



# Una Voce

JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC

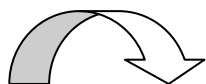
Patrons: Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)  
Mr Fred Kaad OBE

## Annual General Meeting And Luncheon

To be held on **Sunday 27 March 2011** at Killara Golf Club in Sydney. Full details are on page 3 of this issue; booking slip and payment form are on a separate yellow insert.

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

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

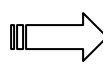


## **ARE YOU UNFINANCIAL?**

If you notice a **red dot on the address label** of your copy of *Una Voce*, you are **unfinancial**. Please complete the Membership Renewal Form on the yellow insert – please also include your membership number.

Please note: Membership Fees \$25 pa.

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 **Have a say!** Visit the **FORUM** on our website: [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)

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**‘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](mailto:editor@pngaa.net) By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet unless you advise us to the contrary.

*Una Voce* is published in March, June, September and December.

**Advertising** is available - please contact the Editor.

**Website:** [www.pngaa.net](http://www.pngaa.net)

**Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG.** Annual subscription - \$25. 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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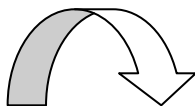
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**We encourage members to please pay membership fees by direct deposit to the PNGAA account as follows:**

BSB: 062 009 Account No.: 0090 7724

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

\* \* \* \* \*

**The following change of address should have appeared in 2010:**

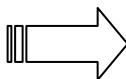
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**Deadline for June issue of Una Voce: 6 May 2011**



**The PNGAA collection** can now be accessed through the **Fryer Library** home page, [www.library.uq.edu.au/fryer](http://www.library.uq.edu.au/fryer). It appears as the ‘Featured Collection’, under ‘News and Events’

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

## NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

**Sunday 27 March 2011**

The 60<sup>th</sup> Annual General Meeting of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Incorporated, will be held in Sydney on **Sunday 27 March 2011 at the Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara, NSW, (in Sydney)** commencing at 11:30 am. Please see separate flyer regarding elections and nominations. Following the AGM there will be a short break before Michael Waterhouse will be speaking about the NG goldfields and his book: "Not a Poor Man's Field". A Luncheon has been arranged starting at 1:00 pm.

### AGENDA

1. Members present and apologies.
2. Confirmation of the Minutes
  - 2.1 Minutes of the 59<sup>th</sup> AGM as circulated in June 2010 *Una Voce* (pp54-58)
  - 2.2 Business arising from those Minutes
  - 2.3 Nomination of Fred Kaad OBE as Honorary Life Member *of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia pursuant to Rule 4.5*
3. Nomination of Ross Johnson as Honorary Life Member *of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia pursuant to Rule 4.5*
4. President's Report
5. Treasurer's Report and Adoption of Audited Financial Statements
6. Certificate required by Section 27 (1) (b) of the Associations Incorporation Act 1984
7. Correspondence
8. Appointment of Honorary Auditor (Refer Rule 37 of the Constitution)  
Mr Len Bailey, CPA, a Life Member of the Association, offers himself for re-appointment
9. To note the election (unopposed) of the Management Committee of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia for 2011 -2012 (President, Secretary, Treasurer, Editor and 6 Committee persons – refer Rules 16 and 25(2)c of the Constitution).
10. General discussion

### AGM LUNCHEON DETAILS:

Please note that alcoholic beverages will be available from a cash-only bar after the AGM. After a short break guests may hear from our:

#### **GUEST SPEAKER and PNGAA MEMBER - MICHAEL WATERHOUSE**

After Michael concludes his talk and there is a short break, luncheon will be served at 1pm. Members together with their families and friends are all welcome – but please let us know if you wish to come to the luncheon by completing the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow insert and returning it by 14 March 2011.

Please let us know if you would like transport from Lindfield station which has lifts and a ramp - phone Harry West #9418 8793 regarding transport or further information. Public transport information # 131500. There is free on-site parking available to those driving – look for the red and yellow balloons at the entrance *immediately* after Fiddens Wharf Road on the Pacific Highways as you travel north.  
*Cont. over →.*

**The cost is \$52.50 per person** – this does not include liquor or soft drinks - those attending need to **pay by 14 March**, please, and not at the door. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and confirm numbers with the House Manager, Killara Golf Club. If you wish to confirm any seating preferences or that your payment has been received, please ring Juli Allcorn on Ph: 02-9416 1430 Mob: 0405 625 912 or Email: [j\\_allcorn@hotmail.com](mailto:j_allcorn@hotmail.com) prior to 20 March 2011.

**Cancellations** advised to Ann Graham (02 9999 4490) by Monday 14 March 2011 will secure a full refund. This is the date we inform the Club of final numbers – after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend.

**Please complete the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow Treasurer's Corner insert and return by 14 March 2011.**

**After the AGM concludes and there is a short break we will hear from GUEST SPEAKER and PNGAA MEMBER - MICHAEL WATERHOUSE**

Michael will speak about his book '*Not a Poor Man's Field*' which gives us a dramatic account of small miners, an extraordinarily rich gold discovery, visionaries and the construction of giant dredges, power stations and townships in the goldfields of New Guinea prior to WWII. It tells us the story of how risk-taking pilots, flying aeroplanes ranging from single engine plywood biplanes to large Junkers G31 freighters, opened up this impenetrable country. Books will be available for purchase at \$50 and Michael will be available for signings.

**Michael has kindly donated a copy of his book *Not a Poor Man's Field* including two airmail stamps, with a face value of £1 and a 5/- for the major raffle prize.** The stamps, which show a Junkers G31 plane flying over the Bulolo Valley, were first issued in 1939 and over the next two years were used to post gold back to Australia. Together they are valued at more than \$100.

**Please note: Results of PNGAA Members' Survey are on our website at: <http://www.pngaa.net/news/index.htm#Survey>**

Due to a gallery change and then a flood the proposed **PNGAA Art Show** was postponed until later in 2011. If you are interested in being kept informed please do not hesitate to contact Julianne Ross Allcorn E: [j\\_allcorn@hotmail.com](mailto:j_allcorn@hotmail.com) Mob: 0405 625 912

**Our thoughts have been with all members affected by the recent floods and cyclone ...** It has been an extraordinary and shocking time and the extent of the devastation has been incomprehensible. We know that many of our Queensland members have had to be evacuated, and had enormous damage to their homes...that many had to go without power for many days and that others spent days cleaning up wrecked houses in foul-smelling water. It was traumatic but the courage, resilience and wonderful kind-hearted spirit and camaraderie coming out of this adversity will, hopefully, long be remembered in the communities. We hope those affected can return to normal living in as short a time as possible.

## **PNG HELPS AUSTRALIA IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE...**

**PNGAA members warmly congratulate our *pikinini wantok*, Lara Giddings, who was sworn in as Premier of Tasmania on 24 January 2011.** The younger daughter of Rick Giddings, MBE, then District Officer (Lands) in the Eastern Highlands, she was born at the Goroka hospital in 1972. Lara was educated at the International Primary School there, was a Brownie and a member of the Goroka Swimming Club, winning many medals under her coach, John Vandenberg. For secondary schooling she followed her mother's example, attending Methodist Ladies' College, Melbourne. Moving on to the University of Tasmania, where she became politically active in Young Labor, she graduated with an arts/law degree. At the age of 23, she was elected to State Parliament becoming Australia's youngest ever female MP. Fifteen years later, she is now our youngest ever female Head of Government. Rick, ex-kiap and PNG magistrate, who is of course a PNGAA member, together with his wife Lynn who did criminal rehabilitation work in Goroka, will be very proud.

Jim Toner

### **PNGAA CONGRATULATES:**

#### **Corporal Benjamin Roberts-Smith VC MG**

**SAS Corporal Benjamin Roberts-Smith, 32, was awarded the Victoria Cross, Australia's highest military honour, by Governor-General Quentin Bryce at a full military ceremony at Perth's Campbell Barracks on Sunday 23 January 2011.** Ben Roberts-Smith was awarded the VC for most conspicuous gallantry in circumstances of extreme peril on 11 June 2010 during the Shah Wali Kot Offensive in Afghanistan.

Together with the Medal for Gallantry he won in 2006, the VC makes him the most decorated member of the Australian Defence Force.

The ceremony was attended by Prime Minister Julia Gillard, Opposition Leader Tony Abbott and Chief of Defence Force Angus Houston. Also attending were Corporal Roberts-Smith's wife, Emma, and parents, Sue and Len Roberts-Smith, his brother Sam and grandparents Brian and Fae Holloway.

Brian Holloway CBE QPM was the last Australian police commissioner of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary when PNG Independence was proclaimed in 1975. His courage, demonstrated over many years, contributed to the peaceful transition to Papua New Guinea Independence. Brian originally joined the South Australia Police Force as a Cadet in 1943 coming to Royal Papua Constabulary & New Guinea Police Force in 1948 (later RP&NGC, later RPNGC). He served widely throughout PNG.

Len Roberts-Smith RFD QC held various legal positions with the Crown Law Department, Papua New Guinea, from 1970. He became the Chief Crown Prosecutor and PNG's first Public Prosecutor under the new Constitution after



PNG Independence in 1975. He married Sue, the daughter of the then PNG Police Commissioner, Brian Holloway CBE QPM. *Cont. over →.*

Len, a retired major-general and former Judge Advocate General of the Australia Defence Force, was appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1989 – the same year he returned to private legal practice as a Barrister in Perth. He was formerly a Justice of the West Australian Supreme Court and retires as head of the West Australian Corruption and Crime Commission on 31st January 2011.

Ben's brother, Sam, has also won his fair share of accolades and is now singing full-time with Opera Australia in Sydney.

**Read the Citation for Ben's VC on the PNGAA website at:  
<http://www.pngaa.net/news/index.htm#VC>**

**The objects of the Association are:**

1. to strengthen the civil relationship between the peoples of Australia and Papua New Guinea;
2. to foster and encourage contact and friendship with Papua New Guineans and promote friendly association among members;
3. to foster and maintain an interest in contemporary and historical events in Papua New Guinea;
4. to provide appropriate financial, material or intellectual assistance to projects of benefit to Papua New Guinea as an Association individually, or in conjunction with other agencies;
5. to publish journals, magazines, newsletters, websites, books and other media to inform and educate people about Papua New Guinea and to provide a means of communication among members of the Association and others;
6. to encourage the preservation of documents, historical and cultural material related to Papua New Guinea; including the production and recording of oral and written histories.
7. to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services in Papua New Guinea.

In pursuance of these Objects, the association:

1. Will not be involved in, nor engage in partisan politics, however this does not prohibit the association from engaging with members of parliament or public servants in pursuit of its objects.
2. May raise funds for its approved projects.

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

## **SUPERANNUATION UPDATE by Fred Kaad**

I refer you first to the last issue of *Una Voce* p16 in which Tim Terrell drew attention to the increasing difference between the annual age pension (based on Average Male Total Weekly Earnings) and our super (based on the Consumer Price Index). You will see that for a \$25,000 annual pension, "our" pension has only risen to \$37,724 in 11 years whereas the age pension has risen to \$50,106 in the same period - **a 33.7% increase for "our" pension compared to a 50% increase for the age pension!**

We should by now all realise how unfair this is and how difficult it is for those on lower pensions to exist on them. *What to do?* Tim and I concur that we have to raise community awareness and try to influence both politicians and federal officers. *How do I do that? I don't know any polities nor federal officers.* OK then, concentrate on community groups. I know that the RSL cannot be political but you can point out to sub-branch members this unfairness and they may pass it on. Probus, other groups to which you may belong - large or small, and your friends - we can all help to spread the word about how unjust this is.

Now to the present problems highlighted in the Jan 2011 Pension Update from ComSuper. The effect of 27 pay days this financial year, one more than usual, will mean that you may not pay as much tax as you should. If you are concerned about meeting that tax liability, ComSuper suggests you go through somewhat ponderous steps, but I think you should be able to do this yourself or with the help of a friend. (Call me 02 9969 7217 after 3pm if you have trouble with this.) I don't think many of us may have paid excess tax pre-July 1983 but if so, just follow the steps suggested - sorry I can't give much help with this. Why do I have to pay any tax on my pension? A very good question which I have been asking myself for years but the ATO keeps giving me the same answer - it's the law. Best wishes to all superannuants and other readers for 2011.

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### **YOUR FEEDBACK IS REQUIRED**

Several years ago your Committee undertook to compile for internal purposes an index of all significant items that had been published in *Una Voce* since 1980. The Index lists each item by Author, Title, a Primary Classification and where appropriate, a Secondary or sub-classification, the *Una Voce* issue and page number. There are 20 'Primary' classifications, basically the type of item published, eg, 'Article', 'Anecdote', 'News', 'Book Reviews', 'Help Wanted', 'Superannuation', etc. Secondary classification categories number at the last count 59, ranging from 'Aviation', 'Natural Disasters', 'Health', 'District Services', etc. Not counting this issue of *Una Voce*, there are 3,357 individual items recorded.

Consideration is being given to making this Index available on our web site primarily as a service to Members so that past items of particular interest can be retrieved and provided, at a small fee, to members either in hardcopy or electronic format. There is however a significant cost to this, both a once-only cost in transferring and adapting the current Index to a web based format and also in annual maintenance.

We therefore need your help and feed-back to determine whether this would be a viable proposition – do you, as a member, think that this would be a useful addition to our web site, but more importantly **WOULD YOU USE IT?**

## **NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from Jim Toner**

‘Who born you’ is the title of a dance-drama staged at Darwin’s Entertainment Centre. It is the brain-child of Julia GRAY, director of the Sunameke Pacific Dance Company, whose mother Mali is from Central Province, Papua. When someone with Australian and Pacific Island parents meets another with similar mixed heritage it is normal to compare notes as to upbringing and experiences. This can perhaps occur more frequently in Darwin than elsewhere. Episodes within the production touch on the impact of Christian missionaries on the lives of island women in the past and a need to adapt to Western lifestyles in the present. Julia is the grand-daughter of Bob and Helen Gray who in the Sixties were with the Government Printery and New Guinea Research Unit, Moresby, respectively.

From births to a death. Fred HARGESHEIMER was a US Army pilot who might have lost his life in 1943 when his P38 was shot down by Japanese aircraft over New Britain but he survived until last December to the age of 94. He made quite an impression in Rabaul in 1960 when he returned with the object of thanking the Nakanai villagers who protected him 17 years earlier and with the assistance of another Fred, DO KAAD, he did so. One would have assumed it was to be a solitary memorial trip but he returned many times, provided funding to build a school for the village where he had been sheltered, and even spent four years there with his family teaching classes. In 2006 the nonagenarian found the strength to travel from Minnesota to make a final visit to the Nakanai and what remained of his now elderly rescuers. A good man.

Education is of course the way ahead for PNG. Captain Bogia is one of seven female officers in the Defence Force and standing at only 1.5 m there is not a lot of her. However she has a Law degree and has been appointed ADC to the Force Commander. Locklyn Sabumei commenced commercial flying in a Dash 7 in 1987 but today pilots an Airbus A380 with 500 seats from Dubai to Sydney.

Wewak recently gained a three-buildings market incorporating freezer room, showers, etc, a two-storey police station and a new jetty at a cost of K28 million and it is perhaps unsurprising that the present Government smiled on the Sepik. However it did come as something of a surprise to learn that K15 million has been allocated to the Town Planning of Aitape and that the contract has been awarded to a consultancy from Iceland.

One intriguing statement emerged from the National Court at Madang when counsel for RamuNico was defending that mining company against a case brought by landowners. He argued that “the plaintiff’s experts were academics. Not people in the real world like the company’s experts”. Well....having taken salary from a university for 30 years I feel that my lips are sealed.

People who enjoy the antiquated English terminology still appearing in India’s newspapers will have noted a milder equivalent in PNG. Promises to ‘apply the full force of the Law’ are commonplace while warnings about ‘the long arm of the Law’ also get some usage. However my eyebrows rose following a recent threat to Chimbu’s public servants that they would be sacked if they did



not 'pull their socks up'. Whether Kundiawa now boasts a sock shop I do not know but the reference did make me nostalgic for the long socks beneath shorts – vanished now – but then much in evidence in the tropical Darwin to which I relocated from Moresby just as they had been in the island capital. Well, only three degrees of latitude between the two cities.

### **PNG...IN the NEWS**

► **Michael Ogio, currently the Minister for Higher Education in the Somare Cabinet, has been elected as the next Governor General of PNG.** PNG Parliament was adjourned immediately after the vote until the 10th of May and Michael Ogio will not be sworn in until then.

► **K400,000 has been allocated to sportsmen and women of the Western Highlands** through the National Gaming Control Board (NGCB). One component, K350,000, is for renovation work on Rebiamul Oval whilst K50,000 goes to Mt Hagen Urban Off-season sports played throughout the Christmas-New Year period.

NGCB chief executive officer Simon Sanagke said the funding was sourced through community funds under the gaming board to support sports throughout the country. Sanagke also used his business contacts to secure K200,000 from gaming service provider, Wantok Gaming System, to support Mt Hagen Eagles this year.

*Information from The National 5 January 2011*

► **Talks are underway between Bougainville Copper, the landowners and the National and Bougainville Governments over the future of the Panguna copper-gold mine.** The company wishes to settle all outstanding issues between the parties.

Bougainville Copper chairman John Taylor recently told the Australian media: *"We must ensure the landowners retain No. 1 importance," he said. "And the Bougainville government's support is also critical,"* - everything will need to be renegotiated, including issues such as ownership, the employment of local people and tailings disposal.

Mr John Momis, elected the Autonomous Bougainville Government President for five years in June 2010, also wants the mine opened but may impose some tough conditions. All parties have agreed that it is necessary to establish a landowner group that can represent all landowner interests during negotiations.

The World Bank is also funding a programme to help the Bougainville government develop the necessary regulatory environment.

Bougainville Copper, which is 53.58% owned by Rio Tinto, 19.06% by the PNG government and 27.36% by other shareholders estimates that reopening it will cost US\$3 billion. There is already access to a port via a 30km access road and a reported 200 million tonnes of pre-stripped ore ready for extraction. Resource-hungry China is believed to be interested.

Shares in Bougainville Copper recently hit their highest level since 1989 when the mine was forced to close. Copper prices are now four times higher than what they were in the late 80s and gold prices have also increased providing a large incentive to get Panguna up and running again.

With copper reserves estimated at almost 3 million tonnes and gold production in the range of 400,000 ounces per annum, Panguna is one of the world's largest potential producers of both metals.

Reopening the mine would also help investor confidence in the PNG economy, which is already on the cusp of a resources boom as a result of other mining-

related projects. In 2010 the PNG economy grew by 6 per cent and that is expected to expand by another 8 per cent this year.

[http://www.bougainvillecopper.com.pg/report\\_to\\_asx\\_6810.pdf](http://www.bougainvillecopper.com.pg/report_to_asx_6810.pdf)

[http://www.topstocks.com.au/stock\\_discussion\\_forum.php?action=show\\_thread&hreadid=600844](http://www.topstocks.com.au/stock_discussion_forum.php?action=show_thread&hreadid=600844)

► Jonathon Baure, leader of an emerging group of ‘Australia Papuans’, recently organised for 16 dinghies, carrying 119 PNG nationals across the Torres Strait to reclaim their Australian citizenship. Over 400 people had travelled from mainland PNG to Daru, despite November’s cholera outbreak there which killed 32 people, wishing to join the flotilla of banana boats. It is alleged that they paid a minimum 200 kina (\$77) to Baure for membership of his group and a document that purported to prove each of their claims for Australian citizenship. The 119 people were intercepted off Cape York by Australian immigration and later flown back to PNG, costing Australia an estimated \$500,000. Baure maintains that people from the former Australian territory of Papua were not given the choice to remain Australian when PNG gained Independence in 1975. Two High Court cases have been lost in Australia over the issue.

[See *Una Voce* March 2007 p14 and *Una Voce* December 2006 p7]

*Info from The Australian 28 December 2010 and 1 January 2011*

► Registrations are now open for the **27<sup>th</sup> AUSTRALIA PAPUA NEW GUINEA BUSINESS FORUM, MADANG, 15 TO 17 MAY 2011**

A copy of the provisional program and registration form, including Forum Delegates’ Handbook advertising and Trade Expo booth bookings, can be downloaded at:

[http://www.apngbc.org.au/business\\_forum\\_2011\\_program\\_%20and\\_rego\\_for\\_m.pdf](http://www.apngbc.org.au/business_forum_2011_program_%20and_rego_for_m.pdf)

The Forum is the major annual bilateral business meeting between PNG and Australia. Participants will have an unparalleled opportunity to learn about business opportunities in PNG, and to network with senior Australia and Papua New Guinea based policy makers and senior business people.

The program for the Forum includes an overview of the political and economic climate, especially issues which affect business and investment, and will include specific sessions by expert presenters on doing business in Papua New Guinea. Topics will include agriculture, business opportunities in the mining/resources sector, health, education, infrastructure, opportunities for business partnerships with government, and how business can work effectively with Government to address capacity challenges to meet the needs of Papua New Guinea. Key government ministers from PNG and Australia have been invited to address the Forum to inform business representatives of policy issues in their portfolio relevant to business.

Any enquiries relating to the Forum registrations, the Trade Expo or Delegate Handbook advertising or the Forum program itself should be directed to the Forum secretariat office in Port Moresby as set out in the papers. Any general enquiries can be directed to either Mea Willie ([mea.willie@apngbc.org.au](mailto:mea.willie@apngbc.org.au)) or Frank Yourn, Executive Director, Australia Papua New Guinea Business Council ([www.apngbc.org.au](http://www.apngbc.org.au)), P O Box 422, WYNNUM QLD 4178, AUSTRALIA  
Tel: + 61 (0) 7 3348 5142 Fax: + 61 (0) 7 3348 5172 Mobile: + 61 (0) 412 608 195

► An exhibition about **Birds of Paradise** opens at the Australian Museum, 6 College Street, Sydney, on 9 April.

► **The 1000 Steps/Kokoda Track Memorial Walk** in Ferntree Gully is in the Dandenong Ranges National park, on the eastern outskirts of Melbourne. The return walk is about 5km and grading is steep, ascending 260m. Entry is open 7am-9pm. Further information from: [www.parkweb.vic.gov.au](http://www.parkweb.vic.gov.au) or [www.visitvictoria.com](http://www.visitvictoria.com) or Ph: 131963

*Info from The Australia 27-28 November 2010*

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Dr Roy Scragg** writes - The article “The kiaps in a time of change” by Donald Denoon (2010 No. 3 pp29-31) enhances the role of kiaps in public health matters and detracts from the role of all doctors and medical assistants in particular. Denoon’s short paragraph on health continues his hypercritical attack on the public health service that pervades his historical review “Public Health in Papua New Guinea” (Cambridge press 1989).

His derogatory use of “stretcher bearers” denigrates both the army private with dedication but no medical training and medical assistants who came from the Australian Army and ANGAU, with medical experience and/or training.

The “quasi-military campaigns” were never “escorted by kiaps”. This comment implies improved safety for the medical assistant but this is far from the actual scene. The Sinclair/Speer patrol into the Southern Highlands and other patrols into uncontrolled areas were joint ventures to determine the future administration and current health of the people. Medical assistants were often required to accompany kiap patrols whenever they were available to provide care for the patrol carriers and provide village care, which in turn acted as a bait for village cooperation.

The disease eradication and control campaigns were not “over-ambitious” as through these Public Health Department endeavours the expectation life increased over 25 years from 32 to 52 years – no mean achievement.

His only criticism of kiaps is that “the Administration began to recruit indigenous kiaps precisely when the career itself was becoming obsolete” is a measure of the kiaps understanding of the future. Kiaps fought a rear guard action to preserve their domain at the same time as all major departments and many sections had operating training programmes and educational plans for the future from the late 1950’s.

It is possible to speculate that there is a link between this failure and the disasters that mar the present scene. Corruption might have been avoided if significant national men and women had been brought into the kiap system before independence to understand that the most important role of community leaders is the community good rather than the demands of wantoks. Kiaps never prepared for the change that mattered.

*Editor’s Note:* The article referred to was first published in *Memento*, Issue 39, and reprinted with permission from the National Archives of Australia

► **Max Hayes** writes:

Reading the report by Marjorie Kleckham on the catastrophic Mt Lamington explosion on 21.1.1951 caused me to recall the incident by virtue of aerial photographs which I processed in far-away RAAF base Fairbairn, Canberra.

