toowong Library from 9 am

Further details: Jim Burton Ph: 07-3376 3356

ROTARY ASSISTS THE ORO PROVINCE

Rotary's Eastern Region and Gosford Rotary Club have been trying to make a difference to the people of Oro after the devastation of Cyclone Guba in 2007. Two visits to PNG in June 2008 and June 2009 by Rotarian and PNGAA member John Phillips, discussions in Port Moresby and Popondetta with the AHC, Rotary, Provincial Officers as well as undertaking field surveys and speaking with village elders have resulted in an assessment that there are still 50+ schools needing to be rebuilt or in need of major repair and 20+ teacher houses to be built. Senior Australian Ministers have failed to respond to representations for a level of funding and participation which is beyond the capacity of Rotary or other organizations.

At the same time, much has been achieved by Rotary's Eastern Region.

Last November 2008 a Rotary Team worked at Embogo High School, near Oro Bay. The school had well over a metre of water through it, depositing a deep layer of mud through all buildings and destroying school books and equipment, etc. Although some cleanup work had been done, the team's presence and assistance gave great encouragement to all, with the purchase by Rotary of \$10,000 worth of paint and other supplies and their application in rectifying some of the damage done.

After the visit in June 2009 an initiative was undertaken by E Region, Rotary, to send a consignment of school materials to assist in re-establishing schools. As a result 2x20ft containers were dispatched containing school desks, reference books, exercise books, pens, pencils, etc. Also included were water tanks, a pump and a generator, to provide water for toilets and ablutions at Embogo High School. The team from last November will go back to install these. Most of the materials would have been obtained at minimal or no cost, but the containers and delivery charges amounted to some \$5,000 each.

The work to be done is significant and Rotary District 9680 together with the Gosford Club recognises the importance of it for the future of Oro. Several high schools in Oro Province are in urgent need of repair and upgrading. These schools are essential in providing higher education for students who are the future leaders of PNG – vital for sound and sustained development of the country.

Many villagers in Oro are still living in temporary "Care Centres" two years since the tragedy. Many of the people needing help are the direct descendants of the Fuzzy Wuzzy angels who enabled our soldiers to defeat the Japanese invaders in WWII in carrying food and ammunition forward as well as saving the lives of so many of our wounded soldiers.

For further information please contact John Phillips by Ph: 02-43244904 or at: 37a Lushington Street, East Gosford NSW 2250 ▪

MORTLOCK (TAKUU) ISLANDS by Leen van Lien

In 1970/71 I worked with the Health Department on Bougainville. I was privileged to get the special approval required from the District Commissioner to visit the atoll commonly called the Mortlocks. We travelled for 18 hours or more on the government boat which called infrequently on the islands. I think it carried the local member on that occasion for an official visit.

When we landed we were taken ashore by dingy I received an official ceremonial welcome by a village committee. They placed a garland of twigs on my head and asked me whether I was a missionary. I understand that a positive answer would have resulted in a refusal to allow me to land. The people were very hospitable and obviously of Polynesian descent. They must have been eking out a living from limited produce and must have relied heavily on an occasional boat for very basic supplies.

They also made coconut husking stools and very nice accurate models of outrigger canoes. I was told that in the 'time before' they arrived on the atoll in such canoes. The remains of one such canoe were supposed to have been visible on the beach in the not too distant past. They also made a potent alcoholic drink from coconut palm sap collecting it in the green glass fishing net floats. It was reputed not to give one a hangover with excessive use. It did however cause broken bones when the containers in the top of the tree were sampled for quality and taste.

Some islanders found work on Bougainville with the mining company. The company also employed some Maoris and it was said that there were similarities between the Maori and island languages.

There is very little information available about the Mortlocks and I wonder whether anyone can throw any light on the current situation. ▪

Harry Lawson, an old friend by George Greenwood

For those who knew Harold (Harry) Lawson in Western and Gulf District during the 60's, 70's, 80's etc...

Harry turned up in Cairns in the early 2000s and connected with George Craig of croc shooting legend - from Green Island where he and Shirley remain busy.

Harry's ashes were spread on Paga Point last year and I can confirm that they also stood him drinks at the Daru Club that night. Harry was the most incorrigible rogue of any colour and creed in Western Papua. He liked to pose as the DC (he was the District Clerk) in a long boat - with four police in serge rami and red and white cumerbund and Harry in tropical whites plus solar topee riding the waves out to the Catalina and greeting the startled traveller with 'Welcome to Daru-Lawson-DC'.

After retiring from Government service Harry dabbled in trading, old boats and working throughout the gulf, finishing his time working for John Stocks at Kikori.

Unfortunately there are not enough Harry's in the world today but I am grateful to have known one. Harry's sister, Margaret, who had taught at Rabaul and Sogeri, travels to Cairns occasionally and recounted his unfortunate childhood, orphaned at eight days. ▪

THE UPPER SEPIK-CENTRAL NEW GUINEA PROJECT

By **Barry Craig**

Curator of Foreign Ethnology, South Australian Museum

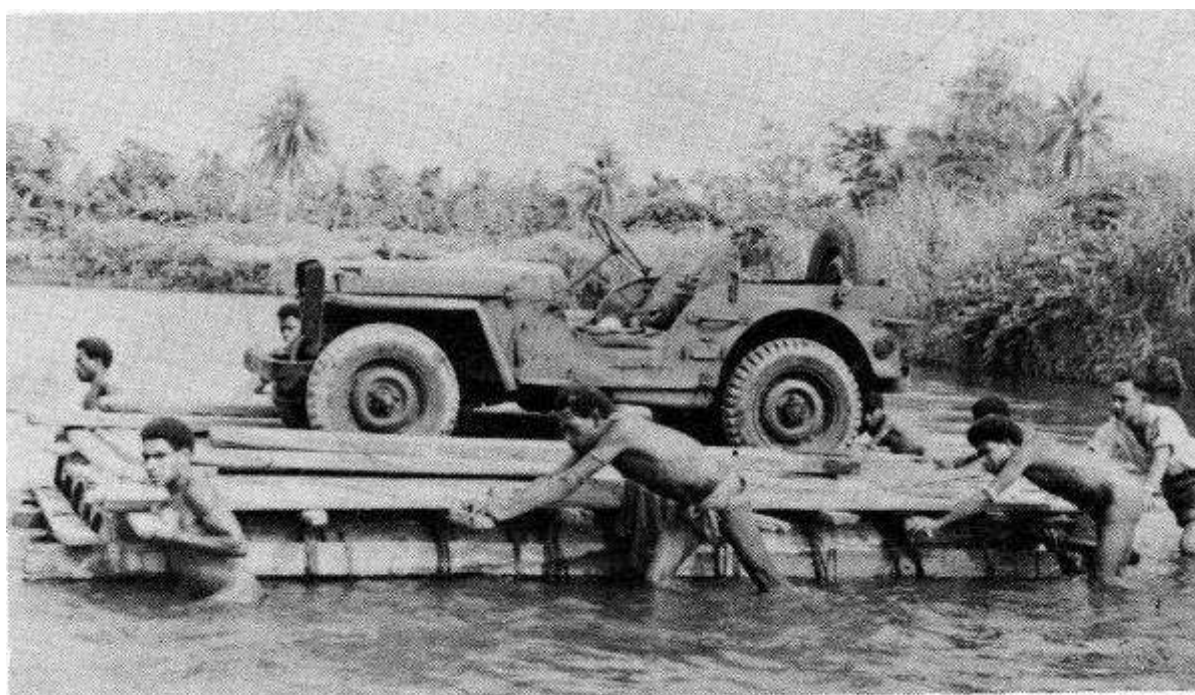
In 1964, when I was Head Teacher at the Telefomin Primary 'T' School, I was asked to make a collection of ethnographic objects for the Australian Museum. This I did. I then conducted two expeditions into the upper Sepik region in 1968 and 1969, making collections that were divided equally among four museums: the PNG Museum, the Australian Museum, the Rijksmuseum voor Volkenkunde in Leiden and the Museum für Völkerkunde in Berlin. During 1972-3, I and my family lived in a remote village of the Idam Valley, south of Green River, for almost a year and made collections intended for the Australian National Gallery in Canberra but diverted by the Whitlam government to the PNG Museum. Thus my collections of around 3700 objects were dispersed in several museums around the world. Why did I go around collecting all this stuff?

As a kid I learnt about the theory of evolution and Darwin's trip around the world collecting and gathering data that later he would use to write 'Origin of Species'. I did not learn this in school but from a 1930s edition of the *Boys' Book of Knowledge*. In late 1963, I assisted Bryan Cranstone, then Keeper of Pacific collections at the British Museum, to locate a suitable place in the Telefomin area to do research and collecting and he sparked my interest in material culture. Subsequently I had a hunch that with sufficient well-documented data on the things people make, all sorts of interesting analysis could be done that might contribute to an understanding of the evolution of human material culture □ hence the various collecting trips over a wide area of central New Guinea and the upper Sepik. The opportunity to bring all this data together, along with data on collections from these two regions made by other researchers and deposited in other museums and private collections, arose during my current position as a curator at the South Australian Museum. I found I could apply for a grant from the Australian Research Council by convincing a University of Adelaide professor (Graeme Hugo) to take the project on board. We won a grant, and a second one, with contributions from the South Australian Museum and Ok Tedi Mining Ltd.

We have set out on our project website (www.uscngp.com) what we intended to do (read 'About' on our Homepage), and what we have achieved in identifying, photographing and recording around 12,000 objects originating from the two study regions (click and read 'Reports'). I have recently loaded well over 200 images of places, people and things in 'Gallery' (click on 'Photosets', then on a subject or ethno-linguistic group, then an individual thumbnail for a larger image). I will be adding images from time to time, especially monochrome. I will also add legends of the Abau and of the Amtö (which are most entertaining reading) and, with permission of researcher Robert Brumbaugh, legends of the Telefomin. Other material that will be of interest to researchers but, more importantly, to the people of those two regions, will be added as opportunity arises. We want this website not just to be a resource for museum and anthropology researchers, but primarily to be a resource for Papua New Guineans.

We are intending to apply for a third grant to extend the study regions into the upper Fly River and Southern Highlands, to test the results of analysis of the first dataset. We need corporate sponsors for at least 20% of the total budget. Ok Tedi has generously contributed twice and will be winding down its operations at Tabubil soon. We are looking for a new sponsor with commercial interests in the Southern Highlands. Anyone with contacts to potential supporters can email me at: barry.craig@samuseum.sa.gov.au. Meanwhile, enjoy the website (www.uscngp.com) and I welcome feedback. ▪

Kevin Lock lived in Popondetta at PNG Independence. Together with his wife they produced an Independence Day commemorative booklet and the following photo was included. It is of a 1949 crossing of the Girua River of a Jeep on a barge. Does anyone know who the original photographer was?



be Sobuta Crossing on the Girua River in May, 1949.

Papuan Philatelic/Aviation history

For Sale

First Flight covers Port Moresby to Kutubu via Kikori and return
Featuring Guinea Airways Junkers seaplane VH-UNM flown by Pilot AA
(Aub) Koch, received at Police Camp Lake Kutubu 24-10-1937.

These First Flight covers are signed by Aub Koch and Ivan Champion,
Officer-in-Charge of Police Camp Lake Kutubu.

The covers have a Papuan stamp celebrating the Coronation of King
George VI.

Please contact Rod Morrison on Phone: 08-8823 2846 or
8 Cornish Terrace, Wallaroo 5556 SA



In 2010 the *Kalibobo Spirit* will operate a number of cruises between Madang and Timbunke on the Sepik River, almost the same trip as depicted on the DVD 'Walk into Paradise' - not a lot has changed along the river and the comfort of the air conditioned Kalibobo Spirit will provide a luxurious way to relive the event and enjoy Madang, Manam Island and the villages along the Sepik River, see their art and culture that remains unchanged..

2010 Departure Dates: Jan 18, Jan 23, Mar 22, Mar 27, Apr 19, Apr 24, May 17, May 22, Jun 21, Jun 26, Jul 19, Jul 24, Aug 16, Aug 21, Sep 20, Sep 25, Oct 18 & Oct 23.

Costs: *\$3750.00 Costs include twin share cabin, all meals aboard, all excursions on the Sepik. Costs do not include air charters or flights. **A 20% Discount on cruises aboard the Kalibobo Spirit and at Madang Resort for PNGAA Members** . Full detailed itinerary is available and round trip airfares quoted below.

MTS are also offering 2 night Madang packages at the *Madang Resort* and *Kalibobo Village* from \$290.00 per person which include transfers, sightseeing tours, full breakfasts plus full membership of the Madang Country Golf Club. Air Niugini offer special fares to Madang \$1023 (ex Sydney) * \$753.00 (ex Brisbane) *\$714.00 (ex Cairns). Includes all taxes, *conditions do apply*.



Extensions can be made to visit the Highlands and Islands. Dive packages are also available in Madang and aboard the Kalibobo Spirit.

If you are planning a special event ask us about our Conference Packages at Madang Resort & Kalibobo Village.

MTS wishes PNGAA members a Happy Xmas and Prosperous New Year!



MTS Limited

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AUSTRALIAN BUSINESS VOLUNTEERS:

Strengthening Business & Communities by Stephen Ellis

Australian Business Volunteers (ABV) is an Australian based non-government, not-for-profit international development agency that contributes towards the alleviation of poverty in developing communities by delivering capacity building solutions strategically designed to foster and promote sustainable growth. By leveraging the skill and knowledge of expert business volunteers it strengthens both business and communities who benefit from a better skilled workforce and increased employment opportunities. Longer-term benefits also include improved economic stability, confidence, prosperity and independence.

Working across 16 countries in the Asia Pacific region, the projects ABV supports are firmly based on the concept of self-help and all involve a strong element of skills transfer. ABV works with private sector organisations, government agencies, local NGOs, and other community based organisations such as charities and community groups. The average duration of each assignment is between one and six months. ABV also deliver longer-term programs consisting of several linked projects, which utilise the skills of multiple expert volunteers. ABV has maintained a strong relationship with the people of Papua New Guinea since its inception in 1981. A majority of projects in PNG involve working with local businesses. Other work consists of helping improve governance, improve education and training, better health and the assist with environmental sustainability. Within these broad business sectors, ABV has helped small businesses such as the Melanesian Hair & Beauty Supplies Ltd to large companies such as PNG Ports Corporation Ltd and PNG Tourism Promotion Authority. As well as specific projects, ABV also delivers targeted business training courses to women and men across the country.

Over the years, a number of key partners have supported ABV. Current partners include the Port Moresby Chamber of Commerce, Australia PNG Business Council, Australia Pacific Islands Business Council, and Pacific Islands Trade and Investment. These partnerships keep ABV in touch with people on the ground in PNG, and help source new business and community development opportunities. The Port Moresby Chamber of Commerce provides a point of contact for clients and support for volunteers working in-country. Further enhancing the relationship between ABV and PNG are current board members, three of whom have spent a significant amount of time living and working in PNG and still play an active role in rallying support for the country. Directed by the board, ABV committed to increasing its efforts to deliver more services within PNG, in areas where its volunteers are most needed. Because of this initiative, a number of ABV staff members recently spent time in-country, and are currently planning a program to help local communities and landowners deal with the significant changes that are expected to follow the initiation of the PNG LNG project.

This work will initially involve helping LABA Holdings - which represents the collective interests of landowners in the western part of Port Moresby - set up its office and build their capacity to access funding and negotiate equitable outcomes for the regions landowners. It is hoped this will ensure LABA becomes a sustainable organisation with the ability to represent the interests of landowners and benefit the whole community.

For more information on ABV, or to find out how you and/or your business can get involved, please visit www.abv.org.au. To speak to someone about volunteering with ABV, please contact Amelia Manion on +61 2 6285 1686. ▪

95th ANNIVERSARY OF AUSTRALIA'S FIRST BATTLE IN WWI by MR Hayes

On 11th September, the 95th annual anniversary of the capture of German New Guinea by the Australian Naval & Military Expeditionary Force in the battle for the Bitapaka German wireless station, near Rabaul, (now Papua New Guinea), was commemorated by a small group at the Shrine of Remembrance. This battle, seven months before Gallipoli, is almost totally unknown to Australians even though it was our very first battle as a sovereign nation.

A force of 1,500, mostly naval and reservists with army personnel hastily recruited, together with almost the entire Australian Navy set sail after a request from England for assistance to capture the wireless station thought to be a significant danger in communicating with the German Pacific Fleet.



This battle, Australia's first battle against the Germans in WW1, was a stunning achievement with German New Guinea formally surrendering three days later.

Although far less significant than Gallipoli there were six Australian deaths, (at least one of which should have been awarded a Victoria Cross), and the loss of our first submarine, AE1, which still lies in the area as yet undiscovered with its crew of 35 entombed.



After gathering in the forecourt of the Shrine, the party led by an honour guard of army flag bearers from Watsonia Barracks marched into the Shrine, where wreaths were laid and an address given by Commander Gould of the RAN. Following this the party marched to the "Rabaul tree" at the rear of

the Shrine, where Federal member for Batman, Martin Ferguson AM, addressed the party on the significance of the event and another wreath was laid. The first two mortally wounded on 11.9.1914, Captain B C A Pockley A.A.M.C. and Able Seaman W.G.V. Williams R.A.N.R. were represented by their respective grand nephews. ■

BELLY UP AT VANIMO by Graham Taylor

As a young Kiap at Vanimo in the early 1950's I have happy memories of this idyllic post. I lived in a big residence high up on the peninsula with a commanding view of the sea below white sandy coralline beaches, great swimming spots and from the outlying reef a daily supply of lobsters. The locals were well behaved and friendly and patrolling coastal villages to the Dutch border to the west and the Aitape sub-district boundary to the east was both comfortable and rewarding. The station was regularly serviced by Wewak-based aircraft including Dr John McInerney's Auster, MAL Dragon Rapides and Bobby Gibbes' Norsemans..

But my happy memories are jolted when I recall two aircraft crashes, a fatal one in the harbour and a near-fatal one on the airstrip.