In 1951, I was a photographer at 87 (Photo Reconnaissance) Squadron which was then aerial photo mapping the entire Australian continent. The aircraft doing this task were the plywood Mosquito bombers of WW2 fame crewed by a pilot and navigator. The belly of each aircraft housed several programmed aerial cameras taking negatives each 9" x 9" on a 230' length of film.

A week or so after the Lamington explosion, a Mosquito piloted by Squadron Leader Claude Brown was directed to proceed to the site and take aerial photos. After refuelling at RAAF bases Amberley and Garbutt, both in Queensland, and finally on the marsden matting strip known at Jacksons in Port Moresby, it completed the task of taking several hundred photos in runs over the area from different directions at a height of about 10,000'.

Back at RAAF Fairbairn, I removed these heavy camera film magazines and processed the rolls of film a laborious task by hand in total darkness. When the rolls of film were dry, I started to process the actual black and white prints. I recall the lateral explosion in which the side blew out and the devastation depicted in many of the photographs. In many of the photos I recall what I described as thousands of whitish match sticks all lying in the same direction. Years later I learned that these were simply trees stripped of their bark.

This was just then a photographer's job and I thought nothing about it at the time. Later the squadron moved to RAAF Pearce (WA) and RAAF Garbutt (Townsville) continuing the aerial photo mapping program and I was later posted elsewhere during my RAAF service. In due course thousands of the squadron's aerial films were transferred to the film library of the Central Photographic Establishment at RAAF, Laverton, Victoria where I spent my final two years.

When Central Photographic Establishment was disbanded in 1999, all these films were burnt. It seems that they were of no strategic significance as more advanced technology of Google Earth replaced a former era.

It is my eternal regret that I did not print an extra copy of the Lamington site photos for myself but I then had no idea whatsoever that one day I would be going to PNG.

► *With the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Mt Lamington eruption on 21 January 2011, Bernie Woiwod and three family members travelled to the area to remember Bernie's brother, Kevin, who was lost with the eruption.*

**Bernie Woiwod** writes: [Bernie's son] 'David was able to interview some 12 or 13 victims and witnesses. He and his cameraman friend then did a walk to Mt Lamington and into the crater... It was an eleven hour trek with a couple of guides and nearly killed them but they said it was worth the effort.

There was no service held at the Popondetta Memorial site. The best they could arrange there was to have the grass cut so the monument could at least be seen. The Local Authority apparently has no interest in maintaining the area even though it is actually a cemetery. I have written to the Australian High Commission in Port Moresby requesting they take an interest in having it recognised as a cemetery. A memorial service was held at Hohorita Village on the 21st January... Relatives of Papuan victims attended and we were able to meet

most of them. We lived in the Hohorita Village for six nights and were very well looked after. They even built us our own home.'

► **John Horne** writes:

This Friday, 21 January 2011, is the 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Mount Lamington eruption. This nuée ardente [burning cloud] swept the new steel-framed hospital right off its foundations. [John enclosed a photo, taken in the late 1960s, which shows part of a footing and two beds...but unfortunately it could not be reproduced adequately].

### **JAN JAWORSKI – A MAN WITH 'MAGIC HANDS'**

**The Port Moresby press has referred to Jan Jaworski** - surgeon and priest in Kundiawa in the highlands of Papua New Guinea for the last 25 years - as a legend, a man with 'magic hands'.

'He has seen his entire congregation damaged by the fighting, their homes razed. He has helped lead a bold experiment in the introduction of local community law which is now reaping social dividends.

'His 210 bed hospital and operating theatre provides a vital service to a sprawling community of some 300,000 people, many of them living in locations several days' walk away. 'Father Jaworski and three other doctors operated on cancers, hernias, bowel infections, neurological problems, women with obstetric emergencies, newborns with congenital malformations, trauma patients 'whatever comes to hand'.

'Father Jaworski took part in some workshops led by Australian philosopher and social developer Elizabeth Reid, a United Nations veteran. The program was structured around dealing with the HIV epidemic, but the lesson about working with teams, about changing attitudes and approaches, 'was an enlightenment'.

'He consulted his parish council. It suggested that he call a meeting of all the local pastors, and of the traditional tribal elders. The clan leaders began to work together. They elected a chairman, Joe Bruno Kiage, who used his influence to talk in public about gender issues and women's leadership. It was a watershed. Momentum grew to develop a system of community-based laws. 'In PNG, we have at least four or five sets of laws, including Commonwealth law. Our people wanted their own law, something they could respect.' It took some time but eventually it started working. Now their attention is turned to another area of conflict

Only a generation ago, 'the two worlds of male and female were completely separated in traditional life,' he says. The women lived with their children, the men in the male quarters of the long houses. 'The only time they would meet each other was for food and sexual activities ... they never lived together under one roof'.

'Now, living together, they don't have the skills to talk to each other. They don't know how to exchange a point of view, talk about problems.' Throw into this the changing attitudes of children returning from education in cities, the pressures of polygamous families, alcohol and drugs. Households rupture and blood flows.

'We need to help our people to build up the skills to be together, to talk to each other.'" This is his next campaign.

To view the entire article, click on: <http://www.theage.com.au/world/the-man-with-the-magic-hands-20100917-15gan.html>

Expressions of interest are being sought from people interested in participating in a cruise to the New Guinea islands to commemorate the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the fall of the New Guinea islands in WWII. The plan is to be in Rabaul for Anzac Day 2012. Initial enquiries are being made for an historical tour to commence possibly at Cairns and stop at ports of interest and significance to WWII - perhaps Samarai, Trobriand Islands, Drina, Palmalmal, Tol, Rabaul and Kavieng. For those who are fit, expressions of interest are also sought from anyone interested in walking the trek from Rabaul to Tol. If this is something that might interest you, please contact  
E: [andrea.williams@bigpond.com](mailto:andrea.williams@bigpond.com) Ph: 02-9449 4129  
Please also keep a check for the latest information on the PNGAA Forum at: <http://pngaa.net/bb/> under the 'Travel and Tourism' tab.

## RESULTS OF GREAT CHARITY RAFFLE

Thank you to all those who generously supported the Great Charity Raffle in late 2010. The raffle was drawn at the PNGAA's annual Christmas luncheon held on Sunday 28 November. A very delighted **Margaret Curtis**, whose uncle was Private John 'Jack' Groat VX23647 of 2/22 Battalion a victim of Montevideo Maru, was the winner. Marg will take her mother Ailsa Nisbet, Jack's sister, to Rabaul for the Anzac Day Service this April.

Special thanks to John Holland who arranged for the tickets which included two return airfares from Sydney to Rabaul, from Air Niugini; and to the prize sponsors, Air Niugini and the Rabaul Hotel who donated five night's twin accommodation in Rabaul.

The raffle arrangements were carried out by the NGVR/PNGVR Association in Brisbane with their sponsor, King & Co, assisting with ticketing and distribution through a commercial mailing company. With three organisations involved – the PNGAA, the NGVR/PNGVR Ex-members Association and the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society the handling of tickets and money was a mammoth task but very professionally handled by Colin Gould, Secretary and Doug Ng, Treasurer, of the NGVR/PNGVR Association. Our grateful appreciation to them and to all involved for making this an enormously successful fund-raiser. The amount raised was \$25,000 split on an 80/20 basis between the proposed National Montevideo Maru Memorial at the AWM and the NGVR/PNGVR Military Museum at Wacol, Brisbane.

## GUEST SPEAKER: PATRICK LINDSAY

In November the PNGAA had three successful functions, one in Sydney and two in Brisbane, with acclaimed author Patrick Lindsay speaking about his latest book, *The Coastwatchers*. These functions gave the PNGAA exposure to a wider community; encouraged some of our less active members to participate and enticed some new ones along. The Kirribilli Club in Sydney and the Ship Inn in Brisbane sponsored the events which also raised money for the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial at the AWM in Canberra through the sale of 180 books. Nearly 160 people attended the dinner in Sydney, 60 attended the Remembrance Day Breakfast at City Tatts in Brisbane and 74 attended the luncheon at the Ship Inn.

The tremendous assistance that Julianne Ross Allcorn, Liz Thurston, Dennis Doyle, Marie Clifton-Bassett and Clive Troy gave with the dinner in Sydney was greatly appreciated and Rod Miller did a terrific job as MC. *Cont. over ➡*

Guests thoroughly enjoyed Patrick's presentation and also Dennis' speech. Joan Stobo generously supplied several baskets of stunning flowers which decorated the Grand Ballroom at the Kirribilli Club.

An enormous thank you goes to Ally Martell who was the main organiser of the fantastic events in Brisbane. Phil Ainsworth, PNGAA committee member and Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society President, was a tremendous support and spoke informatively at each event. Will Muskens, ex Treasurer for the PNGAA, also greatly assisted with these events. Ally arranged for Rev Haydn Parsons of the Enoggera Army Barracks to say the prayer at the Remembrance Day Breakfast and for Rory O'Connor to be the MC. Rory is a documentary producer and reporter as well as joint founder of The Drumley Walk, an annual four-day walking pilgrimage from Beaudesert, south of Brisbane, to Southport on the Gold Coast. PNG Consul-General, Paul Nerau, was in attendance.

Lunchon guests at the Ship Inn were pleasantly surprised to see David Curnow, the weekday newsreader for the ABC in Brisbane, supporting the event by generously giving his time as MC. Robert Blaikie spoke about the relevance of Brisbane to the Coastwatchers as well as the connection of the dry dock at the nearby Queensland Maritime Museum. Many Coastwatchers were carried by United States submarines from the submarine base in Brisbane for unknown areas of the Pacific islands. These submarines were instrumental in supplying Coastwatchers and, when necessary, evacuating both them and civilians from behind enemy lines.

Guests came from far and wide – We thank Cecile Benjamin for attending from the Walindi Resort in West New Britain. Many of the Leahy family attended. Mat Foley was unwell on the day so Lionel Veale was the lone Coastwatcher in attendance. A highlight was seeing so many families of Coastwatchers attend the events – Figgis, Walls, Bell, Gilmore, McEvoy, Mackay, Osborne and Mason...

With over 30 years' experience as a journalist and television reporter Patrick is a gifted public speaker - entertaining and informative, keeping the audience enthralled throughout. We were delighted that he could support these events.▪

### **Not a Poor Man's Field – Limited Edition**

Nearly two-thirds of the Limited Edition of my book have now been sold. If you enjoyed the standard edition and wish to purchase a copy of the leather-bound Limited Edition, you can do so by contacting me at 14 Moore Park Road, Paddington, NSW 2021. The cost is A\$375, including postage within Australia.

The Limited Edition (of which 100 copies are for sale) comes with a matching buckram slipcase. Four stamps that were used to post gold back to Australia between 1939 and 1941 are mounted in a panel on the cover. More details and photographs are provided at [www.notapoormansfield.com](http://www.notapoormansfield.com). Payment can be by cheque or direct deposit – details for the latter are on the website.

Michael Waterhouse



## RABAU AND MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL, AWM

The challenging task facing the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society at present is the raising of funds for a sculpted memorial to be set in the grounds of the AWM in 2012. Next year will mark the seventieth anniversary of the Japanese invasion of the New Guinea islands and the sinking of the *Montevideo Maru* with the loss of over 1,000 troops and civilian POWs; this stands as Australia's greatest-ever maritime tragedy.

The memorial will commemorate the valour, fortitude and resilience of Australian troops and civilians of the Australian-administered New Guinea islands who faced the overwhelming invasion with unyielding courage.

A fine section of land has been earmarked for the memorial within the peaceful grounds of the Australian War Memorial. Five of Australia's finest sculptors are being asked to submit competing designs. A broad-based committee representing a dedicated Society membership of 300 veterans, relatives and friends is trying to raise \$400,000 for this project...*but the first sod cannot be turned until the full budget is assured.*

This is why we urge all Australians and friends of Australia to come to the aid of a great national project which will acknowledge and showcase the true horror and tragic impact of the Pacific war on the troops and families in the New Guinea islands. To date, the full story of the fall of Rabaul and the loss of the *Montevideo Maru* has often remained overlooked in deference to other events of the time.

Assistance is needed from companies, charitable organisations and foundation boards to donate to the memorial. You can also help by providing names of people and companies/corporations who have a special connection with the history of PNG and may be interested in such philanthropy.

As the Australian War Memorial is endorsed as a Deductible Gift Recipient by the Australian Taxation Office, an arrangement has been confirmed whereby the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society can transfer donations to the AWM for the purpose of erecting its memorial. ***These donations will be eligible for tax deductibility and tax receipts will be issued towards the end of the financial year.***

**All funds raised are applied to the construction** of this overdue tribute to the 1,500 Australian troops and civilians who died either in the New Guinea Islands or aboard the *Montevideo Maru*.

**IF YOU CAN HELP IN ANY WAY,** please email

the Society at [info@jacksonwells.com.au](mailto:info@jacksonwells.com.au) or write to the President, PO Box 1743, Neutral Bay NSW 2089.



Site of the memorial is on far side of pathway.



## SHARING HISTORIES–KIAP TRIBUTE EVENT

By Paul Munro

The Kiap Tribute Event coordinated by National Archives of Australia in Canberra on 20 November 2010 marked an end and a beginning. It was the product of years of effort by Chris Viner-Smith and others to get successive Australian governments to recognize the work of kiaps in Papua New Guinea prior to Independence. At a meeting between Chris, Keith Jackson and then Special Minister of State, John Faulkner, the Minister directed National Archives to organise a public display featuring the work of TP NG kiaps. The Display at the NAA offices in East Block, Parkes, Canberra runs until the third week of February 2010.

The Event and the Display begin a better gathering and use of the history of Australian involvement in PNG. That history is a resource to better inform us about what has been done and what is still possible in that nation. As Paul Oates pointed out to participants in the Event:

*'Together with the loyal men of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary, kiaps, didimen, 'chalkies', co-ops officers, medical assistants, and many others, not the least being the Papuan New Guinean people, all worked together to develop PNG. While there may have been a total 2,000 of us who served as kiaps prior to 1974, there were often only a few hundred kiaps in field postings at any one time throughout the Territory of Papua New Guinea. By the early 1970s most of the 18 Districts had no more than an average of 25 kiaps serving on rural outstations. Most of the Territory's then population of 3 million lived in rural areas and, it would be fair to say, well over 90% of the Territory's population were primarily administered by the kiap system.'*

Ross Gibbs, Director-General, National Archives of Australia welcomed the 300 who attended the Event. He was supported by three keynote addresses from:

- Major General Michael Jeffery, AC, AO (Mil), CVO, MC (Ret'd), former Governor-General of Australia and Patron of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia;
- Senator Kate Lundy, on behalf of The Hon. Brendan O'Connor, MP, Minister for Privacy and Freedom of Information;
- His Excellency Mr Charles Lepani, Papua New Guinea High Commissioner to Australia.

A panel featuring Jim Sinclair, Nancy Johnston, Paul Oates and Elenora Auki discussed various aspects of the roles of Kiaps. Jim Sinclair recalled prominent early Kiaps, some known as Government Agents and Patrol Officers, before poignantly reflecting on how the first term of life as a Kiap shaped what you did for the rest of your life. Nancy Johnston spoke about life as a Kiap's wife running the home base from outstations to the administrative capital. Paul Oates thanked the National Archives for their efforts in paying tribute to Kiaps. He noted that *"those who came later remembered those who went earlier"*.

Paul, in closing, left the audience with the inspirational message that Kiaps *"planted a seedling which grew strong and tall. Kiaps lit a fire ... which is still burning"*. Elenora, now living in Australia, provided a different perspective. To her, every Tuesday was 'Government Day'. Her father, a village chief, would remind everyone to *"clean the cemetery, clean the village, clean the road ... that pigs must be fenced and no children were to run wild"*.

Led by Deveni Temu, a PNG song and dance group with kundu, plumes and grass skirts provided traditional PNG entertainment to the enjoyment of everyone and as a wind up for the occasion. They even performed 'Raisi', as a personal request from former DC Fred Kaad.

As far as practicable, where introductory speeches and panel discussion speeches have been provided to PNGAA, they have been reproduced on our website: [www.pngaa.net/Library/Sharing.htm](http://www.pngaa.net/Library/Sharing.htm) from which they can be downloaded. The following briefs highlight some of the points touched upon

**Major General Jeffery** outlined the basis of his affinity with and understanding of PNG. He had been posted there or visited with his wife Marlene on three occasions. First he served as Company Commander of the First Battalion Pacific Islands Regiment at Taurama Barracks in Port Moresby, where he married Marlene in February 1967. Years later he served as Commander of the Second Battalion in Wewak, to which he and his wife returned in 2008 as Governor-General. Major General Jeffery elaborated upon the significant role played by the Kiap in post war development up until Independence:

*"With limited support, the Kiap was often the first contact with remote tribes and the roles expected of him required great resourcefulness, cultural understanding, perseverance and courage. One of the duties of the patrol officer was to establish a patrol post that may have required jungle clearing, the building of huts and an airstrip to resupply.*

*Having established contact with the various villages the Kiap would carry out numerous administrative duties including policing, census taking, education in local government practices and tax collection among others.*

*Patrols lasted from two weeks to three months and were mostly conducted without support or communication with the outside world. The Kiap had to be self-reliant and carry his own food, medical supplies, and paperwork. The Kiap would be accompanied by local native carriers and native policemen who were trained by him. And what a wonderful job those native policemen did.*

*The role of Kiap was not without peril. Numerous lives were lost through aircraft accidents some, even more tragically, included family members. Patrol officers died in the Mt Lamington eruption of 1951, while others were murdered or died from illnesses caught on patrol. Drownings and motor boat accidents as well as direct attacks on patrols all led to a number of Kiap deaths.*

*Without the Patrol Officers performing their policing, legal, agricultural, governance and administrative functions, PNG would simply not have been prepared for nationhood in 1975.”*

On behalf of the PNG Government, Mr Charles Lepani expressed appreciation of the contribution that Kiaps had made to the foundation of PNG as a nation.

Members of the discussion panel added detail and perspective to this overview. **Jim Sinclair** covered what he described, perhaps not too understatedly as his “*not in any way unique*” first term as a *manki kiap*. He started it in 1948 as a Cadet Patrol Officer posted to Lae, Morobe District and within two years, by age 22, was left Officer-In-Charge Kaiapit! Jim enlivened his presentation with memories of names, places and things that resound in district administration and kiap history: Frank Burke, Dave Fienberg, Max Orken; Lae, Wau, Kaipait, the Markham Valley, the Upper Neron; a young kiap supported by 14 members of the New Guinea Police Force administering an area containing 16000 villagers; ‘skeds’, Fox Moth biplanes, presiding as the Court for Native affairs, patrolling, *kunai* grass, the *haus-kiap*, refreshing *kulau*, bone tipped arrows, typing up patrol reports; in the background, the luck of a posting and merit selections in developing a career.

**Nancy Johnston** spoke from the perspective of a kiap’s wife about her life and career experiences over 30 years and ten postings in PNG. Married to Bill Johnston on 9 March 1946, Nancy joined him 9 months later at his Misima posting and in September 1947 was with him in opening the Woodlark Island patrol post. Of that and subsequent postings to Normanby Island, she told of the isolation, the trawler growing from a speck on the horizon, hardship, seafood and vegetables, bush material homes, nearest medical help-a two-day canoe trip-, kero lamps and loneliness when Bill was on patrol, broken by the welcome ‘*pass from taubada*’, wave-tossed travel by workboat. After a ‘Long Course’ at ASOPA, they returned to Kikori with baby children. On that posting: weather bound, rain-soaked climate, first contact patrolling, the sad fatal accident to a cherished child; forcing a more compassionate posting first to Madang, then Bogia, Manus, Popondetta and ultimately, Port Moresby. Nancy weaves into her account the nomadic aspects of life, the conditioned self-reliance, the burdens and risks of accommodating official and unofficial visitors, a fatal plane crash and her own roles in developing indigenous ‘Womens’ Clubs’, the PNG Girl Guides, and the Country Women’s Association of PNG.

**Paul Oates**, served at a time when administrative dependence on the kiap was coming to its end. He provided an overview of the administrative role and contribution of the kiaps and welcomed the Display as:

*‘... a significant step along the way for Australia and Papua New Guinea to recognize that something very important happened in our shared history. In world history, there has rarely been a more significant event in any country’s history like the emergence of a modern Papua New Guinea from what was essentially a Stone Age culture in the space of one person’s lifetime. This emergence happened*

*without major bloodshed or severe disruption and revolution yet PNG people have perhaps the most diverse range of cultures and languages the world has ever seen in one country.*

*We are gathered here as a testimony to the past, in a building dedicated to the past. We are also here representing our comrades who could not be here but are still remembered. We were few in number and statistically, our casualty rate was comparable to that sustained by Australian troops in the Vietnam. Yet up until now, our country really had no idea of what we did.*

*Those of us who came later remember with respect those who went before us and in whose footsteps we trod.'* ■

**KIAPS ATTENDING THE 2010  
ANNUAL PNGAA CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON**



The PNGAA Christmas Luncheon was another friendly occasion. It was wonderful to see so many from interstate including many of the following Kiaps:

l-r: Quentin Anthony, Jim Sinclair, Ross Johnson, Robert Blaikie, Bill Brown, Harry West, Tim Terrell and Geoff Littler.

## BRIEF HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY'S ARTEFACT COLLECTION

By Roger Dargie

I read with pleasure the article by Florence Cohen in *Una Voce* No. 4 December 2010 about the Rabaul Art Society in which she mentioned my late father Sir William Dargie, who judged the Art Show in 1969. I spent three years in Rabaul between 1969 and 1972 as a kiap.

In June 1970 my father was back in Rabaul, staying with me in Vesters Street. On the morning of the Queen's Birthday holiday in June that year my father was named on 9RB Rabaul 7.45am news as one who had received the honour of a Knighthood by the Queen. Not long after the radio announcement I was rather surprised to see District Commissioner Harry West arrive at my house to be the first to congratulate my father. My father had a long standing interest in PNG, held since his days as a War Artist during the Second World War. He became a member of the Commonwealth Art Advisory Board in 1952 and was appointed chairman of the CAAB in the 1960s.

The Commonwealth Art Advisory Board's responsibilities included the development of art collection policies for the National Gallery, Canberra. It was recommended in the 1966 Lindsay Report (commissioned by Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies from Sir Daryl Lindsay) that *'emphasised that the new National Gallery should focus on the region by building strong collections of works of art from South and South-East Asia and the Pacific'*. The report added *'there is no art gallery in the country with responsibility of acquiring works of art representing the high cultural achievement of Australia's neighbours in southern and eastern Asia and the Pacific Islands.'* My father, then as Chairman of the CAAB, embarked upon three collecting expeditions to PNG, the first in early 1969, again later that year, and the third trip in early 1970.

I read with some amusement and admiration my father's official diary of his activities. Compared to my own Patrol Officer's Filed Officers' Journal, I'd have to say that he put me to shame with openly expressed comments on people he met on his daily escapades in the Sepik and to Tami Island. Here is an extract of some of what he wrote:

*2/2/69 6AM WITH ADC R HIL AT FINSCHAFEN, he felt I had little chance of getting old items. Went to MALASIGA village, now inhabited by descendants of the carvers of Tami Is. as it is well known they carve for the tourist and curio trade. After many hours and much talk I purchased the following items, nearly all of them very old and beautifully carved in the original Tami style. The two or three more modern pieces I felt I had to purchase because this is one of the necessary preliminaries to induce the people to bring out their old items; all the same the recent carvings are good and craftsmanlike and could be exhibited.*

At Malasiga he collected about 10 Tami Island carvings including:

*Very large carved wooden bowl sold by Reuben Yabim and carved by Kalek about 1900. This is a splendid museum piece and was one of Reuben's family heirlooms. He is a handsome dignified old man, with a natural courtesy that*

would put many white men in the territory to shame. He told me he gave up this piece because he realised I had travelled a long way from a far country and for no personal gain, and that he was glad to think that his forefathers and their art would be remembered in the big Haus Tambaran in Canberra. Quite a speech by a natural orator and very touching. I felt almost ashamed to accept the bowl. I have promised to write to him from Canberra and this I must not forget to do.

10/2/69 To DCs office 8am conference with DC (Hicks) and ADCs Faulding and Corrigan re Maprik-Sepik tour. Chartered Catholic mission plane to Maprik. Drew \$1000 for tour.

10am to Catholic Mission to inspect their collected artefacts. Indicated to DC Hicks an orators chair ready to be packed for shipment to a buyer in US, which was so high quality that it should not be allowed to leave the T or Aus. He told the Fr in charge of artefacts that he would not sign a permit for its export. Fr looked philosophically resigned and said he had already feared as much.

11am took off in single engine Cessna. Plane with only one tank of petrol and pilot with marked symptoms of death wish. Resolved to fly in no more mission planes.

12 nn Maprik met by ADC Mike Cockburn. By 4WD to Kalabu No 1 village and inspected Haus Tambaran (3) and carved and painted figures inside. Then on up steep and slippery hills to Kalaby No 2 village where I negotiated to buy some carved and painted figures if they could be got out to a truckable road by tomorrow afternoon.

12/2/69 Dep Maprik for Pagwi. Left \$200 with ADC Cockburn to pay possible costs of collection from Kuminibus

During my visit to Kalabu yesterday I completed arrangements for Waiu and Gunjel to paint and carve a whole front of a 60' HT, everything to be in the old style and with the colours. There is hardly any need for this stipulation because the old way of doing things is alive as long as the carvers and painters like Wainn and Gunjel are alive and the Guando is still sacred in the perpetual darkness of the HT (haus tambaran).

The cost of this completed façade cannot be known until the work is finished. It should not be excessive.

Of course the diary goes on for many pages, the above is typical of most of my father's daily entries. In making his three collection trips to PNG, he managed to collect over 200 pieces including some very significant artefacts from the Sepik and Tami Island area. He also purchased from local dealers, but to my mind the most significant acquisition was a complete collection of spirit figures and the entire façade from a *haus tambaran* belonging to the Ambelam people of Kuminibus village of East Sepik Province. The façade is the largest piece in the National Gallery's collection. The Gallery has subsequently acquired artefacts from a number of significant sources and now has over 2000 works in the Pacific Arts collection.



In 2008, after nearly forty years in storage in Canberra, part of the collection came to the light of day when the National Gallery held the exhibition, “Gods, Ghosts and Men”. Seventy seven works were exhibited including the carved spirit figures from the Kuminibus Haus Tambaran. Thanks to Mike and Margaret Cockburn their photograph of the spirit figures as found in the *haus tambaran* enabled the Gallery to make a most dramatic display of the carvings for the exhibit.

This was an exhibition that emphasised that the art of the Pacific is simply not artefacts created and used for spiritual and other utilitarian use, but works of art in their own right, created by highly skilled artisans and artists.

There were many other kiaps who assisted my father in his work and travels; for those who were not always mentioned in his diary, a belated thanks. ■



Kuminibus Haus Tambaran and the carved spirit figures (below)

Photos courtesy Mike Cockburn



*Follow-up to article 'JIMI RIVER' by Robert Blaikie, Una Voce, 2010, No 4 – December.*

### **THE JIMI RIVER ROAD by Jim Moore, Kiap 1965-1974**

Robert remembered looking for a possible track from the Waghi to the Jimi in 1957. I started as a CPO in Minj in 1965, and was posted to Tabibuga Patrol Post in the Jimi in late 1967 as a PO.

By that time, the airstrip at Tabibuga had been operational for some time, even though landing there was probably enough to put most people off flying for all time. It was 1,200 feet long, had an 8 degree gradient, with cliffs at top and bottom, and on both sides. The OIC's house was still on top of the hill as Robert described it, though upgraded to permanent materials. My house ( a typical SOQ) was also on top of the hill. From the back door, I could see Mt Wilhelm (15,400 feet above sea level) and from the front door, I could see the Ruti grassland flats (around 1,500 feet asl).

Ross Allen had just become ADC Mt. Hagen at the time (Jimi was then part of Hagen Sub-District). The Waghi-Sepik Divide is very rough country indeed, as Robert attested to - uninhabited and virtually uninhabitable. Public Works had been asked to look for a possible road route at around that time, and after aerial surveys, said, 'Forget it'.

That was just the impetus Ross needed – the Jimi would have a road. Ross had a brilliant grasp of how to do a project of this magnitude, and was always the driving force behind it.

The first task was to plan out how it would be done. There was no shortage of desire for the road to happen – the people knew that without a road, there was little chance of economic development. There was huge willingness to get on with the job, all they wanted was some help to achieve it. We did get some Government funds to buy spades and crowbars, from memory probably no more than \$2-3,000. That didn't go very far, with spades from Gov Stores at probably \$1.50 each, and crowbars \$3 each, for a workforce varying between 1,000-2,000.

It was obvious that the construction was going to take a long time and an unbelievable amount of sheer hard physical work– the amazing thing was the people knew that from the start and were still happy to do the work. The keys to getting the road built were ensuring the people continued to share a vision of what might happen once they had a road, they all understood how we and they were collectively going to approach the task, they all shared equally in the labour, and they all



Jimi-Banz roadworks 1969



accepted the kiap's role in carrying out the project. I have often wondered, did they realise the kiap was about five minutes ahead of them when it came to road-building knowledge and experience? They weren't silly, of course they knew.

There was about six miles of existing road from Tabibuga, almost to the Catholic mission at Karap, with only the Administration Toyota to traverse it. That had been carried in in pieces and re-assembled. I was given an Abney level (the most rudimentary method of finding levels – a protractor fitted to a spirit level) and told, go forth and build a road from Tabibuga to Banz.

It took couple of months to find and survey the route, for most part following a 3-5 degree gradient. The eventual route proved to be many, many times the crow-flying distance because of the need to keep the road gradient manageable. I remember the people constantly wanting to make the grade steeper to cut distances, and the 'discussions' that followed about where we would go. I guess only a few people have ever tried to mark out a route through virgin rainforest with no tracks, along very steep mountain sides up to about 8,000 feet asl – it is a character-building exercise.

There were about 25,000 people in the Jimi, and the next step was to allocate each clan grouping in the entire valley a certain length of road that they became responsible for digging. Trying to estimate roughly equal allocations was something of a nightmare but eventually everybody was happy with their section.

Rob Kelvin then arrived as PO-OIC Tabibuga, and for the next 18 months, we both dreamed, lived and breathed the road. The Jimi LGC President Kolye Suwi was always a big driver of progress on the road.

To get to their section, people had to walk from home, in many cases taking 2-3 hard days walk to get there. That meant carrying enough food for the walk there, to last the 3 days spent on the job, with enough left for the 2-3 days walk home. 'Walk' is of course, a euphemism – anyone who has patrolled in the Highlands would understand that. A week at home, then do it all again. They had to construct temporary shelters used for the periods they were at the worksite. The actual digging work was like nothing Australians could now possibly envisage. Clear the rainforest using only axes, dig the road using spades, crowbars, and '*dainamit bilong mipela*' (burning huge fires around immovable rock outcrops, then tipping water onto them to crack the hot rock), watch the previous month's work slide down the mountain after a downpour, and start all over again with good spirit – unbelievable. All the time, put up with the kiap complaining about digging not following the '*mak*', work not going fast enough, the weather, etc.

At the height of activity, there were probably 2,000 men digging away on sections of the road that all eventually connected together, and then met the road being dug climbing the other side of the range following the Wara Ka valley on the Waghi side. No-one was paid a cent for their work.

In 24 months, these amazing people had dug roughly 24 miles of road (well, really, a damned rough 4-wheel drive track) through impossible country that did its best to destroy construction as quickly as it was completed. The finished task was considered of such note that the road was officially opened by C.E. Barnes, the Australian Minister for External Territories, and Peter Barnes, Interior Minister, in June 1970.

Jimi Road opening June 1970

L-R: Jim Moore PO; CE Barnes (External Territories Minister); Rob Kelvin PO; Peter Nixon (Interior Minister)



I returned to the Jimi in 1998. Our Cessna couldn't land at Tabibuga – the strip had been closed and was covered in bush. However, we landed at Kol, and I found the road had been extended to there.

Keeping the road network open obviously was and always will be, a nightmare. I couldn't help wondering what the young people of the Jimi of the day knew of what their fathers had contributed in blood, sweat and tears to the building of that road.

Looking back now, I suppose one had to be young, idealistic and inspired by a true leader like Ross Allen to achieve a task like that. A sense of almost naive willingness to accept that some things not feasible in a 'normal' world could occur there as a matter of course probably helped. Such was a kiap's life. I will never forget the people who dug that road, especially Council President Kolye Suwi, or ADC Ross Allen (gone but not forgotten), without whom it would not have happened as it did. ■

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## **TABIBUGA – THE WILD AND THE WONDERFUL**

**By Lois Logan**

Robert Blaikie's article about the Jimi River has stirred some memories.

It was mid 1970, we were newly arrived in TPNG, and my Assistant Patrol Officer husband Kenn Logan was posted from Mount Hagen to Tabibuga in the Jimi Valley. 'Oh, you are going to the cricket pitch', one of the kiap's wives said to me. What did she mean? 'It means the airstrip is very small and it's also a one way airstrip, so if you miss your first chance of landing you are probably dead.' Another, very realistic kiap's wife said to me.

We waited and waited in Mount Hagen, Kenn, myself and our 3 month old baby son Duncan. A grand event was taking place at Tabi (the affectionate shortened name for the headquarters this newly formed Jimi Sub District of the Western Highlands). The official opening of the Tabibuga/Banz road was occurring first, then we could go. Visiting dignitaries had to be housed before then, and the new house constructed at the station would serve that purpose.

So after about 6 weeks of waiting in Mt Hagen, we were finally leaving from Talair at Kagamuga Airport, with ace pilot Scotty Adams at the helm of the Cessna 185. And we were 300lbs (approx 134 kgs.) overweight!! That didn't bother me, a mere 22 year old new mum, full of confidence. I stood my ground saying we could not offload a thing – and we didn't. Landing at Tabibuga about 25 minutes later and sitting in the rear of the aircraft, surrounded by our worldly possessions, massive mountains loomed up each side of us and I was convinced we were all

going to die. The aircraft was executing its turn for landing, and those mountains looked extremely close. Scotty straightened the aircraft for the landing, I saw the flat earth meeting us and with a thud and a thump the 185 landed into the semi sodden ground.

So began three wonderful years at this small and still relatively remote patrol post. We were three families – ADC Jack Edwards, his wife Marie and his ever growing young family; PO Alan Shaw and his wife Julie, and ‘the Logans’. Our houses on the ridge were situated with vistas of the lower Jimi Valley and Tsau River at about 330 meters elevation, through to the grandeur of Mt Wilhelm at almost 5,000 meters. The Bismarck Range ran along one side and the Sepik/Wahgi divide on the other. The range and variety of scenery in between was stunning and it changed every five minutes – something I grew to love and appreciate during our time there.

We were given the old house which was really a single man’s quarters of 2 bedrooms – and nothing much worked. The wood stove didn’t heat, the kerosene fridge lay on its side for weeks trying to get rid of an air bubble, and of course there was no electricity, so no washing machine or any other electrical modern cons. We cooked on a two burner kerosene stove for months, and kept our meat in Jack and Marie’s freezer. The Edwards had a generator which they ran for a few hours each day. And luckily there were houseboys who could wash Duncan’s nappies in the copper at the rear of our house.

So out the window went sterilisation of baby’s bottles and the like, but we all managed quite well. Our survival kit that had been shipped separately from Melbourne was nowhere to be seen, so we ate from plastic picnic plates and drank from plastic cups or patrol issue cups for the first 3 months. And when we had a little money in our account we were able to purchase, via radio, a new dinnerware set through country orders at Burns Philp, Mt Hagen.

Each Friday was exciting as the government charter arrived with all our goodies that we had ordered by radio during the week. Thank goodness for country orders!

The new road was still extremely rudimentary, and after about six months at Tabi, we decided to drive into Mount Hagen in convoy. We set off with Jack Edwards and his family leading, and my family following, plus numerous people in the tray of the land cruiser well equipped with shovels, ropes and pulleys. A couple of the log bridges were in very tenuous condition as we crossed the fresh raging streams high in the mountains. The road itself hugged cliff sides all the way along, and there were numerous small landslips. However after 5 hours and about 48 kms (26 miles), we made it to the relative flatness of the Wahgi Valley and to the thriving centre of Banz. From then it was only about 1 ½ hours to Hagen. It was a memorable journey.

Tabibuga was an extremely wet place, with heavy nightly rainfalls, and an average of over 340 inches (about 26 meters) of rain per year. The red clay was constantly muddy, boggy and slippery, and our lawns, neatly manicured by the local prisoners, were always squelchy. I had problems with wearing shoes. Thongs (or flip flops) broke their centre strip after about a week, lace up shoes didn’t work for me as I have a fused left hip joint and can never bend down to tie laces on my left foot; and sturdy sandals I asked for from south lasted about 2 weeks. I tried golf shoes but the spikes got clogged with mud. Finally, on one of our rare trips to Mt

Hagen, I found Dr Scholls wooden based sandals and they worked. The sandal sank into the mud, but my foot remained just above the mud line. Often I simply went around in bare feet.

I wanted to meet Papua New Guineans. After all, that was why we had come to the country – to work with and get to know the people. Marie Edwards was a gem in that way. She had started a women's group on the station. A basketball court had been cut into the Cliffside near the Sub District Office, and the women's group met regularly. Marie was from Kairuku in Central District, and was extremely motivated to work with the women. I think she was probably my saviour from boredom at that point in time when I couldn't speak pidgin English, and lacked the confidence and cultural knowledge about the people on the station. She was certainly my angel – inviting me to women's group and helping me to assimilate into station life.

The station people were from all over, mostly New Guinea with some Tolai and some Papuan people. We had primary teachers, police, prison warders, agricultural officers, council workers, aid post officers, and interpreters, all with their wives and families. I loved our afternoons playing basketball. The women designed and sewed the uniforms, and after a couple of years, when the road had settled down, the big journey for some of our team members was to drive over to Minj in the Wahgi Valley to play that basketball team.

We also had regular visits from neighbouring missionaries including the Catholic mission of Karap about 10kms toward Banz, and the Nazarene mission of Tsingaropa about 4 kms down the road from Tabi. Sometimes people wandered in from the Anglican mission of Koinambe – there was no road into Koinambe and it was a difficult walk. Occasionally we saw two women who were attached to the Sumner Institute of Linguistics and who were living in a village on a nearby ridge and translating the bible for a small number of people. The Jimi itself had several different language groups.

If it were not for Marie and the women's group I would have been terribly bored and frustrated. I love walking, but could not go on patrol due to the rough terrain and my fused hip. The only time we went on mobile patrol along the road Duncan had no peace. A white baby with blond hair was a curiosity and he was constantly mobbed. So we decided not to do that again. My love of walking along the roadways was fine, but someone from the station would always insist his wife should come with me. The cultural differences of walking for a practical function as the Papua New Guineans did and still do and the idea of walking for pleasure are at opposite ends of the scale and hardly meet. So after a couple of tries, with Duncan on my back in the backpack carrier and a police officer's wife reluctantly walking with me so I would be 'safe', I gave up walking too. I read loads of books, but who can read all day? I enjoyed cooking, and did a lot of that. I tried making a garden, but the clay was too boggy, and I again ended up with too many helpers. But it was the interaction with the station people that I treasure and remember wonderfully to this day.

Tabibuga was a very magical place, remote, with breathtaking views at every angle, fascinating station and village people, and I have good memories of living closer to nature and noticing its daily and hourly changes.

Thank you, Robert Blaikie, for stirring my memories. ■

**MORNING IN GOROKA**  
**SHARED THOUGHTS WITH THOSE**  
**WHO HAVE KNOWN PAPUA NEW GUINEA**

By **John Pearn**

*Lines written following a return visit, after twenty-one years, to the Eastern Highlands of Papua New Guinea*

One awakes, the memory of so many similar awakenings afresh, to the sound of rain. Rain that is heavy, full and deep-sounding, which itself carries a feeling of timelessness in this mountain place. The rain beats to a cadence. Not the lively rising-falling of the laughing voices which will soon ring out on the road outside; rather an impelling slow waxing and waning. Then the deep inexorable drumming begins to fade, and just when it must needs soften to the point of ceasing, again the rain swells with a force that strikes the listener passive. The early light is grey and diffused. No sparkling dawn here, but a spreading of the new day through the clouds and mist. A light that is in monochrome. A light that has no shadows. A light that is just there, without source, and which hovers without increasing until the day is well on.

Goroka is at the centre of a valley, with its mountains encircling in the middle distance. Every morning the same scene replays. The grey light reveals the dense cloud-mist which covers all the valley. Clouds so white they appear solid; and which, falling to the surface of the land itself, make one's world simply the diffuse-lit epicentre which is oneself. And in the distance, all around, peak the ring of mountains. Mountains of matt deep grey, here obscured by cloud now, changing, there visible as the ring-barrier that is the circlet of this place.

Here, the dawn is the lessening of the dark. Here, the sound-calls of the living world are reversed. Man before nature. Always with the first light come the sounds of humankind. Men and women on the road, the intimacy of talking or the startling closeness of a friendly call. Men and women already walking – travelling from who knows where – with a *bilum* of vegetables, or a *pikinini*, or a doublet of two youths on the road – to where? And only later come the bird sounds. Later, after the padding of human feet in the first lessening of the dark, come at last the calling of the birds. Clear in the moist air are the tinkles and coughs, the whistles and the barks of the birds. Not a transient swelling chorus, but from its start a persistent loud accompaniment of the light.

Form the colours take. The near world becomes the deep lush green of tropic wetness. The houses and building take on their colours. Movement is in the streets, and the ordered life of the working day generates its own pulse. But every day the clouds in the middle distance rise, and what was a flat, cloud-filled valley surmounted by mountain peaks now disappears. The rising dense whiteness becomes grey, and grows and rises until all the ring of grey serrations on the skyline disappears. Goroka becomes the town itself, a man-built island, isolated, the horizon gone. Now cloud and mist are all about the edges of this place – clouds off the valley floor become grey and multi-layered, rising to meet the grey full-filled layers of the sky.

This is the cycle of the morning. The outside timeless power of the hidden mountains, the still now-grey clouds which are their chieftains, and the white lights – these hold the power of the day. All is still beyond the outskirts of the cloud-encircled town. Motionless is the ground-to-heavens montage of the grey-filled sky. Yet to look away, and peer again is to see a changed pattern in the mists; a dark distant mountain for a moment revealed, to be gone again when one next looks. The cumulus network seems that it will last forever; but if the glance is broken, its re-view now reveals a different lacework, and the layer of its silhouette has a new tracery.

Each day all this will pass. And as the warmth of the new day grows, so too will all the valley be revealed; and the ring of jungle-covered mountains look down on this epicentre of town and village life. ■

## PORT MORESBY



Dominating the Port Moresby skyline is the new Grand Papua Hotel which is due to open later this year. The Steamships-owned five star hotel will have 166 luxury bedroom suites, and it's being built on the site of the old Papua Hotel - better known as the "top pub" - destroyed by fire in 1991. Only a short distance away is the Ela Beach Hotel, formerly the Davara Motel, also part of the Steamships chain. It's being expanded with the building of 42 new units overlooking the waterfront.

Don Hook



Right: Still standing in the Port Moresby CBD is the tower of the old Burns Philp building destroyed by fire last year.

## **TIGER AND THE VILLAGE PIGS by Paul Oates**

Not long after I returned to Kabwum from working on the Yalumet / Derim road, we received word that a mature age Assistant Patrol Officer would be arriving from Lae. Jim Soul and his wife and teenage son arrived on the next government charter and I was directed to take Jim on his first patrol.

Jim had been in the Australian Army and a member of the Armoured Corps or a 'Tankie'. He swore by his crepe soled tank boots that he intended to wear on patrol as he could, he said, walk up the side of a tank with them. I wasn't so sure, having made the same mistake with rubber soled boots two years previously on a patrol between Mindik and the Ogeranang airstrip site.

The patrol was going back to the Timbe Valley to see how the road between Derim and Yalumet was progressing. We flew to from Kabwum to Derim airstrip and unloaded our gear. As we descended down below Derim airstrip I pointed out to Jim how one could look at but not see things. We were looking at a fully functioning vegetable garden yet until I pointed out the individual banana trees, *kaukau* vines, taro plants, etc. it just looked like a patch of lush, green bush.

Inevitably, Jim who was well over six feet tall started to have difficulty in keeping his feet due to his rubber soled boots filling up with greasy wet clay. I suggested he cut a stout walking stick to help him keep himself upright. That was very fortunate as it turned out.

Walking through the forest can be very pleasant in the early morning before sun gets too high in the sky and the humidity starts becoming oppressive.

Along the bridle track, people had cleared the jungle on either side. The particular small trees in that area (called 'Kurung' by the people there), gave off a very pungent, sweet perfume as they dried out and I was sure they were wild cinnamon from the smell of the bark that was curling up around the dead sapling's trunks.

Half way along the track, we camped overnight at the village of Takop.

Situated on the crest of a hill, it was quite cool at night and we started off early next morning. Near the track was a waterfall and we had a wash along the way.

My dog Tiger was by this time almost full grown and had a very deep bark for what was a medium sized dog. I was out in front of the patrol with Jim behind me and then our cook and a long line of carriers. Along the track, the forest occasionally gave way to patches of kunai, that 5 - 6 foot high grass of New Guinea. As we entered a large clearing in the forest and were approaching the village of Longmon, Tiger suddenly raced ahead of me and disappeared around a bend in the track about 50 yards in front of us.

Loud excited barks were then followed by a cacophony of grunting. Back around the bend in the track erupted Tiger and not far behind him, a herd of semi feral village pigs. For those who have never seen village pigs, they aren't the docile animals you see at country shows. These were mostly a dirty black with stiff spines on their backs and were led by a large male tusker of clearly aggressive disposition. We could plainly hear him gnashing his tusks together in a series of 'clicks' as he sharpened the protruding lower pointed teeth against the upper ones.

It's fair to say that Tiger was having a great time. The look on his face was plainly saying 'Look what I've found for you!' as he disappeared past me at a rapid pace of knots with his tongue lolling out.



Now that left me in a pickle as I was facing a herd of clearly agitated and semi feral porkers coming along the track at a fast run. Not the least of which was a large boar with tusks that could do me a nasty damage if he got to me.

I turned to look at which tree I could climb and to my dismay, saw behind me just one small sapling that was even now starting to bend as Jim shinnied up it. In the grass along the track behind the sapling, there was a long winding line of cargo that had obviously had been jettisoned by the carriers who were now nowhere in sight.

To this day I can only say that 'necessity was the mother of invention'.

Propped up on the slowly waving sapling was Jim's walking stick. Grabbing the stout 6 foot walking stick, I turned to face the herd that by this time was about 20 feet away but closing fast. Hurling the stick as a spear, I hoped it might slow the onslaught. My luck was in for it struck the boar end on, right on the most vulnerable part of his anatomy, his snout.

Letting out a high pitched squeal, the boar stopped in his tracks, turned around and ran back the way he came with all his sows and piglets following him.

Trying to look nonchalant and to give the impression that this was the sort of thing that often happened on patrol, I retrieved Jim's stick and gave it to him as he climbed down the sapling. Little by little the carriers appeared gingerly out of their hiding places and took up the cargo boxes again. Tiger then returned and wagging his tale, indicated that he thought, 'that was a good game wasn't it?'

Longmon was an interesting village and I remember the orange trees that grew there were laden with ripe fruit yet the outside of the oranges was still green. ▪

### **A recent visit to Florence, Italy was highlighted by a remarkable coincidence By Steve Gibson**

I stayed in a nondescript, back street private hotel. On entering the dining room for breakfast on the first morning I noticed, sitting low at a small corner table, almost hidden behind huge salt and pepper shakers, a young gentleman who was obviously from PNG. We soon struck up a conversation. I learnt that he came from the village of Gitukia, near Sialum, Morobe Province. This was an area I knew well and when I reeled off the names of the adjoining villages plus the odd tok pisin expression Jerry Cherket thought all his Christmases had come at once! I too thought it amazing that in such a far away historically and culturally significant part of the world I should meet someone from what was in the mid-sixties at least, a decidedly unremarkable PNG village.