Dr Mac flew into Vanimo one Saturday morning with passengers ADO Ian Skinner and Patrol Officer George Warne on board. We had a jovial dinner that evening. At midday on Sunday Mac decided to fly back to Aitape. The three piled aboard the Auster, I swung the prop, waved farewell, the plane cantered westward down the strip, took off and climbed slowly over the harbour before turning 180 degree eastwards to Aitape. Mid-way through the turn the aircraft suddenly nose-dived into the Vanimo Harbour.

Those of us watching horrified at the eastern end of the strip rushed to the western harbour shore. The tail section of the plane was floating about 500 yards offshore. A couple of locals had launched canoes and were paddling out to the wreck. They shouted out that they had fished two people out of the water and came ashore with Skinner and Warne. They were badly shocked and dazed but not seriously injured. Mac, they said, had broken the surface with them but had then disappeared.

I raced back to the station and sent out a MAYDAY call describing events and seeking assistance for the injured. But it was mid-day Sunday and there was no immediate response. Weeks later I heard that a startled air-radio operator in Townsville had accidentally monitored my calls and had immediately altered air radio in Port Moresby.

Later in the afternoon two planes flew in. Skinner and Wearne were sent off to Wewak for treatment. I climbed aboard the second – piloted I seem to recall by Father Joe Wallachy- and we flew over the harbour in a fruitless search for Mac or his body. Came sunset and we gave up.

Late in the afternoon of the following day there was a frantic call from one of the locals on the harbour shore. Someone thought they could see a body. Canoes raced out and recovered Mac's bloated body.

I radioed Wewak and called for an aircraft to fly Mac's body back to Wewak. But it was late in the afternoon, a storm was brewing, and the flight had to be postponed until the next day. I laid Mac out on a table in the rustic airstrip house-wind covered him decently and set a police guard to protect him. Next morning I raided the government store for some old empty tea chests so as to make a rough coffin. I laid him to rest in it, complete with his Parker Pen in his shirt pocket and still-ticking Omega Seamaster watch on his wrist. I nailed down the lid and waited for the incoming aircraft.

However, whereas I had hoped for a wide-doored Norseman it turned out to be a Dragon and our bulky coffin could not be manhandled through the small oval cabin door. I took to it with a saw and cut off a couple of feet – carefully avoiding Mac’s legs- so that it would fit. We farewelled him with a heavy heart.

My understanding is that DCA Air Accident investigators found the external pitot tube measuring his air speed to be blocked by the mud of a wasp’s nest. Mac must have been flying on instinct. Furthermore, unknown to Mac someone had put a heavy typewriter and a bag of sweet potatoes in the rear stowage hold of his Auster all three contributing to a vital change in his centre of gravity which caused the aircraft to stall in the turn and dive into the sea.

Later I heard that a post-mortem revealed that Mac’s skull had been fractured when the impact pitched him forward into the instrument panel. When we finally dragged the wreckage out of the harbour we saw an empty seat with an unbuckled seat belt and assumed Mac had struggled out but died as he surfaced.

The second - near-fatal crash - occurred when Peter Manser was flying his Gibbes Sepik Airways Norseman VCH BNE into Vanimo on a day when – according to legend- he was trying to win a Wewak Club based wager that he could not tot up twelve hours of flying time in one day. A case of Scotch was reputedly at stake.

Having completing trips elsewhere earlier in the day Manser came hurtling in from the west, breezed BNE over the harbour and settled for a landing over the beach end of the strip. Sadly a large canoe was drawn up on the beach. As BNE skimmed in the left hand wheel struck the prow of the canoe. The aircraft reared into the air. Peter mastered the impact and plonked it down on the grassy strip. However, on impact the left wheel turned sideways and stuck into the soft turf. The aircraft flipped over on its back and slid upside down up the runway. Wreckage was strewn left right and centre.

We startled onlookers raced to the wreckage to find Peter and front-seat passenger PIR Major Jim Dick dangling upside down in their seats. Fortunately they were still strapped in conscious but dazed. Battery acid from the aircraft batteries under his seat- whose caps had not been replaced by maintenance ground crews- was trickling over Jim Dick’s face.

We tore open the fuselage door and saw a layer of bodies - eight or nine bewildered plantation labourers being repatriated homewards- belted into their side-saddle seats which apparently because of some quick-changing reconfigurations at an earlier stop over, had not been secured to the floor. The labourers were now lying upside down on the roof of the fuselage covered by a layer of fallen side-saddle seats. .

Miraculously there was no fire and none of the labourers was seriously injured. BNE was subsequently dismantled, shipped back to Wewak, and I have an idea it flew again.

I seem to recall that at a later date the same Peter Manser was at the helm of the Junkers aircraft (carrying a load of plywood??) which in the course of the down hill take-off at Wau hurtled off the runway and cleaned up the passenger terminal on its way. I haven’t any other details of this second escapade.

THE EVACUATION OF SAMARAI – BOXING DAY, 1941

by Rosalie Thacker (nee Skelly)

This is a record of the last days our family: mother Lillian, sisters Zelma, Dawn, Leonie and myself and others, experienced prior to, and after, the evacuation. My father, Clarence, remained in Samarai with many other men.

There was talk of war and the possibility of the Japanese becoming involved in the South Pacific area. I remember asking my father if the Japanese would come to Samarai. With a squeeze of my hand he reassured me, “No, they won’t come here, lovie.”

Some time before our evacuation the “Caroline Maru”, a small Japanese naval vessel, visited Samarai requesting water. The Customs officer was very suspicious and wondered why a Japanese ship was in these waters so far from home. A house guest took a photo of the hull and gave it to my mother. I now have it. The hull shows a very shallow draft, no doubt to enable it to go into shallow water. Little did we know that the Japanese were about to invade our peaceful shores. Obviously they were spying.

As time passed people on Samarai became more and more aware of the war situation, but continued their daily lives. A couple of weeks before Christmas Day 1941 a plane from Port Moresby flew low over Samarai and dropped a message for the Resident Magistrate, Mr Woodward, telling him to make urgent preparations for the immediate evacuation of women and children from the South East District, Milne Bay, Northern District and outlying islands. An enormous task, considering the vast area.

All ships in the Coral Sea were called in to assist with the evacuation.

The Burns Philp MV *Neptuna* embarked women and children from Rabaul and Samarai, and the passenger ship *Katoomba* took others from Samarai. The MV *Macdhui* (which had our Christmas goodies on board) had to by-pass Samarai to evacuate other woman and children from the New Guinea mainland.

The morning of the news of evacuation my sister Dawn and I, not knowing what was happening, decided to go down to the baths for a swim. Suddenly our attention was drawn to Duro, one of our hotel staff, running down the road calling out “Sinabada (our mother) wants you to come quickly”. We grabbed our towels and hurried home, wondering what the urgency was.

When we arrived Mum, without explanation, told us to get dressed quickly and pack a small suitcase of clothes. Me, being thirteen years old, was allowed 35lbs weight but my older sisters were allowed 45lbs. Having packed all we could, we carried our cases down to the Customs Office to Mr Ernest Bremen who we knew well.

As we waited for our turn to be weighed, with suitcase, on a copra scale all kinds of thoughts went through our minds. We still did not know what was happening and after the weigh-in were allowed to return home leaving our suitcases with Customs. That night we were told we had to leave the island as the Japanese Fleet was heading for Rabaul.

As mother was licensee of the Samarai Hotel and had to cater for meals and accommodation for the few remaining families, as well as the RAAF Catalina crew on reconnaissance missions in the Milne Bay area and who stayed overnight with us, we were one of the last families to leave.

On Christmas morning mother was up early as the Catalina was due from Port Moresby. The pilot said to her “Mrs Skelly, there will be a plane here tomorrow and you and your children have to be on it. It will be the last plane out of here.” With that he said “We will be leaving shortly but will return late this afternoon.” The Catalina was very late returning and mother became concerned and sent one of the native staff down to the foreshore to await its arrival. He came running back to the hotel calling “*Sinabada, Balus ikam!* (aeroplane is here).” We were all very relieved.

It was our custom in the hotel to have Christmas dinner in the middle of the day but it was a nightmare trying to make it a festive occasion for so many when our Christmas supplies had not arrived from Sydney. With mother’s ingenuity and the help of a good cook-boy everyone enjoyed a great meal. The only thing missing from the menu was chicken. As we only had three left in the fowl-yard mother decided to cook them for the aircrew’s dinner.

The hotel guests had already begun their evening meal when they were joined by the aircrew. One woman, seated at a table close to them, noted they were given a chicken meal and said in a loud voice “So we weren’t good enough to have chicken but the Air Force are. They already live on the fat of the land.” Everyone in the dining room fell silent – none of us could believe anyone could say such a thing. This outburst really upset my sister Dawn.

Boxing Day came. It was still dark when mother woke us and with dread in our hearts we hurriedly showered and went downstairs for breakfast. After our “Goodbyes” to the hotel staff we made our way to the foreshore where the last of the evacuees had gathered. As we stood waiting to get into the dinghy I couldn’t help thinking this can’t be happening to us. Leaving the island we loved so much we wondered if we would ever see our father again. We kissed and hugged him goodbye, and were then rowed out to the flying boat. The dinghy took out three or four people at a time until everyone was on board.

The aircraft had been stripped to make room for us and our baggage inside. We sat wherever we could. With the door locked and engines running we knew we were on our way. Twice we taxied about two miles out into the China Straits, but failed to take off because of the heavy load. After taking a longer turn up the Straits the pilot announced that if we didn’t take off on the third try luggage would have to be ditched. He then made a run and was finally airborne. The aircraft was so overloaded we skimmed the treetops of nearby Kwato Mission.

The sun was rising as we were on our way to Port Moresby, flying at 15,000 feet. After a calm flight we arrived in the early afternoon. Mother and we girls were the last off the plane and as we climbed up the steps from the small jetty she stopped suddenly. We looked up to see a tall man in Air Force uniform in front of us. He asked if she was Mrs Skelly; she said yes and that we were her children. He said “I am the Wing Commander-in-Charge of the Catalina Division and I have come to thank you, on behalf of my men and myself, for

the care you took of them during their stays in Samarai.” He then wished us a safe trip to Cairns and a happy life in Australia. I could see mother was quietly delighted by this. I found out later that the officer’s name was Charles Pearce.

We were met by a government official and taken to the Papua hotel, owned by Burns Philp, and still being built. There were no walls, so brown paper was hurriedly put up for privacy for each family (walls definitely had ears, but who cared). We were told the Army would hide us in the ranges at the back of Rouna, some thirty miles inland from Port Moresby. But after much thought it was decided to send us to Cairns. Arrangements were made for the flight, but we had to leave our suitcases behind so journeyed South with what we stood up in.

On the morning of 27th December we were taken out to Jackson’s airport at 3.30 am and boarded a Lockheed Hudson aircraft for Cairns. It was cold and very misty. We were now classified as evacuees. Arriving at Cairns we were again met by a government official and taken to Hyde’s hotel to freshen up, have a meal and rest until the afternoon. We then boarded a train for Sydney via Brisbane, a week’s journey. There were several hundred people on it and the sleeping cars were given to women and children. The majority were German women and children from New Guinea, now classified as prisoners of war, who were going to a camp at Nowra in NSW.

It was impossible to get any news of what might be happening at Samarai. The journey to Brisbane seemed endless; perhaps not having any room to lie down and sleep made it seem so. At the numerous stops Red Cross and other organisations gave us food and drinks for which we were very grateful. In Brisbane we were taken to the Canberra hotel with still no news of Samarai.

I remember looking out the window some six floors up and saw a number of women and children standing in a square of some kind. We were later told they were prisoners of war from New Guinea. We had very little sleep for the rest of the journey and were relieved to reach Sydney with the nightmare finally over. We stayed at the Hotel Metropole and were well looked after. Still no news from Samarai although we read in a newspaper that a Japanese aircraft dropped a bomb there an hour after we left. We were very concerned knowing that our father and other men were still there. We remained at the Metropole for a few days until mother decided it was time we found a place of our own. Our suitcases arrived in Sydney six weeks later on the Burns Philp ship *Muliana*.

A “scorched earth” policy was adopted for Samarai preceded by a Farewell Party. What couldn’t be eaten or drunk was taken onboard the coastal vessel *Matoma* together with my father, seven Burns Philp staff and six other people. They sailed for Port Moresby on 25th January 1942.

My father returned to Samarai early in 1946 and had the task of making a place for our return later that year. My sister Dawn’s thought on returning to Samarai was that if ever a beautiful island was raped – it was Samarai. ■

■

Bob Piper sent the following from a newspaper article dated August 22 1931.

‘THE QUEEN OF SUDEST’

Many years ago, I read in the Sydney Morning Herald an account of the romantic career of ‘the Queen of Sudest Island.’ I never forgot that description of a remarkable woman who ruled a huge tropical island – 60 miles long by 10 miles across – and its 20,000 natives with firmness and justice and who, as occasion demanded, was trader, planter, engineer, gold-miner, master-mariner and pastoralist.

Therefore, it was with keen interest that, at the meeting held in Sydney to form a Pacific Islands Association, I met Mrs Elizabeth Mahony, whose great ability and courage, and fine, womanly qualities have been warmly praised by such famous people as Sir William MacGregor, Miss Beatrice Grimshaw and Sir Hubert Murray. Although she is now 76 years of age and lives quietly in retirement at Bathurst, NSW, one immediately recognises an extraordinary personality. She is tall as straight and slim as one of her own palm trees, and has a face in which strength of character, unusual beauty and great kindness and charity are strikingly combined. Every faculty is alert, her memory is marvellous, her knowledge of affairs is wide and well-informed, her judgements marked by tolerance – it is a delight to talk with her.

Mrs Mahony was 34 years old when, in 1889, she accompanied her husband, the late Mr John Mahony, in a ‘gold rush’ to Sudest island, which lies south-east of new Guinea. Most of the prospectors, after many hardships, drifted away, but Mr and Mrs Mahony and Mr Carvey, Mr Mahony’s partner, remained in Sudest and established themselves as traders and planters. The natives were pleasant, tractable people and easily managed. Before the coming of the whites, head-hunters from other groups and the mainland, decimated them; but during the Mahony regime they increased considerably in numbers. At one time, there were about 20,000 on the island; but, in later years, measles, whooping-cough and influenza played havoc among them and they are now dying out quickly.

Some 12 years after they went to Sudest, Mr Mahony died, and Mr Carvey sold out his share to Mrs Mahony and returned to Ireland. After that, for nearly 20 years, the indomitable woman carried on alone with the help of her children and a small loyal staff. She was literally the Queen of Sudest – her word was law. She turned her capable hands to everything – bought and sold, and produced copra; traded in trocas, shell and gum; employed gangs of natives on gold-digging – all those islands eastward of Papua are gold-bearing; and she kept several cutters and launches, which she often navigated herself, for trading with other islands. She sometimes made long voyages, her native crew her only companions.

It is a stirring tale, full of adventure, colour and romance, this story of how a courageous woman conquered circumstance and ruled a tropic isle wisely, beneficently and successfully – for she made a small fortune there. But the fascinating account of her life would need a book.

There are those who say a woman is ‘elderly’ at 40. Mrs Mahony was well beyond that dreaded age when her husband died and she took charge of her Pacific

domain. She was over 60 before she even thought of retiring. During her reign at Sudest – about 33 years – she was honoured and loved by all who knew her, Europeans and natives alike. Stern duty and heavy responsibility never hardened her – she remained, and still is, a sweet and gentle woman, her hand ever ready to go out in charity. As we walked down George Street in the rain she was accosted by a dirty individual whose outlook was obviously limited to beer. I was inclined to be harsh to the gentleman but she insisted on giving him a coin. I hope, when he reads this he will appreciate the fact that he was saved from violence by the Queen of Sudest – RWR. ■

'KOFI MURUK, ANYONE?'

by Jim Toner

Hesitantly, since it might touch a nerve amongst our more senior readers, I mention a Hollywood film called 'The Bucket List' shown last year which starred Jack Nicholson and Morgan Freeman. One was a corporate millionaire and the other a motor mechanic but they found themselves recumbent in adjoining hospital beds with not long to live. So they amused themselves composing a list of ten things they wanted to do before they, er, kicked the bucket. Hence the title.

Nicholson's wealth enabled them to fly to Monte Carlo to gamble, to drive the world's fastest cars, etc. etc. but the tenth wish was to drink the world's most expensive coffee. Aha, I hear you saying, *Kopi Luwak*, selling at \$600 a kilo. Which of course has its origin in the partiality of the Indonesian palm civet for munching coffee berries and then excreting the bean which is collected and processed.

I spare you the dialogue but the film concludes in gales of laughter from both stars as Nicholson explains to Freeman that their high-spending bucket list has wound up with them drinking from the digestive system of a native cat.

Why it did not occur to such as Jim Leahy, Gerry Pentland or Ian Downs, pioneer coffee planters in the Highlands I don't know but David Oromarie, general manager of a coffee project 45 minutes drive from Goroka had a brainwave in 2005 - admittedly after attending a World Coffee Cup Expo in Singapore. His idea was to produce 'naturally fermented' coffee through the innards of the PNG cassowary which also enjoys nibbling on coffee cherries. A concrete floor to their pens would assist easy collection of the beans after they had undergone 48 hours fermentation in each bird's system. After drying, hulling and grinding David was confident that he could offer a finished product with a unique flavour to please the most discriminating (and wealthy) coffee-drinkers of the world. It would of course be called Kofi Muruk.

What came of this entrepreneurial breakthrough I have yet to learn but perhaps it was laughed out of court by such as the Welsh wit and ex-kiap, Arthur Williams, who suggested that feeding the birds with sugar cane and powdered milk would solve the problem for those drinkers who do not care for straight black. ■

MADANG AIRPORT 1973? by Bruce O'Reilly

This PATAIR DC3, on charter to TAA Rego VH PNB, left Madang for Mendi on a government charter with building materials (no passengers) and on approach to land discovered it had no brakes and so returned to Madang. It had Tail Rudder steering but lost it when the tail wheel touched the runway on landing. It travelled along for a few hundred feet but eventually the camber of the runway took over and it ploughed into the salt water near the end of the runway. For some reason the Captain raised the wheels and it sank into the mud. We tried to pull it out with our Grader and a crane but in the end I had to bring the Dozer in from Siar Coronus pit and finally after four hours pulled it out. It was parked up at the bottom of Madang airport and never flew again.

Over the next year or so PATAIR's second DC3, VH PNA, also went U/S at Madang and it was also parked with its sister. They were slowly being wrecked and it was suggested that one could be placed near the Coastwatchers memorial in Madang. As they were too wide to cross the narrow bridge to town I had the job of cutting them up with explosives and dumping the pieces in the local dump. Before this happened we contacted other centres but no one wanted them - how do you send a DC3?

Note: Bruce sent a fascinating collection of photos of this incident which we hope to have on the PNGAA website soon.



HELP WANTED

Jim Valentine – an old friend of Jim Valentine who was BP Manager in Wewak in the early seventy's seeks news of him. Please phone Harry West 02-94188793.
* * *

Rosemary Gordon is writing a family history involving her uncle, **Allan Roberts**, who was a District Officer in New Guinea from 1925, initially in the Sepik and Central Highlands area. He went to Port Moresby in 1949 with District Service and Native Affairs becoming Director in 1953. Allan was married to Dorothy Alice and had a son, William John, who pre-deceased them, perhaps in a car accident. Although Allan intended to retire in Australia he couldn't settle and returned to PNG. If anyone has any further information about Allan could they please contact Rosemary Gordon at: 51 Haig Street, Wynnum West 4178 QLD Mobile number - 0401 790 121 or Email: corndolly@optusnet.com.au
* * *

Bolkin Sil, from the Chimbu Province has written a book about life in Chimbu since the 1400s. We hear there is rare information included. Inspired after reading about the PNGAA Bolkin was impressed with the high regard with which many members recall their time in PNG. **Bolkin is looking for both a publisher and a benefactor to assist him financially in this venture;** perhaps someone who has lived in Chimbu Province. Bolkin will provide the manuscript to an interested person. It is hoped that future generations can read and appreciate this history. If you are able to help, please contact Bolkin c/- National AIDS Council Secretariat, P. O. Box 1345, BOROKO, NCD, PNG, Phone: 675 3236161 Mobile: 675 71712606 or Email: bolkinsil@yahoo.com
* * *

Please contact **Dr Peter Cahill** by email: p.cahill@uqconnect.net or Ph: 07-3371 4794 if you are able to assist him with the following queries.

1. Would anyone be able to assist with **the name of the lady living in the main wharf area of Rabaul pre-war who owned a lot of cats?** It is thought that she might have been a Mrs Kappel.
2. **Does anyone have a photo of Ah Tam (aka Lee Tam Tuk)?** He was in Rabaul ca.1885 - 1935.
3. Would anyone have a current contact for **Bob Gray**, a former PNG teacher of the 1970s?
* * *

Blamey's Garden below Hombrom Bluff, NCD - At the foot of Hombrom Bluff, close to the Sogeri River in Port Moresby's hinterland, is a locality known as Blamey's Garden. It had something to do with General Blamey's activities there in WW2. It is the point where the old pre-war Kokoda Track left the low country and headed up into the Sogeri Plateau. Staff of the Heritage Division of the Commonwealth Dept of the Environment, Water, Heritage and the Arts are exploring issues concerned with conserving the area. **Specifically, they want to find any war-time maps or plans of Blamey's Garden.**

While living in Port Moresby and teaching at the Admin College in the late '70s (after postings as a Welfare Officer/Community Development Officer at Madang and Kundiawa) a few friends and I rented a weekender near Bodanumu Village, at the SE end of Hombrom Bluff. We walked to the site of Blamey's Garden. At that time it was overgrown, but stones marking the garden beds were identifiable.

Here is the crunch. *I am sure that we had a map or plan of the area, but cannot recall what it was like nor from where we got it.*

So ... do any old Pt Moresby or Central District hands know about Blamey's Garden? Obviously the Dept officers are checking the usual places such as the National Library, National Archives, National War Memorial, the Fryer Library, etc., but they need extra help.

Please contact me if you have any leads, and I will pass them on:
David McDonald, 1004 Norton Road, Wamboin NSW 2620, Australia
Tel: (02) 6238 3706; Fax: (02) 9475 4274; Mobile: 0416 231 890
E-mail: david.mcdonald@socialresearch.com.au
Web: www.socialresearch.com.au

REUNIONS

Samarai / Milne Bay Reunion

Expressions of interest are sought for those of you who would like to attend a Samarai / Milne Bay reunion to be held in Sydney around September / October 2010, actual date to be advised. The last reunion in Sydney was in 1994 and I believe that was the inaugural reunion. Numbers are needed for catering and also to arrange accommodation for those who may require it.

Please contact Andrew Cadden either by email: caddstang@bigpond.com.au or home (02-9719-8604) Mobile (0413 993 046)

Your response as early as possible would be appreciated.

Thank you in anticipation.

Andrew Cadden

* * *

Madang Reunion 2009 – to be held on 15 November 2009 at Brennan Park, Bribe Island. Further information available from Bob Brodie Ph: 07-3408 3143; Phyllis Gomes 07-54452495 or John Maksimus 07-5546 6630.

Madang get-together – 11-17 January 2010, ie 6 nights, accommodation at Madang Hotel (special rates at Hotel; also with Air Niugini if payment made a month in advance). Hotel will arrange sight-seeing. If interested please contact Marie Clifton-Bassett for further details: 02 9958 3408 or email: mariecba@bigpond.net.au

* * *

PNG Bigpela Pati 2010 – to be held at Gold Coast Convention Centre at Broadbeach on Saturday 8 May 2010. As planning details firm they will be posted at: www.pngreunion.com or contact Greg Pike on email: gregpike@bigpond.net.au or Robby Horley email: robbyhorley@bigpond.com

BOOK REVIEWS

Wau to Bulldog: Across the Roof of Papua New Guinea by Colin Freeman, ISBN 978-1-4251-7419-4, published 2009 by Trafford Publishing, quality trade paperback, includes maps, list of illustrations, many photos (both colour and b&w), select bibliography, 110 pages. Order this book online at: <http://www.trafford.com/Bookstore/BookDetail.aspx?Book=187139>
Cost: \$33 (either Canadian or US dollars) plus shipping

This book, including maps, traces and adds to the written history of the Bulldog Track. Particular emphasis is made of the WW2 engineering feat during 1942-43 of constructing a road from Bulldog (an old mining camp) to Edie Creek, a mining township. The name 'Bulldog' being derived from a small supply vessel sailing the Lakekamu River. To set the scene, the author describes the experiences of early Explorers, Prospectors and Patrol Officers, in particular their encounters with the Kukukuku people. Cont.→

The impetus to turn a 'track' into a 'road' arose from the imperative to supply WW2 Allied forces. Initially the track was used as an escape route for over 250 civilians via Kudgeru. Feasibility studies considered the Edie Creek route the better option. After nine months of construction, a road 114 kilometres long was completed in August 1943. From lowland tropics through rain and moss forests above 3000 metres it was described by the author and others as 'one of the greatest projects ever undertaken by the Royal Australian Engineers'.

In 1972 after examining army and administration records, an army team including the author walked the track again. The descriptions of the terrain, the plant life, remnants of the Edie Creek township and the majestic scenery are vivid in detail. Briefly, the changes along the track since 1972 are noted. The old Kudgeru section is back in use however the question is posed 'will natural resources be exploited or will the possibility of eco-tourism be developed'?

As a reviewer, the picture of the old house at Edie Creek evoked childhood memories of living there. Much of the terrain was also walked in the 1950's as a teenager and as a Patrol Officer. A close family member escaped from Lae and walked the 'Bulldog Track' via Kudgeru in early 1942.

Apart from being of special interest for PNG people, general interest in this book derives from placing on public record a little known and remarkable chapter of Papua New Guinea history.

Ross Johnson

When Nuns Wore Soldiers' Trousers by Pat Studdy-Clift

ISBN: 9780859054690, 2009, soft cover, saddle stitched, 59 pages, illustrated;
Cost: \$12 plus postage within Australia \$4 Available from the Publisher:
Hesperian Press, PO Box 317, Victoria Park, WA 6979 Ph: 08-9362 5955 Email:
books@hesperianpress.com

This is the story of the harrowing over-land journey of many weeks undertaken during WWII by five German nuns and a couple of priests fleeing the Japanese soldiers from the Sepik to Mt. Hagen and then Bena Bena led by a then young Danny Leahy and Lt. Joe Searson. It is a very interesting tale, a true one, and gently told, drawn largely from the diary of one of the nuns, Sister Vinciana.

In desperate straights the well-fed middle-aged nuns who, travelling with the bare necessities of one cooking pot and one chamber pot, dealt with one difficult ordeal after another without complaint, all the while being severely hampered by their long habits until reason prevailed and Danny persuaded them that trousers of sorts would make for easier going...a tough call for many women of that time let alone for deeply religious women.

The paper back book, only 49 pages long, has the added interest of having stories told in the evenings to the nuns by Danny of his own first encounter adventures in PNG with his brothers Mick, Paddy and Jim Taylor; of pilot Grabowsky's spectacular first flight into the Wahgi Valley; and Father Ross's unconventional approach to the giving of religion in the Highlands.

Interesting statistics show how lucky these people were to have been guided so well and to have survived where so many others did not.

It is a tale of huge endeavour and good management in trying circumstances, fear and respect, strong faith, good humour, and of survival. It's a gem of a tale.

Robin Hodgson

Feathered Soldiers - An illustrated history of Australia's wartime messenger pigeons by Vashti Farrer and Mary Small - illustrated Elizabeth Alger; ISBN 0 975712322 2006 32pp incl Glossary and map Cost: \$ 10.95 Published and available from: Anzac Day Commemorative Committee Qld Inc, PO Box 391, Aspley, QLD 4034 Ph/Fax: 07-3263 7118 E: admin@anzacday.org.au Available also from Australian War Memorial, Canberra and Shrine of Remembrance, Melbourne.

*Condensed from longer review, titled **The Doves of War**, by Peter Ryan in Quadrant - May 2009*

My best "read" last month was a children's book about Australia's Army Carrier Pigeons in WW II. I had no notion of the extent of their role against the Japanese aggressors. Gavin Long's Official History of Australia in the War of 1939-45 gives no general account, beyond (Volume VI): 'Later in the war, pigeons were used to good effect'. They were used in Bougainville, the Sepik, Ramu River, Huon Gulf and Kokoda. 'Homing' pigeons can fly at almost 150 kilometres per hour, without rest, in fog, thunderstorm and high winds. They navigate over hundreds of kilometres thanks to magnetic particles in their upper beaks. From 1942 onwards, over 13,000 birds were recruited and taught to fly with lightweight message 'capsules' on their legs.

The book, by Vashti Farrer and Mary Small, brilliantly illustrated by Elizabeth Alger, uses simple (never condescending) language. It is packed with facts, has an attractively set-out glossary and full colour illustrations.

Pigeons were used when radio failed, troops were cut off, or had heavy casualties. Birds faced electrical storms and were attacked by hawks or Japanese marksmen. One bird travelled thirty kilometres to deliver his message with a bullet in his body. Another, covered sixty-four kilometres to Madang in fifty minutes, through driving rain to save a ship and her men. That bird had flown twenty-three missions, totalling 1600 kilometres.

Maps and diagrams could not be sent by radio and every signal could be monitored by the enemy and the radio betrayed. Deciphering codes created delays. Pigeon post was the answer and two birds meant insurance.

One old soldier reminisced: 'I rather used to envy those little feathered buggers. If they fell into Japanese hands the worst that could happen was that they'd be eaten. But they wouldn't be tortured to loosen their tongues.'

Extremely acute eyesight enabled birds to recognise orange life-jackets faster than humans so in rescue aircraft they pecked a key to trigger an alarm light allowing the plane to fly lower to search. Many servicemen were therefore 'rescued' by pigeons.

At least two Australian carrier pigeons were awarded the Dickin Medal - Britain's 'animal VC'. Until recently, veterans marched on Anzac Day, their banner proudly proclaiming their involvement in the South West Pacific. Boy Scouts now carry it on their behalf. Sadly, because of quarantine, no birds returned home

Feathered Soldiers is a splendid book for children - aged four to eighty-four.

BOOK NEWS

Close to my Heart - Memories of Papua New Guinea by Jenny Charlesworth ISBN: 9781740085458 (pbk) Published 2009 by Seaview Press, 230 pp incl colour photographs and maps. Cost: \$28 plus \$4 postage within Australia Available from the author: Jenny Charlesworth: 309/59 George St, Paradise 5075 SA Phone: 08 81652936
Email: jenny@comcen.com.au Cont. →

Publisher's Note: In her years as a missionary and teacher in Papua New Guinea, before and after its Independence, Jenny Charlesworth regularly wrote home to a good friend sending pamphlets, cuttings and photos of her expatriate life. They gave an Australian Christian woman's perspective on the culture and society of this emerging nation.

Years later, after her return home, these papers found their way back to Jenny after her friend's death. Looking through them after so many years brought back to mind a wealth of lost memories: funny anecdotes, warm friendships, frustrations and new discoveries. This treasure-chest of memory inspired Jenny to record her extraordinary life in Papua New Guinea.

The Incredible Klemm by Pat Studdy-Clift

ISBN 978-0-85905-148-4; 2009, Soft Cover, 125 pages, illustrated incl b&w photographs, Cost: \$22.00 plus postage within Australia \$5.50 Available from the Publisher: Hesperian Press, PO Box 317, Victoria Park, WA 6979 Ph: 08-9362 5955 Email: books@hesperianpress.com

Publisher's note: Constructed in 1934 from wood and cloth; flown by aeronautical pioneers into the most dangerous flying conditions on our planet; coming face to face with hostile tribes of a lost world; survivor of numerous crashes; boldly parading bullet scars from a Japanese Zero; dodging friendly fire; surviving attacks by wild pigs; gripped by the ferocious teeth of a cyclone; on many risky search missions – how can it be that this flimsy little plane is still with us today?

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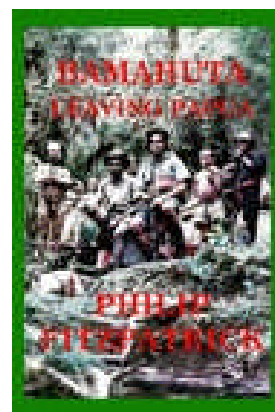
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FRYER LIBRARY DONATIONS DECEMBER 2009
Dr Peter Cahill

Margaret Spencer: photographs (identified & dated) of Dr Terry Spencer's medical patrol, Wahgi Valley, 1958; unmarried girls, Banz mission buildings, hospital wards and patients, sports day, patrol officer rest house arrival of boat *Lisu* and women dressed for village festivities. **Don Fraser:** notes on experiences during first trip to Bougainville as CRA engineer 1968. **Diana Martell:** photos: (1) German-built house at Sulphur Creek, Rabaul, used as Expro Board single men's mess, subsequently residence of the Philip Coote family (BP Manager, Rabaul), (2) new BP Manager's house at Tavui Point, (3) guest cottage on grounds of (2). **Gail Burke:** stencilled sheets Port Moresby Teacher's College – Mathematics in the TPNG*, Peter Fillery article - *Influences of Traditional Society on the teaching of Number in the Waiye Area of the Chimbu District*. **Quentin Anthony:** Guide to Proceedings – Inauguration of Session of the House of Assembly, Port Moresby, 8th June 1964, Motu and Pidgin translations of the Governor-General's address. **Gladys Forsyth (Pt.2):** S. H. Chance: *Lau Hereva (I talk)*. A Booklet on New Guinea with the cover title "Six New Guinea Broadcasts". Brisbane, Simpson Halligan. 1946. CD by Ken MacGowan – 2/22nd Lark Force Return to Rabaul 15th June 1992; Japanese Occupation paper money: cent, centavos, dollars, pound; volcano** photographs including Vulcan (former quarantine station) pre-eruption, Vulcan rising during eruption and spectacular steam/pumice ejections, eruption of Tavurvur (Matupit) 1941, pre-war aerial view of Rabaul. DC3 arriving at Lakunai airstrip with Tavurvur and Daughter volcanoes behind; plan of Rabaul January 1942 (marked Lieut. Anthony 1943) with legend of houses and commercial premises, brief note on Lark Force Memorial, Rabaul, post (?1997) eruption, prints and details of Montevideo Maru(MM) and Memorial Plaque in Anzac Square Brisbane, Press Release on the MM tragedy issued by NGVR & PNGVR ex-members association, lists of (European) civilians evacuated from Rabaul and Port Moresby December 1941: by Macdhu, Neptuna (from Samarai 181241), from Samarai to Townsville by flying boat 181241 and 231241; by aircraft Caronia, Kurana and Kyilla during December 1941 from Rabaul and other NG centres; civilians evacuated from Port Moresby by Malaita February 1942 (evacuees material from website of John Winterbotham); typewritten escape record of NGVR personnel, Rabaul (written by ?); Australian War Memorial (AWM) details of Roland Noel Harrison Forsyth, AWM brief notes on sinking of MM, transcript of talk by Ian Hodges on *The sinking of MM, 1 July 1942*, memo A25453 of 19 Oct 45 concerning Aust PW and Civilians at Rabaul, includes list of persons believed to have left New Britain on the MM, Report of 6 October 1945 by Major H.S. Williams "Report of Japanese steamer Montevideo Maru torpedoed off Luzon, 1 July 1942"; MM Memorial Committee May 09 Subic Bay memorial will be unveiled, with attachments; memo DS37/1 10 Oct 45 from DO Angau Rabaul to Angau HQ, NG, with list of persons believed on MM; article by H.E. (Lynn) Clark *The Montevideo Maru*; pp.134/139 & "Sinking of the Montevideo Maru" from Heroes at Sea, and pp.158/161 list of civilians lost on MM; letter 17 August 1989 from Gladys Forsyth to Dept of Veteran Affairs, Brisbane,

supporting claim for reparation; letter 16th April 1989 from Gladys Forsyth to Queensland POW Reparation Committee; colour photo NGVR Memorial Plaque in Anzac Square, Brisbane; copy of “Volcanic** Interlude” by (then) Captain Roy Kendall of 1937 Vulcan eruption** witnessed from the Induna Star in Simpsonhafen; typescript “An account of the Rabaul eruption”** by Adrian Field. June 1937; photocopies of Japanese occupation money (see above); photos: Haus Tambaran, Sepik; interior of Haus Forsyth, Rabaul; view of Rabaul pre-1937 eruption; Gladys Forsyth and her daughter, Beatrice. **Charles Betteridge:** colour print of the former Burns, Philp (NG) Ltd store in Port Moresby destroyed by fire on 120709. **Laurie Le Fevre:** booklet: Official Opening of the Kassam Pass by Sir Donald Cleland, 191165. **Anne Peters:**

DVD *New Ireland: Bilas Ples bilong mipela* Kavieng Reunion Sydney 190309. Mainly photos of Kavieng identities 1920/1970 interspersed with some pre-war New Ireland views and postwar Japanese war relics. **Sr Damienne Philben, OLSH:** group photograph of Sacred Heart School, Rabaul, 1954; CDs – dedication of the Sacred Heart Cathedral, Vunapope. with accompanying note; and Papitalai Girls’ Choir, December 1969. **Max Hayes:** biography of Bruno Menke by Karl Baumann, in German with English translation; colour print of PNG Orders & Decorations. **Dr Margaret Spencer:** photographs taken in the Western Highlands District, and the D’Entrecasteaux Group, Milne Bay District. Also of Dr Terry Spencer’s medical patrol, Wahgi Valley, WHD, 1958, unmarried girls, Wahgi Valley, Mission buildings at Banz, villagers, hospital wards and patients, patrol officer rest haus, sports day, and MV *Lisu*. **A.M. Sinclair** (courtesy daughter, Doreen MacGowan): photos and DVD of Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary Band 1938-1963 – to be listed in the next *Una Voce* – includes a written history from Sinclair/MacGowan records.