Jerry had studied at Newcastle University, become an architect, now with a Masters degree and at the time was spending a year at a University in Campania, Italy. He was on University holidays and doing a private tour of Italy and Poland. That day Jerry became my tour guide and interpreter. Yes, he spoke Italian and he knew where all the main attractions and the bargains were! During the course of the day I mentioned that one night during the Sydney Olympics, I happened to be at Circular Quay watching Cathy Freeman win gold on the big screen. I told Jerry that I had spoken to a group of young PNG people who were in the crowd. One of the group mentioned that he was from Sialum and an architecture student at Newcastle University. Jerry's reply was as brief as it was astonishing. 'Yes', he said, '*mi tasol*'! ▪



## PNGAA 2010 ADELAIDE REUNION

### Graham Taylor and Jan Kleinig

South Australian members of the PNGAA held their 10th annual reunion lunch at the Public Schools Club in Adelaide on Sunday 31 October. Fifty eight members and friends attended. The venue is a delightfully comfortable one and with dining tables decorated with roses from Adelaide's prolific gardens and Papua New Guinea flags, the atmosphere was tremendously enjoyable.

Four members of the local State-based PNG Association of South Australia, Ellen McKay and her daughter, Hilary with Therese Kemelfield and her daughter, Christina received a warm welcome.

Graham Taylor read out 'words of greeting' from PNGAA acting President Dennis Doyle.

The highlight of the luncheon was a presentation by special guest **Dr Barry Craig**, Curator of Foreign Ethnology at the South Australian Museum and former Curator of Anthropology at the National Museum in Port Moresby, with the title ***PNG - My 'Last Frontier'***.

*Barry's address will appear in the June 2011 edition of this journal.*

A second guest speaker Waltraud (Traudel) Schmidt, came to Australia from Germany in 1992. In Adelaide, Traudel teaches German, translates and is an active volunteer guide at the South Australian Museum. It was at the museum that she was introduced to the work of Elisabeth Kramer-Bannow, the wife of the German anthropologist and explorer of the South Pacific during the late 1800s and early 1900s, Augustin Kramer.

A summary of Traudel's talk is included with this report.

The book's publisher Tony Crawford, Crawford House Publications, provided a display of books about Papua New Guinea for purchase which attracted considerable interest.

A gift of Waltraud's translation was raffled. There were gasps of disbelief when Helen Welch, who won last year's raffle of a Hal Holman print, won this year's draw as well. Helen generously surrendered her winning ticket and promptly drew a replacement winning ticket held by Maria Svent-Ivany.

Encouraged by the success of this tenth reunion the organising group Ron Storer, Peter Thomas, Robin Radford, Jan Kleinig and Graham Taylor are looking forward to the 11<sup>th</sup> gathering in October 2011.

### **From Waltraud Schmidt .....**

"Elisabeth Krämer-Bannow was a remarkable woman. In 1908/1909, she explored New Ireland, then a German colony called Neu-Mecklenburg, on foot, covering more than 1000 km in 6 months, all the time wearing her heavy, ankle-long skirts that became particularly cumbersome in the ever-present soaking rain and had to be wrung out regularly. In her book '**Bei kunstsinnigen Kannibalen der Südsee**' (**Among Art-Loving Cannibals of the South Seas**) she describes her 'personal colourful adventures' on the island.

At the beginning of the 20th century, it was impossible for a young, middle-class woman from Berlin to travel to such exotic and dangerous places on her own but she found a way to fulfil her dreams. In 1904 she married Augustin Krämer, a well-known anthropologist and medical doctor. Together, they first visited the

Caroline Islands in 1906-1907 and then, in 1908, they travelled to New Ireland. Augustin Krämer was the leader of the 'Deutsche Marine Expedition' that had the objectives of studying the island and its people. Elisabeth, the only female member of the expedition, was responsible for painting, photography and working with the local women as this kind of research had proved to be impossible for male researchers.

Elisabeth was a trained artist but she had no formal training in the anthropological techniques of her time. However, she developed on her own the participant-observer method. To approach the shy women in a non-threatening way, she would sit quietly in a corner of the village square, painting village scenes. After a while, curiosity would win and the women would gather around her to watch and after a while they showed her their own skills.

She took many black and white photographs but had to transform most of them into pen and ink drawings for the book because they were cheaper to print. To be able to capture the flora and fauna and the artefacts of the island in colour, she professionally painted hundreds of very precise watercolours. Unfortunately, most of them were lost in the bombing raids of World War II.

The Krämers arrived in Muliama in November 1908 and stayed for 5 weeks, visiting the surrounding villages in November/December 1908. Then they decided to walk to Lamasong, their new home for the subsequent 4 months. There, Elisabeth had a local interpreter, Bariu, who provided her with many unprecedented insights into the lives of the women, like child birth or trade with women from the mountains. She was incensed with the men who she regarded as egoistic and phlegmatic and she admired the women with their heavy workloads.

During the expedition, the Krämers took a short time off to visit Rabaul and Matupit by boat and then, despite many warnings, hiked along the west coast of New Ireland from Ulanputur to Lemau. They encountered shark callers and surfing youths, observed and took part in feasts (sometimes quite uninvited), swam in crocodile infested waters and then crossed the high mountain range back to Lamasong. Towards the end of their stay, they explored the mountain region around Lelet where they sometimes were confronted with quite hostile people who had never seen Europeans before.

While they were in the mountains and out of sight, they missed the boat that was to have taken them to Kävieng. It had arrived much too early and did not wait for them. So they had to walk another 150 kms before they could catch the boat to their next assignment in the Caroline Islands.

I was made aware of this wonderful book by Tim Flannery who had discovered it in an antique bookstore but could not read it because it had never been translated. So he asked me if I would like to do it. There appeared some unexpected difficulties with translating a 100year old book, like words that had changed their meaning over time and required a 19th century dictionary. However, I enjoyed every minute I could spend with the admirable and intrepid Elisabeth and her adventures.

**Elisabeth Krämer-Bannow: 29/09/1874 (Wismar) - 09/01/1945 (Stuttgart)**

**Augustin Krämer: 27/08/1865 (Chile) - 11/11/1941 (Stuttgart) ▪**

## **Qantas DC3 VH-EAP by Robert Blaikie**

When visiting the Qantas Founders' Museum at Longreach in Queensland the visitor will be excited by the restored Boeing 747 and the Boeing 707 and the wonderful heritage items on display. Spare a thought for the venerable DC3 nearby.

This DC3 has a special place in the history of aviation in Papua New Guinea.

It was manufactured by the Douglas Aircraft Corporation at Oklahoma City in the United States and rolled off the production line 28 March 1944. It was acquired by the Royal Australian Air Force 12 April 1944. It served at Richmond and Townsville.

It was sold to Qantas Empire Airways and registered as VH-EAP on 8 June 1948. It was to be reregistered VH-EBY 29 July 1957 and was sold to the Australian Airlines Commission for operation by TAA in New Guinea and reregistered as VH-SBG and named 'Kavieng' 8 December 1960.

It was sold to Air Niugini 12 February 1974 and registered as P2-SBG and in November 1975 it was reregistered as P2-ANP and was withdrawn from service 31 July 1977.

Following this it had a number of owners including Air Queensland where it was registered as VH-BPL 15 October 1982.

It was cancelled from the Australia register 17 August 2006 and donated to the Qantas Founders' Museum by Mr JD Williams and transported to Longreach where it has been repainted in its original Qantas livery.

My late wife Margaret Hall was working with Qantas in Lae in late 1951 and 1952 and was photographed standing by the tail of VH-EAP.

The photograph of VH-EAP at Longreach is by courtesy of Mr Ron Cuskelly.



## HELP WANTED

► **Would anyone know of a 1940s weather forecaster in Rabaul whose name may have been McConnell** and who was a friend of John Murphy? Please contact Dr Peter Cahill by email: [p.cahill@uqconnect.net](mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.net) or Ph: 07-3371 4794 if you are able to assist.

► **Patrick Lindsay**, author of *The Coast Watchers*, is very keen to find a photograph of one of the heroes in his book, **Cornelius 'Con' Page**. Con Page was one of the first Coast Watchers recruited by Eric Feldt in 1940. He operated on Simberi Island in the Tabar Group, where he managed Pigibut Plantation.

Patrick tells Con Page's remarkable story in the book: how he chose to stay on and continued to report on the Japanese right until he was betrayed, captured and executed. Despite an extensive search, Patrick has been unable to find any image of Page. He's hoping some of our readership may have a connection to Con Page that will give him a lead in his quest.

If you can help, please contact Patrick, by email on [patrick@patricklindsay.com.au](mailto:patrick@patricklindsay.com.au) or on his mobile 0407 099967.

► **Vince Gratzer is a film producer based in Los Angeles** and is developing a feature film project based on **the story of Fred Hargesheimer** and the work he did with the American Airman's Foundation and for the people of West New Britain. Vince is particularly interested in accounts of interrogations of villagers by the Japanese. He knows that the luluai who was hiding Fred in Ea Ea (later named Nantabu) was often called to Japanese garrison at Ulamoa for questioning (and sometimes to Lolobau Island). Can anyone help Vince further with his research?

Vince is also interested in being put in touch with any PNG film or stage actors in south east Queensland and New Britain.

Please contact Vince at Las Cruces Productions 917 Larrabee Street Ste. 26  
Los Angeles CA 90069 310/657-7701 Email: [vgratzer@irishlegends.com](mailto:vgratzer@irishlegends.com)

► **NGVR/PNGVR MILITARY MUSEUM, Wacol, Brisbane**

Curator John Holland (and PNGAA member) will welcome both visitors and anyone wishing to provide assistance.

Please phone him on: 07-3375 5484/0449 504 058

**The Museum plans a display covering the NGVR's activities in the Lae-Salamaua-Wau campaign of WWII.** If anyone has photographs and/or memorabilia from this campaign could they please contact Phil Ainsworth Ph: 0418 730 348/ Email [p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au](mailto:p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au) or the Curator, John Holland, on Phone: 07-3375 5484/ 0449 504 058 Email: [rabaul42@gmail.com](mailto:rabaul42@gmail.com)

► Sue Hardiman is researching **Gerald Szarka** for a family history and would appreciate hearing from anyone who knew him. Please contact Sue at: 6/10 Mary Avenue, HIGHETT 3190 – 03) 9553 1336 Or 0413 308 964 or on email: [Suehardiman@optusnet.com.au](mailto:Suehardiman@optusnet.com.au)

► Rosemary Gordon would like to sincerely thank everyone who contacted her earlier in 2010 with information about AA Roberts for a book she is writing. Due to a computer crash Rosemary has lost all her email addresses but was fortunate to have saved all the research.

Rosemary says: 'The responses to my request were so freely shared, and gave me such an insight into an incredible man's life, thank you'.

Rosemary Gordon, 51 Haig Street, Wynnum West 4178 QLD Mob 0401 790 121

► **The newspaper Ailans Nius was published in Rabaul by Irene Bush in the 1970s.** The weekly newspaper was written mainly in English, but there were also articles in Pidgin. Ailans Nius merged with Hailans Nius and Lae Nius to form Niugini Nius. (Hailans Nius was published 1978-1979; Lae Nius was published 1974-1978).

The Mitchell Library in Sydney has some issues of Ailans Nius for 1978-1979, but unfortunately, it seems that these are the only copies of Ailans Nius held in any Library. The Mitchell Library would like to complete its set of Ailans Nius.

**Does any member have a copy of Ailans Nius they are willing to have copied for- or donated to - the Mitchell Library?**

**One of our members, Philip Selth, who is researching the work of Kiaps before and after the war has offered to arrange delivery /copying as necessary.** Philip can be contacted at P O Box 1682, Lane Cove, NSW 1595; ph. 02 9229 1735; [pselth@nswbar.asn.au](mailto:pselth@nswbar.asn.au)

### FILM NEWS

**Sisters of War**, DVD, \$29.99 ISBN / Catalogue Number: R-111188-9

Available from ABC Shops and online at:

<http://shop.abc.net.au/browse/product.asp?productid=790304>

Inspired by a true story based on Rod Miller's unpublished book, *Lost Women of Rabaul*

Information from the ABC Online website:

'January, 1942. The Japanese war machine thunders across South East Asia. In its path, on the island of New Britain, lies a tiny Catholic mission station, Vunapope. Here a handful of Australian nurses take refuge with wounded Australian soldiers. *Sisters of War* is inspired by the true story of two extraordinary Australian women, Lorna Whyte, (now Lorna Johnston) an army nurse and Sister Berenice Twohill, a Catholic nun from country New South Wales who was stationed at Vunapope. Although they were two very different women, their friendship would survive the perilous events that followed. *Sisters of War* is adapted from wartime diaries and interviews with Lorna, Sister Berenice and others who witnessed these events. The story of their captivity, their extraordinary courage and their will to prevail has never been told.'

The DVD contains interviews with Lorna and Sr Berenice, on the set scenes, deleted scenes and a photo gallery.

### BOOK NEWS

**Education Officer TPNG by Neil Murray** ISBN 978-0-646-54401-4  
Published 2010 A4 size 247pp Mostly colour photographs Available from Neil Murray 1003/23 McLeod Street, Cairns QLD 4870 Cost: \$50 incl p&p within Australia

Neil writes: 'This book tells the story of my five years at Sogeri Secondary School from 1958 to 1962. It is my story [told] through the eyes of a teacher and a foreigner. It was my first experience with a culture different from my own and I hope that my enthusiasm to learn as much as I taught shows through in this book. This is also a story told mainly in photographs, as much as in words. I was a keen photographer before I went to Sogeri and I continued to record my experiences while I was there and on to the present. So I have selected about two hundred of my photographs which provide the framework of this story. The words elaborate

what is in the photos and fill in the bits that the pictures leave out. I encourage readers to take the time to look into the photographs to find out what is in there.'

Neil worked in Papua New Guinea for 43 years. In his second year at Sogeri and initiated by the Australian Army, Neil set up the first Cadet Corps at a secondary institution in the Territory. Neil learnt that working with students outside the classroom, 'a different set of behaviours came into play'. With the story interwoven around 200 incredible full page photographs, this collage is an important history both educationally and socially.

► **Distrust Territory** (also see *Una Voce* No 4 December 2010 p 29)

Donald Denoon, author of several books of history including 'Trial Separation' on the independence of Papua New Guinea and 'Getting under the Skin' on the development of the Panguna mine on Bougainville, and general editor of the 'Cambridge History of the Pacific', has since retiring as a Professor in Pacific and Asian History in 2004, added fiction to his extensive list of publications. His latest novel is '**Distrust Territory**' published by the UPNG Press and Bookshop and Masalai Press, Oakland, California. With a strong plot and compressed, clear prose Denoon explores the attitudes of those Australians of high ideals in the 1970s who now confront apparent incompetence and corruption in PNG and fellow Australians who deplore the granting of premature independence. He is also concerned with Papua New Guineans who are variously ready to grasp power and money, disillusioned but avoiding corruption or bravely battling on. The plot moves between Australia, Port Moresby and the PNG-Indonesian border. It is a novel illuminating personal and policy dilemmas. Mike Bourke

► I'd like to let readers of *Una Voce* know that they can download the whole book or just chapters of **Food and Agriculture in PNG** for free. The URL is [http://epress.anu.edu.au/food\\_agriculture/pdf\\_instructions.html](http://epress.anu.edu.au/food_agriculture/pdf_instructions.html)

I have just downloaded *Chapter 5 - Cash Income from Agriculture* because this is my specialist topic and I have found it to be brilliant. It's easy to read, the graphs are clear and easy to comprehend, and it's up to date.

If anyone has a Kindle or iPad, it would be worth downloading the whole book. Anyone with an interest in PNG would enjoy this book. It surprised me to see how important to the many local economies gold, copper and oil had become.

R. Michael Bourke and Tracy Harwood are to be congratulated on such a fine effort as are the chapter authors; Bryant Allen, John Gibson, Alan Quartermain, Kate Barclay, Jean Kennedy, Matthew Allen and Andrew McGregor.

The chapter headings are:

- Twenty myths about Papua New Guinea agriculture
- Introduction
- History of Agriculture in Papua New Guinea
- Part 1: People, Land and Environment
- Part 2: Food Production, Consumption and Imports
- Part 3 Village Food Production Systems
- Part 4: The Broader Economy
- Part 5: Cash Income from Agriculture
- Part 6: Agricultural Development, Policies and Governance

Linda Manning

► **Members who have read *Not a Poor Man's Field***, may be unaware that Michael Waterhouse has added considerably more information to his website than was possible to include in his book. It includes additional photos, documents and statistical tables and these can be accessed and downloaded free of charge.

There's a 20 page document showing how Wau developed in the 1930s, a similar one on Lae and copies of original papers associated with the early gold discoveries. Photos include one of the first airline tickets issued, in August 1927, a dramatic photo of the Wau-Edie Creek road under construction and one of a remarkable bridge across the Bulolo in 1928. Visit [www.notapoormansfield.com](http://www.notapoormansfield.com) and access the right menu. Information is structured in the same sections as in the book. Members can register to be advised of updates, at no cost. If PNGAA members have photos they think might interest others, please contact Michael directly to discuss adding them to the website.

## REUNIONS

► **KIAP REUNION – 13 November 2011**, Kawana Waters Hotel, Nicklin Way, Buddina, Sunshine Coast, Queensland; (near Kawana Waters Shopping Centre, on main road between Mooloolaba and Caloundra); gold coin entry fee to cover postage costs etc

**RSVP 16 October 2011**

An invitation is extended to all Kiaps, their families and their friends. The venue outlook is over water to an extensive marina and has a covered outdoor deck area linked to an indoor bar/lounge with adequate dining and seating facilities available for our use. Last time we catered for 227. The Kawana Waters Hotel has sixteen motel style rooms available for the nights of Saturday, 12 November and Sunday, 13 November, 2011. If you require a booking please phone the hotel on 07- 54446699 and mention that you are part of the "Kiap Reunion" group.

Breakfast on the Monday morning, for those available, will be held at Bellissimo's Restaurant on the Esplanade at Mooloolaba overlooking the beach.

Further information available from:

Denys/Helen Faithful  
Home Ph. 07. 54444484  
[denysfaithful@hotmail.com](mailto:denysfaithful@hotmail.com)

Bob/Heather Fayle  
Home Ph. 07. 54447446  
[bobfayle@hotmail.com](mailto:bobfayle@hotmail.com)

► **69th anniversary commemoration 2 and 3 July 2011**

**Two major events will be held in Canberra on July 2 and 3 to mark the 69th anniversary of the loss of troops and civilians in the New Guinea islands and the sinking of the *Montevideo Maru*.**

There will be a Memorial Luncheon at the National Press Club on Saturday 2 July where the guest speaker will be **Major General John Pearn, Patron of the NGVR/PNGVR Association and a member of the PNGAA**. An ecumenical memorial service will be held in the RMC Chapel at Duntroon on Sunday 3 July. Members of Canberra Legacy's Southside Laurel Club will provide some light catering following the memorial service at the Duntroon Chapel on Sunday 3 July 2011. People interested in attending should contact Andrea Williams at [andrea.williams@bigpond.com](mailto:andrea.williams@bigpond.com) or 0409 031 089

► **Samarai Reunion 2012 will be held 7th - 9th September 2012**. Ridges Oasis Resort, Caloundra. All ex-residents of Samarai and Milne Bay are invited to attend. If you wish to stay informed phone Jack Medley on (07) 5497 2405 or email [samarai.reunion2012@gmail.com](mailto:samarai.reunion2012@gmail.com) or check the web site <http://loosenuts.com.au/SamaraiReunion.html>



### **ROYAL PAPUA & NEW GUINEA CONSTABULARY NEWS.**

A Christmas get-together of former officers and partners was held in Brisbane on 4 December. Kevin Gascoigne, now living in Melbourne but who made the trip North,, reports that the main focus was a luncheon at Wynnum organised by Gerry Bellis. While most persons attending were from the Brisbane area, there were some interstate visitors: John Trewin from Perth, and Dave Fitzgibbon who is the proprietor of the Wilderness Hotel at Derwent Bridge in Tasmania.

Some of the members from the Brisbane area who were present at the luncheon included Bryan Beattie, Barry Baxter, Geoff Brazier, Alistair Bain, Alan Dyer, Dave Illsley, Ted Jarrat, Ian Johnston, Graham Watkins, Robbie Robinson and Earl Sanders. Susan Jewell, widow of Les Jewell who established the Port Moresby Police Dog Squad in the 1960s was a welcome guest. Bryan Beattie reported on his recent visit, with wife Jacqui, to Papua New Guinea to see their son, John, who runs a successful legal practice in Port Moresby. During the time he was there, Bryan took the opportunity to visit and meet with staff at the Bomana Police College, where he had been Superintendent-in-Charge prior to PNG independence. Kevin Gascoigne

### **► Memories of the South Pacific Islands Are Being Recalled**

**Toowong Library, Level One in the Toowong Village**

**9-12 noon first Friday of each month in 2011**

Interested? Please email or telephone the meeting convener –

Jim Burton (former resident of Fiji, Vanuatu and Papua New Guinea)

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Numberplate snapped whilst stopped at a red light.  
Photo: MR Hayes



## DONATIONS TO PNGAA COLLECTION, FRYER LIBRARY

MARCH 2011

Dr Peter Cahill

**Anon.** copy of large map of Gazelle Peninsula and St George's Channel, New Ireland, south from Namatanai to Cape St George. Compiled from German and Australian government charts to 1964; photo 3 Chinese men and 1 Chinese boy in front of Public Chinese School, Rabaul, 1949; photo of school children of Elementary Asian School, Rabaul, ca.1949. **Karl Baumann** (Germany) copy of Rabaul town plan June, 1913; photographs Rabaul early 1900s including opening of Bennigsen Bruecke (bridge) connecting Kurapun (Matupi Island) with Lakunai area; photo of Chinese temple, Chinatown, Rabaul, ca.1910; photo of Rabaul Chinese-made domestic furniture, ca.1910. **Nell Wightman\*** slides of the arrival of the *Britannia* Port Moresby 1955 and notes of the visit; copy of Bert Beros' poem *Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels*; photo Brian Wightman, Lismore, ?1958; approximately 100 slides of Port Moresby/Konedobu/Goroka/Mt Hagen/Samarai/Veimaui/Rubberlands/Wewak/ Madang areas. **Charles Betteridge\*** an extraordinary and valuable collection of 543 dated and identified slides of all PNG provinces including Port Moresby 1960 & 1960-1997; Queen's visit to Bougainville 1974; smoked corpses at Aseki (Eastern Highlands Province) 1985; Tabubil & Ok Tedi mine, Western Province; Snake River, Morobe Province, 1985; Madang 1969 & 1986; East & West Sepik Provinces 1977-1979; Kimbe & Talasea West New Britain Province 1997; and Kiunga, Western Province 2001. **John Norton\*** photographic essay in CD format of the career of a *Kiap* in Papua New Guinea 1956-1974 includes stunning colour photos of Saidor/ Dumpu/ Finisterre Range/Popondetta/ Balimo/Rabaul/Madang and *olgeta liklik ples klostu*. Plus villages/villagers/native customs/artefacts/patrol posts/District head-quarters/field staff on patrol. **Patricia Poircuitte** 6 photographs ca.1920s with captions: Junkers plane VH VOX at Mt Hagen partially surrounded by natives; Hides/Lyall Fly River Expedition at Strickland River base camp; Hides/Lyall/Isler/-Priestley at SR base camp with labour line; Guinea Airways Junkers (floats) on river at Kerema; boys taking off stores from Junkers VH VNH at one of the gold camps; group of four goldminers in front of Junkers "miles from anywhere" (probably SR base camp). **Frank Holland\*** courtesy John Holland, Goroka Show photographs 1960s: series of 11 on the making of a Hagen axe; 37 of "faces" of young/old/ male/female Eastern Highlands villagers some in *singsing* decorations, includes 1 Catholic nun (?postulant), bird of paradise plumes and pearl shell nose and chest ornaments; 22 photos of general Goroka/Mt Hagen Show scenes including three young girls in their *bilas*; smoke-dried corpse; skull wearing a *karpul* skin hat; skull rack with 12 visible skulls; trainees operating weaving looms. **Barry Allen** (on behalf of late father, Bill Allen) program and photographs of the Official Record of the unveiling of the Mount Lamington Memorial, Popondetta Cemetery, Papua 241152 (lodged in Fryer Library's e-space). **Adrian Geyle\*** 171 slides dated 1952-1956 and identified of patrol posts and village scenes at OkTedi/Fly River/Lake Murray/ Kiunga/Green River/upper & lower Sepik River/Ambunti/Yapsei/Wewak River/Wewak/Vanimu/Wau/Edie Creek/Bulolo/Daru/Aum/diamond drilling & surveying Sepik area/M.V. Henrietta. **Doreen (Crawley) MacGowan\*** police photos: David Crawley (father) with New Guinea Police Force (NGPF) bugle band, Rabaul, 1937; Royal



## **C.O. (BILL) HARRY by Frazer Harry**

Bill led an extremely interesting and varied life in both PNG and Australia. He died in Melbourne, after several months of ill health, on the 4<sup>th</sup> of January, 2011, aged 94.