*Interested in ethnomathematics? Ever wanted to count from one to nine in Kiwai, Waskia or Mald ? It’s all here.

** see article on volcano photos below.

Photos of Vulcan and Tauruvur Volcanoes Erupting

Thanks to all the diligent photographers we have an abundance of photos of these dramatic occurrences and need no more unless they are in some way extra special. Photos of other Papua New Guinea volcanoes – e.g. Manam Island (Madang District), Mt Lamington (Northern District), Mts Balbi and Bagana (Bougainville District), Mt Yelia (Papua) – will be very welcome **particularly** if they are dated and clearly identified.

Similarly with singsings – date and identification guarantee a place in the PNGAA records in the Fryer Library of The University of Queensland. ▪

Remember the PNGAA Collection at the Fryer Library for print and photographic material when you’re moving! Contact Dr P Cahill p.cahill@uqconnect.net or Phone: 07 3371 4794

There's an insight into plantation life in Papua in 1930 in extracts from this letter written in April that year by Robert Irwin, of Mogubo plantation, near Abau, to his brother-in-law Thomas Armstrong, in Los Angeles. A copy of the letter has come to Una Voce from a relative of Thomas's, Arlean Armstrong Guerrero, of Castroville, California. We've selected extracts for this issue because the original is 4000 words. Perhaps more next issue.

Plantation life in Papua - 1930

Dear Tom,

It is many years since we met and there are many miles of ocean between us. We received from you some papers the other day, and awhile before that a letter which I am now replying to. You will think I am rather dilatory in replying to letters, but as a rule Bessie or Debbie do all the correspondence to relatives, as I generally find that it takes me all I know to get through my business letters connected with the plantation and trading store I am running. Also there are all those friends that one has made during the years we have been here in this country, and when the monthly boat comes to deliver our stores and pick up cargo, I have such a pile of letters to send away that it would not shame a circularising agency...

I often hear from those at home through Bessie and Debbie. Debbie corresponds regularly with her cousins, especially with her cousin Debbie at Ulverstone, and with her cousins at Granton House, Dumfries shire. Our Debbie takes a trip every two years to Australia to visit old friends in Brisbane, staying about six months on these trips. She is quite a traveller in her way. Going over to "the other side", as we call it, is rather a big undertaking. First of all she has to start from here by the SS *Papuan Chief*, which calls at Mogubo for cargo either for Port Moresby or Samarai (Mogubo is half way between these two places on the S.E. coast), which she will reach in about three days. Samarai is at the eastern end of Papua, about 90 miles from here, and Port Moresby to the west about 120 miles or more, the latter being our official capital but really a small place doing a considerable trade. Samarai is on a small island situated among others near the mainland and one of the prettiest places in the world, being like a botanical garden and with no vehicular traffic on it, in fact it is not allowed.

To get back to Debbie. Probably when she gets to Samarai or Port Moresby she may have been about three days on the boat, as the *Papuan Chief* has to call at plantations for cargo, these plantations being anything from 20 or 50 miles apart, and also the boat cannot travel at night on account of the innumerable coral reefs, making navigation on most parts of the coast impossible at night. A deep sea skipper unused to these reefs would grow grey-headed in no time from worry, it is local knowledge that is required. Then Debbie might have to wait perhaps two or three weeks for the boat for Australia when she gets to Samarai. This is the S.S. *Morinda* and strange to say the captain is a Cumberland man belonging to Whitehaven. It takes about eight or nine days to Brisbane, after calling at one or two places. It is a bigger undertaking getting over to Australia than it is from England to America. It costs £50 for passage there and back. People travel a good deal here and think nothing of it, and as everyone on the boat belongs to New Guinea, they all know each other and are quite at home. We people living in New Guinea are all half sailors anyway, the sea is our main road to anywhere almost, and most people have some sort of a boat if only a whale boat or a large sailing canoe, or probably an 8 or 10 ton launch. Mogubo residence is only about 60 yards from the shore and we hear the moan of the breakers on the beach...

Our only neighbours are the natives in the villages about us on the beach, and in the villages inland. Our nearest white neighbours to the west are Mr and Mrs Flint at Abau Island. Mr Flint is the magistrate stationed there, and has armed native constabulary to patrol his district which extends about 100 miles along the coast and inland among the mountains. His constabulary are dressed in blue serge jumper and ramie, or sulu as it is called in the East. They are armed with the Lee Enfield rifle (carbine). Around the waist they have the bandolier for cartridges and a pouch, the bandolier acting as a belt as well, and if there is any likelihood of a scrap, a bayonet as well. To the east of us here on the mainland is Mamai plantation belonging to a New Zealand company. It is about 1½ days travelling from here. It is rough travelling by land over craggy foothills. Mailu Island is in front of Mogubo about 6 or 7 miles out to sea. There is a native village there of about 800 inhabitants, and there is also a L.M.S. Mission, the Rev W.J.V. Saville and his wife being in charge. But they have been away in England for over a year and will not in all probability be back for another year.

Mr Flint makes a patrol this way about twice or thrice a year, but if anything should happen between these patrols I would send him word or he may hear of it and so come along, but that happens seldom. Lately a village was raided close to Mogubo called Lauwa and three natives were killed by natives belonging to the district where Mr Flint was stationed. I sent him word and he went and captured the murderers. Since then there has been another raid by natives inland upon natives nearer the coast down his way, the village burnt and nine killed. The details of this were rather horrible. The raiders rushed the village while the inhabitants were sleeping, some escaped of course, but at one house where a raider entered he met more than his match, his would-be victim managed to take the weapon from the raider and gave him his death wound. The other raiders then surrounded the house, set fire to it and burnt the unfortunate defender alive. They also threw two boys and a girl into the flames. These raiders have since been captured, but unfortunately their sentences are never much, about two or three years hard labour at most...

According to the natives no native is supposed to die a natural death. They reckon his death is brought about by some sorcerer in another village, and then comes this payback in the shape of these murders. Sorcery when it is found out is a punishable offence in this country, very often it is a clear case of poisoning by old men sorcerers who are held in dread. Often some poor old woman entirely innocent is suspected of sorcery and is killed for having brought about some death. Two natives from the mountains who were working for me not so long ago were sent in to Abau for having killed an old woman. I am well known among the natives about here and for many miles, They come here a good deal to trade, and I have been into the mountains recruiting labour also for the plantations...

Papua is a perfect babel of languages, and after every few miles the language changes, not into dialects but into a fresh language. There is also a kind of lingua franca spoken in this country called Motuan, it is really the language of Port Moresby but much bastardised. It is used extensively by the labourers on plantations so that they can speak to each other if they come from other than their own district. It is much used by the police and is spoken by most plantation managers and magistrates of the country. It would be difficult to get on without it. Debbie can speak the Mailu language. In fact Debbie, Mr and Mrs Saville are the only ones speaking this language properly in the country. Debbie of course learnt it as a child from the native children and no native even if they can speak English would think of speaking anything but Mailu to Debbie...

I have been right round Papua, right to the other side of the Gulf of Papua as far as Daru near the Dutch border, and again right round along the North coast to the Mambare river near the old German boundary, as it is now called the Mandated Territory. Our largest rivers flow into the Gulf of Papua. The two most important being the Fly River and the Purari. The Fly rises in the mountains in the Mandated Territory and is about 650 miles, not such a great length when judged by American rivers, but I question if many American rivers bring down such great volume of water owing to the enormous rainfall in Papua and in the mountains. The volume of water discharged by the Fly it is estimated would supply every inhabitant of the globe with 100 gallons a day. The large Gulf of Papua is yellow from these waters. The tide goes up the Fly for about 200 miles and it is navigable for 500 miles. In this country the natives use the big black bow and arrow with which they are very expert using gauntlets. They can fire their arrows about as quickly as a man can use a revolver. They have some way of holding their arrows – several of them – between their fingers and can have two or three arrows in the air at once from the one bow. They are the most dangerous of all to fight. Just fancy fighting these fellows in thick jungle which they can get through like cassowaries. On the Purari and the Ramu they are expert canoemen. Their canoes are hollowed out of tree trunks until they are very thin. On these they stand with large paddles and they must have great balance for the pace they can drive these canoes will take a speed launch all its time to catch them for a short distance. The launch of course wears them down but no oared boat can catch them...

There is a good deal of Malaria fever, some places worse than others of course. People from North Queensland seem to stand the climate best but the climate is not quite so bad as people make out if they take reasonable precautions and quinine regularly. Blackwater fever has caused many deaths in this country, but this disease never attacks any one unless they have suffered a deal from chronic malaria. Dysentery has caused many deaths among natives but one never hears of it now. It is necessary to keep a medicine chest on a plantation and to have some rough medical knowledge in case of accidents and sickness. This Territory is remarkably free of tropical diseases of other countries, mostly on account of the strict quarantine regulations...

Droves of wild pigs roam about and sometimes do damage on the plantations. The boars are very dangerous animals, about as dangerous as anything I know, for if you only wound them and don't kill right out the best place is up the first tree. I keep a shooting boy constantly going out for game to feed the natives and a good shooting boy (we call all natives boys no matter how old they are) is invaluable. I had to break in a new shooting boy to the gun, and not having time to do this myself I sent out my head boy with him, who was a good shot. In the course of their shooting they came across wild pigs in the forest, and the head boy fired at a big boar with cartridges too fine for the purpose. He wounded the boar and so enraged him that he charged immediately; the two boys leaving hurriedly up trees. Unfortunately for them they got separate trees, the boss boy up one tree with the gun and the other boy with the cartridges up another tree. This was in the morning early and that wild boar kept those two fellows up the tree all day until dark, when the boar tiring left them. During the time they were up the trees, the one with the gun would shout to the other "bring the cartridges", and the other would reply "No, you bring the gun to me and get the cartridges." They were very shame-faced when they returned that night and explained to me why they were so late. I laughed until the tears fell, at the way they told this adventure, the one

blaming the other for the mishap. As a rule they always carry some cartridges of very heavy shot in case of wild pigs...

We employ about 40 or 50 natives permanently on the plantation and when requiring more can get them casual, that is by the day. We keep two natives as house boy and cook, a head boy who is known as boss boy, he has by the way three wives. A shooting boy, two cow boys to look after the cattle; we have about 60 head of cattle for the use of the plantation only, and to kill sometimes...

In regard to native marriages in this country customs vary in different parts of the country. In this district it is usual for a man to have only one wife unless the man is regarded as wealthy according to native ideas. For instance my boss boy is looked upon as rather an influential man among natives here, being the head man of Selai village and because I pay him a good wage. They are not exactly idolaters in the strict sense; they are more spiritualists, their worship, if you can call it that, is in trying to propitiate the spirits of their ancestors or their relatives. Feasts are held in honour of their ancestors or their relatives. After a few deaths in a village they hold a feast to quiet the ghosts of these dead relatives. When a native dies it is always in the arms, if possible, of his nearest female relative. If his mother is dead then it is generally his aunt and failing that if he is old, his daughter or some old female of the village. Unless the person is very old they always suppose his death to have been brought about by sorcery...

Most plantations in this country are either coconuts or rubber. Mogubo is a coconut plantation. The coconuts are husked or as is the custom on this place the coconut is simply split open by the labour with axes and the coconut meat extracted with copra knives out in the paddock, the meat put into bags, carted home by the lorry and dried artificially by what is known as a chula. This is a machine driven by an oil engine. It takes about 24 hours to dry out. I also trade with natives for sun-dried copra, also buying from them trochus shell and turtle shell. Trochus shell is worth from £50 to £60 per ton, turtle shell about 4/- to 5/- per lb. Pearls are got around the Trobriands and it requires a £50 license to buy these from the natives. Pearl shell and bech-de-mer are also got at different places around Papua. The steamer calls at the plantation to deliver stores and take away copra every month. If there are any passengers they always come ashore and spend the evening with us. I have a wireless set, a very good one built by the manager of the radio station at Samarai.

There are only the two townships of Port Moresby and Samarai in the whole of this country of Papua. Port Moresby has a population of perhaps about 300 whites mostly officials and trading people, and Samarai has a lesser population. Altogether there may be in the whole of the Papuan Territory about 1200 whites altogether at the most, half of them in Samarai or Port Moresby or attached to it, and the rest scattered about the innumerable islands or on the coastline of the mainland. Just imagine all this country and only 1200 whites in it, mostly composed of officials, missionaries, traders, and planters...

Well I must bring this long epistle to a close as I am afraid you will be getting tired of it by this. Sorry you are so far away, among these money grubbing Americans. I do not think I would care to live in a large city like Los Angeles. I have lived too long on the fringes of civilization for that. Here we are somebody, but if we went to live in settled parts we would be nobody at all I expect, so why not remain and be somebody, quite happy and nothing to worry about. The best of love from us all at Mogubo.

I remain your affectionate brother in law, R. Irwin

NATIONAL MEDAL 1975; AWARD TO KIAPS.

Maxwell R. Hayes, RPNGC.

I have received a letter dated 21.9.2009 from the Department of Prime Minister and Cabinet relating to the proposal to extend the award of the National Medal 1975 to former kiaps and, as the matter is currently of interest, advise the necessary criteria for this award.

I have a letter dated 7 March 1985 from the Honours Secretariat, Government House, Canberra, which stated, inter alia, "Although Papua New Guinea was a trust territory administered by Australia under mandate from the United Nations, it was not regarded as part of Australia. Therefore, although the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary was staffed by police officers seconded (sic) from Australian police forces, it was not regarded as an Australian police force for the purposes of the Regulations which govern the award of the National Medal".

The criteria in establishing parity for the award to kiaps was taken from the prior awarding of the National Medal 1975 to two regular officers of the RPNGC, Senior Supt. James Rennie Pike and Chief Insp. Barrington Gerald Reade who, post termination in PNG, joined the Australian Federal Police and there had aggregated service. They fought a bitter personal and expensive battle with the bureaucracy of the Australian Government and were eventually awarded the National Medal 1975 with the bulk of such aggregated service being in RPNGC. It is entirely due to their efforts that this entitlement, however tenuous, has been extended to field officers on the same terms as the criteria for regular RPNGC officers.

Onerous criteria for the award to RPNGC officers of this medal were:

Service of fifteen years or more in a prescribed service organisation, service as a commissioned officer of RPNGC prior to 30 November 1973, plus at least one days service after 14 February 1975 in a prescribed service organisation, if the Chief Officer of that current organisation makes a recommendation for the award.

However service is not required to be continuous and can be aggregated to qualify. Service say, eg, PNG ten years prior to 30 November 1973 with later service of five years or more after 14 February 1975 in a prescribed service organisation and so on. The current criteria applicable will currently render most long serving kiaps and RPNGC excluded.

This may well not be the end of establishing satisfactory criteria for this medal as there are further changes, as yet not formalised, to the National Medal regulations and yet to be approved, hopefully before the end of 2009. This should not be the end of the matter. Why only kiaps and police?

A far greater issue at stake would be for all those who served in PNG to be awarded an appropriate medal for their service in any administration capacity. Why, presently, should medical staff, teachers, didimen, boats crew, local government, police, postal staff and many other staff necessary to bring PNG to Independence be denied recognition for their contributory service. All of these performed sterling service often in conditions as arduous as that of kiaps and police. I include regular constabulary in this aspect as, far as I am aware, only these two officers fulfilled the necessary criteria for the National Medal 1975. In short there should be a newly created medal to honour the service of all those in the administration who took part in Australia's very successful and grossly expensive greatest colonial experiment. As you will appreciate, as it presently

stands, there will be very few kiaps or police who fulfill the necessary criteria despite say 20-30 years service in the PNG administration post-war.