Bill started life in a farming family in the north central Victorian region, the youngest of five children. Pre-depression the Harry family enterprise was extremely successful, being the largest wheat growers in Victoria, and the largest Clydesdale horse breeders in Australia. The depression years altered things dramatically, and Bill, being the youngest, didn't see his future on the land. The war came along and he travelled to Melbourne. On 28<sup>th</sup> May 1940, he enlisted in the AIF. The 2/22 Infantry Battalion was formed, and in February 1941, the 1300 men were transferred to Rabaul, on the island of New Britain, in New Guinea.

The story of the 2/22 Battalion and what it went through is a long, tragic story. Suffice it to say that, after the Japanese invasion of Rabaul in January 1942, the Japanese attacking force, when it came, was estimated to be up to 20,000 troops (with over 40 ships including 2 aircraft carriers – up against 1300 infantry men with a meagre 6 Wirraway planes. Fewer than 400 of the original 1300 made it home – and of Bill's unit of the Intelligence Section, he was the only survivor.

Bill's role prior to the invasion was to survey the surrounding area. In addition he was friendly with some of the Methodist missionaries, particularly John Poole, and went on mission patrols with them further into the bush – gaining a greater understanding of the jungle, its tracks and villages. The area inland from Rabaul, running down the island, and in the Baining Mountains, was the only obvious means of retreat in the event of attack.

On the morning of 23rd January 1942, the Japanese did attack. Overwhelmed by the invasion, retreat became inevitable within hours. Colonel Scanlon, the commanding officer, soon declared 'every man for himself'. As there had been no official plan for retreat, a message also went out for Bill Harry. Bill's knowledge of the land was invaluable and he worked with Scanlon and Command HQ to assist in planning the belated retreat into the jungle. When Scanlon and some other officers decided to surrender, Bill opted to go it alone and hit the bush looking for his mates. From Rabaul, and the Malabunga and Vunakanau area, he travelled down to Lamingi, then across to Sum Sum on the south coast, gradually moving down past the Wide Bay area, Waterfall Bay, Palmalmal, eventually down to Gasmata.

Bill spent the next few months in the bush, sometimes by himself, sometimes in a small group, dodging the enemy and helping out as many stragglers as he could find. He always said afterwards that he was reasonably comfortable dealing with the bush – he'd take his chances there, rather than with the Japanese. It was a judgment that was to prove vital. Among other atrocities that occurred, approximately 120 Australian troops who surrendered to the Japanese at Tol plantation, in the Wide Bay area, were tied together in groups of 10 or so, marched out into the jungle just back from the beach, and bayoneted or shot. A few members of the small party Bill was with at that stage came across the terrible scene a few days later. (The other great tragedy which befell so many of the troops and civilians who were captured or surrendered, was the sinking on the 1st July 1942 of the Montevideo Maru, en route to Japan as a prisoner transport ship.

Some 1200 were lost at sea, including over 800 troops as POWs, the majority members of the 2/22 Battalion).

At one stage, the party Bill was with needed to get word to another group of soldiers back up the coast re planning their escape from New Britain. Bill was the one nominated for this task. He was given 4 days to get there and return, otherwise he'd be left behind. He got there and returned in less than 2 days - virtually not stopping or sleeping the whole time. It was a remarkable effort, later referred to by some of his battalion mates as 'Bill Harry's March'. He and 120 others eventually made it off New Britain by boat, the Laurabada, in April 1942.

New Guinea drew Bill back after the war, working with Burns Philp based in Port Moresby. He became involved in the local scene, joining a cricket club, and generally getting to know the region. Around this time he and brother Lindsay had pooled their money and purchased war surplus machinery to ship back to Australia. They couldn't afford insurance, and unfortunately their ship struck a reef in the Coral Sea – they lost the lot.

Bill eventually returned to Melbourne, and took up a position as a clerk with the Soldier Settlement Commission. When this instrumentality merged with the Rural Finance Commission Bill became its Deputy Chairman which position he held until his retirement. He was primarily involved in land development and gained particular satisfaction from the Heytesbury settlement which became one of the best dairying regions in Australia. Bill had seen the disasters of land development and management from his early years, and basically spent his working life ensuring that that wouldn't happen again.

Another of Bill's real passions was helping War Veterans and their families, and he will be remembered for this as much as anything else he achieved. Bill retained a lifelong bond with his battalion mates, and after the war, was instrumental in forming the 2/22 Battalion Lark Force Association, being its President, and later Secretary, from the 1950s until 2002. It is difficult to comprehend the time and effort he put into this and it was truly appreciated by the men and their families. In addition to this, he was:

- Honorary Treasurer of the Victorian RSL for 39 years,
- On the Board of the Winston Churchill Memorial Trust which raised the funds and set up the Winston Churchill Scholarship.
- On the Salvation Army Executive Committee for over 20 years,
- On the Corps of Commissionaires Board of Governors for over 30 years,
- A founding member of the Anti-Cancer Appeal,
- 26 years as Chairman of the Patriotic Funds Council of Victoria,
- A Trustee with the Necropolis Trust for 15 years from 1988.
- A Council Member of the Melbourne Lord Mayors Fund for Hospitals and Charities for 40 years.

Within the RSL he was, among other things:

- Honorary State Treasurer for 37 years
- Treasurer of the War Veterans Homes Trust
- Treasurer of the RSL Widows and Widowed Mothers Trust
- Chairman of the Anzac Appeal and Poppy Appeal
- a member of the RSL National Finance Committee
- Chairman of the RSL Cricket Competition (cricket being a great love)

On Bill's eventual forced retirement from his charitable work, due to ill health, Mark Sherlock of the RSL stated that 'Bill Harry's service to the ex-services community has never been equaled anywhere in Australia'. Although never one for self-importance, Bill was never the less proud to receive an OBE in 1982, and then in 1996, an AM, for services to the ex-services community, and charitable service to the community in general.

Family was the other great thing in Bill's life. In the 1960s, he met and fell for Ruth McMaster, a school teacher who originally hailed from Melbourne. Ruth also had a New Guinea connection, being appointed deputy principal of Malabunga High School, near Rabaul in the 1960s. Bill proposed to her on Namanula Hill in 1966, overlooking Rabaul and its stunning harbor. Ruth accepted and returned (giving up her career) to set up home in Melbourne. A year on, son Frazer came along, followed by Rohan 18 months later. In more recent years Bill lived to see grandchildren Sarah and Ryan.

PNG and ENB/Rabaul in particular, remained a lifelong passion. Bill was involved in organizing various official trips and events in the region, such as memorials to the 2/22 Battalion, and those lost on the Montevideo Maru, and the memorial Cairn at Tol. He was great mates with men such as Keith McCarthy, Frank Holland, Rod Marsland – like Bill all great contributors to PNG both during and after the war, with incredible stories of their own. Time Bill and his family spent around Rabaul post war was always enjoyable, Rabaul returning to some of its past glory, and of course always so beautiful. Bill made over 20 trips back there, and catching up with local identities and friends, including the Cohen family, Father Frankie, Matt Foley, Jim Copeland, 'Dutchy' Shelekans, Arch Taylor, among many others, was hugely important. They were always very 'social' occasions!

Until ill health, Bill, with Ruth, was active in the church, and his other interests, and of course getting to the beach house at Mt Eliza (named 'Namanula' after that most significant place in Rabaul) and traveling extensively both in Australia and overseas.

Bill was a man who did so much for others, and who held such a love for New Guinea and its people. He has requested his ashes be scattered in Rabaul. ▪

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# **THE DAY THE HORIZON DISAPPEARED**

**by Graham Egan**

In 1976 I was teaching at Mt Hagen Technical College. My three years at Kerema had ended in December 1969 and I was curious to see what the old town looked like.

So, during the May school holidays, I set off from Moresby, in a single engined Cessna and arrived in Kerema, after an hour and a half and a brief stop at Yule Island. The town seemed small and cluttered after the bustling big smoke of Mt Hagen. There were more buildings and a couple of the roads were now paved with bitumen, that the regular heavy rainfall had not yet potholed. I met a few people I remembered and soon I felt more at home as the town's familiarity settled upon me.

I stayed at the Kerema Hotel, built in 1969 and still presentable, though a little mouldy and faded.

The food was fair and I slept well enough in the warm, humid night. My trip had been a good one. Or so I thought.

The return flight left Kerema at about 2.00pm and the pilot mentioned, almost in passing, that bad weather at Moresby had closed the airport there, but he hoped it would be open again by the time we arrived. All five passengers, after looking nervously at each other, hoped so too.

The south easterly laurabada winds were blowing strongly and the trip was a bumpy one. We reached the halfway point of Bereina and learning that Moresby was still closed, the pilot decided to land and wait until it opened. An hour later we were joined by a Defence Force DC 3. Not long after 5.00pm, the pilot heard that Moresby had opened again, so he gunned our little Cessna 206 and we were soon in the air again. Ominously, the Defence Force DC 3 decided to stay at Bereina.

As we headed towards Moresby, the winds seemed to drop, giving us a smoother flight, but the sky was very grey and getting darker. I was nervous and stared ahead, willing the sky to clear. At last the hills of Moresby came into view, through the increasing rain squalls. We were almost there. Then we heard that the airport had closed again. What were we to do now? Suddenly, the pilot turned the plane right and appeared to me to be heading out to sea. There was nothing to be seen, no up no down, no right no left, just grey. My mouth dried and I felt rising panic. For one mad moment I contemplated wrenching the stick out of the pilot's hand and heading back to land.

Visions of a hero's welcome for the passenger who single handedly saved a plane from its mad pilot rushed through my mind, as did a moment's regret for the impure thought I forgot to mention at confession the previous Saturday. Blessed Salvation! Fisherman's Island and its emergency airstrip appeared and we zoomed down to land on it, as did three other small planes. Night was falling and with it the prospect of not reaching Moresby. We listened, on the plane's radio, to the drama of a slightly panicky Fokker Friendship pilot being directed to divert to Lae.



Last light passed and we were still there, six of us squashed into a small plane, thinking glumly of the long, uncomfortable night ahead. No-one said much.

Two hours later, hungry, cramped and mosquito-bitten, we heard a commotion at the nearby beach. People on a cabin cruiser had seen the planes land and offered us a ride back to Moresby. I joined the rush, leaving the pilots to sit in their now roomier aircraft until first light.

We clambered aboard (about 12 people) to be greeted by drunken buck's night revellers, who had hired the cruiser for their party. One of the other rescued passengers turned to me and said: Oh God, out of the frying pan into the fire.

Despite coming perilously close to several large, dark shapes in the harbour we finally reached the locked, deserted docks, in teeming rain, at about 11 pm. I clambered over an arc mesh fence on one of the wharves (oh, how young and bendy I was then). As I stood with a couple of others in the downpour wondering how to get home, amazingly a police paddy wagon stopped and offered us a lift in the back. Home in a prison van. Why not?

They drove it fast and we bounced around inside like lotto balls at a draw. There were no hand holds inside. Mental note to self: don't ever get arrested in Port Moresby.

I finally thanked them at Korobosea, where I was staying with a friend. I came in, wet, hungry and with a story to tell. My friend asked if I had had a good trip (the 11pm arrival not having registered with him). Yeah, not bad I replied. ■

## **A MEXICAN WRITES RUGBY LEAGUE IN PORT MORESBY**

**By RICHARD JONES**

RUGBY League has long been the pre-eminent sport in Papua New Guinea, a fact rugby union, Aussie Rules and soccer fans have just had to stomach. So it should come as no surprise to followers of those codes and other disciplines such as track and field, tennis, golf and swimming that league naturally attracted the lion's share of media coverage in the 60s and 70s.

The South Pacific Post, superseded in 1969 by the five-times-a-week national daily Post-Courier, devoted large slabs of space to stories about rugby league: the nation's code.

I actually wrote previews and reviews about the five-club Papuan Rugby League competition for these estimable newspapers for three years: 1967-69.

Nothing so special about that, you might say. Ah yes, but to have a Victorian writing about the game so entrenched in the psyche of Queenslanders and New South Welshmen was certainly different.

I don't remember from which journo I took over, but Brendan Moloney - later the chief golf writer at the Melbourne Age - was sports editor at Moresby's Lawes Road newspaper headquarters during the late sixties. And then when I handed over the quill, or the typewriter as it was back then, long before the advent of the computer age, Dick Carey became the league scribe.

Friday night football was all the go in the late 1960s. After a hectic working week people loved to unwind in the (relative) cool of the evening at what is now known as the Lloyd Robson Oval in Boroko.

Under lights a PRL competition match would unfold below these fans. They could slake their thirst in the licensed club situated at the top of the grandstand. Even carry their drinks down the flights of steps to their spectator positions.

The other match in the regular PRL season would be played on Sunday afternoons. A much hotter proposition, in the daylight.

The five competing clubs were Paga (a sky blue strip), DCA or the Department of Civil Aviation (white jerseys with a blue yoke), Magani-Badili (maroon, with a gold logo), Hawks (green) and Kone Tigers (gold and black).

When I first started writing match reports unkind aficionados would ask: how did I know about scrums, forward passes, side steps and a whole array of technical terms? The answer was that journalists have to quickly pick up knowledge on the job, so to speak, about a range of sports if that's what they want to do for a living.

Think of the ABC and Channel 7 sportswriters sent to Olympic and Commonwealth Games to cover bobsledding, downhill moguls, freestyle skiing and cross country skiing in the winter disciplines, not to mention white water canoeing, handball, the 50 km walk and archery at their summer equivalent.

Versatility is the keyword here, as it was for me 40 years ago.

THE other key thing about covering rugby league when I did was reporting on the feats of national players who were gradually coming into the competing sides.

I particularly remember DCA's outside centre Gabo Vitui. Although I didn't know the connection at the time, his father Vitui worked as my *houseboi* in the Amazon Bay area of the east Central District in the early 70s. I showed Vitui clippings of Gabo's feats and so excited was the older man that I had copies made of the photos of his son.

There were many other fine PNG players in the late 60s. Paga had Tolai winger Meli Muga and Hawks had a forward named Baby Wele. I seem to recall he was called 'Baby' because he was the youngest of the Wele clan. Daniel Gire and Dadi Toka were other top PNG players in the PRL of that era.

But John, later Sir John, Kaputin was the first Papua New Guinean to play in the top grade. DCA front row forward Joe Morris remembers Sir John fondly.

'One night we were playing Kone and John was in their side. We flattened one of the Kone players and the crowd erupted.

'People started storming the fences around the field. John jumped the fence near the grandstand and got hold of the microphone. He managed to gain control,' Joe recalls.

In a nice piece of understatement the DCA forward recalls 'It wasn't nice.'

However, Morris and his DCA teammates got through 'heaps of SP beer' that evening once the match had been completed.

Joe Morris says John Kaputin was not only a great player but a 'really nice bloke, too'. ■

# **THE HORE'S IN PAKAIL CEMETERY**

## **A Gallipoli Experience**

By © Jim Ridges

### **Coincidence or premonition?**

Probably for the first time, someone involved in the annual organisation and commemoration of the ANZAC Day dawn services at Kavieng in New Ireland, felt he wanted to attend the Commemorative Services at Gallipoli, and went in April 2010.

Peter McEwan returned to Kavieng enthused and inspired, with suggestions for next year's ANZAC Day service. He loved what he saw of Turkey, and reckons he will return as it is a great tourist destination. He also handed over his touristy brochures and leaflets, and the official 'Visitor Information & Orders of Service for Gallipoli 2010, 95<sup>th</sup> Anniversary', and that's where the Kavieng coincidence kicked in.

The 64 page booklet contains the hymns and readings, photographs and a wealth of information, including four paintings of scenes on Gallipoli in 1915. Over several days this was looked at, re-read, and facts previously unknown remarked upon. Something was nagging at my memory, and I couldn't nail it down, until!

Since 1999, when I made a survey of the Pakail (Bagail) Pioneers Cemetery in Kavieng, noting down the grave inscriptions that remain, the rapidly deteriorating condition of many of the older cement monuments, and realising that many residents are unknown, I have gradually been able to add some additional information and identify more residents.

There are, or were in 1999, three headstones that specifically identify Anzacs who served on Gallipoli and elsewhere, Arthur Vincent Bellamy died 20<sup>th</sup> August 1940 (his bronze plaque was stolen several years ago for the scrap merchants), Ernest Alfred Field Stanfield died 23<sup>rd</sup> February 1960, and Leslie Fraser Standish Hore died 1935. There might be a couple of others, but Anzac or Gallipoli is not mentioned on their grave.

My only knowledge of the Hore's - the wife Emily Josephine, one of the survivors, as a child, of the sinking of the 'Quetta' on 28<sup>th</sup> February 1890 in which 133 people were lost, died in Australia in 1951 and her ashes were laid with her husband – was that Major Leslie F S Hore was a Judge of the Central Court in Rabaul from about 1919, promoted to Lieut. Colonel in 1920.

After civilian administration returned to the new Territory of New Guinea on 9<sup>th</sup> May 1921, he was the Crown Law officer. In 'Pictorial History of New Guinea' by Gash & Whittaker, there is a photo of pith-helmeted Lt Col Hore and Sgt Gouday 'in the Baining mountains'.

In 1927 he bought Lauan, a small property in New Ireland that he had tendered for from the Expropriation Board, for £610. Much larger plantations nearby, Libba, Lossu and Luburua, were bought at the same time by a B. S. Hore, though whether related or not is not known. Their daughter Margaret had married Capt. WE Grose, the Superintendent for Police, who were the parents of Jim Grose, the New Ireland planter and businessman after the war.

The rather good water colour painting of Anzac Beach June 1915 in the booklet was accredited to Major Leslie Hore of the 8<sup>th</sup> Light Horse Regiment, and is now

in the Mitchell Library, Sydney, number a091008. So that was it, the mind jogger, the name Hore, as in the cemetery, but the 8<sup>th</sup> Light Horse and a Judge in Rabaul hardly compared.

Looking carefully now at the reproduction of the water colour in the booklet, a variety of browns and blue, spoilt by the join where it is printed over two pages, it revealed the secret of identity that linked it to Pakail Pioneers Cemetery in Kavieng. There on the far right hand side, faintly in pencil, is a signature, clearly L F S Hore. If there was still any doubt, under the title 'Anzac Beach June 1915' in black paint, is 'LFSH'.

Now it's possible that there may have been two Major Hore's in the Australian Army at Gallipoli at the same time, both with a first name Leslie, and both with middle names starting with F and S, but I doubt it. The painter of the rather evocative scene - of stores piled up under canvas on the beach beneath the steep mountain slope, small boats going to and from the makeshift jetties, a water cart, and with a number of troops, and a shell burst throwing up water in sea – has surely got to be Leslie Fraser Standish Hore, now lying at peace with his wife in the cemetery at Kavieng.



Bottom right hand corner only (in B & W) of water colour 'Anzac Beach June 1915', showing faint pencil signature of L F S Hore, and LFSH. In the Mitchell Library, Sydney. a091008.

**coincidence, Juli Allcorn, PNGAA Committee member, chose Major**

Leslie Hore to be the subject of her entry for the Gallipoli Art Prize in Sydney. Both Juli's artwork and that of her Year 6 were Finalists in the Gallipoli Art Prize 2010.



**Below: In a remarkable**

## UNDER THAT TAMARIND TREE

**Author unknown**

*This draft of an article was found in a filing cabinet in the Memorial Hall at Samarai which was being used in 1946 as the District Office. Stan Middleton was the District Officer and Dawn Skelly his typist.*

### GHOSTS HAUNT WAR TORN SAMARAI ISLE

Foreword: 'Not all of a War Correspondent's job is reporting the event of war. Witness this story from a Tribune man in the Southwest Pacific. At the end of the manuscript was a note to the boss which said, in part: 'I know this is not exactly a news story, but I fell in love with Samarai and couldn't help doing the story. If I never come back to Chicago, you'll find me under that tamarind tree.'

### SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA

Samarai was founded some half century ago and finally became the gayest spot in the Pacific. Rendezvous for plantation managers seeking a brief break in months of lonely living. Mecca for pearl traders, gold miners, drifters and wastrels from the world's end and wide-eyed tourists. Oasis of liquor and gambling and ... whispers go ...women.

Then, too, it was the most important trading and commercial between Rabaul and Port Moresby, despite its tiny size and small population. There were two hotels, the Samarai and Cosmopolitan (the Pacific closed years ago), two Churches (Anglican and Roman Catholic), a power plant and ice houses, four large stores and several smaller ones, the bank, the school house, electric lights and even a tiny railroad running a long the wharf. Every two and a half weeks the Burns Philp boat brought supplies – fresh meat, eggs, butter, liquor and all the things that made Samarai seem like a paradise to those on less fortunate islands.

Errol Flynn, Tasmania's gift to Hollywood, knew Samarai in his less golden days. Beatrice Grimshaw, South Seas novelist, did some of her work here. American yachts, complete with millionaires, used to make it a port of call. Life was a permanent party according to legend. Even former residents admit that not too long ago Samarai was a 'wild place', adding wistfully that it quietened down in the last few years.

Samarai has the outlines of a sleeping goddess when seen from a distance against the mists that often serve as a backdrop for her light green loveliness. At a first far-off glance the white houses, red roofs bright against the palms, green roofs blending with them, give the aspect of a still populous place filled with enviable people. But as the boat draws closer to the yellowed sea wall patched with moss, the evidence of a town's death lies sprawled along the coast. Charred timbers from the pier have tumbled into the sea. A jumble of twisted iron and crumbled concrete, with galvanised metal roofing beside a few sagging walls, marks the business section. The strongbox of the Bank of New South Wales stands like a faithful sentinel amidst the wreckage.

They must have known Samarai was doomed, all the gay people, when the Japs began their relentless march southwards hopping from island to island like a swarm of incredible locusts. By mid-December, a few days after Pearl Harbour,

the women and children had been sent south to safety. The Japs poured into Rabaul a month later and most of the male residents left Samarai early Sunday morning, January 25. The following month a torch was put to the business section. That was more than a year ago and Samarai has become a ghost town, plagued with echoes of ghostly laughter, the rustle of silken gowns, the tinkle of ice against glass, the scent of perfume

Those who step ashore pass the bathing area, its diving board waiting for swimmers, and on to a path leading to the main street. Only the Anglican Mission, which is said to have been fired four times but refused to burn, still stands in the business centre. A grass-grown crater, reminder of the two ton bombs the Japs dropped on Samarai, remains.

The school house next door, attended by Samarai children until they went to Australian schools at ten or so is gone. The store beyond, where the Samarai hotel stored its empty bottles, is gone. Only the bottles remain unharmed, half filled with rain water. A few yards further on is the cement strong box through which someone has chopped a hole. The steel safe within is still closed. But the vault floor is covered foot thick with checks and papers.

Thousands of others, a file clerk's nightmare, are scattered for yards outside the vault. Pick up a few – payments for copra, payment to the Cosmopolitan Hotel, two pounds deposited 16<sup>th</sup> February, 1939, to the credit of Samarai Tennis Club.

Elsewhere throughout the area are melted trade beads, the colourful glass which once intrigued the natives fused into permanent clusters, rusty hurricane lamps, tiny padlocks, tons of shells from which mother-of-pearl buttons were to be made, crockery, pans, rusted tin cans, twisted typewriters, the sign of the Cosmopolitan Hotel, a small safe open nearby. The outline of the principal street is already growing dim, and the ruins are adorned with something that looks like morning glory. A couple of natives shout in happy unison as they try to push down a still standing section of wall. Other than that, and the birds singing and the sound of surf, there is no noise.