The campaign thrust should be for an entirely new Australian medal to be created with retrospectivity and with appropriate service criteria to be determined. Perhaps to be called an Overseas Public Service Medal. There is the Public Service Medal for those in Australia and various states. Looking at the Australian Federal Police medals, there are 13 medals since the Feds were created comparatively recently. For those who served in the PNGVR there is the ASM 1945-75 with clasp PNG. Perhaps this medal could have criteria extended to cover others who served in PNG as described above. There's a long way to go yet and before we all expire. ■

SZARKA and HARRIS MEMORIAL at TELEFOMIN Update by Martin Kerr

Further to my enquiries about the memorial at Telefomin Dr Barry Craig responded with the following information:

I was briefly at Telefomin in June 2002. I photographed the Szarka-Harris-Buritori-Purari Memorial which was being preserved, though in need of some white paint on the concrete.

There was a small brass plaque on the ground in front of it which reads:

“In Memory of Assistant District Officer Markus Leyshon Watkins,
Born 24-12-1942 Died 27-9-1972 on patrol.”

There is also a plaque near the skeleton of one of the gliders flown into Telefomin for the re-habilitation of the airstrip in 1944 (see Ivan Champion's *Across New Guinea...* 1966, pp. 215-6 and Bill Gammage's *The Sky Travellers* 1998, pp.225-6).

Gerald Leo Szarka's remains were buried at Rookwood Cemetery on, or soon after, 24 November 1953.

There are several accounts of the Telefomin murders of 1953. Dr Craig presented a detailed critique based on administration files, media accounts and other sources, as Chapter 8 in *Oceania Monograph 40, Children of Afek* (1990). He added: A ceremony was held by the Min of Telefomin 1 July, 2001 celebrating 50 years of the Australian Baptist Missionary Society in the region and included an apology for the murders of the four officers.

Ex-kiap Rick Nehmy (using public service and political contacts) said he spent well over a year with Lorna Spakman (one of Gerald Szarka's few relatives) from 2002 trying to track down relatives of the two kiaps, and succeeded in doing so just in time for the 50th anniversary of the deaths which was held at Dural, NSW in November 2003 by the Baptist Church. He was informed the “sori” ceremony was initiated by Telefomin people. He also reported that Geoffrey Harris's younger brother had been to the Sepik area in 2002 trying to find his grave. ■

PATROL WALKING TIMES by Paul Oates

Our concept of time and distance has been ingrained into us from an early age. Australians tend to think in words and not necessarily in word pictures or non verbal concepts. *Tokpisin* can also be a very imprecise language that may lose something in the translation to English if the listener may not be thinking in the same terms as the speaker.

Being used to road maps and fairly precise travel timings and measurements it was part of our 'culture shock' experiences to find that when we wanted to plan a Patrol, it wasn't all that easy to find out how far it was to walk between each village. We needed to know a fair estimate of walking times so that we could work out how much coinage to take with us to pay for carriers between each of the places or villages we intended to visit. We therefore had to have an idea of how long it would be to walk between each point on the map. Inadequate estimates made while at the Patrol Post or Base Camp might prove rather embarrassing if you ran out of coins to pay carriers who wanted to go back to their village that night and couldn't stay around. Credit (or '*Dinau*' in Tokpisin) was not looked on very favourably by anyone, trade store owners especially.

In the late 1960's, carriers were paid 10 cents an hour or part thereof no matter what they carried. While this seems a pittance in today's terms, it could mount up and would provide some very desirable and ready cash in areas where processing and carrying coffee beans was decidedly hard yakka.

The problem was; How do you precisely measure what could possibly be a fluid situation? Each person takes a different time to walk the same track and, due to the occasional 'short cuts' (up and down mountains), the track may be of slightly varying length. Also, a village may be moved around as the gardens are exhausted and to guarantee walking times between villages to someone might be a trifle tricky.

The last Patrol Report from that area was usually the best source of information but when the last one was written and who by? Were they quick and fit or slow and steady on the track? To rely on the local estimation might also be fraught with danger and possibly involve just a tad of an exasperated response to the inevitable "Are we there yet?"

In an abbreviated form, it used to go something like this on patrol:

"*Ples is stap long we a?*" (Is the village a long way away?)

"*Nogat. Emi olsem long we liklik tasol. Tripela sigaret tasol.*" (It not very far. Only the time to smoke three cigarettes).

Now that doesn't sound too far however the cigarettes referred to were made out of 'Muruk' stick tobacco and were rolled in a prized page of the Sydney Morning Herald. After all, everyone knows that the SMH tears straight down the page whereas other 'rags' often tear crookedly due to their being printed across the page. A 'cigarette' might also be over a foot long and burn at varying times due to the user's amount of puffing at one end and the amount of tobacco inside the rolled newspaper. To those not familiar with this popular product of yesteryear, the tightly twisted tobacco leaves that had been dipped in molasses and then set together into a brick of approximately a foot square by about 2 inches thick and might contain over 50 sticks stuck together. Commonly known as trade tobacco it could give a positive 'kick' in the head to those not used to the strength of the product.

So after three hours walking: "*Ah hem! Ples is stap klostu a?*" (Is the village fairly close now?)

"*Nogat, Emi olsem long we tru.*" (No way! It's a very long way away)

Another four hours walking and just a smidgin of frustration and thirst creeping in.

"*Ples istap we nau a?*" (How far to the village now?)

"*Emi olsem long we tru aiting tasol ino long we tru, em olsem klostu liklik.*" (It's still a bit further to go but its closer than it was)

Another gut punching climb (which resulted in red stars buzzing around in front of your eyes) and another two hours walk and what's more, it's starting to get dark.

"*Ples istap we nau?*" (Where's that village?)

"*Long we liklik tasol.*" (Oh it's still a bit further on)

Then around the next bend in the track appears the village, usually with the Luluai and Tultul waiting patiently and ready to salute and greet you with big grins on their faces.

Ahhhhh! ■

'Taking a Punt in PNG' by Rod Morrison (or having an SP with the SP)

Coming up to the first Tuesday in November I am reminded of the pursuit of the "sport of Kings" in PNG.

My first recollection of trying to subsidize my meagre income as a '*pikinini kiap*' was in 1966 at Kaiapit – Morobe District. I was informed I could have a bet using the radio system and duly spoke to the radio operator who said '*I'll put you through*'. Shock, horror - the call was answered with these words: '*Lae Police Station.*'

As I was still on probation I thought 'This is going to be a very short career as a *kiap*'. I replied, '*Sorry I think I have the wrong number.*' The reply came back '*No, son, what do you want to back?*'

Having passed this hurdle (no pun intended) I backed 'Sunhaven' which I think is still coming (Galilee won the Cup).

Postings to larger centres provided a better opportunity to have an SP (South Pacific) with the 'Equestrian Consultants' as some bookies described themselves.

One incident in particular has stood out in my memory - circa 1977/78 whilst serving in Kimbe – West New Britain. The gathering place was a room behind a trade store where nibbles and SP were plentiful.

Unfortunately a fire started in the premises and I've never seen such a public response. Punters from all over town turned up in tropical fire-fighting gear (thongs, t-shirts and stubbies) to fight the fire with buckets of water and garden hoses. A calamity was averted but I can't recall if the whole premises was saved. Apparently you can't get paid without the records and punting slips.

Good punting! ■

YELLOW RIVER MASSACRE by Martin Kerr

Following the article “May River Cannibals”, George D Oakes suggested I update readers with what I know of the Yellow River massacre.

May River was my happy hunting ground for most of 1967 (the kiap was Bernie Maume). I was then working for John Pasquarelli MHA and Warren Hanson whose main entrepôt (Las Kompani) was established at Ambunti for the sale of trade goods and purchase of crocodile skins.

Kigu of Abagaisu, a young strong-willed widow with three young children had set up a small trade store using her deceased policeman-husband’s pension. I



bought her out and she became my *haus meri*.

Government workboat arrives at May River patrol post. Double canoe construction at right. Abagaisu village in background.

Photo: Martin Kerr 1967

Abagaisu is the village directly north east of May River

station (I could swim there). While Kigu made scones and other goodies she told me about her circumstances and how she came to be married to a policeman who, with the kiap and other police raided her village in 1956. She was a 15-year-old at the time and her first husband was one of those arrested and carried off to captivity. Kigu said he and other warriors brought several bodies back to Abagaisu and consumed them at a celebratory feast.

Nari, one of the massacre ringleaders living at Wanamoi at the mouth of the May River in 1967 was a close relative to Kigu. The massacre enhanced his reputation as a leader and on one occasion he burned down the camp of one of Las Kompani’s crocodile shooters. Nari had several wives, was a masterful crocodile hunter and bargained vigorously over the price of skins.

I was intrigued by Kigu’s story about the massacre but have no record of the name of the policeman who “kidnapped” her. She travelled over much of New Guinea and returned to May River with her children after he had died; probably in 1965.

Kigu was in straightened circumstances when I concluded a brief private expedition from Green River in January, 1969. The Las Kompani trade store was closed and the locals had no market for the supply of canoe logs and for their labour. Being mid-driwara the villagers could not get into the sago stands and the fish weren’t biting. I was surprised how gaunt they were, including Kigu and her kids.

In 2006 (37 years later), I enquired about Kigu and her children (working and married in various centres in PNG) and grandchildren. She was living at Ambunti and I sent her a message via a pilot. She helped run Warren Hanson's store with war veteran Alan Gallagher (deceased) and had a further three children with him.

So George Oakes and others; Tony Redwood and his police at great personal risk and trauma – broadly considering cause and effect and a measure of serendipity; substantially contributed to the lives of some PNG people today. ▪

Interesting PNG Names by Jim van der Kamp

During my years in Papua New Guinea I came across some interesting and colourful names of persons working for the Malaria service, Public Health Department.

In Popondetta for example there was a John Livingstone Sori and Hubert Murray Karata. At Mapamoiwa the laboratory technician, a Trobriand Islander was "Goodwill" Mosebuia. Incidentally, he tried to convince me that chewing betelnut improved his eyesight when using the microscope. In our Headquarters worked Jophiel "TRAVELA" his surname always made me think of a softdrink brand or Latin American Airline.

In the Western Highlands a Chimbu Public Servant was Patrick Gigmai Kiugl and another Joram Kugame Kawage. Patrick's daughter was named "Skater" Patrick. One of the Entomology staff from the Eastern Highlands was Nikiyabi Yagaraf. Not surprisingly we jokingly called him "The Russian". One of the female Entomology staff had a friend by the name of "IMP".

Amongst the labourers we had Boy Ten, Daniel Kipkip and Johnny Dokta. My favorite Sprayman was Pilinge Negentz.

There was a Patrol Officer in Minj in 1967, Chris Buttner. The highlanders couldn't pronounce that and called him "Grease Butter". Well, that's what it definitely sounded like. The staff had trouble with my name too and it was usually Bandacamp, spoken and written.

In Milne Bay some Christian names were conveniently short like my Cook's sister in law: Daisy, whilst her full true village name was Anadedekai Leidimo.

Trobriand names could also be long. My late Trob wife's maiden name was Sowama Mark; Mark being her father's Christian name and Sowama a name introduced by Fijian Methodist Missionaries. Her registered village name however was Tobutu Motokutaku.

I found the names also fascinating of Lab staff Kidilon Ulaeasi (Normanby Isl) and Mefeareka Loka (Kerema). Sepik names appeared to be kept short, like Cletus Mar and Peter Sap.

I remember getting a phone call at Mt. Hagen from my colleague in Kundiawa telling me that an Irishman had been elected as MP for Chimbu. As I told him he must be joking he insisted it was true, a Mr O'Cook had been elected. On buying the Post Courier next morning I learned from the front page that the new MP for Chimbu was none other that Iambaki Okuk.

With reference to Nikiyabi Yagaraf, many years later doing a survey with a doctor on Saibai Island in Torres Strait, we came across a man named Uri.

We both thought the same thing at the same time and nicknamed him "The Astronaut" after the Russian Yuri Gagarin, Uri pronounced the same as Yuri. ▪

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS

By Rev Neville Threlfall

While working for the Methodist Church and then the United Church in PNG, I learned to dread the annual call from the Government Statistician, based at Konedobu for most of that time, for 'Agricultural Statistics'. These were required for every property of five acres or more, as if they were plantations, whereas those for which I was responsible were small properties surrounding schools or hospitals, large enough for food gardens and a few coconut palms for the students, teachers or nurses, and therefore just over five acres.

Figures were asked for coconut palms and any other fruit trees: how many mature and how many immature, new plantings and trees which had died (all to reconcile with last year's figures). Also for livestock: the hardest was the numbers of poultry and of eggs laid, and whether sold or eaten on the property. As all staff and some students kept chooks, which ran loose and laid anywhere, an accurate egg count was impossible; one year I noted in desperation, 'The hens wouldn't tell me'.

I was therefore sympathetic when in 1974 a new Accountant in our Regional Office in Rabaul was tearing his hair over these forms, which he had to fill in for some properties. To cheer him up, I wrote for him the following whimsy:

STATISTICS ARE REQUIRED

When Adam and Eve left Eden,
Ashamed and in disgrace,
They hardly thought that they would hear
Again about the place.
But one day there came a letter
('Twas on a slab of clay);
When Adam looked at it, he groaned
And his happiness ebbed away.
It read, "Dear Sir, we note with pain
That you haven't informed us yet
How many apples you grew last year
And how many you ate.
Number of serpents that you reared,
And value of fig-leaves sewn.
Konedobu won't be satisfied
Till all these facts are known."

As Moses received the Ten Commands
Upon a Mount Sinai boulder,
Someone behind him gave a cough
And tapped him upon the shoulder.
'You haven't told us how many bricks
Your people produced last year.
When the Nile was turned to blood, what group?
From Egypt you brought here
How many men women children, stock?
How much was the herdsman's hire?

How much manna consumed on route?
What wattage the pillar of fire?
And what was the number of the quails
By the wind to your campsite blown?
Konedobu won't be satisfied
Till all these facts are known.'

And today, as many a weary mish
Or church worker in this land
Is trying to preach, heal, counsel or teach,
Or whatever the task at hand,
The mail will bring a voluminous form,
With a message stern and strong:
'You haven't supplied your statistics yet.
Please hurry the things along
Numbers of students/patients/staff?
What were your workers paid?
Value of kaukau consumed on the place?
How many eggs were laid?
Money received from overseas,
And all local funds to be shown.
Konedobu won't be satisfied
Till all these facts are known.'

EPILOGUE

'Tis a nightmare thought, if I get to heaven
And line up in front of the Throne,
The Recording Angel may say, 'Come, come;
There's still some facts to be known!'

This was only meant for the Accountant's private amusement.
But he went and popped it in with the forms which he sent to the
Statistician. It turned out that Mr Ron Fergie, the Government
Statistician at that time had a sense of humour. With his letter of
acknowledgement for the statistics he included a poem of his own,
with a Biblical reference:

STATISTICIAN'S EPILOGUE TO THE EPILOGUE
But fear ye not, brethren, be not despondent
The Statistician loveth a cheerful respondent.
Surely YOU won't get lumbered:
The very hairs of your head are all numbered.
And if statistical forms don't get fewer,
'Behold, we count them happy that endure.' (James 5:11)

THE KEREMA MOB by Ralph Sawyer

Most Territorians remember with affection, or sometimes misgivings, their first posting. Let me say at the outset that this was poignantly confirmed nearly fifty years later when I attended Neville Dachs' funeral but I did notice a large floral tribute with a card, 'From the Kerema mob.' Just like them. There's still a few left.

My mind flashed back to Moresby when our draft was gathered for our first appointment. Exotic names were matched with excited new recruits. 'Rabaul, Madang, Samarai, Goroka.' Then came mine: 'Sawyer – single-Kerema.'

'Where's that?' I anxiously asked around. Eric Baumgartner the staff clerk kept reading the postings out but one of his assistants sidled up to me and helpfully informed me.

'Its up the Gulf. Arsehole of the world. Greatest lot of bush lawyers in one spot you'll ever meet.'

But that's not how it turned out. Nevertheless, for years, people sympathized with me no matter how much I protested. There was some sort of fear of the place. Many a day-visitor would ask for reassurance.

'Are you sure the Catalina will return this afternoon from Daru?' They were clearly terrified of being stranded in Kerema until the next Wednesday Catalina. I think my liking for the place was due to the outstanding people working there in one small place. When I arrived, there were twenty five Europeans on the station and that included a few from up the coast who came in regularly to visit. Kerema has had a long list of luminaries associated with it over the years.

Hubert Murray opened Kerema as the major outstation to Kikori, the headquarters of the Delta Division. Sir Hubert was never happy with the site, partly because he nearly drowned when swamped at the bar. He claimed that Kerema and the Vailala were the two most dangerous bar crossings in the Protectorate. Judge Murray also complained in his letters that Kerema was an unhealthy place because officers were being invalidated out of the place in quick succession.

Not that Kerema lacked talented energetic officers in the early days. Harry Ryan, Ivan Champion, Clarence Healy and Jack Hides were some of the most notable. Ryan was one of Murray's early young Australian protégés replacing the old English brigade of the earliest era but he was not highly regarded by Moresby hierarchy. Judge Murray's opinion of Ryan is best revealed in his pencilled marginal comments on one of Ryan's patrol reports: 'crude but effective.'

Harry Ryan explored the Kikori and Purari Rivers and was a rising Assitant Resident Magistrate when he made the wrong move by enlisting in 1916. He ended up on the Roll of Honour in the Anglican Hall in Moresby.

Very early, the legend was that the Keremas (read Gulf) were 'impossible'. But that was unfair as they were very early identified as able 'politicians' which was not always appreciated. It's no coincidence that one of the founders of the Pangu Party and a governor general came from the Gulf. The corridors of Konedobu were liberally staffed by Kerema clerks and typists, many who rose to high positions in the Public Service. →

The Keremas were never highly regarded as cooperative people but were really capable people. In 1935 Jack Hides recruited thirty men from Auma village as carriers for his epic exploration beyond the upper Strickland. Sir Hubert Murray expressed reservations about them but was forced to reassess their worth afterwards. Hides had nothing but praise for their loyalty and stoicism.