Wander down the avenues past the fallen flagpole to the edge of the residential section. There is a well-kept marble shaft that seems oddly out of place in such desolation. It is a memorial to Christopher Robinson, a former governor of Papua. Someone tells you later that Robinson killed himself after a rebuke from the home authorities on his administration. The cricket pitch is just beyond, knee-high with grass, next to it a weed-choked tennis court. Benches for the cricket players still stand in the tiny club house and tin nameplates designating the players lie on the ground not far from the blank scoreboard.

There are dozens of houses on the island, some in the central valley – a malarious swamp filled in by native prisoners years ago. Others on the hill that runs on three sides of the island or along the coastal plain. All are surrounded by fragrant blossoms and flowering shrubs of red, pink, purple, orange, yellow, white, blue, scarlet and indescribable shade. Most of the houses are bungalows, although at least one has a second storey. Nearly all the gates are ajar as though waiting for someone, and the few that are closed swing open eagerly at a touch. The doors are open too, and most of the windows either open or



partially covered with broken glass or torn screen or matting. What little furniture left is invariably tipped over and smashed.

Vines have begun to work their way through cracks in the house walls, their green fingers exploring tentatively before beginning to rip and tear so the wind and rain can enter and finish subjugating these civilized intruders. The jungle has begun to attack from below aided by white ants. Some of the house supports are obviously weakened and steps have rotted making them unsafe. Rain pours disconsolately from a broken gutter, its spatter undermining a piling. Paths wander in friendly fashion from house to house, sometimes dipping into the valley by means of cement and stone steps, but little else is friendly.

The areas hinder passers-by; roots trip unaccustomed feet and even the vines and branches seem reluctant to permit passage. Huge spiders – harmless, but horrible – spin webs where the unwary are sure to become enmeshed and the spiders themselves, soft and alarming, sometimes drop onto the wayfarer. Wasps have built nests in the houses and the very coconuts seem to drop with malicious purpose. There is a great loneliness about walking up a once well-kept path, lizards scurrying ahead past the bougainvillea and poinsettia; the red and green croton bush or the yellow and white frangipanni (single blossoms of which bring two shillings in Australia), and coming to the white railed steps of a dwelling.

There's an impulse to shout 'any one home' but the impulse dies at sight of the wide verandah and spacious rooms with newspapers from January 1942 strewn about, broken lamp shades, perhaps an old wicker chair, a ping pong paddle, a doll's house, a child's torn book, household hints pasted up by a conscientious housewife or 'Simpson's Book or Baking Treats'. The house shelters nothing but insects and reptiles.

In what must have been one of the finest houses on the island are found tattered music rolls from a vanished player piano, a coral fountain on the porch equipped for running water and electric lights, cages for a large aviary, the rim of a Chinese lantern and the bone handle of a carving knife.

In the yard at the back is a huge tamarind tree providing shade on even the sunniest days, a bench nearby and beyond it a rock garden and grotto, a lovely mess of vines growing on the damp walls. A second pathway leads to another garden with a wicker chair strategically placed and yet a third garden bordered with beer bottles (empty).

There's the War Memorial and library dedicated Anzac Day, 1926, whose only serviceable book seems to be 'Sense and Sensibility' by Jane Austen. And the Native Hospital, its beds all wooden which the natives are said to prefer, or the native jail, each cell spotless with whitewash each bolt noiseless and well oiled.

One wonders where the little girl is who wrote a faded essay on coconuts and how fares the teacher who graded it 'good' but added that it was supposed to deal with copra. A discarded report informs all who cares to read that Mr Cahill (as of 13/6/40) was no longer supplying the hospitals with firewood, that certain malarial precautions are being neglected and that the prisoners have failed to empty the rubbish bins at the native hospital. What of the

Medical Officer who made that report? In the hospital (visiting hours 10.30 to 12 Noon, 4 pm to 6 pm, 7.30 pm to 8.30 pm, please ring the bell) are a cast iron crib, a huge basket (probably for dirty linen) dozens of bottles of medicines and a notebook for the year 1934 and part of 1935.

There's a strange feeling of disapproving eyes watching as you thumb through the daily items, discovering intimate details of the ailments of residents of Samarai and nearby Islands. You wonder about Mrs A 'whose manner was very strange' one lovely day in May and who collapsed and died at 11 am two days later although the record reads 'colour unchanged, pulse good' 15 minutes before. How is Master B who had an ingrown toenail removed in November 1934; the 'male infant, weight 7 lbs 3 ounces' born Christmas eve 1934; or 'female infant weight 7lbs 13½ ounces' who was fretful that night of June 3, 1935? What about Mr X, of which cautious inquiry later reveals to have been a pearl buyer, now dead, who was admitted because he was a chronic taker of morphine (30 grains daily) and stayed in the hospital for nearly nine months? Why, on April 21, 1934, did he change his mind about a tooth extraction? Did he take another shot and forget the pain? And who was Mr Y who died one evening at 7.05 but 'had a quiet day' first?

Then, too, what was the real story behind the scandal hinted at in a letter found in the bedroom (as proved by the bedstead without springs) of a little house nearby? The letter from one woman to another says in part: 'Just fancy G. accusing you of theft – his paltry old things – what would you want them for?' A fair question, but what was the answer.

You've talked with some who've lived on Samarai for many years, and you know other things about the place. It was once known as Dinner Island and can be walked around in 20 minutes. There were about 130 European adults and 40 children with perhaps 40 married woman and 15 single. The Samarai hotel accommodated 20 persons, the Cosmopolitan 30. The town had boasted electric lights since 1926, and everyone had a radio and a refrigerator. There was no cemetery. All burials being on Logia or Rogia islands nearby. Malaria was unknown, snakes few. Five shillings monthly was the only charge for living there (exclusive of rent, of course) since there was neither income nor sales tax. Sometimes one would see three prisoners picking up leaves – one holding the bag, one spearing the leaf, and the third removing it and dropping it in.

There were thoroughfares named Marine Parade, Dart, Opal, Ballantyne and Healy Streets. The women were crazy about bridge and wore evening dresses to official affairs or 'flash' (stylish) parties. Men wore dress trousers, white evening jackets and white waistcoats with stiff collars. 'I've never seen such an ideal place to live,' the Good Samaritan said. 'Clearing out was the hardest thing I ever did in my life'.

As the boat leaves Samarai the island – the closest approach to a Hollywood set you'll ever find anywhere– begins to drop behind, but the red and green roofs still show distinctly. The ruined waterfront is hidden by distance. You'd swear you were seeing a populous place filled with enviable people. But you know better. And it makes you sad.

August 1942

## **LESTER SIMS AND THE ARTS THEATRE**

**by Gloria Chalmers (was Lehmann then Zigas)**

Thank you, Ray, for your memories of Lester and Amateur Theatre. I can fill in a few blanks for you. In 1951, I arrived in Port Moresby to work for the Dept of Public Health. Peter Graham, also a P.H.D. bod, encouraged me to try for the role of Penelope in See How They Run. Lester directed us so enthusiastically although expecting a little more 'West End' pronunciations than we could deliver. Peter was cast as the Bishop, Penelope was his niece and married to the local Vicar. The play is a complete farce with Vicars running around confused with Nazi spies, but great fun. At one stage Penelope responded to criticism from her husband the Vicar by going front stage and saying 'The only other Bishop's niece I knew was in the chorus of the Windmill!!'

I was supposed to sing 'Somewhere I'll find you, moonlight behind you', by Noel Coward. I could not – can't sing, so a local school teacher who could have been Jean stood behind the set and sang for me. I was also supposed to declare that 'I have been picking chrysanthemums for the Church'. It was impossible, I stumbled every time with others snickering so we changed it to violets.

On closing night we played up a bit, with whisky instead of cold tea in the glasses and Peter Graham took a flying leap into somebody's arms, much to Lester's annoyance.

Lester was always clad in creased linen shorts and shirt and wreathed in cigar smoke I think he had a little flat behind the building. Lester also played one of the Vicars.



1<sup>st</sup> left, also a P.H.D. person, Peter Graham 2<sup>nd</sup> left, then the girl who sang for me, Ida the maid, then Penelope centre, then lady with the hat village busybody, Lester 2<sup>nd</sup> right.

## **KIUNGA RUBBER 40 YEARS LATER**

**George Greenwood**

Recently my wife and I returned to Kiunga after 40 odd years to see the results of my planting the first rubber in Kiunga.

The Honourable Warren Dutton OBE and his delightful wife Joy's hospitality was tremendous. Warren is Kiunga. The Shareholders of his businesses of transport, construction, accommodation and most important the Fly River Rubber industry are made up of the local Kiunga people. The Rubber co is very successful and the success of this company is almost wholly due to Warren Dutton's organisation and the persistence and technical skills of Me Choo Boo.

Having graduated from Dookie Agricultural College in Northern Victoria I, along with Chris Abel of Kwato/Alatau was accepted as the last group of agricultural Extension Officers into the Dept of Ag Stock & Fisheries in 1961.

I was posted to Oriomo in the Western District and with only 3 senior staff in the district my patch was most of the 33,000 sq miles of the district. Daru was the centre for the development of the fabulous barramundi fishery of the Oriomo coast.

The general concerns at the time were that most of western Papua was a big swamp. I patrolled over the entire Trans Fly including the Binaturi, Bituri, The Suki, and Morehead and beyond. The initial prediction that this area would be a wealth of agricultural production has been proved.

I encountered a few tricky moments on my first trip into the Morehead when travelling down the Wasa Kusa in an ocean going Lakatoi. We'd pulled up for repairs on a mud bank out to sea and I was shooting sharks with my 22 to pass the time. Beyond Boigu Is it was blowing a gale and big seas. By 11pm as we headed to shore we hit a mud bank about a km out and the mast collapsed & the hull split down the middle. The 20 or so of us aboard made it to land safely. Rockefeller was lost in a similar situation a few years before a few kilometres down the coast. In those days a posting to the Western district was considered a hardship posting. Further down the track at Mari the Patrol rested. The locals provided hundreds of mud crabs, pigeon, duck, lobster, barramundi, pig and venison.

I carried out the first patrols at Kiunga at the end of 1964 and made recommendation that the area north and south of the Fly was suitable for rubber and should develop the blocks near the water for future transport.

The rubber prospered in the high rainfall blocks and the first stumps were planted in early 1965, some of the trees are still there as a demo plot.

After that I spent some time in the highlands on a pyrethrum project and returned to Australia in 1970. I now run a piggery, cattle feedlot and meat marketing enterprise on the Atherton tablelands.

While I was at Kiunga in the 60's Warren Dutton was establishing the outstation of Olsobip and the airstrip, under extremely difficult conditions. Recently our paths crossed again and he suggested I come and visit Kiunga again as I had read all the stories of the Oktedi mine development.

In my week at Kiunga just ended I put Harry Lawson's ashes in the water

At D'albertis junction, caught 3 big barra, and best of all became acquainted with the brilliant story of North Fly rubber.

The continued success of the Western Province rubber expansion will be reliant on securing funding for assistance on transport on the waterways.

It is extraordinary to see the population explosion bought about by the wealth created by the Oktedi mine. The Moin, Awin, Ningerum folk were essentially hunter gathers and their basic diet of sago and little protein ensured a very low survival rate. Kiunga's youthful population and proliferation of trade stores indicates this has changed. To drive from Kiunga to the mine head of 150 km plus many secondary roads is fantastic. 45 years ago there was 1km from station to the airstrip.

There is absolutely no doubt of the importance of the mine to the economy of the Western Province and the rest of PNG. I was stunned to hear rumours that some might want to close the mine down. Let us hope that common sense prevails.

In the meantime, good luck to all those supporting the rubber industry at village level and beyond. It has been a tremendous trip down memory lane and to glimpse the future.

2010 - Warren Dutton and George Greenwood check out first rubber trees planted in the 1960's



George Greenwood in 1960's in first Kiunga Rubber Nursery



## COFFEE-GROWERS AND COFFEE-DREAMERS - AN INDUSTRY GOVERNED BY COMPLACENCY

By John Fowke

The arrival of coffee into the Highlands of PNG, where it is by far the major source of cash to a fast-expanding rural population, coincided with the arrival of roads, airstrips, Christian missions and the 'Gavman'; and of course, of metal tools and a whole new world of consumable goods. The word of Christ and the new right to walk freely and without hindrance from enemies upon the '*Rot bilong Gavman*' were new marvels, also. And as time passed, the people became convinced in large numbers that what the white '*didiman*' [agricultural officer] said was true. That by planting the seeds from the small, red fruit call '*kofi*', they might gain a source of the '*moni*' which was the preferred medium of exchange at the few trade-stores which had opened here and there. A stable, self-supporting subsistence society was soon to become one driven by the same marketing based imperatives as, for better or worse, drives the rest of the world.

In this way a huge social revolution, the like of which has scarce occurred so dramatically and in such a short period of time anywhere in the world swept the Highlands. A social revolution, indeed a turning-point in PNG history - nothing since has provided so much stimulation, so much excitement, nor launched so much novel and productive activity.

Today, however, coffee is just something that's always been there. Young people, especially those living in peri-urban and highway-side villages know and care little for coffee. The growers are mostly middle-aged subsistence-farmers, who inherited their coffee from a generation now gone. They are not small businessmen. Not businessmen who worry about their cash-position and the condition of their fields or their livestock, like dairy-farmers or vegetable-farmers do in other lands where farming is industrialised. Coffee has an importance alongside and not superior to their crops of sweet-potato, taro, banana and kumu, and their pigs and chickens. It is part of a complex system, an inherited system of living which modernity is pressing upon in many ways.

And today PNG's national coffee-tree population is to a large extent aged and worn out - more than ready for retirement. In other words, due for replacement by new young, vigorous plants which will do justice to the valuable land upon which they grow and bear fruit. But nowhere is there any sign that growers, or anyone else associated with PNG's second-largest agricultural money-earner is awake to the approaching death of what some have called 'The Money-Tree Industry.' Across the Highlands and the other minor coffee-growing districts something in the order of 160 million- yes, that's right, *one hundred and sixty million*- senile, unproductive coffee-trees continue to occupy good land. This is an emergency situation - one with serious implications as far as social order, health and wellbeing in the Highlands is concerned- and it is a situation which is not recognised, and for which well-based planning is not on the table. The 'think big,' politically-driven policies over many years have shown no statistically-measurable result. Here funds have been wasted on badly-managed central nurseries and in ventures like last years 'coffee renovation project.' Here a rumoured three million kina was spent in buying tools from small, local hardware shops and distributing these to growers with little accountability and no apparent result.



There has been no recognition, in spite of frequent reminders by this writer and others with a genuine interest in the industry, that a massive grower-initiated replanting program is absolutely essential to the continued prosperity of PNG's valuable coffee industry. No recognition; no mention in the grandiose, 'Golden Future' projects and targets which are announced regularly as harbingers of coming PNG-wide wellbeing.

During the coming 20 years the present-day middle-aged generation of landowners will pass on, together with their knowledge of coffee, and of all the traditional boundaries and customary usufructary rights to land now occupied by coffee and other permanent tree-crops. No-one is thinking about this so far as is known. It is a looming social calamity. All the talk about land-registration is so much nonsense until detailed mapping of customarily-recognised landholdings and usufructary rights to bushland, hunting and fishing places, old communally-established coconut groves planted in the 1930s, and standing bush-food and fruit-trees is accomplished. The situation which may prevail once the generation which still preserves all this knowledge passes is almost beyond imagining.

The extension-services and several generously-funded coffee related aid projects have always treated the coffee-growers as if they were little professional farmers, or persons ready to become such. They have not taken a more thoughtful, sociology-based / traditional-economy-based approach, one in which both the practice and the logic of the subsistence economy and the imperatives which drive it are considered. Advisory input has always been a westernised, we-know-best approach. One where people who have spent years gaining degrees in modern agro-technology attempt to intermesh this theoretical knowledge with systems, thoughts and imperatives which have grown and been practiced successfully in PNG for the past 8000 years. Coffee - dreamers, all.

As for the fast-vanishing managed plantation sector, once hailed as the flagship of the coffee industry, this is faced with the effect of many years of widespread mismanagement and impossibly-high costs in every direction, besides an aging and generally poor tree-stock. Producing around 6% of today's export volume and buying and blending-in a further 6% from surrounding village growers, this sector is on its last legs.

Very simply, the need is for realistic, keen, idealistic 'coffee-evangelists' to carry their blanket, pillow, and a small supply of coffee, sugar and biscuits with them on friendly overnight visits to villagers where they ask for overnight accommodation and spread the re-planting gospel around the fire, at night, when people are open and ready to talk and to consider ideas. Seed might be distributed at the same time, but this writer is not aware of any large quantity of improved-variety seed in existence in PNG at present. In fact, upon enquiry, the Coffee Research Institute's seed-production unit at Aiyura replied-

'Seed? No, we haven't got any seed in stock...'

Better than relying on CRI - grown seed, however, being much more expedient and easier and cheaper, growers might be shown how to select and grow new plants using self-sown seedlings from below their own trees. After all, PNG's existing coffee, though variable because of the mixed practices of 300,000 growers and far too many badly-managed and uneconomic little factories, is intrinsically, as good as coffee gets, anywhere in the world.

**SENIOR INSPECTOR DAVID CRAWLEY MBE**  
**BANDMASTER RPNGC BAND**  
**By Doreen MacGowan (nee Crawley)**

David Crawley, my father, founded the Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary Band. He was born in London on 21 March 1906. At an early age he joined the British Army. During his time with his 9<sup>th</sup> Lancers Regiment, he was trained as a Bandsman. The cavalry regiment was stationed in Egypt, Palestine and India.

In the early 1930's he left the British Army and journeyed to Tasmania to try his hand at farming. While there he joined the Light Horse Brigade. Through her brothers, who were members of the Light Horse, he met my mother Kathleen Allen, from a farming family in north-west Tasmania.

In 1935, in response to a recruitment campaign, he travelled to Rabaul and joined the New Guinea Police Force. He became aware of the musical aptitude of some of the young Tolais from Nordup village, and sought permission to form a police band. His request was rejected – he was considered 'a mad young Englishman – it would be impossible to teach music to the native people'. He determined to persevere and so bought brass band instruments himself, and in his spare time taught the young Tolais to play. Their first public appearance in Rabaul in 1937 impressed the Administrator Sir Ramsay Nicholls, and he recommended that my father be released from regular police duties to form a police band.

The Police Band was officially formed in 1938. (Some of the original 'Nordup boys' were still with the Band when my father retired in 1963).

That year of 1938 my mother left Tasmania, and sailed to Rabaul to marry my father. The wedding was to take place upon her arrival on his birthday, 21st March. The ship arrived a day late, so they were wed on 22nd March. Thus began a very happy marriage. I was born that year on New Year's Eve, and in May 1941 my brother Allen was born.

Early that year of 1941, Lark Force, the Australian Army 2/22<sup>nd</sup> Battalion arrived in Rabaul. My father formed a friendship with their bandmaster Arthur Gullidge, of the former Melbourne Brunswick Street Salvation Army Band. He was considered a fine musician and a talented composer, who sadly lost his life with so many others, on the Montevideo Maru.

In late December 1941, with the Japanese invasion imminent, my mother, brother and I, along with the other women and children of Rabaul, were evacuated to Australia on the *MV Macdhui*. My father remained in Rabaul and when the orders were finally given 'every man for himself' he took to the mountains of New Britain to escape the Japanese. Prior to leaving, he and the band members buried the band instruments, along with my parents' personal belongings. (None were ever recovered). A few loyal Band members insisted on accompanying him, but as time passed and it became more dangerous, he persuaded them for their own safety to return to their villages. He travelled with a small group of Police officers and hacked his way through the undergrowth with his bush knife, which we still have in our possession. He would never talk about his experiences during that time. After many weeks evading the Japanese, with little food, water or clothing they were rescued, with thanks to Keith McCarthy and Frank Holland, on the small vessel the *MV Lakatoi*, and after a hazardous voyage from New Britain through the Trobriand Islands arrived safely in Cairns. He eventually joined us in Sydney where my mother had taken up residence to wait out the war. After a

period of rehabilitation he joined the Australian Army and went back to New Guinea as a Lieutenant with ANGAU, and was mentioned in Despatches. He was stationed at Bisiatabu for some of that time, and while there was requested to train another Police Band. Post-war many of his original New Guinea bandsmen returned. In 1945 he accompanied the Band on their first tour of Australia – to raise funds for the Third Victory War Loan, which was very successful. Subsequent Australian tours he undertook with the Band were the Sydney Anzac Day March in 1950, Queen Elizabeth's visits in 1954 and 1963, and the Melbourne Olympic Games in 1956. In April 1946 my mother, brother and I joined my father, who was then stationed at the Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary Training Depot at Sogeri, in the foothills of the Owen Stanley's, some 26 miles from Port Moresby. In 1947 my sister Joan was born.



In 1945 my father was awarded the Silver Medal of the Worshipful Company of Musicians, London, in recognition of his skill in training two brass bands in Papua New Guinea. The award is given

annually for the most outstanding musical work of the year. It was the first time the honour had gone outside the United Kingdom. Studying externally through the Trinity College of Music, London, many of the bandsmen passed their Theory of Music examinations with honours and distinctions.

In 1955 my father was honoured by the Queen, receiving the MBE. He was a devoted husband and father. My siblings and I have fond memories of our childhood with our parents in Sogeri. We were awakened each day by the bugler playing Reveille as the flag was raised. At sundown the flag was lowered as the bugler played Retreat - later in the evening was the sounding of the Last Post. During the day the constant sounds of music practice emanated from the bandroom.

In 1963 my father retired from the RP & NGC. On the tarmac of Jacksons airstrip the band played farewell as my parents left Port Moresby for Brisbane. Many of the bandsmen wept. He took my mother on a long dreamed of visit back to England to meet up with his old British Army friends before he died suddenly in Brisbane in 1966, just three years after his retirement. My mother lived in Brisbane until her death in 2000.

After our years at boarding school in Brisbane I was the only one of the family who chose to live in PNG. I worked at the Commonwealth Bank in Port Moresby and then at Police Headquarters, Konedobu. I married Doug MacGowan who was

with the Treasury Department and later became an Assistant Director of Post & Telecommunications. We lived in Goroka in the Eastern Highlands for five years from 1965 - 1970. While there I was the ABC correspondent and the New Guinea Times Courier correspondent for some time. (This newspaper amalgamated with the South Pacific Post to become the Post Courier). I have not returned to PNG since 1983. My sister Joan is a school teacher who is well travelled, and resides in the NSW Blue Mountains. My brother Allen who lives in Melbourne, became an athlete of note, representing PNG at the 1962 Perth Commonwealth Games. He then represented Australia at the Commonwealth Games in Jamaica in 1966 and the Olympic Games in Mexico in 1968. He held the Australian Long jump record for a considerable time and competed in other track and field events. When he retired recently from his position with the Associated Grammar Schools of Victoria, the Yarra Valley Grammar School where he worked for 40 years, named their sporting fields the 'Allen Crawley Playing Fields'. ■

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## THE MONTEVIDEO MARU

### New Evidence on Australia's Greatest Maritime Loss

By Rod Miller

In 1941, with war against Japan threatening, the Menzies government dispatched 'Lark Force', (nearly 1500 men) to garrison Rabaul, in the Australian Protectorate of New Guinea.

On July 1<sup>st</sup> 1942, around 800 of these soldiers, along with 250 Australian civilian internees, died when the 7000-ton Japanese freighter *Montevideo Maru* was torpedoed by the American submarine *Sturgeon*.

The currently-accepted historical explanation of what happened to the men of Rabaul can be summarised as:

*The garrison of Rabaul were abandoned to their fate by the Australian government. Those captured were removed on the **Montevideo Maru** on 22/6/42, and later sunk by 'friendly fire'. The Japanese crew saved themselves, but none of the prisoners. (Most of the surviving Japanese were later murdered by Philippine guerrillas.) The Japanese POW Information Bureau [PWIB] did not respond to enquiries about the fate of the prisoners. The Allies had intelligence which indicated the true story, but kept it secret. The scale of the disaster, and the desire of the Australian Government not to rake over their original military mistakes, led to later bureaucratic corner-cutting.*

The terse news released post-war by the Australian Government drove an unfortunate contagion of rumour and innuendo amongst the grieving families (often amplified by publications pushing massacre conspiracies). Many were unable to accept their loss.