By 1960, the district headquarters had shifted to Kerema but its physical appearance was still that of an outstation or at best, a sub-district. The main office was clad in sago palm with a leaky roof and some dodgy black palm floorboards. A crowd usually gathered on the verandah to listen to the daily radio sched. Pity if there was any private business on the airways. Bert Smith would spell out the daily outward messages for all to hear.

‘Kerema Moresby, Kerema Moresby. Come in Moresby.’

Of the twenty odd government officers there were some pretty remarkable officers in the one place.

John Joseph Murphy was our District Commissioner, a survivor of the 1937 Rabaul eruption and Japanese captivity under the Japanese. Murphy was the author of the definitive Pidgin Grammar text and was well read in a wide range of knowledge. JJ was a resourceful administrator who made the most out of not much. In one memorable episode, he sent the ‘*Magila*’ to Thursday Island to fill up on a load of lolly water for the new Kerema Club. This precipitated a customs enquiry which he rode through with his usual aplomb. I only saw Mr Murphy bested once. One night his houseboy commiserated with him.

‘Taubada, I, sorry you’re leaving. Can I come too?’

‘That’s the first I’ve heard about it,’ countered Mr Murphy.

Next Wednesday the Catalina brought the order from Moresby. Mr Murphy was to report to Konedobu to act as relieving assistant administrator. Evidently the bush telegraph had travelled from a “Kerema” typewriter to Kerema faster than the official letter.

George Wearne was the redoubtable District Officer. I say “redoubtable” because behind that humourless exterior was a man whom you’d always like with you in a tight corner. George had done a previous stint at Kerema as an ANGAU officer during the war. In between, he’d tracked down the Telefomin murderers in a formidable patrol of 1952.

Arthur Carey as one of the ADOs. Arthur had just brought in thirty Kukukukus who had wiped out a whole village. These prisoners became a permanent feature of the station and were mainly responsible for clearing the sago swamp to build the first airstrip. (They were the only ones with tough enough feet to handle the sago spikes.) Arthur Carey was your original British bulldog, a dumpy man with a military moustache. To mix the metaphors, he always got his man.

A keen Victorian Aussie rules rover, Arthur was roped in to play in a famous Rugby League game between the Police and the rest of the station. Arthur had no idea of tackling but was told to tackle head on so he did. Repeatedly his ten stone would be run down by galloping “Neanderthals” but Arthur just kept getting up for more. Fortunately for Arthur the game was never completed but was prematurely called off as a draw. The trouble was that the Papuan station side kept urging ‘Push! Push!’ in the scrums and the New Guinea police scrum

kept collapsing in mirth. Several police wives on the sidelines had to be carried away in states of hysterical collapse.

And then there was another ADO Peter Maloney. What could you say about Peter? Plenty, but most people could believe the potential of the man and his outstanding reputation as a young officer. Peter Maloney once took me down to the government store to show me his collection of loot from various corners of the globe.

‘Never trust Moresby. Have everything on hand,’ was his advice.

‘They think twice about transferring you with this lot I can tell you.’

Among the mountain of gear I noted – sheets of plate steel, tons of cement, cartons of paint, a pile of corrugated iron, a dozen Ranleigh stainless steel trays (from a crashed DC3), a Japanese sniper rifle, four miles of tuna fishing line. And that was his official personal effects. Emergency supplies and valuable stock were stored elsewhere.

Francis Xavier Ryan was the *didiman* [agricultural officer]. Frank’s main aim in life was to develop cash crops to ensure the villagers’ independence and prosperity. His personal aversion was “Cook’s tourists who come up here for a few years and bugger up the place.’ Frank Ryan had an ancient assistant, Baden Wales of Edie Creek fame. Baden was a better drinker than eater and periodically almost faded away. It was Mrs Murphy’s or Mrs Ryan’s job to build Baden up to working speed again. He progressed from soup to stew to steak. When in form, Baden’s specialty was showing Coops. How to build smoke houses for copra.

Neville Dachs was the District Education Officer who ran his department from a masonite cubicle under his house. Neville was the original Boy Scout who had actually met Baden Powell. Communication with all his schools and mission schools was not easy so Neville built his own boat from a Japanese Kit. With a 40hp outboard, Neville ranged from the Lakekamu River to the Kikori River in his open boat. It was hair-raising to watch him surfing into the beach between two breaking waves. Neville Dachs was no stay at home clerk and all his schools were visited regularly.

Talking of 40hp, Kerema had a 40hp Gardiner diesel engine as the power plant. It was only serviced irregularly from Moresby and was notoriously difficult to turn over with its high compression. The only single person capable was a young Hercules name Di Wy. It was critical that Di Wy was always available or power could become a problem.

‘Ack’ Verran was the PWD boss who supervised the whole show. Unfortunately, the growing demands of the station were overtaking the motor. Somewhere, (it will always remain a secret) there was an officer with a 1000 watt fan-heater contraption. When turned on at peak time, the lights would fade and the diesel plant would falter. Ack would tear around on his motor bike threatening the phantom mega consumer. When he got close to the offender, the diesel would pick up again and normal services would be resumed.

Ack Verran was a hands on man who worked with great zest. His star turn was refuelling the Catalina on Wednesdays. The bomb scow would take two drums of benzene out to top up the aircraft for its continuing flight to Kikori, Daru and Lake Murray. Ack would herd the incoming passengers down one end of

the bomb scow. Luggage and cargo would be passed over the drums to the passengers and Ack would get on with the refuelling. His dusky assistants would pump frantically while Ack would bluster and shout under the piercing sun. Petrol would spill into the bilge and slosh around with the water under everyone's feet. In accordance with DCA safety regulations Ack would interrupt the operations with a formal warning: 'Don't any of you buggers light up or we'll all go up.' It must have been a shock introduction to Kerema for any newcomers.

There were several highlights of the social calendar including tennis tournaments and cricket matches. The most popular item were the picture nights at the Kerema Club, (an exclusive shed next to the tennis courts.) It happened three times a year when Bert Counsel would come across the bay with his 16mm projector. Bert's favourites were biblical epics such as 'The Ten Commandments', 'Quo Vadis' or 'The Robe'. After each reel the bar would open for ten minutes before the next episode.

The Kerema Mob were not a passive audience but often interjected with comments and suggestions. In one of those epics, the crucifixion scene did not go off with the due decorum you would expect. Tab Hunter represented Jesus and the Hollywood directors refined his humanity by shaving under his arms. This presentation evinced some murmurs but then John Wayne completely broke up the audience. John Wayne was so well known as a cowboy that when he appeared as the Roman Centurion there was some consternation. The audience was brought back to some order by thunder lightning and an earthquake. Unfortunately Wayne dissolved the solemnity of the moment by proclaiming in his best western drawl, 'This was indeed the son of God.'

I don't think a suppressed cheer was the expected response. The medical assistant Tom Waites was the popular secretary of the club. Tom and his round tin of fifty Craven A were inseparable. Kerema did not always have a qualified doctor. Tom was one of the old school who would give it a go and no-one died from his practical ministrations. Steamships had the Epo Rubber Plantation up the bay. Ray and Bertha Flahaven were the managers there. Their pet cus cus was adopted by them and would sit up in a high chair at meals. The Chimbu workers fancied Fu Fu for their cooking pot but Bertha guarded her closely. So closely that Anzac Day and Christmas were the only time we saw them together. Invariably Ray would get into a card game and go missing. Bertha, with her tin of 50 Craven A's would roam the station calling for him.

'When I get you I'll dong ya Ray, I really will.'

Alas those days are long gone like the smoke of some enchanted fag (CJ Dennis).

My sources tell me that Kerema Bay still sparkles in the morning sun. The black clouds and the thunder still build up in the afternoons in the Kukukuku mountains. At night the phosphorous waves still break on the black sand.

The roll call is a lot shorter now – Joan Wearne, Helen Dachs, Margaret Claridge, Jean Carey, Greta Ryan, Jo Waites and surely some others who richly qualify.

Probably there won't be any "Kerema Mob" wreaths at out funerals but I at least am glad that I was a small fish in that talented group. ■

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HIGH JINKS IN RABAU by June Whittaker

I recently discovered amongst my souvenirs, bound copies of the Namanula Times, 1915-16, and the Rabaul Record, 1916-18, when the British Naval and Military Expeditionary Force (an Australian Army contingent) occupied German New Guinea.

The book was given to me by B.B. (Bob) Perriman, formerly New Guinea Manager of WR Carpenter and Company, and in time I shall pass it on to be part of the Fryer Collection. Meanwhile, I have been greatly amused by the following period piece of high jinks in Rabaul, and believe it will entertain other members.

The Rabaul Record, Vol.1, No.1, authorised by the Administrator, Brigadier-General S.A. Pethebridge, a Queenslander, and printed in Rabaul by the Government printer, Capt. J. Lyng, appeared on 1st March 1916, and subsequently on the 1st of succeeding months. Price 6d.

Expectations of English language readers had been titillated earlier by two special editions of a newssheet, the Namanula Times, designed to celebrate Christmas 1915 and New Year 1916, respectively.

On 22nd December 1915, the Christmas edition ("Price a slice of Christmas Cake") carried the following editorial:

In placing the first issue of the "NAMANULA TIMES" before the public we wish to state that while other papers through careless journalistic methods are most unreliable this journal contains nothing but the absolute and undisputable truth. The editor it may be stated is an ex-Sunday school teacher. The correctness of literary contributions forwarded to the "Namanula Times" must be testified to by the Judge Advocate, an O.C., a Nurse, or a Luluai. --- Ed.

The lead article of this edition is GRAND FANCY DRESS BALL: The Event of the Season, organised by the Nurses of Namanula Hospital, to be held that very

evening at Government House. Some of the fancy costumes expected to be worn were the Village Blacksmith, Sherlock Holmes, Buffalo Bill, Hamlet, Australian National Dress (toothbrush and white collar), Diogenes looking for an honest man, a gentile, a christian, and a Weeping Willow Tree.

On 1st January 1916, the New Year's edition carries a detailed description of the Grand Fancy Dress Ball, as well as the following:

DEATH NOTICE

Chin Fuk --- Suddenly, owing to collapse of platform at Rabaul, 22nd December, 1915; no flowers; Chinese papers please copy.

As reported, the Ball was an unqualified success:

The weather at first looked threatening, and when towards the evening the rain poured down in torrents, people commenced to doubt the wisdom of having executed Chin Fuk in the morning. Alas, --- the rain was merely a preliminary arrangement intended to bring down the temperature.

Mrs Parkinson, as a Samoan Princess, won the ladies' trophy; Major Mackenzie as a Samoan Chief and Lt.Cmdr Gready as Johnny Walker, scored an equal number of votes. Dr Parkinson dressed as a Hindu, and Miss Parkinson as a Gipsy. Matron Gibbon appeared as a Sunflower; and Miss Rondahl also appeared as a Sunflower.

As part of the entertainment, Mrs Kaumann (dressed as Pearl de Jardin) "sang with feeling Tosti's 'Good-Bye'. A quartette headed by Mrs Parkinson rendered the Samoan farewell song, dedicated to the American Admiral on the occasion of his departure from Samoa after the great hurricane; while a chorus of gentlemen delighted the party with such old favourites as 'Poor Old Joe', 'My Old Kentucky Home', 'On the Mississippi', and others."

There are some worrying aspects of this newspaper account for today's reader: Was Miss Rondahl's appearance as a Sunflower seen by Matron as a provocative act? (ii) Mrs Kaumann's rendition of "Good-Bye" was too late in the day to delight Chin Fuk, but how was it received by Mr Kaumann, her German husband, whom she was trying to divorce in order to save from expropriation at least half of her plantation, Karakakaul? (iii) Was Mrs Parkinson's follow-up farewell song designed to support her Samoan relative, or was it to ensure that another hurricane would not hit Samoa ... or both? (iv) Were the songs from the Deep South randomly selected by the gentlemen, or were they performed as a tribute to the Samoan extended family living in the Deep North of New Guinea?

Christmas this year will usher in the 95th anniversary of these Publications. It occurs to me that a re-enactment of the Grand Fancy Dress Ball, along the lines described, would be just the ticket for our PNGAA festive season.

AUSAID CONSULTANTS IN PNG by John Fowke

There was comment earlier this year regarding the value and associated cost of consultants employed in AusAid-backed projects in PNG. Later the chief of AusAid retired from his post. There is speculation, but no confirmation, that our overseas aid policy and program-formation procedures are to be shaken up. It is not known, either, whether the obvious nexus between the established multinational consultancies, the primary clients in the aid-chain, and their colleagues in DFAT and AusAid is to be looked at. These men and women, all “old boys” and “old girls” with bonds extending back to university days may not be as objective in their various negotiations as taxpayers would like to believe.

Whilst consultants employed to implement projects in PNG will obviously live with difficulties and frustrations at least as much as job-satisfaction, it is a sad fact that a great many of them are not well-prepared by their sponsors for the tasks and the working and social environment they face in PNG.

It is a characteristic both of AusAid and its partners, the consultancies which plan and execute projects, that examinations of project results in years following completion are filed away, the process and its completion, rather than the result, being the objective of the bureaucrats. Lessons, even if they are pointed to, are almost never learned and incorporated within the next set of endeavors. In recent decades half a dozen wasteful efforts beginning in the Southern Highlands back in the ‘seventies and finishing in South Simbu have achieved nothing at all apart from the enrichment of the consultancies concerned in implementation. Similarly we recall the 15-year-long- (late 1980’s-1990’s)- three-tranche Assistance to the PNG Police program- costly and largely without result. This one became “too hard,” and is understood to have been converted into a housing program. And this is to say nothing of the pitiful absence of “country-knowledge”, of understanding of the PNG psyche and politics, which must have accompanied the planning for the substantially- failed, and yet immensely important ECP program four years ago. In so many instances the naïve fancies of little groups of highly-educated but unworldly DFAT functionaries are brought to bear on situations which they really don't have the maturity or practical experience to understand. It seems to an outsider that the only product of any substance is the slow ooze of the rich, PhD-seeker-sustaining treacle which drips from the great, Canberra cornucopia which is AusAid.

With only a superficial understanding of the groups of people they are working with it is natural that engagement and achievement also are superficial. PNG is a highly-convoluted maze both in a physical and a conceptual sense.

For instance, whilst there is a perception commonly held in Australia that PNG politics is a sea of corruption, it is not generally understood just how wide and deep this problem is, nor of its social origins. I was in discussion with a young AusAid official some time ago, where I made one or two of the points sketched above. His reaction was to tell me with glee of the cunning and “street-smarts” of his compatriots, who, working with Government financial controllers in Port Moresby had formed a sort of “self-defense posse” against plundering politicians who would enter offices as soon as they were aware of the arrival of

funds into certain accounts and demand to see both the bank statements and signed cheques giving them access. My informant was overjoyed with what he described as a “Canberra ploy” where consultants showed the local finance men how to create so-called “hollow logs” - being hidden accounts where sums could be kept at will, unknown to the raiding politicians. I was quite stunned at the level of childish naivety demonstrated. Later I read the term “ hollow log” mentioned in a PNG press report dealing with some controversy involving public funds. One must believe that once again the Aussies had triumphed. Sad, isn't it?

Well, lets get realistic and leave out the academics recruited from teaching posts in remote provincial TAFE colleges, and substitute, as far as possible, committed and idealistic young ex-services men and women, ex- Shire council officers, even ex-ambulance and fire-services commissioned or managerial personnel, all of whom have worked at the coalface of society's problems and have achieved a certain level of balance and maturity combined with managerial skills. Young, intelligent people with recent overseas or other relevant experience, to be at the “coalface” in our PNG and Pacific aid-programs. Men and women who have lived in another culture and been involved in the resolution of conflict or the provision of basic civic services in less-fortunate societies. Men and women who then benefit from an advanced version of the “orientation courses” once delivered to second-division recruits to the TPNG Administration prior to travel to Port Moresby and onward posting. Of course, the Australian School of Pacific Administration and its post-war generation of PNG-experienced lecturers is no more. But such a no-nonsense, pragmatic induction course will not be difficult to re-create, given the will to institute the requisite changes in aid-provision policy and in recruitment of candidates for implementation duty. These people are seen by those they go to help as Australians, first, and skilled or helpful people second. Our relationship with PNG and the Pacific nations is one which will still be there, and still be important in our great-great-grand-childrens' day. It's important enough for us to be really serious about it. ■

Man Sanap Antap Long Mun (ii) or ‘The Moon Landing Conspiracy’ by Rod Morrison

I attach the cover and page 2 of *Nius Bilong Yumi* which announced the moon landing and subsequent moon walk of Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin just over forty years ago.

At the time I was OIC of the Wasu Patrol Post – North West of Finschhafen in the Morobe District. I called the Office Clerk, Parate, into my office and gave him copies of *Nius Bilong Yumi*. I asked him to read the account of the landing and to come back with any questions before handing out copies to station staff, schools and the Missions.

Twenty minutes later he called back. I said ‘Well Parate, any questions?’

Parate looked at me and smiled:

‘*Kiap, emi giaman tru, b.....t!*

Could this have been the start of the ‘Moonlanding Conspiracy’ theory?

(Page 2, *Nius Bilong Yumi*, Vol 11 No 15 15th August 1969 follows)

MAN SANAP ANTAP LONG MUN



Ol astronaut bilong Apollo 11, ibin mekim dres insa space-suit bilong ol na helmets bilong mekim redi long go kamap long spacecraft bilong ol. Commander Neil Armstrong em istap long pran bilong piksa, Mike Collins, long namel na Edwin Aldrin.

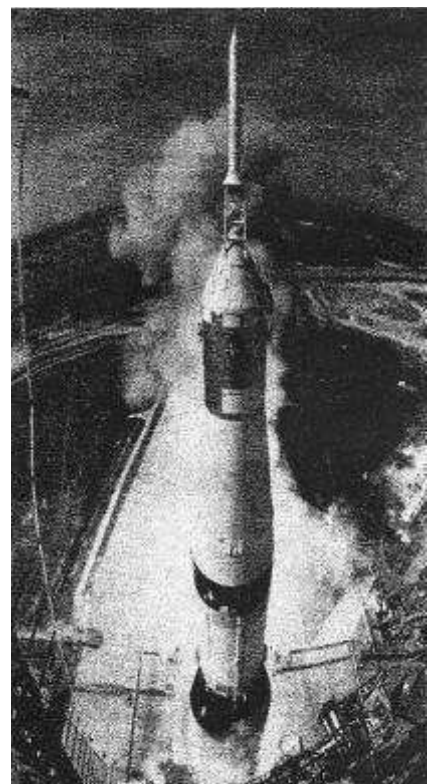
Tupela man bilong America ibin mekim histori taim tupela ibin podaun antap long mun long mun igo pinis. Tupela man hia ibin podaun long mun em long Neil Armstrong na Edwin Aldrin. Oli save kolim ol long astronauts, dispela em min olsem long ol i flai insait long sipes.

Dispela em i nambawan taim tru olsem nogat man ibin go long mun bipo. Ol spesial masin oli save kolim long spacecraft em tupela ibin podaun antap long mun long dispela na ol man ibin flai istap klostu tasol long mun bipo, tasol ol man ino save podaun antap long mun.

Neil Armstrong em i nambawan man long putim lek antap na krungutim mun. Edwin Aldrin em olsem to i wokabaut antap long mun. Tupela man hia ibin lusim moa olsem long tupela aua olgeta na wokabaut arasait long spacecraft bilong tupela.

Mun: em istap longwe olsem long graun. Em istap saining olsem 240,000 mail longwe long graun Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin na arapela man oli save kolim long Michael Collins, tripela ol bin wokabaut istap inap olsem long tripela de olgeta long kamap long mun insait long wanpela masin oli save kolim long rocket. Rocket hia em i olsem wanpela balus tasol em nogat wing bilong en. Olsem rocket iken wokabaut istap long plenti handret mail istap long olgeta aua, em inap long kisim ol astronaut long tripela de olgeta long go kamap long mun. Nem bilong rocket bilong ol em long Apollo 11.

Taim ol kamap long min, namba tri man istap insait long rocket, Michael Collins, em bin flai istap antap long mun, taim Neil Armstrong na Edwin Aldrin tupela ibin go daun antap long mun insait long wanpela liklik spacecraft oli save kolim long 'Eagle'. Dispela liklik spacecraft hia oli bin pasim long Apollo na flai igo antap, Skruim ken long narapela pes.



Apollo 11 ibin soim istap long Cape Kennedy, Florida, insait long United States, long namba 16 de bilong mun July, long statim flai bilong em igo long mun.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY FAMILY'S EARLY YEARS IN THE BRITISH SOLOMON ISLANDS

By John Chaning-Pearce

The McDonald's, my great-great-grandparents on my mother's side, first arrived in the Solomon Islands on their sailing ship in about 1864. Captain McDonald brought his family out from America, via New Zealand, staying and trading for some time in the Fiji Islands, before settling his family in the Shortlands Islands, Solomons. He was involved in early blackbirding, planting and trading, and supplied workers from the Solomon Islands and Bougainville to the Queensland sugar plantations. In those days Captain McDonald spend time sailing along the coasts of Bougainville and throughout the Solomon and the New Guinea Islands, trading goods for sun-dried copra, recruiting workers for the newly formed sugar cane plantations in Queensland, and his own trading leases that he had set up in the Western Solomons.

My grandmother, Clara Scott, was born in Maryborough, Queensland. Her mother was taken down in the family's sailing ship from the Shortland Islands to Australia in about 1890 for the birth. A few years after this, my grandmother's sister, Ethel was born at Vunapope Catholic mission at Kokopo in about 1893.

My extended family operated plantations all around the Shortland Islands before WWII; some on the Farroe Islands, others a plantation on Balalai Island, which later became a well used Japanese war time airstrip where 516 English prisoner laboured until their deaths either by allied bombing or execution.

My Grandmother owned Tapokai Plantation on Laminiai Island, and the smaller Orlofi Island where she lived pre war. She and her husband Hugh Scott also leased Kamaliai Plantation on the mainland Shortlands. At this time, the family also owned and leased other tracts of land in the Shortlands, including Faisi Island, which they later sold to Burns Philp who built a large pre war general store. The world depression hit the family fortunes hard, particularly when copra prices dropped to five pounds a ton. It was then that much of the family's holdings were sold to Burns Philp to pay off debts. In the years prior to the war, the Solomon Islands were serviced by Burns Philp steamers sailing from Sydney approximately every six weeks. My Grandmother Clara's home on Orlofi Island was a social hub and meeting place for the white population in the area, particularly when the local planters would arrive in their launches and sailing boats to collect mail and supplies from the BP steamers. Clara Scott was renowned for her good cooking and hospitality and she was well remembered for the parties held there when the mail steamers arrived.

My grandmother owned a launch called the "Lauai" which she used for trading copra. She later used this as her means of escape to Tulagi at the outbreak of the war.

She was much loved by the natives in the Shortlands for her medical knowledge. She was a midwife and used to regularly be called out to assist the

local women as well as the expatriate community. For these services she was awarded the MBE in the 1960s.

My mother Betty was born in Sydney in 1912 and spent most of her early years with her parents living on family leases around the Shortlands. Clara and Hugh Scott divorced, during the depression, when they were planting Kamaliai plantation in the 1920s. Hugh Scott left the Solomons, and then moved to manage plantations in the Bainings district of New Britain, where he was near his sister, Rhoda Coote, and her family. In 1945 Hugh Scott and Philip Coote were reported as being prisoners on the doomed Japanese ship the *Montevideo Maru* which left Rabaul in June 1942. My mother returned to Clara's Orlofi Island home after finishing her schooling in Sydney. Soon afterwards Clara's sister, Ethel, wrote inviting her to visit in the UK where she and her husband had moved to after her husband had retired from the British Colonial Service - they had met and married while her husband, Judge Bates, a circuit judge was serving at Tulagi, which was at that time the capital of the British Solomon Islands.

It was on her return sea voyage from the UK to the Solomon Islands in 1933 that my mother first met my father, who was returning to India where he worked as the manager of a tea estate in Assam. Mother and Dad wrote to each other regularly over a three year period and it was only after many letters between Dad in India and mother in the Solomons that they finally decided to meet up again and get married in 1937.

Sadly my mother was to die in India from Typhoid Fever when my brother David and I were very young and we were to have little contact with my mother's family during our early life.

My brother and I spent our early years with my father's brother's family who were also in India, and returned with them to the UK after the war. David and I were later accompanied out to East Africa by Grandmother's sister Ethel when my father remarried and resumed working with the tea company, in Tanganyika, East Africa.

Through our aunt, David and I heard that our Grandmother was keen for us to join her in the Solomons on her copra plantation after we completed our schooling in South Africa. At that time, the prospect for two young fellows living and working on a South Pacific island was irresistible. We sailed from South Africa by cargo ship to Sydney, and then on to Rabaul on the *MV Malaita*. From Rabaul we sailed on the *MV Pollurian*, down the east coast of Bougainville to Kangu beach near Buin patrol post. At that time there were still several wrecked Japanese naval ships that had been bombed in the war years but had managed to scuttle on the beach. The *Pollurian* anchored near them off Patupatuai Methodist mission beach and it was there we met our Grandmother.

After stocking up on supplies at Tong Leps store at Kangu we stayed overnight. The next day we made the three hour voyage over to Nila Catholic Mission on the *Santa Maria*, a sailing boat owned by the Mission at Nila in the Shortland

Islands. This launch used to make a fortnightly trip to Buin to collect mail and supplies, when the Catalina flying boat was scheduled to arrive.

On reaching our final destination on Tapokai Plantation after our long trip out from Africa we soon discovered that Grandmother was not well off. She lived in a large native material house with plaited bamboo walls, split betel nut timber floors and saksak leaf roof. The plantation which we understood had been fully planted with cocoa turned out to be a mostly unplanted island with about fifty acres of coconuts and about ten cocoa trees. Back in South Africa, we had been led to believe that cocoa was the new crop to plant and fetched two hundred pounds a bag! We produced no more than three or four tons of copra a month and no cocoa! We discovered our Grandmother was very set in her ways, having lived on her own since the end of the war without much contact with the outside world. She meant well but really was in no position to offer us much hope for a future in the Shortlands. We had to get used to living very frugally, mainly supporting ourselves off the land. She had lots of chickens so we lived off these. The fishing was excellent too, and we would also eat sago, which is made from the pith of the sago palm, and kaukau (sweet potatoes). We also planted our own vegies.

Living in the Shortland Island at that time was a very interesting experience. During the war they had been occupied by 10,000 Japanese troops and there were many wartime relics still lying around the Shortlands mainland and surrounding islands. We could find old trucks and railway lines, complete power plants, unexploded bombs, and lots of unused machine gun ammunition. There were thousands of sheets of metal marsden matting which in the war was used to lay down on war time airstrips. There were wrecked aircraft and sunken ships in the shallows all around the Shortlands and surrounding islands, which we would regularly see while out in our sailing canoe.

After a few months with our grandmother, she arranged for my brother to spend time with Paul Mason (a famous war time Coastwatcher) on Inus plantation on Bougainville to learn what he could about copra and cocoa. He was later offered a job as overseer and worked on Inus for the next thirteen years.

I was left on the island with Grandmother, but the plantation stopped functioning and she was not easy to get on with. Shortly after we arrived there she had a two-man native outrigger canoe made for us, which my brother and I used to have great fun with. We made up sails from a scrounged wartime silk parachute, (the natives had many of these) and we used to do a lot of sailing. To get the canoe to sail in a stiff breeze we would have to sit out trapeze like on a four-inch wide plank outboard of the hull, while steering with a long sweep oar. When sailing at its best we would balance the canoe with the outrigger out of the water while we zoomed along. It was exhilarating! After my brother left, I used to sail on my own and explore many of the surrounding islands. On one excursion I sailed the canoe about twenty miles along the coast, sailing past Poperang Island where Nila Catholic Mission Station was situated, then through the passage between Faisi Island and the mainland, past Lofung

Plantation, which was at that time managed as a plantation by Trevor Hughes, who worked for the well known Solomons identity, Ken Dalrymple Hayes. I spent the night on Sivilua Island where Captain Ritchie's wife and daughter Hillary, had been marooned by the old captain. Captain Ritchie traded around the Solomons in an old three masted sailing ship called the *Myeena*. Because his business was failing, he moved his family from their home in Sydney, and settled his wife and daughter on the tiny island where the two ladies somehow managed to eke out a living.

Next day I set out on an exhilarating sail to Kamaliai Plantation about ten miles further round the island, where I stayed with Eric and Mary Guerney and family. Eric worked for Mary's parents, the Hammits who had various land leases on the Shortland Islands. I then moved on to stay at Laumona, the Hammit's main trading base. I had a wonderful time with this family and spent a full month with them. They too were struggling to make ends meet and had big business interests in the Shortlands. After a month with them, I returned to grandmother's island.

After the war the original settlers in the Solomons never had the benefits of claiming war damage on their properties, as did those settlers in PNG, so consequently most white settlers were struggling.

While living in the Shortlands, our biggest project was to have an enormous canoe built which was completed shortly before my departure. The canoe was made from a gigantic tree trunk we had cut from the forest section of the island. The canoe could take about twenty passengers, and was eventually powered by an outboard motor and sails. This was used to travel the thirty odd miles to Buin and back every fortnight to pick up mail when the Catalina flying boat flew in to Tonelai bay. A government workboat, the *Isis* or the *Hazel*, would set out from Kangu for the three hour trip to Tonelai to collect the mail off the plane, which used to fly in around noon. The workboat would return to Kangu beach in the afternoon. Our big canoe would often leave fairly late in the day for the three hour trip back to Tapokai, after waiting for the mail and supplies. Many of those trips across the straits between Bougainville and the Shortlands were conducted in bad weather and rough seas, including night sailing.

Eventually I decided that I should fly to Rabaul on the Catalina flying boat and search for a job. In subsequent years I occasionally returned to visit my Grandmother for short stays, normally having to organise and purchase stores and drums of petrol for the outboard motor in Buin before going over to the Shortlands on the big canoe.

My Grandmother died at Vunapope hospital, Kokopo, East New Britain in 1970. My brother David and I were to continue to work on plantations on Bougainville and the New Guinea Islands for many years, but never had the inclination to return to the Solomon Islands. ■

TWO POLICE POMS IN THE ROYAL PAPUA NEW GUINEA CONSTABULARY by Rosemary Hollands

In 1979, my husband Sean being somewhat disenchanted with his lot as a Police Sergeant in Maidstone Crown court applied for a position with the RPNGC. Much to our surprise we received a letter informing us that they were now also looking for a female officer for their fledgling Policewomen's department, and that if I was interested would I send in my CV.

Eventually we were invited for interview at the PNG High Commission in London on a hot summer's day. On arrival we were introduced to a white Australian called Terry Selva, who was a serving Superintendent in the RPNGC. A black man was also present, who sat back observing but taking very little part, until eventually he introduced himself as Deputy Commissioner Henry Tokam. Three hours later we left the High Commission, not quite knowing how the interview had gone.

Several weeks later we both received letters of invitation to work in PNG as Inspectors, Sean in Traffic and me with the policewomen. Panic stations!! What had we let ourselves in for? All the way through the recruitment process we had been doubtful of success. What a decision to make. Two daughters aged 6 and 10, 4 not so young parents, 2 elderly cats, a mortgaged house, a newly purchased caravan, a car etc.

After much talking and deliberations we decided to accept, and were given a start date in January 1980. By courtesy of Chief Inspector Barbara Duckworth of Kent Police I was allowed to sit in on a Police women's refresher course to update my knowledge of law and modern techniques. At this time I had been out of the police for 12 years.

Six months later, house let, cats to friends, caravan and car sold, we said goodbye to family and friends and left UK in a snowstorm. Our flight seemed to take forever, having stops at Rome, Delhi, Bangkok and eventually arriving at Hong Kong. A 7 hour wait and off once again this time in an ageing Boeing 707 of Air Niugini. This plane almost seemed to flap its wings to get along compared to the BA Boeing 747 that had been our previous mode of transport. Seven hours later we arrived at Jackson Airport, Port Moresby. It was 6am, humidity at 90% with the temperature around 90F, what a shock to the system. I was still wearing tights and Sean a long sleeved shirt!

We were met by a white Officer, Chief Inspector Pat Barry, an Australian, with a police minibus and discovered that on our flight all the way from England was another officer Des Williams from Wales. He was to work in CID in the Highlands at Mount Hagen. We were taken to the Islander Hotel, which unknown to us at that time, was to be our home for the next five months, the first 8 weeks of which was in one room! My first impression was people walking on the side of the road with huge flat feet. Sean's memory was somewhat different, bare breasted women!

The next morning we were collected early and taken to PHQ to meet the Commissioner Mr Bouraga. He made us welcome very informally by English standards and all went well until our younger daughter Vikki was sick, apparently caused by tiredness. The next few days were taken up with arranging schools, opening bank accounts, buying a car etc. We then went to Bomana Police College to collect our uniforms. All went well for Sean, he being a man, but I was told there was nothing for me as they had not had a Woman Officer before. I was not happy with the situation as I could easily be confused with the white Secretaries who were still employed at that time. The problem was resolved by using the same

uniform as the Police women were wearing, with the addition of mess dress epaulettes and rank insignia.

On one of our first days in uniform we were photographed by the national press, being the first English officers to arrive as a family with young children. As a result we were always being told, "I saw you in the paper."

Sean soon started work at Hohola Traffic section and I went to Boroko to work with the Juvenile Squad, as the existing police women were working in various departments, while men looked after female prisoners and children resulting in numerous problems. I had 11 members of the squad, all Nationals, including one First Constable Daniel Punsarawa, who did not speak English, but understood much of it. This resulted in a crash course in Pidgin at the YWCA, at 3 mile Hostel.

As a member of the Juvenile squad, I was expected to be on call for Homicide, from time to time. One evening just after dark, about 6pm, I was called out because a body had been found at the edge of the gardens at a Mission Station about 10 miles out of Port Moresby. Together with other National members of Homicide we went to the Mission station with a Land Cruiser, a CID car and the Homicide Box. The mission station was the first point of contact with PHQ by telephone. On arrival we collected the person to whom the body had been reported and drove through the gardens as far as possible, only to discover that the radios were out of range of PHQ. I remained with the Land Cruiser and driver for communication purposes, and a Sergeant and others left on foot, to look for the body. About 2 hours later, after numerous flat torch batteries, and dozens of mosquito bites we received information that they had found the body! The fly ridden entrails of a dog!

Another task for me early in my days in PNG was to inspect the arrangements for female prisoners in the cell block at Boroko police station. Boroko is the main police station for the city of Port Moresby. I entered the cell block through a metal gate, through which the stench of dirty drains and sweaty bodies permeated at all times of day. Behind the inner gate were dozens of male prisoners, through which I had to push my way to get to the actual cells. None of the cell doors were closed, so I enquired if they had any female prisoners, and if so where were they? The person showing me round pointed to a wooden door that appeared to be locked, but had no handle or lock on the outside. I asked how one could get in and was told to knock. Eventually the door was unlocked from the inside by a female prisoner, there being several inside. I queried the situation and was told the lock was on the inside to stop the prisoners being raped by both male prisoners and policemen alike.

Within two days there were two locks on the outside of the door, with one set of keys held by the male Sergeant in charge and the other by me or the policewoman on duty. We had no more problems after that.

Eventually all 23 policewomen were withdrawn from all other departments in which they had been working to concentrate on working with females and children. Even the Commissioner, who had the most attractive policewoman as his driver, had to release her to her specialist duties. Sean was also very disgruntled as he had to release his only policewoman to me, she being one of the brightest and most productive members of his traffic section.

After several months working with the Juvenile Squad I was given a briefing to prepare a report for the Commissioner, containing my recommendation for the employment and housing of policewomen in other parts of the country. This

resulted in a 2 week visit to all major centres of population to obtain the necessary information and to sound out the views of the local area Commanders.