The only official investigation was compiled by a lone Australian officer, Major Harold Williams, relying (officially) on only one source, the Japanese PWIB. In 1946, this drove calls for a further inquiry in the Australian Parliament, but Prime Minister Chifley staunchly refused. This fed suspicions of a cover-up.

Although today there is no doubt that more than 1000 Australians died when the *Montevideo Maru* was torpedoed, there is still scope for researchers to add to the history. Possibly, the Japanese sent the Rabaul civilians to Hainan Island in China specifically for exchange with Japanese citizens then held in Australia. Also our National Archives reveal that individuals in the Australian Government knew

much more about the fate of the Rabaul men than was ever admitted in the official investigation process.

In 2009, Harumi Sakaguchi was the first historian in 68 years to view the single extant Japanese file on this tragedy. It contains a memo noting that the Japanese advised International Red Cross delegate, Dr. Fritz Paravicini, of the sinking in August 1942:

**Confidential Memo. 18 August 1942**

Research Department, 5th Section, Chief (Choukai);

America Bureau, 1st Section, Deputy (Takeuchi);

South Pacific Bureau, 1st Section Chief.

Treaties Bureau Chief

Treaties Bureau 3rd Section Chief

**RE: Sinking of our Ship (While Transporting Australians) by a US Submarine**

On 17th August, the PWIB's Captain Yamazaki conveyed by phone the following to the Treaties, 3rd Section, Officer.

"In early August, during a party hosted by Japan-based International Red Cross Committee Representative Dr. Paravicini, PWIB Director Murakami informally conveyed to him (Dr. Paravicini) that while the Imperial Force was transporting Australian Prisoners of War to the rear, aboard a Japanese ship, a US submarine attacked and sank it. This confidential information was given with the intention of having Dr. Paravicini transmit it in an open cable to the Geneva-based International Red Cross Committee so that it would:

- (a) Suppress attacks by US submarines; and
- (b) Act as propaganda on the inhuman act of the US submarine on sinking a ship with POWs from an Allied country aboard; but which would avoid a formal announcement of the details on this sinking.

At that time the Navy Ministry also made a broadcast on the sinking by short-wave.

The Japanese Red Cross Society however prevented Dr. Paravicini from transmitting the cable on this matter, which is contrary to the intention of the [Japanese] PWIB and such should be told to the Japanese Red Cross Society. This is for your reference."

***The opinion of the Treaties, 3rd Section, on this matter:***

*To use the International Red Cross Committee Representative for the purpose of making anti-enemy propaganda out of such ambiguous information, as in this case, is an inferior tactic, which would risk having the enemy side doubt if this sinking might not have been of the making of the Japanese with their own hands; and also lead to the questioning of the overall trustworthiness of the Representative's cables. Therefore, we intend to give guidance to Dr. Paravicini, through the Japan Red Cross Society, that a cable, which is both unclear and lacking in details such as on this matter, may result in the loss of credence in the Representative's cables in future, and that such a cable should be prevented from being sent as an independent cable but transmitted as an annex (a supplementary item) when sending reports on other matters..*

This document raises more questions than it answers. In 1945 the *Pacific Islands Monthly* mentioned the Japanese radio broadcast:

*The 'Montevideo Maru' was torpedoed - presumably by an Allied submarine off the coast of Luzon (Philippines)... An announcement to that effect was made by the Japanese radio. Two people have reported to us that they heard the announcement-Captain Bertie Hall, a well-known New Guinea shipmaster, who was in a prison-camp in Amoy, China, and who has just arrived in Sydney; and a brother of Mrs. Peadon, of Rabaul, who heard it on short-wave when he was in the Morobe district of New Guinea. This report from Tokio in 1942, and a statement recently obtained in Tokio, said that the vessel was lost with her entire company.*

Although Australia was monitoring radio broadcasts from Japan from the opening of the war, strangely no official record of this broadcast has survived. It was at this time that some of the officers of *Lark Force* (taken to Japan on a separate ship) broadcast messages to their families. Despite numerous requests for information from Allied governments and the Red Cross, the *Montevideo Maru* men were never heard of again.

At the end of the war, Major Harold Williams was rushed to Japan to investigate the fates of missing Australian POWs from the Pacific region. Although his report stated that the Japanese had destroyed many documents, he managed to locate the nominal roll of the POWs (written in Japanese phonetic Katakana script) and a separate roll of the civilian internees held in Rabaul in 1942. (Williams also extracted a few index-cards of POWs who had broadcast for the Japanese. Sensationally, nearly 20,000 similar cards survive today in the Japanese archives - potentially invaluable for understanding the dates of captivity and movements of most Australian POWs of the Japanese. The Australian government secretly declined to receive these cards in the 1950s.)

The Japanese rolls were translated by Williams (with Japanese assistance) and reportedly retained by him. Although several (inconsistent) translations of the rolls survive today in Australia, the original Katakana version cannot now be found.

Williams' final report in December 1945 closed the case on the greatest loss of Australians in a single maritime event. His report blamed the Japanese PWIB for concealing the loss. He surmises that this was due to the '*bureaucratic ineptitude*' of a '*notoriously inefficient*' Agency. He then, surprisingly, notes:

*'It is however necessary to report that both the Swiss Legation and the IRC officials have unofficially, but in no uncertain terms, stated that in their opinion the information was deliberately withheld.'*

Considering the Japanese evidence in the memo above, it is surprising that Williams didn't investigate this matter further.

So, what did the Australian Government know of the sinking of the *Montevideo Maru*? There is fragmentary evidence that they knew during the war that the ship had sailed and its destination, when it sailed, how many men were aboard - *and* that it had been sunk. There is also evidence that this information was 'secret' (possibly sourced from Allied codebreaking). Frustratingly, the Admiralty Intelligence Report for the exact week of the *Montevideo Maru*'s departure and sinking is missing from the files. Also many 'Rabaul' files which may have shed light on the state of Australian Government knowledge have been removed or culled.

Before he arrived in Japan, Major Williams probably knew that the Rabaul men had been torpedoed. His 'task' was probably to obtain a piece of Japanese paper that could be publicly revealed. (The relatives of the lost men waited in hope for nearly two months after the Japanese Surrender before the sinking was publicly announced.)

Although Williams' account of the *Montevideo Maru* sinking has been accepted by historians for many years, the files being declassified and new evidence emerging make it time to re-evaluate what actually occurred.

*Rod Miller is the author of "Lost Women of Rabaul", the inspiration for the recent ABC-TV drama "Sisters of War".* ■

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

We hope to have further information on the following people in the June *Una Voce*:

**Bryan Norman McCOOK** (20 August, 2010)

**Rod MORRISON**

**Richard GAULT** (3 January 2011 aged 88 years)

**Helen Mary STREET** (25 December 2010)

**Helen REARDON** (27 October 2010, aged 71 years)

**DO Mick SMITH** (2 January 2011 aged 93 years)

**Robin Alexander CALCUTT** (7 January 2011)

**C.O. (Bill) HARRY** (4 of January, 2011, aged 94 years).

Please see page 43

**Paul George METZLER** (Group Captain, Retired) (17 October 2010, aged 96 years) Ex 11 Squadron RAAF (Catalina) Ex Prisoner-of-War Japan

Paul played a significant role in the defence of the first Australian territory attacked by the Japanese. On the 20<sup>th</sup> January 1942 Rabaul, New Britain, was attacked by Japanese bombers escorted by a fighter cover. Paul was the captain of Catalina flying boat A24-8 which, having flown off the small island on Gizo in the Solomon group, located the Japanese invasion fleet steaming to attack and capture Rabaul. Paul wrote of his mission in 1963:

*It appeared that Rabaul, the object of recent raids by Japanese bombers, had the day before received its first fighter-escorted bomber raid. This could only mean that aircraft carriers were in the vicinity and our task was to search for this Japanese force. Writing this now I shudder far more when I think of it than I did twenty-one years ago. Tropical skies often offer little or no cloud cover, a Catalina's top speed never was much over 150 knots, its defensive armament consisted of a few World War I Lewis guns and it carried no less than 1460 Imperial gallons or 1500 U.S. gallons of fuel contained in non-self sealing and highly exposed wing tanks. All this amounts to a high degree of vulnerability.*

After reporting the fleet's position he was ordered to shadow the fleet which despite the danger to himself and his crew he did, until he was finally shot down by Zero fighters which were launched from the carriers below. Paul and the surviving members of his crew were picked up by a Japanese cruiser and taken to Rabaul. He was then transported to Zentsuji POW camp in Japan for the duration of the war. There he met the officers of the 2/22nd Battalion and 1st Independent



Company who had been captured in the New Guinea Islands and shipped from Rabaul in the *Narita Maru*. The servicemen, NCOs and the civilians were shipped on the *Montevideo Maru* –all died when the ship was torpedoed in what is still Australia's greatest disaster at sea. Paul's survival was very much against the odds in 1942; shot down in flames without a parachute and then rescued by the invasion fleet.

After the war Paul stayed in the air force rising to the rank of Group Captain until his retirement in 1975. He is also an accomplished tennis player and author having written seven books on tennis. Rod Miller

**Laurence Allan MALCOLM MD (Otago); FRCPE; DTM&H (Syd); DHA (Massey)** (22 June 2010 aged 79 years)

Laurence Allan Malcolm, born 8 November 1929, grew up in a Brethren family near Nelson. He studied medicine at Otago University, married Irene Hodge in 1953 and worked for two years at Christchurch Hospital then came to PNG in 1956.

His first posting in PNG was DMO Mendi in 1957. After 2 years he moved to DMO Madang and patrolled through Bundi villages where he and his family were the first white people that many highlanders had seen. The stunted growth of the protein poor highlanders in comparison to his children led Malcolm to initiate the growing of peanuts and to his seminal study of growth and development in the Bundi people for which he was awarded an MD of Otago in 1968. He survived a plane crash in which the pilot and another passenger were killed. In 1967, he became RMO, Lae and in 1973 national health planner and epidemiologist in Port Moresby.

He returned to New Zealand in 1974 and persuaded the Director-General of Health to set up a Health Planning and Research Unit in Christchurch. He became Professor of Community Health at the Otago University Wellington School in 1984. In New Zealand he was a pioneer and leader in planning for general practice with horizontal integration of groups and services. His publications were both protean and many. On the world scene he was consultant and chairman of many Pacific and WHO committees on planning, management and research.

He was a significant leader in the epidemiological culture that pervaded the health department during the 60's and 70's. He was unconventional, with a sense of missionary fervour and set a new course, away from bureaucracies, towards empowering people to do things for themselves. He was a model for academics, as the critic and conscience of society. His thinking was always ahead of its time and he was a difficult man to budge, regardless of what opposition was ranged against him.

Malcolm's endeavours made PNG and the world a healthier place. He left the religious faith that had been important to him but retained its values of justice and compassion until his death in Christchurch on 22 June 2010. Laurence is survived by wife Lyn who he married in 1982, daughter Anne, sons Chris, David and Geoff, seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

*Information from the New Zealand Medical Journal 13 Aug 2010 Vol 123 No 1320*

**Neville John THOMSON** (5 April 2010, aged 83 years)

Neville was born in Ipswich, QLD, educated at Townsville Grammar and, following WWII obtained a Bachelor of Commerce from the University of QLD.

He joined the Commonwealth Public Service in 1951 as an officer in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and moved to Canberra. In 1956 he transferred to Dept of External Territories and prepared an extensive report on PNG finances, recommending the introduction of taxation. In 1961 Neville and his family moved to PNG (for a 2 year posting) where he was appointed to the position of Executive Officer, Economic Development, PNG Admin. In July 1965 he was appointed the departmental head of the Department of Trade and Industry.

Neville played a key role for Papua New Guinea in gaining access to world trade markets. He worked tirelessly to ensure that PNG producers of coffee and cocoa had reasonable access to the world market, manipulated by the larger producers. In 1973, an agreement was signed in Geneva which provided PNG with a fair access to quotas for cocoa. As well, the International Coffee Agreement provided fair quotas. He was also successful in gaining special concessional access to the Australian market for coffee.

In 1971, Neville was intimately involved with the consequences for PNG of Britain's entry into the European Common Market. In January 1972 the House of Commons passed a bill relating to Britain's entry to the EEC which included a clause to accommodate PNG. A real victory for PNG exporters!

On leaving Papua New Guinea the then Minister for Trade & Industry, John Poe made the following remarks:

*'As Director of the Dept of Trade and Industry, I believe that you (Neville) have made an invaluable contribution to the development of our international trade relations. You gained for PNG a far greater say, and a much more advantageous position than we could really have expected.'*

Neville returned to Canberra as the last 'unattached officer' and found a job in the Department of Primary Industry. He retired from public service in 1982.

Neville died, after a short illness and is survived by his wife of 57 years Jean, children Michael, Wendy, Roger and Marion together with their spouses and 7 grandchildren.

Michael Thomson

### **Donald Ross VINCIN (24 October 2010 aged 82 years)**

Medical Assistant, Specialist Health Extension Officer.

Don was born in Sydney NSW and married Esma in Tamworth, NSW, in 1949. After stints as a farm labourer and ambulance driver, Don arrived in the then TPNG in 1957. His first posting was to Wabag Hospital, Enga, where he was instrumental in the eradication of the disease YAWS in the Maramuni Area. His next assignment was Kainantu (1959), from where he patrolled and set up Aid Posts in the previously undeveloped Kukukuku Region. Don transferred to Minj (1961) and then Mt Hagen (1963). In 1963 Don, (who had represented Western Division in NSW as an eighteen year old), played a major role in the formation of the Western Highlands Rugby League, and was the Captain-Coach of the first Mt Hagen representative team in the then 'Kearin Sheargold Competition'. In 1966, after 6 months of intensive training in India, Don transferred to set up the first Leprosy Control Unit in Mt Hagen, a challenge which inspired him greatly. For the next eight years he gave dedicated service to the fight against leprosy in the Highlands. Don's last few years in PNG were almost totally spent on patrol, much of it in Karamui, a relatively isolated area, where he helped introduce and trial a new vaccine in the fight against this horrific disease. Don

left the 'Bush' and settled on the Gold Coast at Labrador in 1974. Although a proud Australian, a substantial part of his heart always stayed with PNG and its people. We, Don's family, appreciate this opportunity to let his many friends from the 'Territory', both nationals and expats know of his passing, and to thank you all for the richness, satisfaction, friendship and good times you gave him in his life.  
Robyn, Ken and Geoff Vincin, Dirk Kubina and Cathy Ku

**Colonel Kenneth Stuart McKenzie DSM OAM** (21 November 2010, aged 85 years)

Ken McKenzie was born on 28 September 1925 into a military family. His father, Colonel Kenneth Alan McKenzie DSO, was constantly on the move as reflected in Ken's schooling – Sydney Grammar, Canberra Grammar and Melbourne's Scotch College.

Ken graduated from the Royal Military College, Duntroon, in December 1944 and was posted to the 6<sup>th</sup> Division, taking part in the Wewak-Aitape campaign. He then served with BCOF – the British Commonwealth Occupation Force in Japan. He was commanding officer of the Pacific Islands Regiment (PIR) with headquarters at Taurama Barracks near Port Moresby from 1962-65. From there, he was posted to the USA as assistant military attaché at the Australian Embassy in Washington DC. In 1969-70, he served in Vietnam as deputy commander of the First Australian Task Force based at Nui Dat.

Headhunted out of the army, Ken McKenzie returned to PNG as manager of employee and community relations at the Bougainville Copper Mine between 1971-76. He was twice married. First to Lynette Ariel Lee in 1948 and then to Judith Ann Forsyth in 1979.

Ken was an advocate for the RSL's Queensland branch and a member of the RSL National Executive. He died at Greenslopes Hospital, Brisbane.

Don Hook

**Dr John TOOHEY** (22 October 2010, aged 74 years)

As a surgeon and working with the Dept External Affairs, John went to PNG in 1968 for three years. He carried out research with Professor Peter Pharaohon into iodine deficiency in the Highlands, working in Goroka, Kundiawa, Jimi Valley, Lae and Wewak. John is survived by his wife Judith and their children.

Judith Toohey

**Roy William BRADLEY** (21 November 2010, aged 80 years)

Affectionately known as "Bubbles" Roy served in Moresby, Wewak, Lae, Kavieng, Daru, Kieta, Popondetta with his last posting being to Kimbe pre Independence. Roy went to PNG in 1952 and worked as a blacksmith/welder at Steamships Trading Company slipway in Port Moresby. Without any prior police experience, he was a direct entry to Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary on 1.3.1955 and separated with the rank of Inspector (First Class) on 19.8.1975. When in Moresby, he met and married Patricia his wife of 52 years, who was then working as a typist in the Dept of Agriculture. On returning to Australia they settled in Sydney and Roy spent the remainder of his time pre-retirement with the NSW Attorney General's Department as a protective service officer and parliamentary driver. He is survived by Patricia.

M R HAYES

**Reverend Canon Fred BEDBROOK** (22 October 2010)

Canon Fred Bedbrook served in Papua New Guinea from 1972 – 1976, as General Secretary of the Anglican Church, and was later made a Canon of the Provincial Cathedral of PNG. Fred was one of the founding members of the PNG-Melanesia Group (Melbourne), and also treasurer for many years. Peter Milburn

**Ian Cluny McPHERSON** P.L.S. & G.C. Medal. (13 October 2010 aged 80 years) After 5 years' service in Victoria Police, Ian joined RPNGC on 22.6.1965. After a period in Port Moresby he, and another officer, formed the police public relations office at Konedobu where he served for a couple of years. Service at various outstations followed. He was security officer for several Royal visits and served as chief instructor at the Joint Services College at Lae. Post PNG Independence in 1975, he served as police commander for the Morobe District before later being appointed as Commandant of the Police College, Bomana, at the rank of Chief Superintendent. His last posting was as Provincial Police Commander for the Central Province and his contract with the National Government expired on 31.12.1981. After PNG he spent many years as an investigator for Ansett Airlines. He is survived by Myra and three adult children. M R HAYES

**John Henry RUDD** (30 October 2010, aged 81 years)

In 1928 the Rudd family constituted a not insignificant portion of the population of The Rock, a country township in NSW near Wagga. There were eleven children of which John was the youngest. Sadly when only eighteen months old his father died and the family endured hard times in the Depression of the early 1930s. This may have encouraged John to always look towards the bright side of life but I suspect his engaging cheerfulness was a natal gift.

John started working life in a Melbourne office but when invited to assist on a brother's pineapple farm in Queensland he decided that the land and open air was his 'go'. In 1955 he took a job with BPs and gained experience on several of its PNG plantations before joining DASF as a Produce Inspector at Rabaul. Those of us too young for war service invariably felt privileged to exchange remarks with a Coastwatcher but in John's case working with and for "Snowy" Rhoades he was able to keep that somewhat dour hero of Guadalcanal, holder of the US Distinguished Service Cross, chuckling.

Neighbours in Mango Avenue, John and I relocated to Moresby at the same time where he was lucky enough to meet and charm Elaine Edwards, secretary to Dave Fenbury at Konedobu. This resulted in 45 years of happy married life. In 1970 the couple went south for John to run his own pineapple farm near Nambour and start a family.

John was an accomplished cricketer to be seen opening the innings at Queen Elizabeth Park, Rabaul and the Colts ground, Boroko. His other relaxation was the theatre where in Moresby he could enjoy playing a romantic lead (in Somerset Maugham's 'The Constant Wife') or just joining the Navy chorus line in 'South Pacific' to sing "What ain't we got? We ain't got dames!" His elocution attracted the ABC to have him do the narration for a series of broadcasts on 9PA's schools programme called "Let's Speak English" which was repeated for many years post-Independence.

John's wonderful sense of humour kept him young at heart but the time came when he had to leave Elaine, his son Caleb, daughter Justine and grandson Luca behind. RIP Ruddles. Jim Toner

**Patrick DAVEY (Pat)** (17 October 2010 aged 90 years)

Pat was a highly regarded builder in the Pt. Moresby area and had construction contracts at Kwikila High School, Sogeri and within the Port Moresby area.

He married Sheila (nee Bourke), a woman of high esteem from Pt. Moresby and moved to Cairns 34 years ago where they lived a peaceful yet fruitful retirement.

Pat passed away on 17th October 2010 and was buried on the 20th. He is survived by his beloved Sheila. Tom Rosser

**JEAN LONGMORE** 17th June 1922 - 5th June 2010

Jean and her husband Hec (deceased 18th January 2004) were longtime residents of Madang. Jean made many life long and treasured friends from her TPNG days and always referred to "my beautiful Madang" where she spent the best years of her life. Jean is survived by her daughter Janice, son-in-law Ric, 2 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren and is sadly missed.

Janice McCluskey

**Billie GRIFFITHS** (23 September 2010, aged 88 years)

During the 1950s Billie lived in the Bulolo area at various locations before moving to the Snowy Mountains and finally North Haven in NSW. Billie was the loving wife of Ian, mother of Chris, Tim and Scott, and Nan to their partners and children. Ian R Griffiths

**Geks RISSEN** (16 January 2011)

Geks lived in Rabaul and Lae. He passed away after a long illness. Maria Chan

**Kathleen May MACLEAN** (15 November 2010, aged 91 years)

Kathleen was born in Kogarah, Sydney, the youngest of five children. She had a carefree childhood but because of the Depression left school at 13 to work in a Sydney department store. Over the next 14 years she worked throughout the Sydney CBD and spent many weekends on the northern beaches where she met Ken Maclean, then a beach inspector at Dee Why Beach. Their courtship was interrupted by the war when Ken served as a commando in the 1<sup>st</sup> Independent Company in New Guinea - this prompted his return to New Guinea after the war. Ken and Kath were married in Sydney in 1946. Ken returned to New Guinea working for New Guinea Gold in Wau, recruiting labour for the goldfields. Kathleen joined Ken as soon as it was practical to travel from Sydney by boat with their newly born daughter, Diane. After a short time they started their own company, Briggs Maclean Pty Ltd with Tom Briggs, a pilot then flying for Gibbes Sepik Airways. They moved to Angoram on the Sepik River to start a timber mill and Tom started the company's sawmill operations in Madang. The early post-war years were a challenge, particularly in places such as the Sepik, especially for those rearing a family - and Kathleen's family grew with the birth of Karen some two years later. Kathleen made lasting friendships at Angoram and had many interesting trips on small aircraft piloted by the likes of Bishop Arkfeld, known as "The Flying Bishop" and Bobby Gibbes, including one hair-raising trip flying into Angoram with headgear and goggles in a Tiger Moth holding her very young daughter, Diane, on her lap. In 1955 Ken and Kath and family moved to Madang where their business grew and they became pillars of the Madang community, with many friends and a busy social life. Kath and Ken left PNG in 1973 and

returned to the northern beaches area, settling in Manly. Ken passed away in 1993 and Kathleen remained in Manly among her friends. Kathleen is survived by her daughters Diane and Karen, sons-in-law Michael and Richard, four grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.  
Karen Caskie

**Fred HARGESHEIMER** (23 December, 2010, aged 94 years)

News of the death of Fred in Nebraska just two days before Christmas, came immediately to hundreds of his friends around the world by email from his eldest son Richard. Richard's message:

*Greetings Friends of Fred.* Fred Suara Aura Hargesheimer, Masta Preddi, passed on to another dimension this morning. He did so peacefully, without pain, surrounded in his heart by his family and all of you, his friends, compatriots, and comrades of a lifetime. What would Fred, Suara Aura, want to say to all of us? We don't know. We can only surmise. We believe it would go something like this: "Thank you for being in my life. It is because of your presence, and the presence of so many unnamed others, that my life was one of immense privilege. My soul overflows with gratitude. More than 60 years ago, in the depths of the jungles of Papua New Guinea, I learned that a simple meal could become a feast, that a thatched hut could become a home, and that a stranger could become a life-long friend. Gratitude has made sense of my past, brings peace to me on this day, and hope for a better world tomorrow. Let us all remain steadfast in the challenges ahead in achieving a more just, more loving, more caring world community.' We would add that Fred loved well and was loved well in return. At Fred's request, there will be no memorial service. Fred said the Valentine's Day celebration of his life in Grass Valley, California, in 2007 at age 92 was his big party and that he would remember that day 'even when I'm dead.' The family feels his life is his enduring memorial."