One day, at the Rabaul Travel Lodge, whilst waiting in the early evening sunshine for the local Inspector to collect me for dinner at the local Officers Mess, I was approached by a white Australian man who wanted my company for the evening. I politely refused despite his persistence, and was very pleased to see my colleague, a National, approaching in his private car, not in uniform. The look on the Australian's face was a picture, and I got into the car to hear him muttering something to the effect that I would be better off with him. The next morning I went to the restaurant for breakfast, in uniform and saw the same Australian who had spoken to me the previous evening. On seeing my uniform he went bright red and looked appropriately embarrassed.

One of the places I visited was Mount Hagen in the Highlands province, where I stayed with Des Williams and his wife at their house. I was awoken one night, it was still dark, by a noise I had never heard before, the clatter of falling items and the sound of a car alarm. I then realised the whole house was shaking and at that stage my bedroom door was opened and Des shouted to get out as soon as possible. It was an earthquake of some substance. We all rushed outside and it stopped as quickly as it had started, quiet apart from car alarms, peoples' voices and dogs barking. We went back into the house which had withstood the shaking to find all the contents of the cupboards and fridge strewn across the floor and that water had slopped out of the toilet basin, so violent was the quake. The outside water tank had also been ruptured. We heard later that the quake registered 7.1 on the Richter scale and that the epicentre had been about 200 miles away.

After I had submitted my report to the Commissioner, and my recommendations had been accepted, the number of policewomen recruited gradually increased. Among the original recruits were 3 very bright young women, WPCs Cathy Simatab, Joanne Paul and Miriam Yawa. These were all promoted at various times and by the time my contract was over they had all reached the rank of Sergeant, and shared the responsibilities of my job between them. Since then I am aware that at least two of them eventually reached the rank of Superintendent, a big achievement on their part, bearing in mind the status of women in PNG society.

There were many unfamiliar and amusing happenings during my time in PNG. One morning I went out to unlock the gate to the house in which we lived, only to find a white car blocking the entrance to our drive, with 2 men slumped across the seats. I called Sean and as he looked into the car it started to move very slowly forwards. We were able to stop it, apply the handbrake and remove the keys while its occupants slept. A phone call to the police station resulted in the attendance of one of the Sector patrols.

These were double cabbed Toyota Land Cruisers, with a prison cage on the back, crewed by four policemen. The crew normally consisted of a Sergeant or other NCO and 3 constables. On their arrival, having examined the van and its occupants the Sergeant informed me that they were policemen, members of the Liquor Licensing Squad, who had been on duty over the weekend and had seized some beer from the black market, as part of their duties. Unfortunately they had decided to sample some of it, resulting in the current situation. Unbeknown to me these men were in fact under my command. The two men were arrested, and unceremoniously deposited into the cage and taken to the police station and

charged. A few days later I had to hear two disciplinary charges, as Officer in Charge of General Duties. They were both on probation and I recommended their dismissal, which was upheld by my senior Officer.

In PNG at this time there were no facilities for caring for lost children, and I found that there was a Leonard Cheshire Home for disabled children in Port Moresby. I was able to make arrangements for them to look after any lost children until we located the parents. This began my personal involvement with the Cheshire Foundation, which continued for many years on my return to the UK. I became a member of the Management Committee of the PNG home, and during my time there we were able to fund a new wing for the Home. Sir Leonard Cheshire visited during this time and invited HM Queen Elizabeth II to open it on her visit to PNG. We were fortunate enough to be invited to the official opening and shook hands with HM and HRH the Duke of Edinburgh.

Sean and I were both involved in the arrangements and security for the Royal visit. Early one morning, after the arrival of the Royal Yacht Britannia, I was visiting the dockside with another senior officer, to check security, and was able to sit in the new car which had been imported for the Royal visit. We were also invited on board Britannia and had coffee with the officers. What an opportunity, which would never have happened to me in the UK.

Overall I thoroughly enjoyed my time in PNG, although at times it was stressful and frustrating. It was an opportunity to see a different part of the world, and be paid for doing so. Both our daughters enjoyed their time there, and the opportunity ignited an interest in travel for them. This bug has never left them, resulting in our elder daughter living and working in the USA for over 16 years. We also have 2 grandsons who hold dual nationality, currently living in Leesburg, Virginia.

I visit annually and Sean a little less frequently. Little did we realise that three years in PNG was to have such an influence on our lives. ▪

Jim van der Kamp took part, again this year, in the "Cardiac Challenge" organised by the Cairns Hospital Heart Foundation. The three day bicycle ride from Cairns



to Cooktown took place on 26 to 28 September. Jim raised \$ 475 in the preceding months, compared with \$820 in 2008. Apparently raffle tickets were not sold this year as they were not all returned last year...so money was raised by word of mouth.

Jim, at 69, was the oldest rider of 174 entrants. Before taking on the last 85 kms from Lakeland Downs to Cooktown on the third day, there was a 'Time Trial' early in the morning. Jim won in the over 60 (geriatrics) category. We hear that there was great excitement, with much cheering, when his name was called out later in the Cooktown RSL. Jim says it was 'exciting to see the small computerclock on the bike go up to 300 kms before Cooktown'.

Jim's son, Jacob, (with just a slight resemblance to his dad!) supported his father along the way. Jim tells us he quickly forgot the endless hills and the heat and exhaustion – he felt great to have done it!

Congratulations Jim – we are looking forward to hearing the results next year! ▪

CHRISTMAS AT THE WESTERN DISTRICT CLUB – DARU – 1975 by Rod Morrison

Decorations and bags of presents for the children decorated the stage of the Western District Club.

Reindeers and sleighs were short on supply in the tropics, so the mode of transport was a red ute with Santa and his helper giving out sweets from the back of the ute, en route to the Club via the town. (Daru is located on a small island, for those who haven't been there.)

Father Christmas', in a suit provided by the local Hospital, arrived at the Club. An occasional rum and coke was then supplied to Santa and his helper to help prevent dehydration.

The children's names were called and each proceeded to the stage to receive their gift. When my daughter Cassandra came up with her mum, Jane, my daughter said something like: "I'm not taking something from him!" Those present had a huge laugh, and after Cassie eventually took the gift and returned to her chair I decided my disguise had only fooled my daughter.

When Santa and his helper walked up to the stage, on arrival at the Club, the family dog - a black labrador called 'Rastas' (Bob Marley influence) came in from the veranda and promptly sat down beside Santa!

So much for the locals not knowing who Santa was!



Father Christmas (yours truly) and Santa's helper (Trevor Johns, a Kiwi and Fisheries Officer, posted to Daru) are depicted bringing Christmas cheer to the PNG and Expats kids at the Western District Club. ■

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

LUCAS Neil Douglas (10 August 2009, aged 73 years)

Neil was born at Latrobe in Tasmania. He joined the Department of Native Affairs as a Cadet Patrol Officer in February 1956, and spent the better part of 20 years in PNG. His first posting was to the Northern District, where he spent time in Popondetta, Ioma and Tufi. Following the long course at ASOPA, he went to the Southern Highlands, where he spent five years, working from most of the Patrol Posts in the District. In 1963 he was posted to Port Moresby, and during his time there he met, and married Jan, his wife of 45 years. For most of 1964 they lived at Kwikila, and were then transferred to Magarida. Two years later, Neil took over as OIC Kupiano, the Abau Subdistrict headquarters, where they spent four happy years. A final two years were spent in Lae, before the family returned to Australia in 1971, settling at Amamoor, near Gympie. After twelve months there, Neil was required to return to PNG for a further term, during which time he was in Lae, and Port Moresby. He returned home to Amamoor in late 1974.

Neil left us on 10th August 2009, from complications following surgery for bladder cancer, and is survived by his wife Jan, and children Rosalind and Robert. He was a man of many talents, and will be sorely missed by his family, and all those who knew him.

Jan Lucas

John Gaskell LEAKE (21 August 2009 aged 80 years)

John began work at fourteen and a half as a delivery boy for Carson Film Supplies. He soon aspired to become a newsreel cameraman and moved to Movietone where he quickly made a name for himself. It was during this time that he met and married Marion. Further positions were with the Dept. of Information and Supreme Sound Studios. In 1960 he became Australia's first true Freelance Cinematographer. His special connection with Papua New Guinea was when he was selected, in 1957, as the cameraman to film 'New Guinea Patrol', an award winning film shown worldwide and, fifty years later, still available on DVD. Lifelong friendships and fond memories developed from this patrol. John and his wife Marion, Jim Sinclair OBE (the leader of the patrol), and patrol members Albert Speer MBE and Neil Grant, have kept in touch. John and Marion regularly attended and looked forward to the PNGAA functions especially at Christmas as it gave them a chance to catch up with old friends and family. John was a Founding Member (1958) of the Australian Cinematographers Society and had a lifetime involvement with the Society, serving both as Federal President and NSW President. He was an outstanding cinematographer, and mentor and father figure to many of his colleagues and successors in the industry. John was the esteemed father-in-law of Chris Johnston and a good friend of the Johnston family. He is survived by his wife Marion, four daughters, eight grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Nancy Johnston

Don DUNBAR-REID (9 October 2009) – We hope to have further details next issue.

David 'Ian' PURVIS (10 January 2009, aged 80 years)
Ian grew up in Brisbane and attended Brisbane Grammar where he excelled at Rugby Union. With his tall, thin frame, his father suggested a career in Rugby might not be the best choice, so Ian tried various jobs before travelling to PNG in 1953 to begin cadet officer training for WR Carpenter (CPL) There he married Averil and they had two children, Jamie and Ruth. In 1973 he retired from Carpenters (and from working life) after 20 years' service where he had risen to top management. The family settled in Brisbane. But city life was not for Ian. After a couple of years he returned to PNG to live on his plantation at Kokopo. It was here, after some years, that he and his second wife, Irene, began 26 idyllic years together. They finally came to Australia to settle in 1991. In between extensive travels abroad, they spent their time between their Brisbane home and Maleny 'farm'. Ian was an avid lover of the arts and he and Irene were able to attend and enjoy many live theatre productions, as well as his beloved Rugby Union. An extremely intelligent, practical, demanding (as many would know) and charming man, he did not suffer fools gladly. Ian is survived by wife Irene, and his children Jamie and Ruth and their families.

Irene Purvis

Lenard Joseph TOURNIER (16th July, 2009 aged 81 years)

Len was born in Ballarat and arrived in Port Moresby in 1972 to work with the Tax Department; he was a very keen fisherman - with the Galley Reach area being a favourite spot. Len also enjoyed playing golf in Port Moresby.

In 1985 he left PNG to operate an avocado orchard and then travelled around Australia for a year before managing the Macadamia Farm in Dunoon for the next eight years, regularly travelling up to Cairns and Northern Territory to do Barramundi fishing. Unfortunately Len had health problems which caused him to lose both legs. Undaunted, he learnt to use computers and enjoyed working the stock market.

Len kept in touch with many friends from PNG and his ex servicemen friends from the occupational forces in Japan and later the Korean conflict. Len is survived by his sister Mary and her family.

John & Glenda Schofield

Mr Walter L COOKE (7 January 2009, aged 83 years) Walter was with Bulolo Gold Dredging. Survived by daughter Marina Geiger. No further details.

Henry Bruce INCH J.P.(28 July 2009, aged 74 years)

After being inducted into RAAF National Service in 1952, he later joined the New South Wales Police Force resigning to join the RPNGC the following day on 25.8.1958. He served at Port Moresby, Lae, Manus, Mendi, Wau and Rabaul, resigning from the Constabulary on 29.5.1971 at rank of Inspector (2c). His great love was the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles in which he served in three companies between 24.11..58 to 1.10.1970 resigning at the rank of WO2 (CSM).

He returned to his birth place of Coolamon NSW and spent the following 25 years with the NSW Department of Motor Transport as a road traffic enforcement officer in the Wagga Wagga region. He is survived by one son.

MR HAYES

Dr Douglas A RUSSELL (May 2009, aged 91years)- Dr Russell was in PNG from 1956-1976 with the Public Health Department. Whilst based in Port Moresby he travelled widely in PNG. He is survived by his wife Thelma. They had three children Adrian, Jeremy and Martin.

Chris (Christian Pierre) CIASTKOWSKI (24th September 2009, aged 60 years)

Chris passed away 24/9/09 in Melbourne. He was a kiap from 1970 to 1979. He served in West New Britain, the Southern Highlands and the Northern District. During his last year in PNG he found himself out of contract but his wife Joan, who he met and married in PNG, won a position as census co-ordinator in the Northern District for the 1979 National Census. In his never say die attitude Chris spent the better part of his last year in PNG selling World Book encyclopaedias to all his friends and contacts throughout the country. He and his wife Joan, were great mates of ours and we continued this friendship when chance brought us together again in Australia in the early 80s. Chris was always a go-getter and like a true kiap a jack of all trades. On his return to Australia he tried his hand at many things. He was sales manager for Motorola, security guard, news agency owner, staff manager at the Hyatt, farmer in Tasmania and finally marketing manager and part owner of a group of conference centres operated by the Grange group of companies. It was this last enterprise that allowed him to retire about five years ago and travel the world. We have many fond memories of our time together both in PNG and Australia. He will be missed by me, my wife and our grown-up children who, like us, remember him fondly. Vale Chris.

Fulvio Favetta

Richard (Dick) O'SULLIVAN (7th July 2009, aged 81 years)

He was born on the 28th May 1928 in County Cork Ireland, and migrated to Townsville in 1950 to escape the cold of the European winters. From Townsville he applied for a position as a motor mechanic, his trade, with the PNG Department of Transport. In January 1951, Dick was posted to Popondetta following the Mt Lamington eruption of January 21st, to maintain the few vehicles available at that time. After a period of time Dick resigned from the Administration to be employed by the Sangara plantation where he worked for some three years before returning to the Administration. Dick met Marie Mitchell who was an infant welfare sister at Saiko and they were married in 1955.

They were posted to Rabaul, thence to Wewak, Mt Hagen and finally Port Moresby for the last ten years before Independence in 1975. Dick & Marie had three children, two girls Christine and Kerry, and son Peter. The family settled on the Sunshine Coast at Maroochydore where Dick could indulge in his main recreational activity that of fishing. Towards the end of his life, Dick and Marie moved to Mapleton for health reasons until declining health necessitated Dick having to be admitted to a Nursing home at Maleny. Dick is survived by his wife Marie, their three children and eight grandchildren.

Submitted by Marie O'Sullivan & Alan Boag

Mrs Mary NEWTON – Mary was the wife of Gerald Newton of Public Works Department. No further details

Francis Gerrard CLEARY died (22 April 1925 - 13 April 2009).

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Mr VW FAULKNER	60 Stewart St, LENNOX HEAD, NSW 2478
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Mr JP LEA	10 Haig St, CHATSWOOD NSW 2067
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Screen Australia has several historical films available on DVD

New Release: Along the Sepik: 1963-64, 27 minutes, B & W, Cost: \$34.50 plus p&p. Producer: Maslyn Williams. This film gives a lively picture of life on the Upper Sepik River when it was little touched by outsiders. Pointing to a map in his office, ADO Des Martin explains why the May River Patrol Post was set up (cannibalism and the prospect of payback). Then it shows Patrol Officer Barry Downes patrolling up-river, and a bush 'court', with Justice Mann presiding (in wig and gown), along with a European Prosecutor and Defence Counsel, and local interpreters and witnesses.

New Release: My Valley is Changing: 1970, 26 minutes Cost \$34.50 plus p&p. The building of a giant open-cut copper mine on Bougainville brought profound change to local landowners. Despite royalties, training programs and extensive development, landowner concerns eventually escalated into conflict, which resulted in the closure of the mine. These issues are already clearly evident in this film, made shortly after the mine opened in 1970.

New Release: Breaking Bows and Arrows: 2002, 52 minutes Cost \$34.50 plus p&p. On Bougainville, a broken community is turning to tradition to heal the rifts caused by a decade of armed conflict. The 1998 ceasefire may have stopped neighbour killing neighbour but the legacy remains – loss, anger, pain, distrust and revenge. However, across the island, ex-fighters are joining with the families of those they have killed in traditional ceremonies aimed at healing the division. This powerful documentary shows how the path to true reconciliation begins with this forgiveness.

New Guinea Patrol: 1958, Colour, 43 minutes Cost: \$34.50 plus p&p
This film follows Jim Sinclair, Albert Speer, Neil Grant and a team of constables, carriers, interpreters and medical personnel as they journey from the furthest outpost of Koroba into the unknown high interior of New Guinea. Their job is to explore and survey the Strickland River and beyond, to make first contact with the people living there and introduce them to Western culture.
Writer/Producer Maslyn Williams; Director Peter Dimond; Camera John Leake

Colonists for a Day: 1993, Colour 55 minutes Cost: \$34.50 plus p&p
This film gives detailed background as to why Independence in PNG came when it did and describes our attempt to set up a Western economic structure and system of law. Commentators are Dick Giddings, Jim Sinclair, Ian Downs and John Waiko. It covers the years to 1975 and land-mark events, such as the construction of the road to the Highlands, the establishment of coffee plantations, UN Visiting Missions, and local political movements. David Marsh, Tom Ellis, Michael Somare, John Guise, John Kaputin, and Barry Blogg appear briefly, as do PMs Gorton and Whitlam.

My Father, My Country: 1989, Colour, 55 minutes Cost \$34.50 plus p&p
In 1938 three Australian patrol officers, Jim Taylor, John Black and Pat Walsh, set off on an epic journey into the unexplored highlands of PNG. Their purpose was to make contact with 'stone age' tribes who knew nothing of the outside world. Fifty years later, Jim's daughter Meg retraced the footsteps of her father's historic patrol.

Also Available: In the South Seas: 1948 11 mins, B & W, \$25 plus p&p

-Kompani Bilong Yumi: 1969, 27 mins, \$34.50 plus p&p

-Aust. Biography: Dame Rachel Cleland, 2001, colour, 26 mins, \$34.50 plus p&p

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