Among those who got this news of his death were the people of Ewasse and Natambu, via New Britain's Hargy Oil Palm Ltd, and they immediately made plans for a memorial service. 'He is our hero. He did much', said Pastor Misiel Zairere. 'Without him we would not be what we are today.' This was a reference to 'The School that Fell from the Sky' the Airmen's Memorial School established by Fred, who chaired and directed the school foundation for 40 years. Because Hargy 'had to go back', the lives of hundreds of PNG children in a remote part of PNG were changed for ever.

Hargy's introduction to New Guinea was as a wartime pilot of a US photo reconnaissance P-38 shot down by a Japanese fighter over West New Britain in June 1943. He parachuted out and although injured, survived alone in the jungle for the first month before being taken under the protection of the Meramera people of Natambu village, who hid him from Japanese patrols and nursed him back to health. His squadron had long given him up for dead. In February 1944, eight months later, he was taken off the island by submarine. But in the 1960s, with a secure executive job back in US 'civvy street', Fred decided he 'just *had* to go back' to Natambu to thank the people who had saved his life. After that visit, he decided that the most practical help he could give them was a school, and thus in the following years he became a New Guinea old hand, spending several years at Ewasse with his wife Dorothy, and with help from their then young son Richard, getting the school built and running, doing their share of teaching. A second school followed. In its 47 years the Airmen's Memorial Foundation's schools have produced hundreds of graduates, making their mark in all walks of life - lawyers, leading academics, sociologists, business people.

On a special ceremony while he was visiting the school at Ewasse. In May 2000 the Meramera people crowned Fred *Suara Aura* ('chief warrior'). Fred was a PNGAA member, and would meet up with old PNG friends during his many visits to the school from California via Sydney. A prominent old friend in Sydney was Freddy Kaad, one of the association's Patrons, but also a long-time Trustee of the Foundation.

## **WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS**

Mr D AMON	PO Box 536 KAVIENG 631, NIP, PNG, +675
Mrs P BRADLEY	71 Dalrymple Avenue CHATSWOOD, NSW, 2067
Mr L W BRAGGE	PO Box 191 FRESHWATER, QLD, 4870
Mrs M P CHOW	68 Park Road KALINGA, QLD, 4030
Dr S COCHRANE	PO Box 387 EUMUNDI, QLD, 4562
Mrs M C CONROY	16 Patrick Street AVALON BEACH, NSW, 2107
Mrs W COUSINS	13 Jolliffe Street BALGOWNIE, NSW, 2519
Mr L DIERCKE	PO Box 4177 ST LUCIA SOUTH, QLD, 4067
Mr C D'ORCHIMONT	18 Arnlyn Road COOROY, QLD, 4563
Mr W F DORGAN	PO Box 331 PORT MORESBY, NCD, PNG
Mr S J DOWLING	PO Box 1740 MILTON BC, QLD, 4064
Mrs E S FINNIMORE	705/21 Pixley Street KANGAROO POINT, QLD, 4169
Mr W FISHER	PO Box 585, TAMWORTH 2340
Mr M GILLET	16 Elliott Street DONNYBROOK, WA, 6238
Bishop A HALL MATTHEWS	5 Wattle Close YUNGABURRA, QLD, 4884
Rev. A J HALSTEAD	44 Whites Road LANDSBOROUGH, QLD, 4550
Ms S HARDIMAN	6/10 Mary Avenue HIGHETT, VIC, 3190
Ms M HARRIS	2 Vichie Court STANTHORPE, QLD, 4380
Mr C HAYWARD	30 Terrys Hill Road GOSHEN ST HELEN, TAS, 7216
Mr R KIRKBY	42B Bricknell Street MAGILL, SA, 5072
Mr G A LEARMONTH	35 Colorado Crescent ALBANY CREEK, QLD, 4035
Mr R N MADGWICK	56 Victoria Street MT VICTORIA, NSW, 2786
Mrs J McCLUSKEY	3 Steamboat Court BILAMBIL HEIGHTS, NSW, 2486
Mrs R MILLER	2 Bellata Street THE GAP, QLD, 4061
Mr O P OBERHOLZER	43 Allard Avenue ROSEVILLE CHASE, NSW, 2069
Mrs J OTTLEY	398 Old Northern Road GLENHAVEN, NSW, 2156
Mr A PATERSON	PO Box 956 BOWEN, QLD, 4805
Mr P B REDLICH	2/114 Castle Hill Road WEST PENNANT HILLS, NSW, 2125
Mrs P REID (nee Mackay)	834/60 Endeavour Boulevard NORTH LAKES QLD 4509
Mr L A ROBERTSON ANGUS	20 Rural Vue Terrace BUNDABERG, QLD, 4670
Mr W ROTHERHAM	20 Perkins Street, JAMIESON, VIC, 3723
Mrs E F RUDD	U 267 The Palms 6 Melody Court WARANA BEACH QLD 4575
Mr D C RUEDIGER	4/26 Tanah Street East, MT. COOLUM, QLD, 0753
Mr K M SHANAHAN	PO Box 367 ROSEVILLE, NSW, 2069
Mr P SOMERS	37 Bougainvillea Street NIGHTCLIFF NT, 0810
Mr R STOBO	35 Wallace Street WILLOUGHBY, NSW, 2068
Mr J R STUNTZ 2009	447 Mt Apo Street Clarkview, ANGELES CITY PHILIPPINES
Mr T J WILSON	PO Box No 242 New Rabaul, RABAUL, PNG, East New Britain Province, 611





# **PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA, INC**

*(Incorporated in New South Wales : ABN 35 027 362 171)*

## **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**

**Sunday 27 March 2011**

### **2011 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING – ELECTIONS for MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE**

**Sunday 27 March 2011**

Our biennial elections for the Management Committee are due at the Annual General Meeting on the 27 March 2011.

The election process includes a postal ballot when there are more candidates for a position than required. This year there is the exact number of candidates for each position on the Management Committee. **Thus a postal ballot is not needed.**

The Nominations are:

**President:** Dennis Doyle

**Secretary:** Marie Clifton-Bassett

**Treasurer:** Nick Booth

**Editor:** Andrea Williams

**Committee members:**

Phil Ainsworth

Julianne Allcorn

Gimanama Crowdy

Pamela Foley

The Hon. Paul Munro

Deveni Temu

Barry Creedy, the present Treasurer, has not offered himself for reelection due to a planned and booked overseas holiday in 2011. He is looking forward to serving the PNGAA in future years.

All the above are returning to their former roles on the Management Committee with the exception of Nick Booth who we welcome as Barry's replacement.

Nick first travelled to Port Moresby as a teenager when his father, Dr Peter Booth, took up his appointment as the first Director of the PNG Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service.

Nick spent most of his working life in higher education administration, holding positions at the University of New England, the NSW Higher Education Board, the NSW State Conservatorium of Music, and Kuring-gai CAE before finishing as Manager, Student Statistics & Resources, at the University of Technology, Sydney where he planned future student intakes and managed an enrolment-based system of allocating funding to the teaching faculties.

Nick has also undertaken a variety of voluntary activities, including involvement in the establishment of public radio stations 2ARM-FM in Armidale and 2SER-FM in Sydney. He presented the first program on 2 SER. He was also involved in the Australasian Association for Institutional Research, a professional association of educational administrators: he was Treasurer of AAIR from 1998 to 2006 and Webmaster from 2001 to 2009.

Nick has been our PNGAA webmaster since late 2008.

Dennis Doyle

## **NOMINATION OF FRED KAAD OBE AS HONORARY LIFE MEMBER**

Moved: Ross Johnson

Seconded: Harry West

Refer Item 2.3 on Agenda

**At the 2010 Annual General Meeting**, Mr Ross Johnson gave notice that he would be recommending the appointment of Mr Fred Kaad as an Honorary Life Member. Rule 4.5 (2) provides that such a motion can only be determined at an Annual General Meeting of the Association. In speaking to his motion, Mr Johnson noted that Mr Kaad had been a member of the Committee of the Association for over 45 years serving as Secretary from 1965 to 1982, Editor of the *Una Voce* Newsletter from 1983 to 1989, Deputy President from 1986 to 1996 and remained on the Committee as Chair of the Superannuation sub-committee until 2009. He was appointed as a co-Patron of the Association in 2001.

Fred was at the forefront in initiating, following up and finally achieving significant increased benefits for PNG superannuants. In 1982, the then President, Bill Seale, noted "... Secretary Fred Kaad began our crusade and has worked for more than three years to get this increase. His constant relentless proddings have now won out and we have had our greatest success ..." (*Una Voce*, March 1982, p4).

Fred's contributions to the Association are legion and it is only fitting that the Association bestows on one of its most stalwart members the accolade of Honorary Life Member.

## **NOMINATION OF ROSS JOHNSON AS HONORARY LIFE MEMBER**

**Moved:** Harry West

**Seconded:** Stuart Inder

Refer Item 3 on Agenda

Honorary Life Membership for outstanding meritorious service to the Association has been a rare distinction and only four appointments have been made in our sixty year history.

However I have no hesitation in nominating Ross Johnson, whose input has been outstanding, even amongst the small group of members who have contributed most to the Association since I joined the Committee thirty years ago.

Ross was Treasurer and Membership Officer for eleven years from 1998 to 2009. It was our good fortune that this former Kiap, highly qualified and experienced accountant and recently retired successful businessman, brought the energy, enthusiasm, expertise and capacity for long hours of work that was necessary to move the Association from completely manual membership records and financial accounts to sophisticated computerisation. Internal control systems covering sales, asset registers and merchant banking routines were introduced and a web site established. Incorporation matters, business insurance, printing arrangements and dealings with the Department of Fair Trading were established on a firm basis.

In his eleven years as Treasurer Ross played an important role in growing membership from 900 to more than 1500. Ross was a member of the Editorial Committee that produced "Tales of Papua New Guinea" in 2001. In 2006, with Elizabeth Thurston, and an enormous amount of skill and perseverance, he negotiated copyright/distribution licences for the transfer of the 35mm film "Walk Into Paradise" (plus extras) onto DVD, and to become the Association's property. He played a major part in the substantial 2002 Constitutional Review and in 2009 chaired the committee that produced our current Constitution.

This nomination has been seconded by Stuart Inder MBE and will be determined by vote at the Annual General Meeting to be held at Killara on Sunday 27th March 2011.

**HW WEST OAM**

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Rule 34 of the PNGAA Rules allows members to appoint another member as a proxy by notice given to the Secretary (E: admin@pngaa.net) no later than 24 hours before the meeting. Any member wishing to vote by proxy for or against these motions should contact the Secretary **by letter or e-mail before 11.30am Saturday 26th March 2011 to complete, through her, an appropriate form to authorise the President or any other Financial Member attending to cast your proxy vote.**

PNGAA, PO Box 1386, Mona Vale, NSW, 1660, by Friday 25 March 2011

## THE TREASURER'S CORNER

**Payments to – PNGAA, PO Box 1386, MONA VALE, NSW, 1660**

**If you want to renew your –**

1. Membership;
2. Attend the 2011 AGM Luncheon, or
3. Purchase a copy (or copies) of the “Walk Into Paradise” DVD,

please **PRINT** your full name below and complete the relevant Section(s) you are interested in.

**NOTE: Method of Payment details are on the reverse side of this page**

*(Note that your Membership Number is printed on your Una Voce Mailing label.)*

**Full Name** ..... **Membership No.**

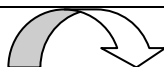
**Address** ..... (if known)

..... **Post Code** .....

**Email Address** .....

**Telephone** .....

### 1. Your Membership Renewal



***If you see a large red dot on your address label, you are currently NOT A FINANCIAL MEMBER and you should take immediate steps TO RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTION***

<b>I wish to renew</b>	my Membership Subscription for <b>2011 @ \$25</b>	
OPTIONAL	{	plus my Membership Subscription for <b>2012 @ \$25</b>
		also my Membership Subscription for <b>2013 @ \$25</b>
<b><u>Note for Members whose Postal Address is NOT Within Australia:</u></b> International Post (Airmail) charges apply. To assist in defraying this additional postage cost, international or overseas members should increase their membership renewal by — <div style="text-align: center;"> <b>Asia/Pacific</b> - \$12 p.a. (\$3 per issue);  <b>Rest of the World</b> - \$16 p.a. (\$4 per issue)       </div> <b>Air-mail postage (only if appropriate)</b> ..... years @ \$ .....		
<b>Sub-total (AUD)</b> (transfer to point 1 over page) \$		

2. <u>Walk Into Paradise – DVD</u> (price includes postage and packing)	No of Units	Rate \$	Amount \$
Walk Into Paradise DVD – (Member Price)		<b>30.00</b>	
<b>Sub-total (AUD)</b> (transfer to point 2 over page)		\$	

**3. AGM Luncheon – Killara Golf Club – 27 March 2011**

I will attend the AGM Luncheon and will be accompanied by –

.....

.....

.....

If possible I would like to be seated with .....

.....Vegetarian: Yes No

<b>Why not make up a Table of 10?</b>  <b>For further details, see page 3</b>		No.	Rate (\$)	Amount (\$)
	My Luncheon payment		52.50	
	My Luncheon Guests ..		52.50	
	Table of 10 .....		525.00	
RSVP: 14 March 2011		Sub-total (AUD) (transfer to point 3 below) \$		

**PAYMENT DETAILS** (Please circle method of payment)

You may pay by either **Cheque, Bank Draft, Postal Money Order, Credit Card (MasterCard or Visa card only)** or by **Electronic (Internet)**  
**Transfer to PNGAA; BSB 062:009; A/C No. 0090:7724; (CBA, Wynard)**

*If paying electronically, please advise Membership Number and details of payment by email to [treasurer@pngaa.net](mailto:treasurer@pngaa.net).*

<b>Note that all payments must be in Australian Currency (AUD)</b>	1. Membership Renewal	\$	
	2. Walk Into Paradise DVD	\$	
	3. AGM Luncheon - 2011	\$	
Grand Total (AUD) \$			

MASTERCARD

VISA CARD

Expires ..... / .....

Card Number: ..... / ..... / ..... / .....

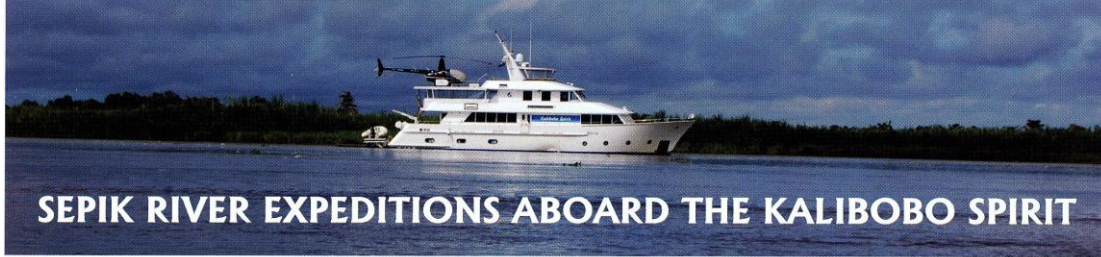
Name on Card (Print): .....

Signature of Card Holder: ..... Date .... / .... / .....

March 2011



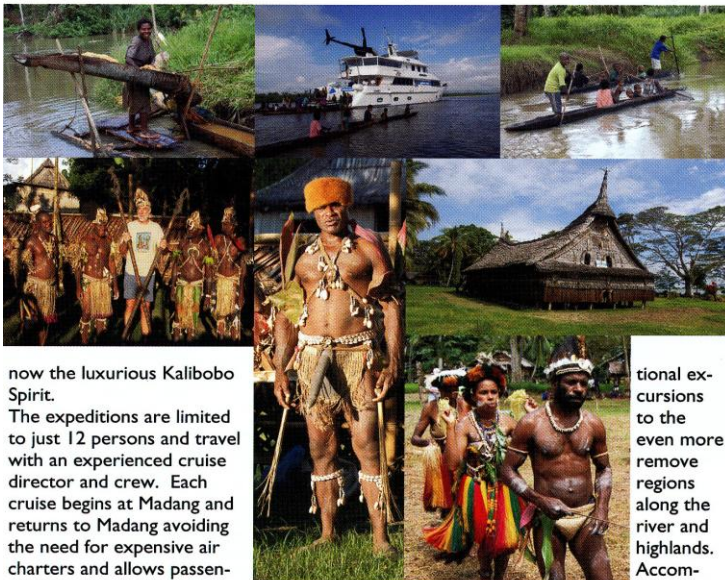
# DAWN OF A NEW DAY IN UNSPOILT MADANG PAPUA NEW GUINEA



## SEPIK RIVER EXPEDITIONS ABOARD THE KALIBOBO SPIRIT

### SEPIK RIVER EXPEDITIONS 2011 & 2012

The Sepik River is one of the world's great rivers and home for 70,000 river dwellers who have retained their culture, traditions and art. MTS first pioneered tourism 50 years ago aboard the Sepik Explorer, a houseboat, then the Melanesian Explorer, Melanesian Discoverer and



now the luxurious Kalibobo Spirit. The expeditions are limited to just 12 persons and travel with an experienced cruise director and crew. Each cruise begins at Madang and returns to Madang avoiding the need for expensive air charters and allows passengers to enjoy several nights at the Madang Resort or Kalibobo Village. No one cruise is exactly the same, the content changes to suit local conditions but invariably includes the offshore islands of either Manam, Boisa or Kar Kar, Kopar, Murik Lakes and Angoram in the Lower Sepik and Tambanum, Timbunke, Kambaramba, Chambri Lakes, Parembai in the latmul area of the Middle Sepik. It is possible that you will see a 'sing sing' and have the opportunity of purchasing valuable artifacts which can be transported back to Madang.



### KALIBOBO SPIRIT

The luxurious Kalibobo Spirit provides a fully air conditioned base for the many excursions taken on the ships specially designed fast river tenders that provide access to the many tributaries and lakes. There is also an R44 air conditioned helicopter carried aboard to provide op-

tional excursions to the even more remote regions along the river and highlands. Accommodation

is provided in 4 cabins with queen, 2 twin-berth, 1 double bunk and 2 single cabins, all with en-suite, telephone and TV. There is a separate dining room, lounge, plenty of covered decks, a library of PNG books and videos as well as a well stocked cocktail bar. The Kalibobo Spirit is the only vessel operating scheduled expeditions through the lower and middle Sepik operating under Australian/PNG Survey with a fully qualified crew.

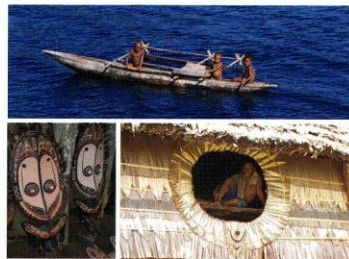
### MADANG DIVE PACKAGE 7 Days/6 Nights

Depart Madang at 12 on Sunday, travels along North Coast to Sepik, via Karkar, Manam and begins the journey upstream at daybreak. Travels full length of lower, middle Sepik River and returns to Madang the following Saturday.

### DEPARTURE DATES & COSTS

<b>2011</b>	Mar 27; May 22; Jul 17; *Aug 07; *Aug 14; Sep 18; Oct 09.		
<b>2012</b>	Jan 22; Feb 19; Mar 25; Apr 22; May 20; Jun 24; Jul 22; Aug 19; Sep 16; Oct 14.		
Per person in Australian Dollars	TOUR COST	Single Supplement	
<b>CRUISE COST</b>	\$4,500.00	\$2,250.00	
*SPECIAL MT HAGEN SEPIK RIVER CRUISES			

**Cost includes:** Twin share accommodation in twin or double cabin, all meals and wine aboard the Kalibobo Spirit.  
**Costs do not include:** items of a personal nature, visas, and meals not stipulated..  
**Single Supplement:** is for sole use of cabin.  
**Conditions:** MTS reserve the right to cancel any departure or change the itinerary if and when conditions dictate. You are advised to take personal travel insurance. Request full conditions.  
**Bookings:** You may book on line for any of the above departures info@mtspng.com or request a full brochure.



### Melanesian Tourist Services

PO Box 707, Madang, PNG  
T: +675 422 2766 F: +675 422 3543  
E: info@mtspng.com  
[www.mtspng.com](http://www.mtspng.com)



# DAWN OF A NEW DAY IN UNSPOILT MADANG PAPUA NEW GUINEA

MADANG RESORT ~ KALIBOBO SPIRIT ~ KALIBOBO VILLAGE ~ NIUGINI DIVING ADVENTURES

## MADANG, MADANG

Madang is considered to be one of the prettiest towns in the Pacific and the most popular holiday destination in PNG. The township has population of 36,000 whilst the Province which shares the



same name as the Township with a total pop of 420,000 speaking 173 languages and individual cultures. Geographically it boasts the offshore volcanic islands of Manam, Boisa, Kar Kar, Bagabag, Crown & Long Island. Madang Harbour has more than 30 coral laced islands ideal for snorkeling and diving and the coast



stretches from Saidor in the East to Bogia in the west. Inland of the coast there are 3 large mountain ranges with heights to 4,300m. The Ramu River runs through the fertile Ramu Valley along the full length of the Province. For the adventurous trekking offers a wonderful opportunity to see rare birds including the Lesser Bird of Paradise, marsupials even tree kangaroos and not least some of the most awesome scenery in the world.



## MADANG RESORT & KALIBOBO VILLAGE

The Madang Resort, formerly Hotel Madang is the oldest and only *real* Resort in PNG with a wide range of facilities to enable you to enjoy your visit to Madang. The Resorts are built on 15 landscaped

acres of absolute water frontage facing Dallman Passage, Madang Harbour and Yamilon Lagoon. Features include PADI dive facility, marina, tennis court, 4 pools, 2 lagoons, kayak, sailing cats, bikes, car hire, sight-seeing tours & cruises.

Accommodation consists of 170 suites, 20 cottages and bungalows, all with satellite TV, wireless internet, ensuite, balcony



and all have tea/coffee making facilities, some with kitchenettes. The Resort also offers meeting and conference facilities to cater up to 400 with a business centre, shops, hair salon. The 3 restaurants provide western Chinese and Japanese cuisine.

## KALIBOBO SPIRIT

Optional charters of the luxurious Kalibobo Spirit to Sepik River and islands available. Full diving facilities aboard in 10 air conditioned cabins.

Web: [www.kalibobospirit.com](http://www.kalibobospirit.com)



## MADANG PACKAGE

7 Days/6 Nights

Departs Saturday Weekly

Depart Sydney, Brisbane, Cairns or Port Moresby by Air Niugini 'bird of paradise service' to Port Moresby and connect with short flight across PNG to Madang. On arrival transfer to the Madang Resort or Kalibobo Village.

You can choose either the Tour or Dive Package and can take optional sightseeing tours, trekking during your stay

Category of Room	Tour Cost	Dive Cost	Single Supp.	Extra Nite
<b>STANDARD</b>	A\$	A\$	A\$	A\$
Sydney	1487	1723		
Brisbane	1187	1423	120	35
Cairns	1143	1379		
<b>DELUXE</b>				
Sydney	1787	2023		
Brisbane	1487	1723	420	85
Cairns	1443	1697		
<b>EXECUTIVE</b>				
Sydney	1997	2233		
Brisbane	1697	1933	630	120
Cairns	1653	1889		
<b>WATERFRONT</b>				
Sydney	2207	2443		
Brisbane	1907	2145	840	135
Cairns	1863	2099		

**Tour Costs include** twin share basis, per person, airfares on Air Niugini Q class, full breakfast daily, airport transfers, half day village tour with picnic lunch on Island. It also includes free use of Kayaks, sailing catamaran, tennis and bike hire and membership of Golf Club.

**Dive Costs include** 8 dives half day village tour, full breakfast and airport transfers.

**Single Supplement** is for sole use of room.

**Costs do not include** fees for visas, items of a personal nature, insurance, beverages and meals not stipulated.

### Conditions:

Subject to seat availability & currency fluctuations. Fares are quoted on return basis in Australian Currency and include taxes and surcharges on Air Niugini flights only in Q Class. Cancellation, change & no show penalties apply. Valid until Mar 31, 2011, subject to change and be withdrawn without notice.



## Melanesian Tourist Services

PO Box 707, Madang, PNG

T: +675 422 2766 F: +675 422 3543

E: [info@mtspng.com](mailto:info@mtspng.com)

[www.mtspng.com](http://www.mtspng.com)